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Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "Who Is a Philadelphian?"

THE OPENING RECEPTION OF THE ACADEMY IS A SOCIAL FUNCTION OF IMPORTANCE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

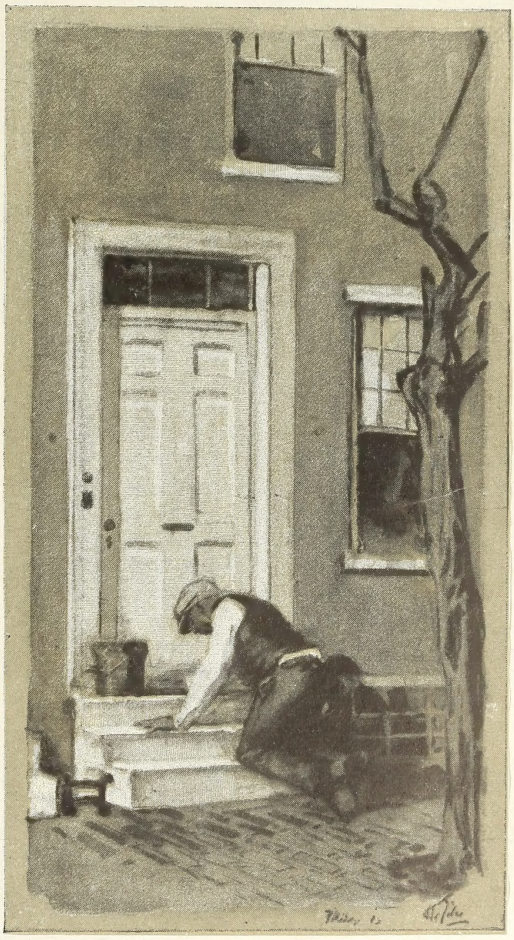
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Who is a Philadelphian?

BY HARRISON RHODES

A STRANGER recently in Philadelphia on business bethought himself, in his friendless state, of a one-time casual acquaintance who had given as his address a Philadelphia club. From his hotel the visitor telephoned the club and asked if he might speak with Mr. John Doe. The telephone-clerk asked the inquirer's name, and after a decent interval replied that Mr. Doe was not in the club. The inquiry was then made whether Mr. Doe was in town and likely to be reached by a note sent to the club. The clerk politely regretted that he was not allowed to give any such information concerning a member of the club. The visitor protested, and was finally allowed to speak to the secretary's office. He gave his name again and, in answer to what seemed an odd query, that of his hotel. He explained that the shortness of his stay in Philadelphia was the reason of his anxiety to know whether he was likely to get hold of Mr. Doe during it or not. The secretary also politely regretted his inability so to violate the privacy of any member's life. The visitor, now vaguely feeling that he was being treated like a dun or a detective, protested in slight exasperation that his designs upon Mr. Doe were honorable and purely social — that indeed he felt so sure of Mr. Doe's desire to welcome him to Philadelphia as to be inclined to insist upon some disclosure of even a club-member's whereabouts. The secretary now grew the least bit weaker, moved either by an inner kindliness or by some note of social authority



AN EARLY MORNING RITE

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in the visitor's voice, and at last grudgingly said that although the rules of the club were perfectly clear upon the point, he would as a courtesy consult one or two members of the board of governors who happened at that moment to be in the smoking-room. There was again a decent if tedious interval, and the secretary's voice was once more heard. He reiterated that it was contrary to the rules of the club to give information as to the whereabouts of any member, but that it had been decided that, in this special case, an exception might be made. He was pleased to inform the visitor that Mr. John Doe had died in December of the preceding year!

The first comment to be made upon this authentic anecdote is that, in spite of the secretary's courteous pretense, the rules of the club were *not* violated by the disclosure of a member's whereabouts, since the inquirer after Mr. John Doe was still left, theologically speaking, with a choice between two possible addresses. The second observation, perhaps more profoundly significant, is that death scarcely increases the inaccessibility of a well-born Philadelphian.

The tradition of exclusiveness is one of the most striking features of the Philadelphian picture. And if this exclusiveness, which keeps the well-born safely apart from the not well-born, makes it difficult for even a Philadelphian to know Philadelphia, how much more nearly impossible does it render such a task for the un-Philadelphian, who must depend upon occasional visits and casual gossip for his information. However genial Philadelphian hospitality may have been, the stranger will find that whatever "set" he may be in, it is, as it were, the wrong set for any general survey of the great town. The alien must frankly preface his impressions of Philadelphia and its people with a confession of foredoomed ignorance of his subject.

Long our second largest city, and even now our third, Philadelphia is nevertheless, in the strangest fashion, for most Americans a *terra incognita*. It is conveniently situated, and yet, almost sym-



MEMORIES OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS LINGER ABOUT THE CHURCHYARDS



ON "OPERA-NIGHT" SUPPER AND DANCING HAVE BECOME THE FASHION

bolically, the through trains run round it and not into it. It makes no effort to attract the stranger. It advertises no historic attractions, it sets no Broadway ablaze, it beats no tom-toms. Of all our American towns it is the most self-contained. It has almost none of our traditional eagerness for and sensitiveness to criticism. There is in it nothing of the hurrah-boys' braggadocio which so often marks our American "civic spirit." Philadelphia does not assert that it is in any way an admirable town; it merely feels that Philadelphia exists, always has existed, and always will exist, and that in a confused, tumultuous, and vulgar world this is the one uncontrovertible fact, the one solid rock where there is a sure foothold.

The true Philadelphian neither ad-



THE MUMMERS' PARADE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IS THE ONE GREAT REVEL OF THE YEAR

mires nor dislikes New York; he simply does not know that New York exists. The great lady who managed with difficulty to remember the metropolis as "the place where one goes to take the steamer for Europe" was expressing with a conscious, satirical exaggeration the actual Philadelphian feeling. And a pretty, morocco-bound set of address-books, purchased lately at the best Philadelphia stationer's, gives a charming concreteness to this same point of view; the three little volumes are labeled "Philadelphia," "London," and "Paris"—this is the world as Philadelphia sees it!

Though the social recognition thus gracefully extended to London and Paris is denied to Boston and New York, it might possibly be granted to the ancient aristocracy of the South. You feel instinctively that lovely, proud, faded Carolinian Charleston is perhaps the only American town with which Philadelphia would feel at ease. Her St. Cecilia Ball might rank with the Philadelphia Assemblies of an earlier, happier day, before Pittsburg and North Broad Street had fought their way into the once sacred lists. And it is pleasant upon investigation to discover corroborative traces of an agreeable earlier connection. The Philadelphia Club is domiciled in the stately old mansion which a rich Charlestonian built that he might pass the winter seasons in the Northern city, and the famous Madeira which bears his name is offered you in the houses where the Philadelphian tradition still beautifully lingers. You have only to try vainly to imagine this gentleman of the old régime settling upon the Bostonian Beacon Hill to realize how far toward the South the Pennsylvanian metropolis lies.

Indeed, the Southern note in Philadelphia is unmistakable. It is to be found in the spacious look of the old houses, and in a certain lavishness of architectural design in the public edifices of Colonial days. Independence Hall is sumptuous; you have only to compare it with Boston's Old State House and its frugal, chastened beauty

to realize that Philadelphia is by comparison a rich, care-free city upon a fat Southern soil. This softer note is to be found, too, in the gay chatter of the Philadelphian ladies, and in the pleasant presence of a well-mannered black population, and a generous, fat cuisine. The local darky has the look of having been established for generations by the Schuylkill, and of having devoted a great deal of that time to the preparation of terrapin and the decanting of vintage wines. He concerns himself naturally with food. In the eighteen-forties, when dashing resorts known as "oyster-cellars" were introduced, it is to be noted that the proprietors were blacks. And even now the caterer who has, as it were, the inherited right to direct the entertainments of the real Philadelphians is an ancient, white-haired gentleman of color.

Food is always the fashion in Philadelphia. The Philadelphian air is everywhere redolent of good living; even the stranger arriving at the railway station instinctively thinks of the nearest good restaurant and the next meal. It is true that Benjamin Franklin, who is almost tutelary in Philadelphia, proudly said, "My friends, any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage," and it is possible that the philosophical gentlemen who still meet in his quaint old red-brick house, far down-town, may be



EVEN THE DAILY MARKETING IS CONDUCTED WITH DECORUM

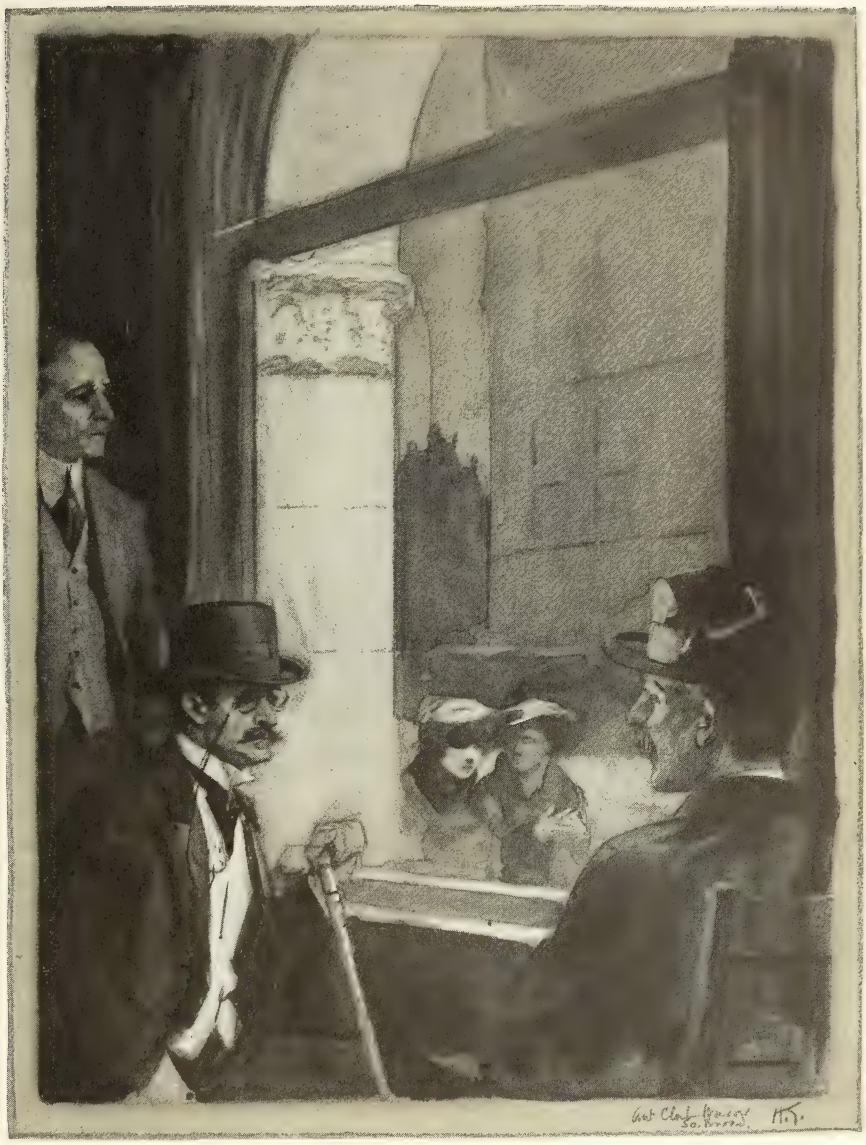
nourished by some such sparse diet, as dry as their discussions. But, in spite of Dr. Franklin, nowhere else in the country is good eating so ancient and stately a tradition. Nowadays, of course, all our grill-roomed towns struggle for a culinary standing, but it is well to remember darker national days; a Philadelphian writer in the early part of the last century tells of barbarous regions of America where a favorite dish was sausage stewed in chocolate! Against such gastronomic abominations Philadelphia has through the years stood firm. To-day the proudest hostesses of America have their terrapin brought from Philadelphia. Even the metropolis, greedy and luxurious at table, speaks with bated breath of the feasts of Lucullus spread by the Delaware; it is left for Baltimore, sitting in the profusion of tribute which her great bay of Chesapeake pours upon her, alone to dispute culinary pre-eminence. Tradesmen throughout the country recommend their establishments as "Philadelphia Markets," while "Philadelphia Chickens" and "Philadelphia Ice-Cream" are terms used as a guarantee of excellence and richness. Marketing is a serious affair where eating is serious; it is not so long ago that the most dignified Philadelphian gentlemen, top-hatted heads of households, themselves accompanied the market-basket on its morning round.

With the alarming increase of non-alcoholism in the country, it has of course become possible nowadays to speak in praise of a rich, groaning, and teetotal table. But the Philadelphia epicure has not yet moved the whole distance with the times. The bouquet of Madeira still lingers faintly around the local mahogany tree. At the "English Rooms" in Funchal—as the club there is quaintly called—it is still a matter of serious discussion whether the taste for the island's wine will ever revive in Philadelphia or is slowly dying. Almost anywhere else in the world such talk would seem like a labored reconstruction of the eighteenth century; even in Philadelphia itself the courteous ceremonials of Madeira-drinking have always something of autumn's loveliness about them; you feel that such customs must with the years pass—if, indeed, anything can quite pass in Philadelphia.



AN ORDERLY PRECISION MARKS THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

There has been no Madeira since 1861, so the pink-faced, white-haired gentlemen of the old school tell you; and since you cannot lay down vintages and thus continue your cellar, it is small wonder that a pretty taste in wine is becoming rarer. But here and there in the old houses famous old wines, with la-



THE CLUB WINDOWS OFFER POINTS OF VANTAGE THAT ARE NEVER DESERTED

bels written in a cramped, old-fashioned hand hung upon the bottles, are still put upon the table after dinner, and stories are told of famous old gentlemen who could by tasting tell nine out of eleven strains of wine which had gone into a blend. In such mellow atmosphere the years seem to slip quietly back, and even the outer barbarian catches something of the Philadelphian content—a little of the Philadelphian feeling that the world outside Philadelphia must be an odd place into which it could be neither very safe nor very pleasant to venture; that when the right Madeira is upon the sideboard, the fire and candles lit and the curtains drawn, that outer world is a world well lost.

The traditions of the Philadelphian cuisine are not only preserved around the sacred kitchen-ranges of the best families, but are kept up by various public organizations ostensibly devoted to other purposes. There is something suggestive of the banquets of the London City Companies in the dinners, for example, of the Philadelphian insurance companies. And pleasant customs have



A GLIMPSE OF THE SCHUYLKILL IN FAIRMOUNT PARK

grown up through the long Philadelphian years. The insurance company which is popularly and prettily called "The Green Tree" was dining—and dining well—when the news came of the death of Washington, and to this day a toast to his memory is drunk each month by the assembled company.

In Philadelphia one is not displeased that even the memory of the first President is fragrant of good cooking. The memoirs of the days when the town was the nation's capital are very considerably concerned with Mr. Washington's dinners, served at four precisely, at a table decorated with silver salvers and alabaster mythological figures two feet high!

There are in Philadelphia various social and club organizations devoted almost exclusively to culinary aims. At one of these a dinner cooked by the members themselves is the greatest tribute which can be paid to a lovely lady visiting the city. And the "Fishing Company on the Schuylkill," now compelled by the pollution of that once limpid stream to eat fish only, not to catch them, is a historic institution, no mere club. Most of us remember some blithe collegiate indiscretion, committed under the influence of "Fish-house Punch." But not all know the pleasant history of the organization from which the beverage takes its name, which has so long existed with almost extra-territorial rights, a corporation vying in pride and dignity with the commonwealth of Pennsylvania itself. There is an incredibly fat and serious volume giving the annals of the Fish-house through the long, peaceful Philadelphian years. Reading it you are not surprised at the serious way in which membership in such an institution is regarded. There is a period of novitiate, during which Fish-housers-to-be must humbly appear at a certain number of fixed feastings of the company—a genuine Philadelphian scandal of a year or so ago was of a wayward young gentleman who, having started round the world, brazenly refused to come back to the Schuylkill from Cochin China to attend a yearly fish-eating, and thus lost the membership which would have been the crown of steadier and maturer years.

Here is an admirable example of Philadelphian valuations; until you can see the boy's behavior as criminal folly you are unqualified for any profitable study of the Philadelphian social structure. However fantastic the local customs or prejudices may seem to the stranger, they are genuine to the native.

A famous and agreeable example of Philadelphianism is the geographical restrictions as to the district where polite life may be led; you may search the world without finding anything comparable to the feeling in Philadelphia concerning the regions north of Market Street. To the dweller in the permitted quarter of "Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine" Streets, the mere existence of creatures in that outer darkness seems incredible—with the one curious exception to be noted, that if you belong to certain old Quaker families you may live in Arch Street, just over the border. Otherwise the northern districts might be desert land where a colony of rich lepers have built their palatial marble huts. When the Philadelphian opera was transferred from the delightful old red-brick Academy to the vulgar new structure in North Broad Street there were gallant ladies of the old school who swore roundly they would never attend it, and high-bred creatures who, though weak enough to go to the opening performance, nevertheless fainted away as they, for the first time in their lives, crossed Market Street and breathed this vile new air.

There is an apocryphal story of a delightful and famous old lady who had seen here and there at afternoon parties a younger woman whose look somehow seemed to win friendliness. Finding herself one day descending some of the best white-marble door-steps in company with this agreeable stranger, the elder lady suggested driving her home, and they stepped together into the snug brougham, drawn by a sleek, fat horse, and driven by an equally sleek, fat coachman.

"James, we will drive Mrs. X home," was the only order given.

The brougham started, and for a period, while its occupants chatted pleasantly, wandered somewhat aimlessly through the very best streets. At last its owner, vaguely disturbed, said, apologetically:

"I am afraid James doesn't know where you live. It is annoying; he always knows where everybody lives. I apologize for having to ask such a question, but where *do* you live, my dear?"

Her charming companion smiled, and then mentioned a number in North Broad Street—it may even have been Spring Garden Street—an address in the unmentionable regions. The Philadelphian—for we can no longer so designate the younger woman—took the blow gallantly. The pleasant chat was resumed, but for at least a quarter of an hour more the sleek, fat horse still ambled aimlessly through the very best district. At last the elder lady rose to the situation. She tapped the glass, and, as the sleek, fat coachman halted, said:

"I wonder if you would mind telling James yourself where to drive us, dear? I'm afraid he would think it very odd if I myself were to give him an address north of Market Street!"

The one thing unforgivable in Philadelphia is to be new, to be different from what has been. North Broad Street, for example, may be in every way a better place to live in than Walnut Street, but no one has ever lived there. Hence, no one ever can. The Philadelphian likes to know what to expect; novelty disturbs his contentment, ruffles him. A "society circus," for example, was suggested a few years ago, but given up. "It would be extremely amusing" was the dictum of a social arbiter, "but it would be too new to please Philadelphia."

A lady once asked why it was that she always saw just the same people at the windows of a certain club. "People! Those are not people," was the gravely ironic reply. "They are painted on the glass of the windows!" It is even possible to imagine this an ideal arrangement for a Philadelphia club—that as young men attain the age at which they come into their congenital right to sit at windows the club artist should install their portraits in correct and easy attitudes.

Of course, the look of the town has perforce changed somewhat with the

years; near the center Chicagoesque buildings rudely scrape the serene, exclusive Philadelphian sky. But there are streets and squares in plenty where old red-brick houses with white-marble steps keep affectionate hold upon the past. Only lately some of the quieter byways were utilized by moving-picture actors for a drama of London life—a most authentic proof of the continuity of the English tradition. Is it fantastic to wonder if the day may not soon be here when the British "movies" themselves will be forced to go to Philadelphia to find London streets, unchanged and unvexed by modernization? The link with the Colonial days is never obtrusive in Philadelphia (nothing is obtrusive there), but you can still find elderly people who speak of the voyage westward from England as "going out" to America. Only this year a negro bootblack in a barber-shop spoke of a gentleman's silk hat as a "beaver"! And a mere débutante, a child in white tulle, enthusiastically pro-Allies and pro-English, said this winter that she hoped people now saw what a mistake they made in 1776!

The only thing that can wholly go out of existence in Philadelphia is Philadelphia itself—if one may venture on paradox. This, some pessimists say, is happening in the tremendous exodus to country homes in the fat, well-groomed country that lies correctly along the Main Line. The trolley-cars have made the narrow old streets of the town pandemonium. But the motor arrived just in the nick of time to keep country life from being really country life. These so-called country people think nothing of driving twenty miles to town to dine and dance. So, for the time being at least, it is only as if Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine Streets had been extended into the lovely green suburbs. There their solid elegance and their grave decorum still hold sway, and Philadelphia is still Philadelphia.

Not even youth prevents a Philadelphian's being Philadelphian. It was a gay young dog who commented upon a painting exhibited at the academy: "I don't think it is worth much as a portrait. No Philadelphian ever sat with her legs crossed." And here may be considered boards of censors of moving pictures, the newest and most ridiculous gauges of public morality. It is significant that a hero who in other towns had roguishly put a wet head from between the curtains of a shower-bath was not permitted to do so before Philadelphian audiences. The example is taken at random out of probable hundreds. The point is that the note of Philadelphian decorum is strongly struck.

But Philadelphian decorum requires explanation. It derives, of course, partly from the Quaker tradition. But even in the eighteenth-century days there were what were quaintly called "Wet Quakers," ladies who wickedly wore laces and ribands. And as to Church-of-England circles, it is well to remember that the funds for the lovely steeple of Christ Church were the product of lotteries. Even now the town has, as it were, the paradoxical reputation of being both fast and slow. Its inner circles are understood to be committed to friskiness and agreeable devilments of all kinds. But it is also understood that all this liveliness must be kept, as it were, in the family. Misconduct of all descriptions is quite permissible, but only among the well-born and in the hallowed privacy of the home.

There is, of course, a certain amount of publicity even in the best Philadelphian lives. *Noblesse oblige.* It is, for example, the fashion to sup and dance on "opera night" at the restaurant of the newest and smartest hotel. But the care with which the tables are assigned to the well-born, and the decorous, gilded elegance of the whole scene, rob the occasion of that welcome vulgarity which elsewhere in the world makes restaurants preferred to homes.

Whatever may be the vivacity of small, discreet parties given for well-seasoned women of the world, the great balls are always for débutantes, to honor sweet, girlish life in white muslin and blue ribbons. Here again the "Southern note" is evident. It is true that often these innocently aimed functions are done upon a scale of splendor which recalls Imperial Rome. To celebrate the entrance of a young Philadelphian maiden into society orchids bloom, tropic birds warble in expensive jungles, and

rare butterflies are released to flutter through one mad night. Such events, duly recorded in the nation's press, are public testimony to the city's wealth, its ability to compete in magnificence and lavishness with the wanton metropolis itself. But having occasionally during the winter season thus combined civic duty with pleasure, Philadelphian liveliness resumes its deep, dark flow.

The natural result of this guarding of gaiety like a sacred flame is the Sabbath calm which both traditionally and actually broods over the great city. For the stranger this is most to be noted in the deserted evening streets. Philadelphians will promenade no nocturnal sidewalks. When they venture forth to places of entertainment they scurry as if to cover; and if, upon the return, they stop for supper, they take to restaurants as to the trenches. The town, in short, does not approve of darkness—it would take a midnight sun to make midnight popular in Philadelphia.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the one great Philadelphian revel, the New Year's "Mummers' Parade," is that it takes place at eight in the morning! Elsewhere in the country exhausted millions are still faint and wan from the pleasures of the night before, but Philadelphia, having already passed the night in revels, goes forth like a somewhat dissipated lark to celebrate a festival of Dionysus at the crack of dawn. Between eight and nine thousand take part, members of various Mummers clubs, "Silver Crown," "Lobster," "Charles Klein," "Sauerkraut Band," "D. D. Oswald," "Zuzu," "Jack Rose Accordion Band," and a dozen other as fantastically named organizations. The amount spent on rich and elaborate costumes runs into the hundreds of thousands. The result is a popular rejoicing both spontaneous and gay. This year the railways began to advertise it, and ran special trains even from New York for it. But even so, it is still true, broadly speaking, that no one outside of Philadelphia has ever heard of it. Why, pray, should any one? Philadelphia would ask. This obscurity is the Philadelphianishness of it—unless you can here also vaguely discern some philosophic truth concerning the wild follies of a quiet community, once the bridle is loosed.

Of course, in so great a population there are a certain number of graceless pleasure-seekers. But in spite of them public amusements languish. The characteristic aspect of a Philadelphia theater is gloom until the end of the week comes, when the whole town with its wife or its best girl goes forth for a traditional Saturday night's pleasure. Until then the home holds undisputed sway.

Indeed the Philadelphian boasts, or confesses, if you prefer the word, that his is a "city of homes." And the "homes" look very snug, very homelike indeed, especially at dusk as one strolls through the red-brick streets and sees the lamps lit and the curtains drawn upon comfortable, old-fashioned rooms. But the impertinent curiosity of the un-Philadelphian insists on wondering what a Philadelphian home, more accurately and spiritually, is. Is it, for example, devoted to the carpet slipper and the good book? Or is it a center from which radiate moral forces making for private or public virtue? The foreign observer must reluctantly confess that neither literary and artistic culture nor a high civic standard seems very obviously to be the characteristic Philadelphian note. If people read books in those comfortable homes by those pleasant firesides, you somehow suspect that they fall asleep over them. There is, of course, nothing low-bred about Philadelphian ignorance; it is rather like the gay, courteous lack of education which distinguishes the South. Every one who is any one has learned what might be termed the necessary elegancies—as one learns good table-manners. And it is quite possible that Shakespeare and Jane Austen—to choose at random—may be better known in Philadelphia than anywhere else in the country. But passionate and omnivorous general reading there is not. Book-shops are few and far between, libraries are half deserted, and the great university of the state seems to have no integral part in the Philadelphian social structure.

There is, in consequence, no social obligation to be cultivated and artistic—as there is to be well-born, well-bred, and well-dressed. Philadelphian good taste

can be genuine and modest—a thing not always possible in more self-conscious centers of culture. To take but one example, the town possesses some of the most notable private collections of paintings in the country, but they are, as it were, little known and not much considered in Philadelphia. The most remarkable—probably the most remarkable in America—for years existed in confused and picturesque superabundance in every nook and corner of its owner's dwelling; priceless masterpieces hung about the shaving-stand, stood on the floor by the coal-hod, and, one suspected, lay hidden underneath the beds. They were incredibly ill-arranged for the visitor—but it was just this that somehow convinced him that they were not primarily intended for his pleasure, but for the owner's own. The fantastic, dusty disorder was a guarantee of the genuine love of beauty which had gathered these treasures, quite unvexed by what the town, streaming indifferently by, would think. Even when Philadelphia paintings are painstakingly and palatially housed, it is still true that one feels that the collecting must have been done for collecting's sake.

Art is more unconsidered than despised in Philadelphia. Good taste is allowed to grow wild; it is never actually rooted out. It is true that the local artists huddle together in rather frightened fashion in the artistic and literary clubs in the pleasant, quaint Philadelphian alleys, but this is more a tribute to our ingenuous American belief that art can, so to speak, be "clubbed" into existence, than a real proof that the artists are treated as outcasts. They are merely judged along other lines, and their artistic achievements are no real handicap if they are well-born, well-dressed, and well-bred.

There have been, perhaps oddly, a considerable number of distinguished practitioners of the arts who have originated in Philadelphia. But they have generally practised elsewhere. And having thus transferred their artistic activities to more suitable settings, Philadelphia warms with a certain pride in them. A portrait-painter who languished at home reports that since he moved his studio to New York he spends all his time in Philadelphia executing the commissions he could not secure while domiciled there.

So long as it can keep Art in its place, the town pays it a certain decent tribute. There has long been an Academy of the Fine Arts, and Miss Agnes Repplier delightfully records that when it first exhibited "imported statues" (plaster copies of those in the Parisian Louvre), one day a week was set apart for ladies, and the statues were then draped! Now—just to prove that Philadelphia does move—the annual show of paintings is one of the most important in the country. The opening reception is of a definite social value (just to show that society is willing to give art a leg up now and then), but it would be considered odd to look at the paintings that evening; indeed, no one but eccentric, and possibly socially doubtful strangers from other cities does so.

So much for a home-keeping community and art! We may now ask what connection there is between the quiet life and public morality. It is a puzzle to the stranger that the peaceful town has so often been politically so corrupt. Indeed, Philadelphia is quite as bad as New York at its Tammany worst; it sometimes seems as if it took a quiet pride in being as dishonest as the metropolis, but without any fuss and feathers, any vulgar notoriety in the newspapers. The Philadelphian home is the shrine of comfort and the altar of the graces, but upon it there burns no fierce moral flame. Philadelphia did its duty during the Revolution, but the young ladies had some very pleasant dancing parties with the British officers. To the mind nourished upon terrapin and Madeira there is something not quite good style in enthusiasms, especially grim moral enthusiasms. William Maclay, writing wittily early in the last century, betrays some of these native characteristics in what he means as acid criticism of New England—spiritually the very antipodes of his own town. The Bostonian, so he says, "excludes good humor, affability of conversation, and accommodation of temper and sentiment as qualities too vulgar for a gentleman." The Philadelphian, even when he dies for a cause, must do so "affably"!

It may seem that such a picture of genial unmorality cannot be an authentic one of the so-called Quaker City. Indeed, it is perhaps astonishing that talk of Quakers and Quakerishness should have been put off till so late in the Philadelphian discussion. Quakers still exist; there are several prosperous "meetings" in the region, and there are even to be seen Friends who still wear the sober, rich garb of the sect. When charity at home or abroad is asked of the town, these quiet, half-forgotten people come unobtrusively but generously forward. To the dim shadows of the Philadelphia picture they lend a soft, rich color. But somehow to the stranger the Quaker aspect of the town is too shy for capture; the Society of Friends seems only part of its gentle history. Rather, perhaps, they go to make up the larger Philadelphia—the great, industrious, quiet, thrifty town which knows little of genealogy or Madeira, except by hearsay; which contains the largest body of skilled artisans in the world, and is the ideal home of the magazines of largest American circulation, the happy, prosperous, unvexed, average American city.

With some such thoughts you look out over the long stretches of the great city and see the smoke from ten thousand factory chimneys lightly stain her sky, or watch the majestic Delaware stream by carrying its traffic to the sea. You stop thinking of the Philadelphia of fantastic restrictions and queer codes, and see only the metropolis of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Sometimes on the Philadelphian streets you see sturdy young women—with cheeks like scrubbed red apples—wearing the garb of some of the various religious communities which still flourish in the state's rich farm-lands. Rich corn-fields, bursting barns, autumn fruit, all come into the imagination, and you see Philadelphia as an easy-going, unemotional, comfortable, well-fed, but still solid and dependable city. You begin to believe that simple happiness averages high along the red-brick streets and in the far-scattered, trim suburbs. You ask yourself whether contentment, Philadelphia's contribution and example to the nation, is not as proud and worthy an achievement as any other of which an American town might boast.

Song of the Daughters of Celeus

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

DEEP the well and dark the water,
Far we let our pitchers down.
Prisoned water, prisoned water,
Fill the gleaming pitchers brown;
Fill and brim and sparkle after;
Pools of sunlight edged with laughter
Wait their guest in Celeus' town.

When we lean above the water,
Imaged in the twilight lies
One who comes for Celeus' daughter,
Kindly brave and kindly wise.
Shadowy layers of darkness cover
Him, the coming lord and lover;
Hers who has the brightest eyes.

Unveiling Brenda

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

GIVEN an instructor in English who has the profile of a Greek god—and has had it for only twenty-six years—and given at his feet co-eds aspiring to write, does it not follow as the night the day that the most colorful things of the school year will not be of a strictly academic nature? There was a crabbed old regent from down-state who dropped in early in the term to look things over—as crabbed regents do—and, after his eyes had rested for some forty seconds upon the beautiful countenance of Peyton Root, he said he feared this was not going to be as serious a year in the life of the university as one who had its true interests at heart could wish. The year before, Miss Stanton—fifty-two, and as serious as the crabbiest could wish—had taught English 13, and this theme course never at any time embarrassed the capacity of the class-room. But after the faculty reception in opening week, at which function the social graces of Miss Stanton's successor had excellent opportunity for liberation, it was amazing how many earnest students—largely of the militant sex—felt the year must mark an advance in their writing of the mother tongue. The second week English 13 changed quarters with Medieval History, and from that airy room looked out across the sloping campus to the river which wound through the plenteous farm country of the great Middle-Western state of—well, as Peyton Root is a nephew of the governor, and it is not desirable to embarrass those in high station, let us say the great state of Ioda.

Peyton Root was other things than nephew of the governor. He was Mr. Root of Harvard and Heidelberg; he was Peyton Root of Des Champs—proud capital of the fecund state, a city which boasted as giddy a social life as ever scandalized a metropolis. "Peyton Root!" breathed one of the Des Champs girls. "Why, my dear, do you know who he *is?*" "It is not often," solemnly wrote an influential regent, "that a university has so great an opportunity." So great an opportunity, he meant, as to be able to get for the piteous sum the plenteous state paid its instructors one who had absorbed practically all which the greatest halls of learning had within them for absorption; one who, the influential regent expatiated, would also bring to the university the fruits of a rich social experience such as—this most tactfully put—certain other instructors were not able to contribute.

Instructor Root himself would have selected quite other things as his real contribution. Mr. Root took his soul more seriously than he did his social position or his degrees. The reason he secretly despised the U. of I. was not because it was "jay," but because it was unsensitive. He wasn't "stuck on himself," as an unsensitive freshman put it, because he was handsome, but because—if you really must know—he had what in the secret recesses of his consciousness he thought of as a beautiful, sensitive soul. Please do not put him down for a jackass. He really wasn't, at all. He was a nice, lovable fellow, who laughed a lot in spite of the fact that he took Walter Pater very hard.

Now it was the third week, and four o'clock in the afternoon. The lads and lassies of English 13 were giggling in the corridor; their instructor sat at his desk frowning over the themes they had just handed in. How could youth be so stupid?—so banal! "What My Books Mean to Me." Good heavens!—that was from Ina Gilson, daughter of the influential regent, and—worse yet—the girl with the sunny hair whom he had danced with just the night before. He would like to suggest to Miss Gilson

that she next write on, "What My Toes Mean to Me." Her toes really must mean something—dancing like that. He was about to chuck all the themes into his portfolio and start for home when his eyes fell upon a blotted page in a rather childish hand, and he was startled by the heading, "On the Pain of Teaching Dolts."

He read it through; he'd started to smile—he'd frowned. He colored; he chuckled. "There is an acute anguish in teaching dolts," he read. "One gives one's best — and leaves them dolts. Dolts will be dolts. Why should a noble soul unveil itself to dolts? 'Tis hard, and yet the pain is not without its edge of ecstasy. Is giving less because it leaves the giver dumb? All is not beautiful—but beauty lives. The God who gave us many dolts gave a few noble souls."

A girl had written it! There was a girl in his class who actually had the face to write this thing and sign it and hand it in! Brenda Munroe. Never heard of her. Munroe—Munroe; he fairly agonized in the effort to recall a student by the name of Munroe. He forgot all about his engagement to play tennis, and sat there telling himself he didn't care a hang *who* Brenda Munroe was. Munroe? — Munroe? Brenda. Queer name. He again read, "On the Pain of Teaching Dolts." Certainly he had *not* acted like that!

That night he had dinner with Mrs. Shields—wife of the head of his department, a woman wiser in the ways of the world than most of the faculty wives. Ina Gilson was there. It appeared that Mrs. Shields was much attached to this daughter of the influential regent. She was also attached to the idea of making her husband president of the university.

After dinner he very casually asked Ina, "Oh, by the way, is there anybody named Munroe in our theme class?"

"Why, yes," replied Ina; "there's Brenda."

Her blue eyes were upon him in inquiry, so he lightly asked, "What's Brenda like?"

"Poor Brenda," murmured Ina—and just then they were interrupted.

Poor Brenda? Why poor? He didn't see why anybody as brazen as that need be poor. Very well fitted indeed, he should say, for coping with the world in which she found herself. He took Ina home and was particularly nice to her; after all, she was a lady. But after he had left her at her sorority house and was cutting across the campus to his own apartment—a studio-like affair which he had astounded university circles by fitting up over a tailor-shop—a sentence from Ina's theme hit him square in the face. "It is indeed impossible," Ina had written, "for me to tell all that my books mean to me." He went home and re-read poor Brenda's theme—and he laughed. But after he was in bed he tossed about and couldn't go to sleep. He had *not* acted like that!

A very business-like instructor entered the class-room of English 13 next afternoon. He was distinctly curt as for the first time that term he called the roll. As in quick staccato he progressed through J's and K's and L's, students sat up straighter, stopped rolling lead-pencils and twisting paper. "James Milligan?"—and then, "Brenda Munroe?" called the brisk instructor—and looked up. There came a "Here," but he didn't locate it. "Miss Munroe?" he repeated, incisively, and an equally incisive "Present" was returned from the rear of the left wing.

He spoke of the mediocrity of all the themes; he discoursed loftily upon the cheapness of trying to pass off impertinence for ideas. He could see that on the rim of that left wing there were brown braids above a green waist, and across the area of moving heads two curiously grave eyes fixed him steadily. He found himself flushing under that speculative look, and telling himself he wasn't going to have any ridiculous thing lurking beneath the surface, "Just a moment, please, Miss Munroe," he said, as the class was leaving. The girl in the green waist—it turned out to be a whole green dress—sat down on a front seat. He was irritated by Ina Gilson's look of surprise as she passed out.

"I would be interested in knowing what governed your selection of a subject."

She looked up in a startled way that lighted her whole face. He found a peculiar satisfaction in noting that she

didn't have a very good nose. It wasn't perfectly straight—Mr. Root himself had an amazingly straight nose. But there was none of that satisfaction to be had from her eyes. They were queer eyes—lights in them like the sun on old copper. She was looking at him now in an earnest, troubled way, brows knitted. But he had an uncomfortable feeling of an imp trying to break loose in those grave eyes.

"I thought we were to write of the things that interested us," she said, in a perplexed voice.

"Why, certainly!" he snapped. He couldn't very well say, "Why did it interest you?"

"I thought," she went on, as if wanting to be put right if wrong, "that we were just to write of what was in our minds."

"Certainly," he said, stiffly.

"I suppose, then—it shouldn't have been in my mind?"

"I think you must know," he began, huffily, but checked himself and said, with dignity, "That is all, Miss Munroe."

She got up. "I will try to write with more restraint," she said.

"I never said I wanted restraint!" he retorted, heatedly.

She took a step or two. "I will try to write more conventionally," she murmured, contritely—and passed out before he could say anything.

She left him fuming. He—Peyton Root—put in the position of wanting one of his students to write more conventionally!

He met Ina Gilson and walked through the campus with her. "I'm so glad you're taking an interest in Brenda," she said, gently.

"I'm not taking an interest in her," he replied, peevishly.

"I beg pardon," murmured Ina.

He colored. "I had something to say to her about her theme," he explained.

"But that was what I meant," said Ina, with patient sweetness. "A little special interest will mean so much to Brenda."

"I don't know that there's any special interest," he muttered. Irritated, he said brusquely to this author of "What My Books Mean to Me," "She writes more interestingly than the rest of the class."

"I suppose she would," murmured Ina.

He gave her a sharp look. Now what did she mean by that? It was in the "Poor Brenda" tone. But she was talking football and he didn't want to turn her back—thus fostering the idea of "special interest."

That evening was again disturbed by this Brenda Munroe. He had not acted in accordance with his ideal as a teacher. He had found a spark and, instead of breathing upon it, he had put it out—because it was a gibe at himself. He tried to read Santayana, but was too distressed by the idea that Brenda Munroe might think he had no sense of humor.

At four o'clock next afternoon he impatiently turned over the newly received themes until he came to that queer, childish little hand. He read it through with a puzzled look, then re-read it with a smile. It was as prim and immature as the handwriting that set it down. It was on "Trees." "Trees," wrote Brenda, "are an inestimable blessing to the human race." She enumerated the utilitarian and the esthetic reasons which indebted us to trees. It might have come from the author of "What My Books Mean to Me." Across this the cultured young instructor blue-penciled: "Cut it out. Be yourself."

Then he went over to have tea with Mrs. Shields, and boldly asked her who Brenda Munroe was. "What do you want to know for?" inquired this breezy lady, tantalizingly. He said that naturally he was interested in knowing about his students. "Then," said Mrs. Shields, "I will begin by telling you about Abigail Sears." After exhausting Abigail she began on Jimmie McGuire, saying she could see it was absolutely essential he know about all his students. And so she forced from him the admission that the student he particularly wanted to know about was Brenda Munroe. "She's original," he explained.

"Too original for university circles," replied the wife of his chief.

"Now what do you mean by that?" demanded the young man.

"She doesn't fit in," said the U. of I.'s social leader. "There's a reason."



Drawn by Walter Biggs

SHE WALKED SLOWLY TO THE DESK AND HANDED HIM THE CAMERA

"What reason?" impatiently pressed Peyton Root.

"Oh—" said Mrs. Shields, vaguely, and fussed with the tea things. "Her father's a milkman," she observed, and it might or might not be related to what went just before.

Peyton Root set down his cup. "Well, is this such a bourgeois place that a girl —a clever girl—an *attractive* girl— Good heavens!" he exploded, "what standards! What's the difference between a milkman and a wholesale grocer?"—the latter was the occupation of fair Ina's father, influential regent.

Instead of telling him the difference between a milkman and a wholesale grocer, Mrs. Shields observed, "Ina has lovely hair, hasn't she?"

"*Is* Brenda left out?" he demanded, waving aside Ina's hair.

"She doesn't go about it right to get in. She would have made a sorority all right, but just at the critical moment she handed in to the *Iodian* a silly little skit which the editor was unwise enough to print—"Suppose They Left Me Out!" —the tenor of which was that she might as well seek death then and there. Needless to add, she didn't get in."

"How corking!" cried he. "Why, the girl's a rebel!"

"Naturally," murmured the social leader.

"Oh, I suppose there have been milkmen's daughters who haven't been rebels," observed the delighted young instructor.

"Oh—milkmen's daughters," murmured Mrs. Shields.

He looked at her inquiringly. She seemed about to say something—but didn't.

"I am surprised," he bantered, "at your attitude toward milk—beautiful, wholesome, indispensable milk!"

"I confess I don't care for the girl," she said shortly, and added, in that vein which made him like her: "This university's no place for a rebel. Just take my word for that," she finished, dryly— "needn't try to find it out for yourself."

But the talk had fired all the rebel that was in him. He read Nietzsche till 2 A.M., and next day told his American literature class that American literature was a toddy with the stick left out. This a student reporter sent to his Des Champs paper, where it made the front page. Mr. Root was advised by his chief of department to be less epigrammatic and more reverent. The crabbed old regent from down-state wrote up saying that the University of Ioda was maintained by the tax-payers of that state for the purpose of training Americans, and that the way to do it was not to teach them to despise their own literature. The secretary of the prohibitionists wrote in, deploring the content of the figure of speech; a newspaper paragrapher said that possibly the stick had not been left out of the toddy young Mr. Root had before entering the class-room; and the influential regent—fair Ina's father—wrote that while he hoped they would one day sit over a toddy themselves, he did feel that all reference to these questionable things must be kept from the class-room. And as to American literature, why not speak of that which was worthy, and not too much emphasize the shortcomings? He, as a true American, would greatly prefer this course, and he felt he voiced the sentiment of many other patriotic taxpayers.

But Instructor Root was not greatly perturbed—instructors with incomes can afford their little fling in rebellion—and Brenda Munroe, who was in "Am. Lit." as well as English 13, had taken to smiling at him, and it was amazing what a long way that went in his general feeling of well-being.

But for a young man who brought to the university the fruit of a rich social experience he was finding it singularly hard to advance his acquaintance with the milkman's daughter. She wasn't at the places where acquaintances are advanced. And while there was between them a delightful little class-room understanding, as between two lively souls in a world of dolts, it didn't seem to have any tendrils out into the wide world beyond the class-room. This Instructor Root one day decided was a state of things which had existed long enough.

So when he was in the grocery-store buying some apples he suddenly demanded of the clerk, "Do you know where a milkman named Munroe lives?"

"Joe!" the clerk bawled out to the

driver at the curb, "know where a milkman named Munroe lives?"

Some of the college boys were going by; one of them stopped and respectfully told his teacher that a milkman named Munroe lived about a mile out on the Duck Creek road.

Red in the face, Mr. Root grabbed his bag and strode away, so upset he told himself he didn't care where the devil a milkman named Munroe lived. He went home and looked over the themes, and he wrote upon Brenda's: "Too loosely constructed. Watch your English. Only the writer who has mastered it has any right to take liberties."

Then he wished he hadn't written it, and tried to rub it off, making a fearful smudge. For ten minutes he sat looking at the smeary theme in deep discontent. Then he started for the Duck Creek road.

He had no business to be doing anything of the sort. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and he was going home to Des Champs. He ought to go and see Mrs. Shields, who wanted him to do something in town for her. This was playing off. For that—or some other reason—he was much keyed up by what he was doing. It was one of those bully days of late fall. He liked the day. He liked the world.

After he had gone what he thought was about a mile he was on the watch, looking for a place with a lot of cows and a girl with brown braids wound round her head. A fat, yellow dog with a corkscrew tail who was sitting by the roadside accosted him agitatedly.

"Hello, Apollo!" replied Mr. Root. "Know where a milkman named Munroe lives?"

A man with a spade in his hand stepped out from behind some trees. "I am a milkman named Munroe," said he.

Nothing in Peyton Root's social experience told him what to say next. So he had to invent something. It was, "Oh, I—was thinking of buying a cow."

The milkman named Munroe looked the young man up and down. "That so?" he said, in surprise.

"I heard," lied Instructor Root, "that you had a cow for sale."

Milkman Munroe leaned his spade against the tree. "Well," said he, "I have."

The young man who had announced his quest for a cow was silent.

"Want to come up and look at her?" suggested the milkman.

A cow! But he looked at the dingy brown house set well back from the road. He thought he could see some one moving about in there. He said he'd like to see the cow.

So Mr. Munroe picked up his spade. "Comin' along, Scraps?" he said to the dog.

Scraps, too, appeared to be dealing with a conflict, but decided for staying by the road. "He's waiting for my daughter," said Brenda's father. "You can't budge him till he spots her down the road."

At this it suddenly occurred to Mr. Root that the cow was for a friend, and he might as well wait till his friend was with him. Milkman Munroe grew a little peevish, and went back to digging.

Instructor Root wanted to wait with Scraps for the person Scraps was waiting for, but he felt he had made no hit with that person's father and had better move on. Perhaps he would meet her; he went over the conversation that would take place if he did meet her, but it was one of those brilliant conversations doomed to remain in the land of the spirit.

Back in town he met his friend Billy Enright from Des Champs. Billy and his big car were in front of the building which domiciled the tailor and Mr. Root.

"Hello there, Peyt!" called Billy. "Been lookin' all over for you. We've come to take you home. Goin' to drive home by moonlight."

Peyt brightened. Fact is, he was glad to see Billy. Intellectually, Billy simply wasn't there, as Peyton in an expansive moment had explained to him, but, as he had further made clear, he liked him, anyhow. They met on a gay-young-blade basis, and Billy secretly scorned Peyton for what he was that Billy wasn't, quite as much as he himself was scorned for not being that thing. He was now explaining that there was a "whole bunch" had come to take Peyt home. They were over at Mrs. Shields's. Mrs. Shields couldn't understand where

he was—she'd been expecting him there. He wound up with, "Where can we get a drink?"

"We can't," said Peyt.

Billy looked pained. "I know where we could get a drink of milk," his friend observed.

For the instant Billy was speechless. Then, "*Milk?*" he breathed in such an outraged tone, with such a "I-ask-for-bread-and-you-give-me-a-stone" look, that Peyton went on:

"Milk, Billy, is very nourishing. It is simple. It is beautiful. It is good."

Billy's face was all screwed up.

"Say, Billy," Peyton burst out, animatedly—"tell you what! Why don't you buy a cow?"

Billy now grinned sheepishly for not having at once perceived the joke.

"I mean it!" pursued his friend. "Never have I been more serious than at this instant. I was just looking for a friend who would buy a cow. I've been out seeing about it. I've got the cow all engaged—all I need is the friend. You can well afford to buy a cow, Billy, and it will—it will give you an interest in life. Come on! Let's run out there now!" His eyes were dancing. He had stepped into the car.

Just then a gay crowd turned the corner, and, "Here they are!" called a girl's voice.

"We've come not a minute too soon," darkly pronounced Billy. "Peyt has about gone off his head in this God-forsaken place. I ask him for a drink and he talks about *milk*. Says it's nourishing. Wants me to buy a *cow*. He says he's been out looking at the cow. He was insisting we shake you all now and go *back* to the cow. *That's* why he didn't come to your house," he told Mrs. Shields.

Peyton looked up to find that lady's eyes upon him in a very queer way. "I see," said she.

It seemed the cow had only led him into a blind alley, but the alley was not totally blind, after all, for a few weeks after Thanksgiving Brenda handed in a theme entitled:

ON THE PLEASURE OF BUYING A COW FOR A FRIEND

One should have every possible experience, not overlooking the experience of buying a cow for a friend. To be sure, one may have no friend, but one must not be so easily cut off from experience as to let this stand in the way. It is beautiful to buy a cow for a friend. One dwells upon what the cow is going to mean to the friend. Will she kick? Does she hook? There is splendid adventure in it, for little does one know whether one's friend will love one more or less after the cow has come into his life. In buying a cow one always wonders why the other person is selling the cow. There is infinite field for speculation here. But the timid soul halts midway in the robust experience of buying a cow for a friend.

"Well, I'll be *darned!*" was the low-breathed comment of the instructor upon this effort.

He arose and started for the library. He told himself he was now going to take the bull by the horns—perhaps the cow suggested the figure. Timid soul? Timid soul—*nothing!* He had at other times seen Brenda Munroe sitting in the library after class. He would go up to her now and say, "How did you know it was I?" Or he would say, "*Does* she hook?" or, "Well, why does he want to sell her?" He would say *something*. One would think he had been raised in the backwoods!—or in a monastery.

But how say something to a girl who wasn't there? He looked the library through in high expectation; he looked it through in determination which petered out to disappointment; he looked it through in the sulks. Sulking, he went and stood by a window, and from that window he saw Brenda Munroe crossing the campus in the direction of the Duck Creek road. She was not alone. With her was a boy—Harry Baker, who lived out in the country somewhere, doubtless on the Duck Creek road. Undoubtedly, Instructor Root reflected, with a pang for which he did not try to account, they were boy and girl sweethearts. They stood still looking at something. Ah!—a kodak. Baker—a stupid fellow, a jay—was taking her picture. She was laughing. Then he gave the kodak back to her and she took his picture. Silly performance. He intensely disliked that kodak.

He met Mrs. Shields and she asked him where he was keeping his cows. He

didn't think it at all funny, and made it plain to her he didn't. He sat up very late writing a poem about love. It dealt with disappointed love and the consolations of the spirit. Next day he was very sleepy. And, being sleepy, he yawned. He yawned in class, having leisure to do so because he had put them to writing during the hour; they were writing against time—as they would have to do on a newspaper. Interesting experiment—especially valuable to sleepy instructors. He made decent attempts at suppressing his yawns, but sometimes they got the start of him. He noticed that Brenda Munroe had come down to the dictionary-stand at the front of the room. He was seeking for something clever to write upon the margin of "On the Pleasure of Buying a Cow for a Friend," but the effort was too much for him. He yawned. It was an awful yawn—a writhing, twisting, tortuous yawn. It was holding the apex of its tremendous up-curve when something turned his eyes to the dictionary. On the dictionary sat a little black box. Upon the box moved the hand of Brenda Munroe. A picture of him with his mouth sprawled open like that!

In a quick wave of anger: "Miss Munroe," he said, "you may bring that here!"

The class sat at attention. The girl at the dictionary did not move.

Anger mounted with the realization of the position he was in. "I think you heard me, Miss Munroe," he said, icily.

A queer little smile on her lips, she walked slowly to the desk and handed him the camera.

That smile haunted him all through the Christmas holidays. It was a mocking smile—a maddeningly understanding little smile. And something else haunted him—the look in her eyes when she handed over the little black box—the look in a child's eyes when you take a toy away. Perhaps she didn't have very much to amuse herself with; doubtless she loved her little kodak. He wished he had been a better sport, but it is hard to be a good sport at the very instant a girl who peculiarly interests you has snapped you with your face all distorted by a sprawling yawn. And if you haven't been one on the dot, it is hard to know how to slide into being one later. So you retire into professional dignity.

Not knowing how to make a graceful return, he took the kodak home and through the gay two weeks he thought a great deal about that little black box and its owner. He considered the grave ethical problem of whether it would be honorable to have the films developed. Could developing another person's films be classed with reading another person's letters? Curiosity settled this question in ethics, as it has many another, and—also far from unprecedented—he persuaded himself that what he wanted to do was the decent thing to do. To develop the films before returning the kodak would be in the nature of a light little apology. And he would show that he was, after all, a good sport by not suppressing the one of himself.

But this became a terrible test. The picture was a complete success—the acme of ridiculousness. Peyton Root looked long and ruefully at that picture. Not a bit did he like the idea of Brenda Munroe looking at it; but still less did he like the idea of that speculative look in her eyes as she contemplated the absence of it. He was on the rack of indecision. He went about to all the parties with Isabel Stephens — Des Champs reigning girl. But the night he came home from the Christmas-eve dance he sat a long time over the fire in his up-stairs library, thinking, not of Isabel Stephens, but of the milkman's daughter. He looked over the other pictures the kodak yielded. There were two of the fat, yellow dog with the corkscrew tail. In one he blissfully gnawed a bone; in the other he was looking up at some one, quivering with happy excitement. The purloiner of the picture was pretty certain it was not Milkman Munroe Scraps was looking up at. The longer he looked the stronger became his desire to be sharing Scraps's experience. He thought back to the party that night, and told himself that Brenda Munroe somehow made other girls like that toddy with the unfortunate omission. He wrote a poem on the brutalities of confiscation, and mailed it to Brenda with her pictures and kodak, keeping out a copy of the one of herself, and

burning the film of that stupid jay of a Baker—who would want such a picture as that?

That she had forgiven him was early apparent by her re-opening fire through the themes. Through English 13 she attacked his teaching of "Am. Lit." Not being interested by American literature, he had used it as little more than a peg on which to hang such things as did interest him. Hence this:

THE OBLIQUE METHOD

Great are the opportunities afforded by the teaching of American literature, for one can consider everything that American literature is not—a field practically inexhaustible. Greek literature—the road to learning American literature does not have beauty. Russian literature—road to the knowledge of American literature is not serious. Shelley—for would it not have been an excellent thing for America to have had a Shelley? Milton—for did not Milton very nearly sail in the *Mayflower* and found American literature? . . . Pleasant indeed to teach American literature, for the French poets are unfailingly interesting to survey.

This theme met with an accident which advanced a romance. He sometimes gave the themes out to fellow-students for criticism. After class he couldn't find "The Oblique Method," which he thought he had put aside for private comment, and next day it was handed in by Ina Gilson—and with it a most self-contained look from that young lady.

"Not serious work," Ina had written. "Not carefully constructed and not in good taste. One is tempted to say, impertinent. Evidently written with the idea of drawing attention to the writer rather than the legitimate idea of advancing in the writing of English."

He was furious at himself and furious at Ina. He had meant to go and see her that night and ask her to go to the Pan-Hellenic, the big dance of the year. Now came the idea of asking Brenda Munroe instead. He didn't know why he shouldn't ask Brenda Munroe if he wanted to! He'd like to know why Brenda Munroe shouldn't go to that dance as well as any one else! He'd show some people a thing or two about who was interesting and who was not!

So he wrote Miss Munroe a quite correct note, asking if he might have the pleasure, etc. And back came a primly written little missive, saying she would be pleased—and so on.

There was no theme-sparring in those next two weeks. Brenda was shy. He was shy himself—shyly excited, after the manner of a boy who for the first time in his life has asked a girl to go somewhere. He kept living it all over ahead.

About a week before the big night Mrs. Shields one afternoon asked him to come in and have tea with her. And as they drank their tea she told him, with the deftness of managing matrons, that Ina had not yet decided whom to go with to the party.

"That so?" he replied, with mild interest.

"I thought," she went on, "that some of us might have dinner here and go over together."

"It's a nice idea," he said, guardedly.

"Got your girl?" she asked, bluntly.

"Got my girl," he answered.

She looked a little dashed. Then, "Who?" she plumped at him.

"Brenda Munroe," he plumped back. As there was silence, he looked up. "What was it about dinner?" he asked, pleasantly, as if remarking nothing unusual in the way she was looking at him.

"Nothing about dinner," she answered.

The night came. He was ready to start for his girl. It wasn't quite time to go, and he found it hard to put in the minutes. It must be confessed that he put in some of them looking in the glass—seeing himself as Brenda Munroe would see him. As is sometimes said of the other sex, he was "all of a flutter."

There came a knock. "Carriage for me?" he demanded of the boy at the door.

"My sister said to give you this," replied the youngster, and fled.

The young man who had been about to step into his carriage then read the following:

DEAR MR. ROOT,—I am sorry, but I can't go to the party with you, after all.

BRENDA MUNROE.

Perhaps the less said about dear Mr. Root's state of mind that night the better. A record of it would not make him

appear an amiable young man. He was staggered. He was outraged. He told himself it was too much. He told himself it was not amusing. He passionately affirmed that no girl in the world could treat him like that!

He did not go to the party. How could he? He took off his gorgeous raiment and fumed and sulked and swore. He thought of Mrs. Shields. He thought of Ina Gilson. He thought of Brenda Munroe! He was still awake when he heard them coming home from the party.

That was Friday night; Saturday and Sunday passed with nothing by way of explanation. Mrs. Shields said they missed him at the dance. He replied with dignity that there had been a change of plan. Monday he never looked at Brenda Munroe—addressed no word to her in class. Further, she addressed no word to him—not even after class. Rage mounted.

On Wednesday she handed in this theme:

WHEN SOME ONE YOU LOVED IS NOT THERE ANY MORE

Everything is different. Things the one who is gone had nothing to do with are different. Things *look* different. They are dimmer. You know that you are alone. You do not want to go home. . . . You do alone things you used to do together. That is lonesomeness.

He did not read it until evening—too late for seeing her that night. He was instantly melted to contrition, to tenderness. Some one had died. It sounded like her mother. Her mother had died the very night of the party—and he railing at her like that! He found a keen satisfaction in telling himself he was a vain, vapid cad. He longed to be with her and comfort her. How tender she was, after all. Poor, lonely little girl! A long time he sat dreaming of her.

When English 13 broke up next day he went up to her and asked, quietly, "May I walk home with you?"

"I wish you would," she said, simply.

They remained quiet as they walked through the campus and down the street that led to the Duck Creek road. She was like a hurt child. They had crossed the bridge which left town behind before he gently ventured, "I am afraid you have had trouble."

She nodded, mute sorrow in her strange eyes.

"I am sorry," he said, softly. "I—of course I wondered the night of the party," he went on; "and then your theme—"

"I was sorry about the party. I—I had wanted to go." She said it wistfully. "And I was afraid you might not understand." She looked at him shyly.

"I do now," he said.

"I suppose some people would think it strange to care so much," she said, a defiant little quiver in her voice.

"Well, they must be queer people!" he retorted.

They walked a way in silence. Then, "Perhaps you have had a dog of your own?" she suggested.

"A— I beg pardon?" stammered the young man.

"A dog of your own," she repeated, now wrapped in her own thought.

"I—oh—certainly—many dogs," he found himself mumbling.

She began talking about Scraps. He tried to make certain adjustments. A dog! . . . She had picked him up in town. Nobody wanted him. He was—well, a waif. Some people would hold that against him, she said, with a singular intensity—but there never lived a more loving or a smarter dog! Every afternoon he watched for her. That was what did it. He saw her coming way down the road—came running. An automobile—she saw it with her own eyes!

He drew nearer and took her arm and held her hand tight in his. They walked on like that to the place where Scraps used to sit waiting for her.

The upshot of it was that he was to try to take Scraps's place. He smiled over that as he sat alone that night before work he should be doing and wasn't—smiled an intimate little smile at that thought of himself taking the place of a fat, yellow dog with a corkscrew tail. It had come about quite simply. She dreaded coming to the place where Scraps was no longer waiting for her, dreaded the place where she had seen it happen. He suggested that

perhaps if he came with her it wouldn't seem so bad. He said that company did help. She accepted it in a grateful little way that moved him more than he tried to understand.

And so all the rest of the term he went on trying to fill Scraps's place. Almost every afternoon he walked home with her. He did not stay in Scraps's place, but made a place of his own.

She was not like any girl he had ever known. He told himself that was what interested him. He liked the way her mind worked—her flashes, her unexpected little turns. He loved her gay scorn. What he himself had been theoretically he felt in her as an emotional reality. Defiance played through her like a lovely flame, lightly; for the most part, gaily. Well, he got on with her; after all, that was chiefly it. Before this, girls had been something apart from what he really was. She somehow cleared up what he really was. And nothing in his whole life of pleasant things had pleased him as her liking of him pleased him.

Spring came, and the homeward walks took longer. There were lingering moments still longer lingered over after he left her. It was amazing how an hour could get away from him!

And all this time university social life was not profiting by the fruit of his rich social experience. Brenda made university social life very flat. His friendship with Ina Gilson had not advanced.

One day in "Am. Lit." they were talking about Poe, and Ina made a smug remark about his heredity, which inspired her instructor to a defense of foundlings. Almost flamboyantly well-born himself, he had long cherished a romantic feeling about waifs. Indeed, he had once written a poem about them. And as he that day wanted to give English 13 a subject for the fortnightly theme, he told them to write on Waifs.

Brenda was subdued going home that night. He found her looking at him in a way that puzzled him. She remained different all that week. She was shy, and yet her eyes were warm with a deepened friendliness. She was more gentle, more pensive, but with it all that strange intensity, that thing mysteriously potent—sometimes her eyes would flame in a way that quickened his sense of the whole life of the world.

The Waif themes were handed in the next week. There were a few laggards, and, strangely enough, Brenda Munroe was among them; usually her themes were right on the dot. He said that all of them must be in by the next day.

And next day all of them came in save Brenda's. Because of his friendship with her—naturally not unknown to the class—he was always anxious not to show favoritism, and so now quite welcomed this opportunity for public mention of her shortcoming.

"Miss Munroe," he said, "I haven't your theme on Waifs."

Instantly the room was singularly quiet. He felt it was related to gossip about him and Brenda. In order to display a lack of self-consciousness he added, pleasantly, "I am expecting something particularly good from you on that."

Again utter stillness; and then he had the sense of something like a collective gasp. How absurd of them! And when he went down to the library to meet Brenda he found no Brenda; and when he went out on the steps, thinking she had sauntered along through the campus, as she sometimes did, he saw her on the front seat of a wagon being driven rapidly toward the Duck Creek road.

He was disappointed and a good deal hurt. So that evening he thought he would go and see Mrs. Shields—he hadn't been there for a long time.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "I was thinking of sending for you."

He murmured some inanity of appreciation.

"Do you want to know something for your own good?" she demanded.

"No," he replied, promptly, but sat down and waited for it.

"If you are fond of Brenda Munroe," she began, bluntly—"and goodness knows you appear to be—don't talk to her in public about waifs."

He stared at her.

"Because she is one," she finished.

He could only sit there, staring.

Mrs. Shields went on to tell him what she knew. A couple of years before there was a girl in the university named

Mary Greene, who came from Annisville, a town where the Munroes had once lived. It seemed they had moved around several times—Mr. Munroe apparently being one of those farmers who always thought there was better land somewhere else. Mrs. Munroe herself told some one in Annisville that Brenda was adopted. And Mary Greene said the idea was current there that Brenda had something to do with a band of gipsies. She didn't know the story definitely, as the Munroes got Brenda when they lived in Dakota. So whether she *was* gipsy, or a child the gipsies had stolen— Anyway, the Munroes got her from a band of gipsies. "I had an impulse to tell you once before," she concluded, "but I decided it would just make her picturesque to you — well knowing what fools men are."

He got away as soon as he could and started for the Duck Creek road. Amid much confusion of feeling stood out the impulse to see Brenda at once. His strange girl!—his dear, wonderful little imp girl! How this explained her!—intensified her. He wanted to be with her instantly and tell her he loved her. He knew now that in all the world this was the woman soul for him. Strange, wild little thing! Dear little outsider! There was something about her gallant gaiety, something in the thought of her strange, bright aloneness made his throat tight. How he loved the untamed thing in her! He must hear her say that she loved him; her eyes let him believe she did. He wanted to talk to her about what life together was going to mean—the perpetual freshness, the spirited adventure.

But the house of Milkman Munroe was dark. He struck a match and looked at his watch. After ten. Stealthily he went nearer. If only he could call to Brenda, get her to come out. He couldn't get up the nerve to go and knock at the door at that hour. He did whistle faintly, but no response.

A long time he sat on a big stone at the side of the road — thinking, profoundly stirred. He saw Brenda as the determining thing in his life. Because of her he felt many old things slipping away; because of her he saw new things opening. He was happy, but very serious. He felt the stir of all the unknown, of all that was mysterious and wild and beautiful. It reached him through her. She made life like that.

Next morning Brenda's place in "Am. Lit." was vacant. In the afternoon she did not appear for English 13. So he set out to find her.

He had not come to know the Munroe family. Brenda had seemed to want to limit it to the homeward walks; he rather liked that, too—it somehow kept them more poignant. So he had to ask the blank-looking woman if she was Mrs. Munroe. And then he asked for Brenda.

"She's gone away," he was told.

"Gone *away!*" he gasped.

"On the morning train."

"But *where?* Where's she gone?"

"She's gone to Dakota—where we lived once."

"But *why?*" he demanded.

She looked at him warily then. "I don't know what you want to know for."

So he told her who he was and why he wanted to know. He told her that he cared for Brenda and *must* know.

She looked a good deal awed. "Well," she said, "Brenda left a note. She says she's gone to find out. Why, I never knew she knew. I meant to tell her, but I just never got around to it—and, anyway, what was the use? I thought it might just make her feel bad. But she says in this note she's known since she was seven years old. She heard me telling a woman. And then afterward a boy at school told her something—I don't know what. I couldn't make out what she was driving at last night when she asked me those questions about Waterburg—that town in Dakota where we lived when we got her. And I don't know yet what's stirred it up all of a sudden, and what she's run off like this for—spending all that money for nothing—when all she's got's what she makes on the eggs. I'd have told her everything there is to tell."

He was on the point of asking her to tell him, but something checked him. He wanted to know only what Brenda wanted him to know.

He left a note for Dr. Shields saying he had been called away. He took the night train for Dakota.



Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"SHE'S GONE TO DAKOTA—WHERE WE LIVED ONCE"

It was a horrible trip—changes and waits, and miserable, jolting cars. He thought about what he was doing: The board of regents!—his mother; his sister Margaret. He thought about the whole world he knew. He knew that everything he had been part of would be pitted against what he was doing now. And with all of that in the scale against Brenda — well, it weighed about a feather.

The middle of the next morning he saw, far across the prairie country, a town which the conductor told him was Waterburg. Sight of it flamed his imagination anew. Perhaps he was following the very path a wild, wandering little band had followed about twenty years before. He wanted to tell Brenda how he loved her for the immensity and mystery of her background. The essence of all the uncaptured life of the world reached him through her.

Then he got off, and for the first time confronted the problem of finding her. It hadn't seemed there would be any difficulty about finding any one—particularly Brenda!—in a little town in Dakota. He walked up and down the streets, and Waterburg grew larger and larger. He asked at the hotel. No such person there. He asked in a store—never heard of such a party. The post-office—a new name to them. And then, after two anxious hours, on an outer street that marked the town off from the prairie, he saw, walking slowly toward him, head down, the girl he had come to find.

He knew at once that she had had some kind of a blow. The buoyancy seemed struck out of her. What had she heard? What could there be that was worse than she had suspected? How fortunate that he had come!

She looked up and saw him, and she didn't seem particularly surprised. She held out both hands to him. Without a word he took them, and then, after a hesitating moment, she turned and they walked slowly back in the direction she had come.

"Brenda," he asked, softly, "do you care for me?"

She looked up into his face and nodded. Then her eyes filled. "I did," she said. "I—I don't know now. I seem a different person." Her voice broke, and yet she laughed a little.

"Dearest," he hurried on, "don't you know that you can't be a different person to me? Don't you know that you are *you?* What do I care about anything else?"

"Are you sure of that?" she asked, in a queer little way.

"Oh, sweetheart — *sure* of it!" he scoffed. "And if you could know how I *love* the idea of what is behind you! Life that was never caught! A people of romance who wandered the earth and remained outside!"

Her face was strange. She looked a little as if she were going to cry. They turned off on a path that ran along under some willows.

"Don't you see?" he persisted. "How it's all a part of you? How it sets you apart? How it lights you up?"

For answer she sat down on a fallen tree and burst into tears.

"Brenda, *dearest,*" he murmured, and tried to comfort her.

She lifted her face, and dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. "That's what I thought, too," she choked—"that it set me apart; that it lighted me up." She pulled at her handkerchief, and then after a moment grew quiet. Her eyes were as if fixed on something away across the prairie; she began speaking as if reading it off there. "I was about seven. We moved from here to Annisville. One day I was in the back kitchen and I heard my mother say to a woman who was making jelly with her in the kitchen: 'Well, now, I'll tell you—though I wouldn't want you to say anything about it—but Brenda isn't our child. She's adopted.' I went out into the back yard. I couldn't stay to hear the rest. I thought about it all the time. I wondered, 'If I'm not their child, whose child *am* I?' But I couldn't ask. Maybe you don't understand—I suppose you wouldn't."

His arm went about her, and he pressed her shoulder in token that he did understand.

"Even that made me different—that wondering. And then one day, a year or so later, a boy at school said, 'Hello, gipsy!' I said, 'I'm not a gipsy!' He said: 'You are, too! You're adopted.

They got you from the gipsies.'" She paused. "Well, it changed me—that's all. I felt that I was different. I felt that I wasn't in my place—that I didn't belong. When I was little"—her lip trembled—"I was very lonely when I was little."

He tried to draw her a little nearer, longing to make her feel she was never going to be lonely again.

"But I came to like it," she went on, with more spirit. "I came to like the feeling that I didn't belong—that I was outside—by myself. It—it made me what I am."

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured.

"And then—you," she said, softly. "And I wasn't alone. And—I liked that, too."

"Sweetheart!" he murmured, in a rush of tenderness.

"And then, when you said that in class"—his arm tightened—"I got a feeling that I had to *know*. I remembered this woman—Mrs. Dott, a friend of ours here in this town. I've always had a queer feeling about her—a notion that she somehow connected me up with what I came from. So I wanted to get to her. I was afraid my mother wouldn't tell it all—and, anyhow, I didn't want it from my mother. Oh, I was sort of crazy, I suppose. I wanted to get as far back as I could. So I got up in the night and ran away." Her face tightened. "Well," she said, in a practical little voice, "I know now. I know all there is to know."

He was smoothing her shoulder, as if to assure her again that nothing she knew could make any difference.

"I was right about Mrs. Dott. I was with her first. My mother and father died of typhoid fever—the same week. She took me till she could find a home for me." She had picked up a branch from the fallen tree and was stirring the ground with it. "Now that I come to think of it," she said, meditatively, "that boy always was an awful liar."

She threw away her stick, straightened, as if to get it over with. "I have nothing to do with any gipsies." She brought it out sharply. "Mrs. Dott was scandalized at the idea. My father mended boilers." A silence. "I suppose he mended other things, too"—drearily. "He had a little shop. They say there never lived a kinder or a better man."

Their eyes met, and for one instant fun threatened to run round their dismay as a tiny sprite of a blue flame will rim the decorously burning log. But Brenda hurried on:

"And my mother—my mysterious, romantic, *uncaught* mother!—she taught in Sunday-school. They say they never had a more faithful teacher." It gave pause. "Of course they were legally married," Brenda pursued, bravely. "In church. By the Baptist minister." She jumped up. "And my name!—my strange name that I thought *proved* it—do you want to know how I came by that name? My mother named me after a *missionary* her church helped support! She hoped I'd grow up and be as *good* as that missionary." He was standing beside her. "So you see I'm not what you thought I was." She would not look at him.

His arms went round her. "Dearest," said Peyton Root, "you're *you*. Do you think *boilers* could unmake you now? Do you think all the Baptist ministers in the world could come between us?"

Their eyes met and laughed at them, and brought them together—that pervasive sharing of amusement which had done so much in finding them for each other.

But Brenda could not at once give it over to amusement. "Beautiful, uncaptured life!" was wrung from her.

He stooped and kissed her. Then he looked into her eyes. "Beautiful, uncaptured life!" said he—and not in bitterness.



PASSING INTO COLOMBO HARBOR IS LIKE ENTERING ANOTHER WORLD

Coaling-Ports of the World

BY GEORGE HARDING

AT Port Said, a crowd of grimy, lean-legged, bare-shouldered coal-passers, savage enough to look at, and swarming like ants in the torchlight, as though life were as cheap as the coal they handled, stirred me with interest to explore that quarter of the town which was given over to their habitation, and next morning I set out upon this quest. It was a ramshackle quarter, indeed. I have seen no more haphazard array of tottering buildings than the shelter of the thirty thousand Levantines of Port Said. Low frame shacks and wretched mud contraptions, with latticed additions in mid-air, were crowded in the shadow of plastered buildings; the barred windows and shutters of all were out of line, and the roof-tops irregular. From the evil-looking cafés a picturesque mob overflowed the sidewalks. Narrow, shadowy alleys, with a suspicious glimpse of unkempt Arabs and Bedouins and the suggestion of a cowled woman in a black veil behind the slatted windows, led from the crowded streets. A turbaned, barefooted crowd of many-colored skins swarmed the streets, some in grimy black, others in filthy white; water-carriers, bread-sellers, peddlers of sugar-cane, and crawling beggars on all-fours, surged to and fro. Groups of coal-passers, shovel over shoulder, passed on their way to the harbor, a continual stream, going and coming, for the ships coal both day and night. Port Said is unlike any other port in that it lacks longshoremen and stevedores. To no other port of the world do so many ships come without discharging or taking on cargo.

The position of Port Said at the entrance to the Suez Canal, with a hundred trade-routes gathering from every point of the compass—from the coasts of Africa, Asia, Australia, and Europe—has given Port Said her rank as chief coaling-port of the world. It is not a resting-place for steamers; they coal ship and are on their way in less than a day. There moves along the canal a singular variety of traffic. I saw a deep-laden freighter from Sumatra and Borneo which had the right of way. Copper-colored Malay sailors were chattering at her hatch-covers, and under the deck-awning was a group of Dutch colonials, dressed in helmet and duck, who had lived for years in outlandish ports of Sumatra that tobacco and rubber might be shipped home. In her

wake crawled a P. & O. liner from Australia. Pajamaed figures on deck, scoops out at the port-holes, deck-awnings over all, betokened the blistering heat of the four-day passage of the Red Sea. Then came a Norwegian tramp from Hong-Kong and Manila with a Chinese crew. Bad weather had listed her, and the long voyage had covered her sides with rust. Moored to the bank of the canal, while this fleet passed, was a British India boat bound to the date ports of the Persian Gulf, before she arrived at her destination in Calcutta. At intervals this international fleet moved through the canal. Each vessel flew a different flag, was bound to a different port, and came from a different sea. They traveled the long trails from everywhere to anywhere, and now for the moment were on the great common highway.

A cloud of coal-dust from the cluster of lighters about a vessel in New York Harbor conjures up for the seafaring man visions of coaling-ports elsewhere. To him it speaks multitudinously of ports from Gibraltar to Nagasaki. The picture takes me back to a swarming horde of brown men coaling ship at Aden in the glare of flaring torches, and to the babble of many savage voices; to a blistering anchorage in the yellow roadstead of the sugar-port of Soerabaya, where we lay for a day and a night with fever-ships as neighbors; to uneasy moorings in typhoon weather, alongside a battered hulk, anchor out at the bow and stern-line fast to a palm-tree in a remote South Sea Island port; and, above all, to the port I conceive to be the most wonderful port of all, where picturesque little Japanese women pass the coal aboard ship so deftly and so rapidly that Nagasaki has the reputation of being the fastest coaling-port in the East.



A PICTURESQUE BAREFOOT THRONG OVERFLOWS THE STREETS

There are about one hundred and forty coaling-ports scattered over the seven seas, from Panama, lying in strategic position at the Canal entrance, to the remote South Sea Island port of Apia, but there are none so essential to shipping, and none so celebrated on all the water-fronts of the world as Gibraltar, Port Said, Colombo, Singapore, and Nagasaki, on the main trade route to the Orient. For ships London bound on the long, eleven-thousand-mile voyage from the Far East, necessary stops



TRANSPORTING CARGO FROM SUEZ TO CAIRO BY THE OVERLAND ROUTE

are regularly made at these ports by both cross-sea liners and plodding cargo-carriers. Port Said was unheard of, and Nagasaki was unvisited by the seafaring men of the full-rigger age, for trade routes and ships have changed since the tea-clipper left Whampoa and made London without calling at a port. The present-day mail-steamer, making eighteen knots an hour, is unable to carry sufficient coal for an eleven-thousand-mile passage without renewing the supply in way ports; and the modern tramp steamer, built to carry as much cargo as can be stowed, and barely enough coal to drive the engines from one coaling-port to the next, is in the same predicament. Huge supplies of coal are kept in all these ports for the needs of arriving shipping. At Port Said, for instance, a million tons of coal are landed each year from colliers which daily arrive from England to supply the shipping which passes through the Suez Canal.

Wherever there is a coaling-port, there the trade routes gather. On the "Track Chart for Full-powered Steam Vessels," published by the Hydrographic Office, Washington, the trade routes which cross the great expanse of the Pacific radiate in all directions, like the spokes of a gigantic wheel, from each of the island ports of Honolulu, of Apia, and of Tahiti. Shoreward they are directed to San Francisco, to Panama, and to Valparaiso; and on the Asiatic side of the Pacific all routes lead to Nagasaki in the north, and to Sydney in the south. Similarly, in the South Atlantic Ocean there are established, for the use of steamers plying the routes of those waters, coaling-stations of large importance at the otherwise remote ports of Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, at the Cape Verde Islands, at Ascension Island, and at St. Helena, all of them island ports lying well away from the African coast. Teneriffe is a regular coaling-port on the route to all African ports from the Ivory Coast to Cape Town; and the Cape Verde Islands—where four thousand steamers call for coal in a single year—are on the main route from the English Channel to the ports of South America. These ports are on the cross-sea highways of the world's commerce; from them stretch the by-paths and to them come the coastwise routes.

I have watched the process of coaling ship in all the principal coaling-ports of the world. It is not the simple operation commonly supposed by the landsman. It is, on the other hand, a subject for as much consideration as the determining of the trade route a steamer is to follow. While there is coal to be had in almost



AT GIBRALTAR A GREAT FLEET OF COAL-HULKS IS STATIONED

every port, it is not always the part of wisdom to stop and get it. In other words, the price of coal varies so much in the ports of the world that it is the custom of ships' engineers, bound on long voyages, carefully to prepare coaling schedules and keep a daily record of the amount of coal consumed. This is of the utmost importance on voyages such as that regularly maintained from Plymouth, calling at Teneriffe, Cape Town, and Sydney, on the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to New Zealand, and on the return trip of the same voyage to Plymouth by way of the Strait of Magellan. The coal purchased for eight shillings a ton at Plymouth, the engineer of a P. & O. liner told me, costs three times as much at Teneriffe; at Montevideo it has risen to seven times as much as in Plymouth; and at Punta Arenas, the coaling-port of the Strait of Magellan, it has soared to the price of a luxury at nearly twenty dollars a ton. Another considerable difference of price exists at the two ends of the Suez Canal, due to the fact that colliers from Cardiff are required to pay canal dues before discharging cargo at Suez, while at Port Said they do not enter the canal. It is the difference between nearly nine dollars at Suez and five dollars at Port Said.

"Do you know what that means to us?" said the P. & O. engineer.

I did not.

"The English mail lines," he explained, "take nearly two hundred thousand tons aboard in a year. Figure it out for yourself."

Naturally the price of coal in the different ports of the world depends on how far the coal has to be freighted from the port of supply. Take the case of the navy supply of coal at Manila. The coal from Newport News has a better reputation for steaming qualities than Japanese coal; therefore it is used by the navy. I have been told that a member of a new administration at Washington was outraged at the price charged by private ship-owners to deliver New-

port News coal at Manila. He therefore carefully figured out the expense of transporting it by a naval collier. He arrived at figures far below those submitted by the shipping-men. At a conference he attempted to prove his contentions. The shipping-men agreed with every item—wages, length of voyage, and coal consumption to Manila. His elation was short-lived, however.

"Quite so," said the shipping-men, "but how about the expense of bringing that collier back to the Atlantic coast?"

The new official had overlooked this factor. He learned that return cargoes as well as outgoing cargoes are a factor in determining ocean freight rates on coal.

The liner carries the mail on a cut-and-dried route. A government subsidy pays the way; she burns as much coal on a five-day trip across the Atlantic as would carry a merchantman around the world; she takes the short cuts through Suez and Panama, buys Newcastle coal at fancy prices, and, if she needs an extra coaling-port, "the company buys an island and makes one," an engineer of the China Mail told me. The freighters, however, that course the seven seas, wherever a charter offers, figure out to a mathematical certainty the amount of coal required on the voyage, and where they can buy it most economically, for their own pocket-book pays the bill. They fill the holds with cargo, the bunkers with coal, and pile on deck as much more coal as can be carried. All goes well, according to the tale of the engineer of a tramp ship at Shanghai, till the unforeseen happens, sometimes in shape of a heavy sea, which washes it overboard. Then captain and engineer consult. They reduce the speed, look for favoring winds and currents, and finally, when at their wits' end, frequently resort to burning anything aboard ship, from cargo, such as raw sugar, to wood fittings. There are voyages which are real bogies to tramp captains; on some routes, according to these skippers, coaling-ports are "as scarce as icebergs in the Red Sea." Often their charters take them to outlandish ports or remote islands in the Indian or Pacific Ocean. At Thursday Island I heard the story of a captain who, at a little-visited island in that part of the world, was seriously delayed in loading his cargo of phosphate by continued bad weather, and, through no fault of his, ran short of coal. He attempted to buy a hundred tons of coal from the company owning the island. His efforts were of no avail.

"We're not in the coal business," said the company in a quick, high way.

The captain was in a dilemma; he



SINGAPORE SHELTERS EVERY TYPE OF CRAFT IN THE EAST

faced two alternatives. Either he must steam nine hundred miles out of his course to a coaling-port, and then retrace the same distance before beginning the voyage to the port of discharge; or he must start out, short of coal, and take chances on the South Indian Ocean trade route, probably the least used in the world, where ships are almost an unknown quantity and no land is to be sighted save the unexplored and uninhabited Crozet and Kerguelen Islands. He decided to take his chances with a small supply of coal. It happened that with favorable winds, the aid of a couple of sails, and a sprinkling of oil on the daily pickings of the fire-room ashes, he fortunately just made Cape Town, burning his last wheelbarrow of fuel in the effort, and secured an ample supply of coal. It had been a narrow escape for both captain and engineer. Had they failed to accomplish the feat, had they been forced to accept assistance in reaching port, there would have been salvage to pay. Had they taken the course of caution, they would necessarily have paid the prevailing high price for coal in the nearest coaling-port, in addition to adding eighteen hundred miles and at least ten days' time to the long journey, a considerable item in these days of time charters. In such cases it is "do or die!" Either failure or caution brings on the unfortunate fellows the wrath and disgust of owners, and sometimes the loss of their ship.



AN EASTERN PORTAL

"What's the worst thing that can happen?" I asked the chief of an Australian-bound liner.

"Coal strike in Sydney!" he replied, promptly.

Of all the misfortunes that can befall an engineer—and there are many, varying from running short of coal at sea to disabled engines there is none that engineers the world over so much fear as being caught with empty bunkers in a coaling-port during a coal strike. The coaling-ports of the world depend, generally speaking, on the coal exported from the English fields, from the Atlantic seaboard of America, from Australia, from Nagasaki, Japan, and some from the Bay of Bengal fields in India. These sources of supply are scattered in the four quarters of the globe, except in the case of the North Atlantic, where, in time of a strike in England, coal can be obtained from near-by Continental ports, or shipments received from America. In nearly every other case, once the regular supply ceases, there is no such ready remedy, and shipping in many ports is unable to obtain the necessary fuel. The Australian fields, for example, as the engineer observed, are the source of supply of all the South Pacific ports. The nearest coal district is Nagasaki, Japan, a long six thousand miles away. According to seafaring men, Sydney, of all the ports affected, is the worst one in that part of the world in which to be caught during a coal strike in the New



Drawn by George Harding

COAL-PASSERS OF PORT SAID

South Wales fields. It is the last port of call from England by way of the Suez Canal, or around the Cape of Good Hope, and also on the long voyage across the Pacific. One and all, the steamers arrive with bunkers empty, counting on ample supplies. When trouble develops—and there are strikes in Australia as elsewhere—hundreds of helpless steamers are eventually tied up in the harbor. Once the stock of coal in reserve is disposed of at fancy prices, the sole source of supply is the accumulated scrappings of years. Culm-banks and coal-piers are swept clean and the sweepings offered for sale.

"Everything that is black is not coal," becomes a proverb with Sydney engineers.

The steamers need fuel, not only to drive the engines, but also to operate the cold-storage plants for the huge cargoes of frozen meat leaving Sydney. Many a captain, counting himself fortunate in securing coal and planning to leave port, finds the prized fuel of such poor steam-producing qualities that it requires four boilers to operate the ship's refrigerating plant, and he is therefore unable to turn a propeller. During the last strike one mail-steamer attempted to keep her schedule and left Sydney for England. She made thirty-four miles a day on the run to Melbourne, burning what was aptly described in the chief engineer's log as "dyed dirt."

Having fallen in with the chief of this ambitious craft at Menzies, in Melbourne, I demanded to know what had happened, and he told me:

"Give me more steam," yelled the irate captain down the tube to the chief engineer.

"Can't do it," answered the disgusted chief; "I'm boiling the coffee for the cook."

Panama changed the trade route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, did away with the long course through the Strait of Magellan and the menace of Cape Horn. Now one of the largest coaling-ports on the whole Pacific is at the Panama end of the Canal, and in the future the flaring old town of Panama, looted long ago by the pirates under Morgan, may outrival Port Said as the largest in the world. In the old days, before the Suez Canal opened, the route to the East around the Cape of Good Hope rivaled the Cape Horn voyage for discomforts and time consumed. The East-Indiamen, frigates and convict-ships alike, blistered and lay becalmed off the Gold Coast and dipped their rails to the storms of the Cape. Instead of sweepstakes on the day's run, which enlivened us between Port Said and Fremantle, passengers gambled on the length of the voyage. Then came the "overland route"—through the Mediterranean by steamer and transfer over the desert to the Red Sea, where a connecting steamer completed the voyage to India. In those days the P. & O. used three thousand camels in a single caravan to transport mails and cargo between Suez and Cairo. Even the coal for the steamers at Suez had to be transported in this fashion. The second stage of the journey was accomplished by river packet from Cairo down the Nile to Alexandria, where the Mediterranean steamer was boarded. A passing acquaintance with this undoubtedly picturesque method of transport across the desert discloses the fact that the traveler met with more adventure in encounters with dragomen and guides than with roving bands of tribesmen. It is apparent that the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope was almost preferable to the annoyance of landing at Suez.

An English officer from India, returning home to England on the S.S. *Hindostan* in 1843, inserts in the columns of a London paper of that date advice for any contemplating the journey.

> The traveler from India or *vice versa* [so this authority states] is advised to shun the tempting advertisements of the outfitters of Suez and Cairo as he would a pestilence, and distrust the hand-books and guides as entirely as he would a matrimonial advertisement. All the urgent recommendations from guides that people should provide themselves with a bodyguard, tents, braces of pistols, camel-saddles, canteens, bottles of water—a bottle of spirits is not amiss—carpets, parasols, and green veils, are like the seasick remedies.

Continuing, the same traveler describes the journey across the seventy-mile strip of desert:

At Suez we were not long in swallowing a breakfast at the hotel, a breakfast in which coarse and bitter bread was accompanied by coffee boiled in brackish water. Immediately after our luggage was weighed and sent forward to Cairo on camels, we prepared to cross the desert. Thanks to the exertions of the British Agents who make it their business to promote intercourse with India, there is little difference now between traveling seventy miles over a post-road in England and going over the same space of ground on the Isthmus of Suez. Forty vans, each drawn by four good horses and carrying from four to six passengers, transport the living contents of two crowded steamers across the desert which divides Cairo from the Red Sea. The vans have arched roofs and are water-proof and painted green. The passengers sit omnibus-fashion at the sides of the vehicles, entering at the back, an arrangement that is unavoidable from the height of the wheels—a single pair, which reach half-way up the body of the van. At the end of every twelve miles horses are changed at a roadside stable inn, at two or three of which travelers will get a capital luncheon of roast pigeon. At one of these inns, it is as well to sleep a few hours, for sixteen hours' continuous traveling in the vans will be found *de trop* by people unaccustomed to fatigue. Put a toothbrush, a clean shirt, and a couple of guineas into your pocket and you are completely equipped for the trip.

Later, a railroad across the isthmus simplified the transfer of passengers and cargo. And in 1869, with the opening of the canal, Port Said displaced both Alexandria and Suez as the port of call on the way to India.



COAL PASSERS AT WORK

The harbor, that most landsmen know, is one of great piers with hydraulic cranes lifting and lowering cargo between sheds and open hatches—with powerful tugs, floating derricks, steam-lighters, and ferry-boats. This is astonishingly unlike the harbors I saw east of Port Said, where native lighters and native labor perform the work of steam. It seemed to me that I was suddenly entering another world when we passed from the open sea into Colombo harbor. Once inside the breakwater, the ship became the motionless center of a seething mass of humanity. The variegated horde arrived aboard a picturesque fleet. A chugging quarantine launch with a great shrill whistle wormed and shoved its way through the press of native boats of strange models, outrigger canoes, and lighters piled high with luggage, and landed the port doctor. He alone, of all that howling mob, was allowed aboard by the sturdy quartermaster, guarding the landing-board. Looking down from the ship's rail, I saw a mass of astonishing color. In the canoes



CAPTAINS IN PORT FOR COAL MINGLE AT STRANGE RESORTS

were vociferous sellers of carved elephants, canes, and inlaid boxes. Each man feverishly bargained and displayed his ware on the end of a long pole which almost reached the ship's rail. In the long, narrow boats, with small flush decks fore and aft, were Hindu figures with white coats and skull-caps, awaiting the opportunity impartially to recount the merits of the particular hotel they represented, and ready to make way with the luggage before declaring its name. With them were other white-clad, languid figures, carrying small hand-bags, the only quiet members of the mob. I was informed they were tailors, ready to seize me and to measure me and to deliver by nightfall, at a price less than summer underwear at home, one or a dozen linen suits. On the luggage-lighters, perched on the pile of trunks, steamer-chairs, and hampers, were gaudily dressed Singalese salesmen of embroideries and laces. Innumerable small boats crowded about the ship, waiting for fares to the quay. Beyond these came the lighters with coal, and others with cargo, such as tea, or empty, to take aboard merchandise from the ship. Cumbersome under sail, like elephants they stumbled into the fleet of small boats, spreading mingled anger and terror among the excited crews and threatening to crush them against the ship's side. In a few minutes the serious business of the ship's stay in port began. Until the anchor-chain again rumbled in the hawse-pipe and the ship was under way, there was always a fleet of venders alongside.

Five days beyond Colombo was Singapore, the midway port from India to China, and the center of all the great island trade from the southern Philippines to remote New Guinea. Singapore harbor shelters all types of craft of the East. This variety of style of shipping makes an unusual appeal to one fond of things maritime. It is perhaps the most picturesque conglomeration of native rigs, antiquated ships of the Atlantic trade, and modern steamers to be found in the East. I saw huge, unwieldy cargo-lighters, propelled by heavy



FREEBOOTERS OF THE DESERT

sweeps when there was no wind to fill their single square sails; wicked-looking Bugis craft from the Celebes, low in the water, with yellow palm-leaf sails; clumsy old craft from Sumatra; Chinese junks, piled high with cargo from Saigon, long, rakish Chinese fishing-boats, loaded with dark-brown nets; Malay schooners from Sandakan in the Sulu Seas, and queer little white steamers from Bangkok. Here were collected all the discarded odds and ends of shipping. I recognized in the clipper bow steamer from Australia an Atlantic liner of the 'eighties. In the coolie steamer from Amoy I found the familiar lines of a Harland & Wolf cargo-boat of the cotton trade. And there, too, were the adequate P. & O. liner; the Messageries Maritimes mail-steamer, still carrying yard-arms; the up-to-date *Nippon Yusen Kaisha* from Japan, and the clean, comfortable *Koninklyke Paketvaart* from the ports of Java, of all the vast fleet the only one using oil for fuel.

Few seamen have more than a waterside acquaintance with the ports of the world. Their stay in harbor is short; seldom do any of the ship's crew, except the skipper, go ashore in the coaling-ports. In the East it was unusual for us to tie up to a wharf; generally the moorings were in the open harbor, or even five or six miles offshore, in an open roadstead. The impression I received, looking over the rail of the vessel, was of the strangeness of the sights and sounds of exotic ports, crafts, and natives. I remember Hong-Kong as a city built on a hillside, disappearing in the mists, in contrast to the low, flat horizon of Singapore. Of the roadsteads Soerabaya and Samarang, sugar ports of Java, I recall a fringe of coast, with mountains away off; but I saw little of the city built along the many canals, whence came the curious, gay-colored cargo-lighters. What gives Nagasaki its unique aspect, one that every seaman remembers, is not that of the maritime style or the beauty of the surrounding hills. What impressed me most was the little Japanese women who fed the fuel to the great ship from the coal-lighter. In the ports of the South Sea Islands, it is true, I saw a sprinkling of grass-skirted native women, with the men, loading a steamer; and at Hong-Kong, more often than not, it was a sampan woman that carried me from the quay to the ship out in the harbor; but in none of these harbors was there the fascination of Nagasaki. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, I saw the modern and the ancient side by side—a modern dreadnaught building in the shipyard, with the clang-



Drawn by George Harding

JAPANESE WOMEN FEED THE FUEL TO THE GREAT SHIPS AT NAGASAKI

ing of riveting-machines, and the passing of overhead cranes carrying tons of structural material; and near by, a crowd of coolies, by sheer man power, sinking piling for a new pier. The great weight was hauled up by a hundred coolies and dropped with a thud. And a few hundred yards away the merchant ships were coaled by the Japanese women. It is this that makes Nagasaki Japanese to the backbone and unlike any other port in the world.

I have heard the gossip of the water-side places in the coaling-ports of all the world. No matter in what tongue it may be told, it records the happenings of the seven seas. Strange and jovial tales abound, whether the bottle goes around or not, when captains in for coal foregather in a sort of dignified seclusion in the resorts from Port Said to Singapore. There was the French mail-steamer, for example, bound from Aden to Colombo. At Cape Guardafui, that bald headland of the African coast at the entrance to the Red Sea, the liner went aground. The natives from shore quickly drove off, at the point of the sword, all the passengers and crew, crowded them into the ship's boats, and pursued them far out to sea. All the while the looting of the cabins and cargo proceeded. Before leaving the ship the wireless operator succeeded, as I was told, in sending a message describing the situation. By good fortune it was picked up by a British gunboat bound to Aden. In the end, when passengers and crew were picked up, the gunboat had excellent target practice with the astonished Arabian dowhs as they attempted to escape. Sometimes these adventures are out of the common, even in the uncommon careers of seafaring men. For instance, I was told of a pilgrim funeral ship ashore on a reef in the Red Sea, with the waves all dotted with bodies wrapped for burial, washing to and fro in the breakers over the reef. A steamer drawing near to investigate discovered on the part of the wreck above water a lone faithful one facing Mecca in attitude of prayer. A boat was lowered and assistance attempted, but the faithful one remained impassive to all offers of rescue, and there the story ends.

Many of the chief coaling-ports of the world were closed to the German cruisers that raided English and French shipping at the beginning of the war. Gibraltar, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Sydney, Cape Town, Vancouver, Bermuda, Halifax, Kingston, and scores of other English ports, as well as Japanese, French, and Russian ports, were bases for the Allies' cruisers engaged in guarding the cross-sea highways. Neutral ports were few, where the raiders could with safety put in harbor long enough to coal. Seldom, except in the case of Santiago in the South Pacific, was it attempted. For a time they subsisted on coal shipped to them from neutral ports or captured from merchantmen. Eventually, even if successful in escaping capture, the coal question would have ended their usefulness to Germany. Every world power casts covetous eyes on available sites for coaling-ports for its naval and mercantile fleets. On the confined shores of the Yellow Sea three great powers established coaling-bases at Port Arthur, at Wei-hai-wei, and at Kiao-chau. Our own government, with an ear open to faint sounds, keeps an eye peeled on St. Thomas and the coast of Mexico, ever watching for mysterious doings, or slightest suspicion of transfer of domain to another power. To guard the trade routes and approaches to the Gulf of Mexico the Navy Department at Washington has established a most important coaling-base at Guantanamo, Cuba. Thus all three routes to the Gulf—through the Florida Straits between Key West and Cuba, through the Windward Passage between Guantanamo and Haiti, and the passages either side of Porto Rico—are now controlled by American bases. In the Pacific, the coaling-station Honolulu, with a storage capacity of one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons, provides ample supplies for the needs of war-ships guarding the approaches across the North Pacific. In contrast to the Gulf of Mexico and Pacific routes, and those to South American ports, the trade routes of the world are practically dominated in time of war by English coaling-ports—an essential ownership to England, for of the forty-seven important steamship companies of the world to-day thirty-two of them are British.

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*The scene of the story is a village in the heart of Austria about the year 1590. Three boys in one of their rambles are approached by the Stranger—a youth of winning face and friendly demeanor. He startles them by lighting a pipeful of tobacco by breathing upon it, and by doing other miraculous things, which he says are natural, for he is an angel—a relative of the fallen archangel, Satan, and named after him. The boys, fascinated by his enchantments and his ingratiating ways, are held spellbound while he suddenly creates a multitude of midget people who set about building for themselves a castle.*

THE Stranger had seen everything, he had been everywhere, he knew everything, and he forgot nothing. What another must study, he learned at a glance; there were no difficulties for him. And he made things live before you when he told about them. He saw the world made; he saw Adam created; he saw Samson surge against the pillars and bring the temple down in ruins about him; he saw Cæsar's death; he told of the daily life in heaven; he had seen the damned writhing in the red waves of hell; and he made us see all these things, and it was as if we were on the spot and looking at them with our own eyes. And we felt them, too, but there was no sign that they were anything to him beyond being mere entertainments. Those visions of hell, those poor babes and women and girls and lads and men shrieking and supplicating in anguish—why, we could hardly bear it, but he was as bland about it as if it had been so many imitation rats in an artificial fire.

And always when he was talking about men and women here on the earth and their doings — even their grandest and sublimest — we were secretly ashamed, for his manner showed that to him they and their doings were of paltry poor consequence; often you would think he was talking about flies, if you didn't know. Once he even said, in so many words, that our people down here were quite interesting to him, notwithstanding they were so dull and ignorant and trivial and conceited, and so diseased and rickety, and such a shabby, poor, worthless lot all around. He said it in a quite matter-of-course way and without bitterness, just as a person might talk about bricks or manure or any other thing that was of no consequence and hadn't feelings. I could see he meant no offense, but in my thoughts I set it down as not very good manners.

"Manners!" he said. "Why, it is merely the truth, and truth is good manners; manners are a fiction. The castle is done. Do you like it?"

Any one would have been obliged to like it. It was lovely to look at, it was so shapely and fine, and so cunningly perfect in all its particulars, even to the little flags waving from the turrets. Satan said we must put the artillery in place now, and station the halberdiers and display the cavalry. Our men and horses were a spectacle to see, they were so little like what they were intended for; for, of course, we had no art in making such things. Satan said they were the worst he had seen; and when he touched them and made them alive, it was just ridiculous the way they acted, on account of their legs not being of uniform lengths. They reeled and sprawled around as if they were drunk, and endangered everybody's lives around them, and finally fell over and lay helpless and kicking. It made us all laugh, though it was a shameful thing to see. The guns were charged with dirt, to fire a salute, but they were

so crooked and so badly made that they all burst when they went off, and killed some of the gunners and crippled the others. Satan said we would have a storm now, and an earthquake, if we liked, but we must stand off a piece, out of danger. We wanted to call the people away, too, but he said never mind them; they were of no consequence, and we could make more, some time or other, if we needed them.

A small storm-cloud began to settle down black over the castle, and the miniature lightning and thunder began to play, and the ground to quiver, and the wind to pipe and wheeze, and the rain to fall, and all the people flocked into the castle for shelter. The cloud settled down blacker and blacker, and one could see the castle only dimly through it; the lightning blazed out flash upon flash and pierced the castle and set it on fire, and the flames shone out red and fierce through the cloud, and the people came flying out, shrieking, but Satan brushed them back, paying no attention to our begging and crying and imploring; and in the midst of the howling of the wind and volleying of the thunder the magazine blew up, the earthquake rent the ground wide, and the castle's wreck and ruin tumbled into the chasm, which swallowed it from sight and closed upon it, with all that innocent life, not one of the five hundred poor creatures escaping. Our hearts were broken; we could not keep from crying.

"Don't cry," Satan said; "they were of no value."

"But they are gone to hell!"

"Oh, it is no matter; we can make plenty more."

It was of no use to try to move him; evidently he was wholly without feelings, and could not understand. He was full of bubbling spirits, and as gay as if this were a wedding instead of a fiendish massacre. And he was bent on making us feel as he did, and of course his magic accomplished his desire. It was no trouble to him; he did whatever he pleased with us. In a little while we were dancing on that grave, and he was playing to us on a strange, sweet instrument which he took out of his pocket; and the music —but there is no music like that, unless perhaps in heaven, and that was where he brought it from, he said. It made one mad, for pleasure; and we could not take our eyes from him, and the looks that went out of our eyes came from our hearts, and their dumb speech was worship. He brought the dance from heaven, too, and the bliss of paradise was in it.

Presently he said he must go away on an errand. But we could not bear the thought of it, and clung to him, and pleaded with him to stay; and that pleased him, and he said so, and said he would not go yet, but would wait a little while and we would sit down and talk a few minutes longer; and he told us Satan was only his real name, and he was to be known by it to us alone, but he had chosen another one to be called by in the presence of others; just a common one, such as people have— Philip Traum.

It sounded so odd and mean for such a being! But it was his decision, and we said nothing; his decision was sufficient.

We had seen wonders this day; and my thoughts began to run on the pleasure it would be to tell them when I got home, but he noticed those thoughts, and said:

"No, all these matters are a secret among us four. I do not mind your trying to tell them, if you like, but I will protect your tongues, and nothing of the secret will escape from them."

It was a disappointment, but it couldn't be helped, and it cost us a sigh or two. We talked pleasantly along, and he was always reading our thoughts and responding to them, and it seemed to me that this was the most wonderful of all the things he did, but he interrupted my musings and said:

"No, it would be wonderful for you, but it is not wonderful for me. I am not limited like you. I am not subject to human conditions; I can measure and understand your human weaknesses, for I have studied them; but I have none of them. My flesh is not real, although it would seem firm to your touch; my clothes are not real; I am a spirit. Father Peter is coming." We looked around, but did not see any one. "He is not in sight yet, but you will see him presently."

"Do you know him, Satan?"

"No."

"Won't you talk with him when he comes? He is not ignorant and dull, like us, and he would so like to talk with you. Will you?"

"Another time, yes, but not now. I must go on my errand after a little. There he is now; you can see him. Sit still, and don't say anything."

We looked up and saw Father Peter approaching through the chestnuts. We three were sitting together in the grass, and Satan sat in front of us in the path. Father Peter came slowly along with his head down, thinking, and stopped within a couple of yards of us and took off his hat and got out his silk handkerchief, and stood there mopping his face and looking as if he were going to speak to us, but he didn't. Presently he muttered, "I can't think what brought me here; it seems as if I were in my study a minute ago—but I suppose I have been dreaming along for an hour and have come all this stretch without noticing; for I am not myself in these troubled days." Then he went mumbling along to himself and walked straight through Satan, just as if nothing were there. It made us catch our breath to see it. We had the impulse to cry out, the way you nearly always do when a startling thing happens, but something mysteriously restrained us and we remained quiet, only breathing fast. Then the trees hid Father Peter after a little, and Satan said:

"It is as I told you—I am only a spirit."

"Yes, one perceives it now," said Nikolaus, "but we are not spirits. It is plain he did not see you, but were we invisible, too? He looked at us, but he didn't seem to see us."

"No, none of us was visible to him, for I wished it so."

It seemed almost too good to be true, that we were actually seeing these romantic and wonderful things, and that it was not a dream. And there he sat, looking just like anybody—so natural and simple and charming, and chatting along again the same as ever, and—well, words cannot make you understand what we felt. It was an ecstasy; and an ecstasy is a thing that will not go into words; it feels like music, and one cannot tell about music so that another person can get the feeling of it. He was back in the old ages once more now, and making them live before us. He had seen so much, so much! It was just a wonder to look at him and try to think how it must seem to have such experiences behind one.

But it made you seem sorrowfully trivial, and the creature of a day, and such a short and paltry day, too. And he didn't say anything to raise up your drooping pride—no, not a word. He always spoke of men in the same old indifferent way—just as one speaks of bricks and manure-piles and such things; you could see that they were of no consequence to him, one way or the other. He didn't mean to hurt us, you could see that; just as we don't mean to insult a brick when we disparage it; a brick's emotions are nothing to us; it never occurs to us to think whether it has any or not.

Once when he was bunching the most illustrious kings and conquerors and poets and prophets and pirates and beggars together — just a brick-pile—I was shamed into putting in a word for man, and asked him why he made so much difference between men and himself. He had to struggle with that a moment; he didn't seem to understand how I could ask such a strange question. Then he said:

"The difference between man and me? The difference between a mortal and an immortal? between a cloud and a spirit?" He picked up a wood-louse that was creeping along a piece of bark: "What is the difference between Cæsar and this?"

I said, "One cannot compare things which by their nature and by the interval between them are not comparable."

"You have answered your own question," he said. "I will expand it. Man is made of dirt—I saw him made. I am not made of dirt. Man is a museum of diseases, a home of impurities; he comes to-day and is gone to-morrow; he begins as dirt and departs as stench; I am of the aristocracy of the Imperishables. And man has the *Moral Sense*. You understand? He has the *Moral Sense*. That would seem to be difference enough between us, all by itself."

He stopped there, as if that settled

the matter. I was sorry, for at that time I had but a dim idea of what the Moral Sense was. I merely knew that we were proud of having it, and when he talked like that about it, it wounded me and I felt as a girl feels who thinks her dearest finery is being admired and then overhears strangers making fun of it. For a while we were all silent, and I, for one, was depressed. Then Satan began to chat again, and soon he was sparkling along in such a cheerful and vivacious vein that my spirits rose once more. He told some very cunning things that put us in a gale of laughter; and when he was telling about the time that Samson tied the torches to the foxes' tails and set them loose in the Philistines' corn, and Samson sitting on the fence slapping his thighs and laughing, with the tears running down his cheeks, and lost his balance and fell off the fence, the memory of that picture got him to laughing, too, and we did have a most lovely and jolly time. By and by he said:

"I am going on my errand now."

"Don't!" we all said. "Don't go; stay with us. You won't come back."

"Yes, I will; I give you my word."

"When? To-night? Say when."

"It won't be long. You will see."

"We like you."

"And I you. And as a proof of it I will show you something fine to see. Usually when I go I merely vanish; but now I will dissolve myself and let you see me do it."

He stood up, and it was quickly finished. He thinned away and thinned away until he was a soap-bubble, except that he kept his shape. You could see the bushes through him as clearly as you see things through a soap-bubble, and all over him played and flashed the delicate iridescent colors of the bubble, and along with them was that thing shaped like a window-sash which you always see on the globe of the bubble. You have seen a bubble strike the carpet and lightly bound along two or three times before it bursts. He did that. He sprang—touched the grass—bounded—floated along—touched again—and so on, and presently exploded—puff! and in his place was vacancy.

It was a strange and beautiful thing to see. We did not say anything, but sat wondering and dreaming and blinking; and finally Seppi roused up and said, mournfully sighing:

"I suppose none of it has happened."

Nikolaus sighed and said about the same.

I was miserable to hear them say it, for it was the same cold fear that was in my own mind. Then we saw poor old Father Peter wandering along back, with his head bent down, searching the ground. When he was pretty close to us he looked up and saw us, and said, "How long have you been here, boys?"

"A little while, Father."

"Then it is since I came by, and maybe you can help me. Did you come up by the path?"

"Yes, Father."

"That is good. I came the same way. I have lost my wallet. There wasn't much in it, but a very little is much to me, for it was all I had. I suppose you haven't seen anything of it?"

"No, Father, but we will help you hunt."

"It is what I was going to ask you. Why, here it is!"

We hadn't noticed it; yet there it lay, right where Satan stood when he began to melt—if he did melt and it wasn't a delusion. Father Peter picked it up and looked very much surprised.

"It is mine," he said, "but not the contents. This is fat; mine was flat; mine was light, this is heavy." He opened it; it was stuffed as full as it could hold with gold coins. He let us gaze our fill; and of course we did gaze, for we had never seen so much money at one time before. All our mouths came open to say "Satan did it!" but nothing came out. There it was, you see—we couldn't tell what Satan didn't want told; he had said so himself.

"Boys, did you do this?"

It made us laugh. And it made him laugh, too, as soon as he thought what a foolish question it was.

"Who has been here?"

Our mouths came open to answer, but stood so for a moment, because we couldn't say "Nobody," for it wouldn't be true, and the right word didn't seem to come; then I thought of the right one, and said it:

"Not a human being."

"That is so," said the others, and let their mouths go shut.

"It is not so," said Father Peter, and looked at us very severely. "I came by here awhile ago, and there was no one here, but that is nothing; some one has been here since. I don't mean to say that the person didn't pass here before you came, and I don't mean to say you saw him, but some one did pass, that I know. On your honor—you saw no one?"

"Not a human being."

"That is sufficient; I know you are telling me the truth."

He began to count the money on the path, we on our knees eagerly helping to stack it in little piles.

"It's eleven hundred ducats, odd!" he said. "Oh, dear! if it were only mine—and I need it so!" and his voice broke and his lips quivered.

"It is yours, sir!" we all cried out at once, "every heller!"

"No—it isn't mine. Only four ducats are mine; the rest . . . !" He fell to dreaming, poor old soul, and caressing some of the coins in his hands, and forgot where he was, sitting there on his heels with his old gray head bare; it was pitiful to see. "No," he said, waking up, "it isn't mine. I can't account for it. I think some enemy . . . it must be a trap."

Nikolaus said: "Father Peter, with the exception of the astrologer you haven't a real enemy in the village—nor Marget either. And not even a half-enemy that's rich enough to chance eleven hundred ducats to do you a mean turn. I'll ask you if that's so or not?"

He couldn't get around that argument, and it cheered him up. "But it isn't mine, you see—it isn't mine, in any case."

He said it in a wistful way, like a person that wouldn't be sorry, but glad, if anybody would contradict him.

"It is yours, Father Peter, and we are witness to it. Aren't we, boys?"

"Yes, we are—and we'll stand by it, too."

"Bless your hearts, you do almost persuade me; you do, indeed. If I had only a hundred odd ducats of it! The house is mortgaged for it, and we've no home for our heads if we don't pay to-morrow. And that four ducats is all we've got in the—"

"It's yours, every bit of it, and you've got to take it—we are bail that it's all right. Aren't we, Theodor? Aren't we, Seppi?"

We two said yes, and Nikolaus stuffed the money back into the shabby old wallet and made the owner take it. So he said he would use two hundred of it, for his house was good enough security for that, and would put the rest at interest till the rightful owner came for it; and on our side we must sign a paper showing how he got the money—a paper to show to the villagers as proof that he had not got out of his troubles dishonestly.

It made immense talk next day, when Father Peter paid Solomon Isaacs in gold and left the rest of the money with him at interest. Also, there was a pleasant change; many people called at the house to congratulate him, and a number of cool old friends became kind and friendly again; and, to top all, Marget was invited to a party.

And there was no mystery; Father Peter told the whole circumstance just as it happened, and said he could not account for it, only it was the plain hand of Providence, so far as he could see.

One or two shook their heads and said privately it looked more like the hand of Satan; and really that seemed a surprisingly good guess for ignorant people like that. Some came slyly buzzing around and tried to coax us boys to come out and "tell the truth"; and promised they wouldn't ever tell, but only wanted to know for their own satisfaction, because the whole thing was so curious. They even wanted to buy the secret, and pay money for it; and if we could have invented something that would answer—but we couldn't; we hadn't the ingenuity, so we had to let the chance go by, and it was a pity.

We carried that secret around without any trouble, but the other one, the big one, the splendid one, burned the very vitals of us, it was so hot to get out and we so hot to let it out and astonish people with it. But we had to keep it in; in fact, it kept itself in. Satan said it would, and it did. We went off every

day and got to ourselves in the woods so that we could talk about Satan, and really that was the only subject we thought of or cared anything about; and day and night we watched for him and hoped he would come, and we got more and more impatient all the time. We hadn't any interest in the other boys any more, and wouldn't take part in their games and enterprises. They seemed so tame, after Satan; and their doings so trifling and commonplace after his adventures in antiquity and the constellations, and his miracles and meltings and explosions, and all that.

During the first day we were in a state of anxiety on account of one thing, and we kept going to Father Peter's house on one pretext or another to keep track of it. That was the gold coin; we were afraid it would crumble and turn to dust, like fairy money. If it did— But it didn't. At the end of the day no complaint had been made about it, so after that we were satisfied that it was real gold, and dropped the anxiety out of our minds.

There was a question which we wanted to ask Father Peter, and finally we went there the second evening, a little diffidently, after drawing straws, and I asked it as casually as I could, though it did not sound as casual as I wanted, because I didn't know how:

"What is the Moral Sense, sir?"

He looked down, surprised, over his great spectacles, and said, "Why, it is the faculty which enables us to distinguish good from evil."

It threw some light, but not a glare, and I was a little disappointed, also to some degree embarrassed. He was waiting for me to go on, so, in default of anything else to say, I asked, "Is it valuable?"

"Valuable? Heavens! lad, it is the one thing that lifts man above the beasts that perish and makes him heir to immortality!"

This did not remind me of anything further to say, so I got out, with the other boys, and we went away with that indefinite sense you have often had of being filled but not fatted. They wanted me to explain, but I was tired.

We passed out through the parlor, and there was Marget at the spinet teaching Marie Lueger. So one of the deserting pupils was back; and an influential one, too; the others would follow. Marget jumped up and ran and thanked us again, with tears in her eyes —this was the third time—for saving her and her uncle from being turned into the street, and we told her again we hadn't done it; but that was her way, she never could be grateful enough for anything a person did for her; so we let her have her say. And as we passed through the garden, there was Wilhelm Meidling sitting there waiting, for it was getting toward the edge of the evening, and he would be asking Marget to take a walk along the river with him when she was done with the lesson. He was a young lawyer, and succeeding fairly well and working his way along, little by little. He was very fond of Marget, and she of him. He had not deserted along with the others, but had stood his ground all through. His faithfulness was not lost on Marget and her uncle. He hadn't so very much talent, but he was handsome and good, and these are a kind of talents themselves and help along. He asked us how the lesson was getting along, and we told him it was about done. And maybe it was so; we didn't know anything about it, but we judged it would please him, and it did, and didn't cost us anything.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Far Traveller

BY ELIZABETH DEWING HUTCHINSON

MY one real memory of Elihu Smith-Hollins stands plain. I remember him against a background of turrets and marble steps, a sleek, light man of noticeable eyes, basking in an Eastern sun; and I remember wondering then, as I wonder now, whether the very charming lady with whom he was talking and smiling, and whose parasol he was delicately fingering, was planning to reform him, or what. This was the one sight I had of Elihu Smith-Hollins in the flesh. The story I am about to tell deals with him in a different aspect altogether.

I had come to the sea to aid my recovery from an illness; and there still remained with me an abnormal supersensitiveness to impressions. Common things took on significances ordinarily foreign. It surely was a significance of some sort which met me there at the threshold of Mrs. Buckles's house, clung fast while I knocked and waited, and followed close as I finally walked in. In the little sitting-room it seemed to gather with the gathering dusk. Strangeness infolded me in lieu of welcome. It crowded me so close on Mrs. Buckles's sofa that at last there was hardly room for the easy bulk of John Sykes who had come with me. I didn't know whether he too was aware of being haunted, but he must have grown used to it, as he was Mrs. Buckles's nearest neighbor. He interrupted my meditations to tell me he was in the habit of running in upon her and that she wouldn't at all mind our making ourselves at home.

"Is that why she leaves her door unlocked?" I asked.

"No one here ever locks their doors."

"I believe there's an idea," I ventured, "about the free reception of the Holy Spirit."

Sykes looked at me. "I've heard many things about Mrs. Buckles, but I've never heard anything like that!"

"She's something of a character?"

"Every woman is." Sykes's glance shifted from me to the window which faced the brown bleakness of the seacoast. The ground was corrugated with frost, bushes stood bare, the gleam of an iced pond reflected the winter sunset. "A character? Yes, indeed," he finally agreed.

"An odd woman," I again ventured.

"All of that!" Sykes's speech seemed to block itself in hearty acquiescence.

There were mysteries that stifled and had to be thrown off. "Now what might she be doing out on a day like this?"

"She isn't doing anything out," said Sykes. "She just walks. She goes down to the beach and over the dunes and back through the village—anywhere and everywhere. Some of the neighbors don't think it right for a woman to be so free; but as long as it's true, what she told my wife, that it helps her trouble, why, I can't see the harm. You know she lost her husband—"

His news I might have surmised, but his statement of it served to relieve a little my disquiet. I might have surmised it, I say, and this—working deep—might have already been at work upon my fancy. In a widow's house one should expect to be so beset, though this surely was in itself a commonplace dwelling enough.

In coming up the road I had taken it in casually, noted its white-painted walls, shabby blinds, and weather-stained roof. The barn and outbuildings, the straggling privet hedge, the cinder path leading to the door—all these had little to mark them from a hundred other of the same accessories. The effect produced lay between prosperity and meanness; there was nothing either to attract or to repel. Within there were stairs, closed doors on either

side, and back of that the kitchen, breathing odors of hot coal and cooking and the soapy boiling of linen. The room we sat in lay beyond the kitchen.

I remember the rag carpet of a dingy stripe, and the sewing-machine whose extended leaf was overburdened with unfinished garments. There was a cheap metal lamp on the table. At our entrance a cat had made her exit.

This aspect, which I've tried to convey, is all of a piece quite unrelieved by individual light; by this Mrs. Buckles's house reached the dead levels of human habitation; upon this stable foundation there rests what little there is that is tangible and at the same time unaccounted for. I've spoken of something like an unseen presence. And it was as if that presence—itself invisible—had scattered about certain visible signs. There were objects of learning and ornament wholly at variance with anything else. There were books on the table by the lamp—a thumbed Shakespeare, Milton, Karl Marx, the earlier work of Bernard Shaw, some text-books on trigonometry, Rabelais in English. There was food for sight also—photographs of the Sphinx and the pyramids, an engraving from the portrait of Napoleon at St. Helena, photographs of classic sculpture, and one or two humorous sketches torn from the pages of *Punch*. I divined a roving mind, a roving eye. The thought on such a day set me to shivering; I glowed at notice of a curiously colored shell; it was a thing abortive, spiked and speckled, wrought in the curves and surfaces of its native seas.

"Mr. Buckles had lived in the tropics?" I asked. For the presence loomed for me as the haunting spirit of Buckles. There could be no doubt.

My companion turned. "He'd lived everywhere, I guess. But as a matter of fact there wasn't any Mr. Buckles."

Sykes paused, and seemed to smile at my being disconcerted. "If you mean the husband of our friend who's out," he said, "why, his name was Smith."

"A good substantial name," I commented, to hide my further lack of comprehension.

"Good enough." Sykes leaned confidentially near me: "You see, Mrs. Buckles was a figure here; this is the third house her people have built on this site—goes back a couple of hundred years or so—while Smith was what you might call temporary."

"He wasn't a native?"

"He was an event."

I could understand that, for it had struck me as an eventful fur cap which hung, as it were *in memoriam*, on a hook beside the door, and as even venturesome the rack of pipes above the mantel. "He came and went?" I asked. "He didn't stay long enough to leave his name?"

"He did, in a manner of speaking," Sykes hastened; "they were married tight enough! That was something no one could ever say. . . ."

Sykes was lost in some thought of his own. And then: "It's true, he came and went. In one door—out the other—he went. He disappeared."

"There was mystery?"

"All you want of it. He walked out."

We bid fair never to get beyond the signal fact of his departure. Sykes once more was luminous: "It was a short while, altogether."

"So you've said. A matter of months?"

"Midwinter to spring."

I suggested he had hibernated like a beast in a hole, and brought denial.

Sykes seemed ever to defend him against possible question, and then, as if to sanction his own bias, he announced a similar one on the part of Mrs. Sykes.

"In fact," he said, "it wouldn't have meant near so much to me—the whole affair—if my wife hadn't been in on it. She was on the spot at the crucial moment. She saw his coming."

"She saw with her own eyes?"

"Whose eyes would she see with?"

"And his going?"

"No, she didn't see that."

Before Sykes settled to his story I picked up one of the books upon the table. The fly-leaf was torn out. Sykes's glance followed mine as I looked about the room. "Oh, yes," he said, "those are all his. He had a lot of odd things; he brought them with him in his trunk."

I was reassured, almost calmed, by the trunk. The thought of it pleased me, and I should have tried to find out more about it save that I had no wish to interrupt whatever Sykes had to tell.

I felt he would tell his story in his own order. He was for the time occupied with the part his wife had played. It seemed to him important.

"Yes, indeed, she was on the spot. She had come over for a friendly chat and found Mrs.—Miss Buckles making cake. A transaction where my wife is of considerable help—"

"So I can vouch!"

"Well, they made the cake, and the two women talked as women will, you know, when they're alone together. They gossiped a bit in a general way, and then they got down to cases, and then they talked about themselves. Miss Buckles wasn't feeling just right—she said she was tired—you know the sort of tired when there isn't any use? Everything looked black to her. You can hardly blame her. There she was, living with her old mother who had come to be forgetful—" Sykes tapped his brow. "It was a relief when the old woman died. There she was, as I say, with nothing ahead of her but years and years of the same. She must have put it to my wife pretty straight."

"I hadn't seen her," I said, "as the woman to air her troubles."

"She's not; but then she would talk to Mrs. Sykes. She thinks more of my wife, you know, than she does of any one—any one living." Sykes paused. "It might, of course, have been the weather. A day a good deal such as this—sharper perhaps—and nothing to look at but ice and frozen ground, and nothing to listen to but the wind howling in from the sea. As I understand it, they had cleared up after the cake was made and were coming in here to sit down for a bit when there was a knock at the wash-house door. You know the wash-house is built out to one side of the kitchen, and to enter the kitchen from the side door you have to go through that first. Well, Miss Buckles went to answer the knock, and my wife waited. She says she was sure then something was going to happen; she had no reason to be sure—she just felt it. My wife has it—a sort of second sight. I don't think I ever told you about the time our girl Lucy was lost, and after the whole town had searched all night she said she would try, and walked straight to the place—said she heard the child calling to her. Well, Mrs. Sykes waited, a long time she said it was, feeling as she did, and when Miss Buckles returned she brought Smith with her. He followed her direct into the kitchen, and she had to shut the door to keep out the cold."

I asked about Mrs. Sykes's first impression.

"She didn't like him—not then. She didn't trust him. She said if it had been her house and business she would have turned him out then and there. I think it was why she liked him so much afterward; she always was apologizing in her mind for the way she felt at first. She wouldn't have cared to meet him on a dark night, she said. I think both the women were a little scared but didn't see any use in showing it. They stood about waiting, trying to be natural, while he warmed his hands over the stove. He wore woolen gloves, which he drew off, quite at home. My wife noticed how white and fine his hands were, considering he was dressed so rough. You see, she had time to notice, because he wasn't saying anything. She wondered why Miss Buckles didn't ask him what he wanted."

"He kept them there, waiting?"

"Yes, just waiting, with their courage going up and down; and at last he turned—full at them—and asked if he could have board and lodging. His voice was better than his looks. Miss Buckles explained she didn't take boarders, and started to direct him to some one who did. But he only stood and smiled. That smile went gunning for Miss Buckles, but caught my wife, too; her fear all left. You know some men have a way with women; it isn't what they say or do, either. He had his then. He settled down, bag and baggage; he had a horse outside and a buggy, and a foreign-looking, brass-bound trunk. Within the week he and Miss Buckles drove over to Eastport and were married."

Sykes again pointed to this incident of marriage; it was a precious balance for much evil. For there had been evil—that was clear—and Sykes tried loyally to make it less.

"All I can say is," he went on, "Smith never did any harm to any one about



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"HE KEPT THEM WAITING, WITH THEIR COURAGE GOING UP AND DOWN"

here, and that's what you judge people by, isn't it—what you see them do? Some might think he took advantage of a helpless woman, but it doesn't seem so to me; he gave more than he took. She would be the first to admit it. Didn't he make her happy? And there are plenty of men who don't, and stick to a woman all their lives—men, I mean, who in other ways are first-class citizens." Sykes counted to the man's credit a provision of comforts—even luxuries—unaccustomed delicacies from Eastford, fruits, a wheeled chair for the old mother. "And then one day—just turned spring it was—he walked out. He said he was going to the village; he must have gone on to the station, for it was known that he took the noon train West."

"Was that the end?"

Instead of answering, Sykes drew a newspaper cutting from his pocket and began to read. I could see the glaring head-lines, and as he evidently preferred their narrative to his own I found myself left to my own thoughts; I could figure for my own light a little of what he had already told me.

Again the strangeness and its attendant presence hovered near. For a while mystery had been dimmed by the simplicity of fact, but now even fact took on a fullness and a sharpness of its own. It began with the woman's rebellion against her lot, which must have been a matter of years, culminating at last in her outbreak to her friend. There was her friend's foreboding sense, and then, for the woman, the supreme adventure, the coming of her lord in the guise of a wayfarer.

I was reminded of old tales—the rich man turning the beggar from his door, the poor man welcoming him with his last crust, the beggar proving to be quite other. Those were the days when gods visited mortals to learn that which in their omniscience they should have known already. This was one side, this touch of the divine, and the other was of the animal who tracks out food and shelter and stays near for so long as these are life-giving, or until such mildness as can permit again of the hunt. The last was a comparison refuted by Sykes. I had meant no disrespect, but rather had pointed to something big and fine and usually free. A great bird, I named him, coming with strong wings from over the sea and being tamed to a perch and a cage. At night I have sometimes heard the cry of wild geese and the beat of their flight. If one of these had faltered to leave marked in the sand the web of his feet? . . . The track was plain in the softness of domesticity, print of flesh and spirit. My sense of it was strongly with me, my sense of a wayfarer who had traveled far through colds and winds more bitter than the sharp sea weather—heats, too, and I looked at the spiked shell.

And what of the woman? I knew her, a spinster with matrimony superimposed. Hers was a life condensed, a life measured in days, and in those she had gone her pace, the man halting and finding respite. And yet there had been happiness—I was in a room where people had lately risen from a feast; crumbs were about and stains of wine and the held echoes of music. I brought myself to realities. At least I could guess at his scattered books, and perhaps her cat unfrightened from the hearth. I saw them all in the pleasant warmth, and heard his voice pealing and hushing with the recountal of his fortunes. She would listen, well content. Had she a premonition that her time was short, or —further—could it have been that she had known? I credited her with peculiarity enough for that, and asked a question.

"I never could make out," said Sykes, "that she knew anything at all." And again—this in answer to a query near forgotten—"No, that wasn't the end!"

"I didn't think it was," I said.

Sykes was still reading his newspaper. I followed over his shoulder and saw that what so absorbed him was an account of the final pursuit and capture of him whom I have named at the outset of my story.

"Elihu Smith-Hollins," Sykes commented; "he's been wanted for every crime there is. But he's been too smart for them. Compared with him, why, an eel would be sticky and slow. Even now, when they thought they had him safe, in his own way he managed to give them the slip!"

"I see; he shot himself!" I was reading over Sykes's shoulder and noted, too, a photograph whose familiarity I couldn't at first place. "So that's Hollins?"

"Smith-Hollins."

"I think I've seen him; I'm not sure. It was at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo." I recalled the gilded turrets, the glare of marble in the sun, and the sort of light, fluttering beauty of Elihu Smith-Hollins's companion. The photograph recalled him, the noticeable eyes, the irredeemable mouth, and from this the scar diagonal and upward.

"He managed to blow out his brains," said Sykes. Something in his tone brought me short. And then, "You were asking of the end—well, there's the end."

The full wonder was too much, though my lack of any sharpness of surprise was but part and parcel of the strangeness. "Did you bring the paper to show to Mrs. Buckles?" I asked.

Sykes pitied me. "I'd rather eat it! I brought it to keep it out of harm's way—though he would hardly be recognized from this."

"*You* knew."

"I knew Smith better than most—and in a bright light I've noticed the scar through his beard."

"Did you ever hear how he got it—the revolution in Sicily, and the arms and ammunition he smuggled across?"

"He told me a dog bit him. But his history's all in here"—Sykes tapped the paper—"as much as is known of it. I never believed the dog story. But I think he liked me; he said something to me once which I've often thought of since."

"Go on," I said.

I had a new respect for Sykes, who could be so easy with a circumstance so rare. I was myself but a poor sight-seer after the event. He had watched it day by day, had known Smith-Hollins as no one else had ever known him, as a friend and neighbor. While I, save from a distance, remote now in every way, knew him only with the earthly veil between—felt him as a desperate, clinging presence in a place where he had once found peace.

"I've often thought of what he said," Sykes repeated. "It wasn't much. Just a request I shall never have the chance of following out. He asked it one day when he was fixing some new shingles where the roof had gone bad, and I chanced by with a team. To look at him you wouldn't think he'd do odd jobs about a farm, but he had a knack for anything. I told him to be careful, as I noticed he hadn't nailed down any cleats to hold him if he fell. 'Oh, I'm safe,' he said; 'nothing ever happens to me.' And then he gave me a sort of stare—my wagon-seat was high and we were close—'Sykes,' he said, 'if something ever should happen—I don't mean falling—try and make it easy for my wife. She couldn't do a damn bit of good; keep her out of the way.' I didn't pay much attention at the time—he was always taking chances, and you know how little use women are in an accident—but since he went away I've often wondered."

Sykes again indicated the printed narrative. "He may have left because of this—to keep his wife out of it—for, as I say, I never could make out that she knew anything. His idea would have been to protect her. It may have been why he killed himself at the last."

"You give him credit for virtues."

"I judge by what I see. Here he was decent."

"It very well suited his book to be decent."

"Well, what if it did?"

There were sides to that I couldn't render.

The hall door was opened, letting in great gusts of wind. A firm step resounded, and we rose to receive the welcome of the woman for whom Elihu Smith-Hollins had in a manner stooped and by whom he had been in a manner exalted. In her service, he had performed homely tasks, roughened his light, cunning hands, and bent his deceitful back. His neighbors had commended him for virtues. It was not for me to say they were those he did not possess. I was humble. I judged, as Sykes, by what I saw—the books, the pipes, the prints upon the wall, the tangible reminders of his spirit.

I found his deeper memory safe in the keeping of his wife. Her return had cleared away the strangeness.

The Downfall of the Home

BY W. L. GEORGE

THERE is something the matter with the home. It may be merely the subtle decay which, in birth beginning and in death persisting, escorts all things human and perchance divine. It may be decay assisted by the violence of a time unborn and striving through novelty toward its own end, or toward an endlessness of change. But, whatever the causes, which interest little a hasty generation, signs written in brick and mortar and social custom, in rebellion and in aspiration, are not wanting to show that the home, so long the center of Anglo-Saxon and American society, is doomed. And, as is usual in the twentieth century, as has been usual since the middle of the nineteenth, woman is at the bottom of the change. It is women who now make revolutions. A hundred years ago it was men who made revolutions; nowadays they content themselves with resolutions. So it has been left for woman, more animal, more radical, more divinely endowed with the faculty of seeing only her own side, to sap the foundations of what was supposed to be her shelter.

I do not suppose that the household has ever been quite as much of a shelter for women as the Victorian philosophers said, and possibly believed; an elementary study of the feminist question will certainly incline the unprejudiced to see that the home, which has for so long masqueraded in the guise of woman's friend, has on the whole been her enemy; that instead of being her protector it has been her oppressor; that it has not been her fortress, but her jail. Woman has felt in the home much as a workman might feel if he were given the White House as a present, told to live in it and keep it clean without help on two dollars a week. If the home be a precious possession, it may very well be a possession bought at too high a price—at the price of youth, of energy, and of enlightenment. The whole attitude of woman toward the home is one of rebellion—not of all women, of course, for most of them still accept that, though all that is may not be good, all that is must be made to do. Resignation, humility, and self-sacrifice have for a thousand generations been the worst vices of woman, but it is apparent that at last aggressiveness and selfishness are developing her toward nobility. She is growing aware that she is a human being, a discovery which the centuries had not made, and naturally she hates her gilded cage.

Woman is tired of a home that is too large, where the third floor gets dirty while she is cleaning the first; of a home that cannot be left lest it should be burglared; of a home where there is always a slate wrong, or a broken window, or a shortage of coal. She is tired of being immolated on the domestic hearth. One of them, neither advanced nor protesting, gave me a little while ago an account of what she called a characteristic day. I reproduce it untouched:

THE DAY OF A REALLY NICE ENGLISHWOMAN

8 A.M.—Early tea; rise; no bath. [The husband has the only bath, and the boiler cannot make another until ten.]

9 A.M.—Breakfast. [The husband takes the only newspaper away to the office.]

9.30 A.M.—Conversation with the cook: hardness of the butcher's meat; difficulty because there are only three eatable animals; degeneration of the butter; grocery and milk problems.

Telephone.—A social engagement is made.

Conversation with the cook resumed: report on a mysterious disease of the kitchen boiler; report on the oil-man; report on the plumber.

Correspondence begun and interrupted by the parlor-maid, who demands a new stock of glass.

Correspondence resumed; interrupted by

the parlor-maid's demand for change with which to pay the cleaner.

Rush up-stairs to show which covers are to go.

Correspondence resumed, and interrupted by the telephone: the green-grocer states that some of the vegetables she wants cannot be procured.

Correspondence resumed; interrupted by the nurse, who wishes to change the baby's milk.

Three telephone calls.

Correspondence resumed, and interrupted by the housemaid, who wants new brooms.

11 A.M.—The children have gone; the servants are at work. Therefore:

11–11.15 A.M.—Breathing space.

11.15–11.45 A.M.—Paying bills—electricity, gas, clothes; checking the weekly books, reading laundry circulars.

12 M.—Goes out. It is probably wet [this being England], so, not being very well off, she flounders through mud. Interview with the plumber as to the boiler; shoes for Gladys; glass for the parlor-maid; brooms for the housemaid; forgets various things she ought to have done; these worry her during lunch.

1.30 P.M.—Lunch.

2.30 P.M.—Fagged out, lies down, but—

2.45 P.M.—The husband telephones to tell her to go to the library and get him a book.

3.15 P.M.—Is fitted by the dressmaker. Feels better.

4.30 P.M.—Charming at tea.

5.45 P.M.—Compulsory games with the children.

6.15 P.M.—Ultimatum from the servants: the puppy must be killed for reasons which cannot be specified in an American magazine.

6.30–6.35 P.M.—Literature, art, music, and science. Then dress for dinner.

7.30 P.M.—Charming at dinner. Grand fantasia to entertain the male after a strenuous day in the city. Conversation: golf, business, cutting remarks about other people, and *no contradicting*.

8.45–9.15 P.M—Literature, art, music, and science.

Last post: Circulars, bills, invitations to be answered; request from a brother in India to send jam which can be bought only in a suburb fourteen miles distant.

10.30 P.M.—Attempted bath, but the plumber has not mended the boiler, after all.

11 P.M.—Sleep . . . up to the beginning of another nice Englishwoman's day.

She may exaggerate, but I do not think so, for as I write these lines three stories of a house hang over my head, and I hear culinary noises below. Being a man, I am supposed to rule all this, but, fortunately, not to govern it. And I am moved to interest when I reflect that in this street of sixty houses, that which is going on in my house is probably multiplied by sixty. I have a vision of those sixty houses, each with its dining-room and drawing-room, its four to eight bedrooms, and its basement. There are sixty drawing-rooms in this street, and at 11 A.M. there is not a single human being in them; and at 3 P.M. there is nobody in the sixty dining-rooms, except on Sunday, when a few men are asleep in them. And I have horrid visions of our sixty kitchens, our sixty sculleries, our sixty pantries; of our one hundred and fifty servants, and our sixty cooks (and cooks so hard to get and to bear with when you've got them!). And I think of all our dinner-sets, of the twelve thousand pieces of crockery which we need in our little street. To think of twelve thousand articles of crockery is to realize our remoteness from the monkey. And the nurses, as they pass, fill me with wonder, for some of them attend one child, some two, while sometimes three children have two nurses—until I wonder what percentage of nurse is really required to keep in order an obviously unruly generation.

Complex, enormous, it is not even cheap. Privacy, the purest jewel humanity can find, seems to be the dearest. This inflated individual home, it is marvelous how it has survived! Like most human institutions, it has probably survived because it was there. It has taken woman's time; it has taken much of her energy, much of her health and looks. Worst of all, it seems to have taken from her some of the consideration to which as a human being she was entitled. Let there be no mistake about that. In spite of proclamations as to the sacredness of the home and the dignity of labor, the fact remains that the domestic man, the kind that can hang a picture straight, is generally treated by male acquaintances with sorrowful tolerance; should he attempt to wash the baby, he becomes the kind of man about whom the comic songs are written. (I may seem rather violent, but I once tried to wash a baby.) So that apparently the dignified occupations of the

household are not deemed dignified by man. This is evident enough, for office-cleaners, laundresses, step-girls, are never replaced by men. These are the feminine occupations, the coarse occupations, requiring no special intelligence.

The truth is that the status of domestic labor is low. An exception is made in favor of the cook, but only by people who know what cooking is, which excludes the majority of the world. It is true that of late years attempts have been made to raise the capacity of the domestic laborer by inducing her to attend classes on cooking, on child-nurture, etc., but, in the main, in ninety-nine per cent. of bourgeois marriages, it is assumed that any fool can run a house. It matters very little whether a fool can run a house or not; what does matter from the woman's point of view is that she is given no credit for efficient household management, and that is one reason why she has rebelled. It does not matter whether you are a solicitor, an archbishop, or a burglar, the savor goes out of your profession if it is not publicly esteemed at its true worth. We have heard of celebrated impostors, of celebrated politicians, but who has ever heard of a celebrated housekeeper?

The modern complaint of woman is that the care of the house has divorced her from growing interests, from literature and, what is more important, from the newspaper, partly from music, entirely from politics. It is a purely material question; there are only twenty-four hours in every day, and there are some things one cannot hustle. One can no more hustle the English joint than the decrees of the Supreme Court. Moreover, and this is a collateral fact, an emptiness has formed around woman; while on the one side she was being tempted by the professions that opened to her, by the interests ready to her hand, the old demands of less organized homes were falling away from her. Once upon a time she was a slave; now she is a half-timer, and the taste of liberty that has come to her has made her more intolerant of the old laws than she was in the ancient days of her serfdom. Not much more than seventy years ago it was still the custom in lower middle-class homes for the woman to sew and bake and brew. These occupations were relinquished, for the distribution of labor made it possible to have them better done at a lower cost.

In the 'fifties and the 'sixties the great shops began to grow, stores to rise of the type of Whiteley and Wanamaker. Woman ceased to be industrial, and became commercial; her chief occupation was now shopping, and if she was intelligent and painstaking she could make a better bargain with Jones, in Queen's Road, than with Smith, in Portchester Street. But of late years even that has begun to go; the great stores dominate the retail trade, and now, qualities being equal, there is hardly anything to pick between universal provider No. 1, at one end of the town, and No. 2, equally universal, at the other. Also the stores sell everything; they facilitate purchases; the housekeeper need not go to ten shops, for at a single one she can buy cheese, bicycles, and elephants. That is only an indication of the movement; the time will come, probably within our lifetime, when the great stores of the towns will have crushed the small traders and turned them into branch managers; when all the prices will be alike, all the goods alike; when food will be so graded that it will no longer be worth the housekeeper's while to try and discover a particularly good sirloin—instead she will telephone for seven pounds of quality AF, No. 14,692. Then, having less to do, woman will want to do still less, and the modern rebellion against house and home will find in her restlessness a greater impetus.

When did the rebellion begin? Almost, it might be said, it began in the beginning, and no doubt before the matriarchate period women were striving toward liberty, only to lose it after having for a while dominated man. In later years women such as Mary Wollstonecraft, but more obscure, strove to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the household. The aspiration of woman, whether Greek courtesan, French worldling, or English factory inspector, has always been toward equality with man, perhaps toward mastery. And man has always stood in her path to restrict her, to arrest her develop-

ment for his pleasure, as does to-day the Japanese to the little tree which he plants in a pot. The clamor of to-day against the emancipated woman is as old as the rebukes of St. Paul; Molière gave it tongue in "Les femmes savantes," when he made the bourgeois say to his would-be learned wife:

Former aux bonnes mœurs l'esprit de ses enfants,
Faire aller son ménage, avoir l'œil sur ses gens
Et régler la dépense avec économie
Doit être son étude et sa philosophie.

Man has laid down only three occupations: *kirche, küche, kinder.*

Hence the revolt. If man had not so much desired that woman should be housekeeper and courtesan, she would not so violently have rebelled against him, for why should one rebel until somebody says, "Thou shalt!"? At the words "Thou shalt," rebellion becomes automatic, and, so long as woman has . . . virility in her, so will it be. Still, leaving origins alone, and considering only the last fifty or sixty years of our history, it might be said that they are divided into three periods:

(*a*) The shiny nose and virtue period.

(*b*) The powder-puff and possible virtue period.

(*c*) The Russian ballet and leopard-skin period.

There are exceptions, qualifications, occasional retrogressions, but, taking it roughly, that is the history of English womanhood from wax fruit to Bakst designs. There were crises, such as the early 'eighties, when bloomers came in and women essayed cigarettes, and felt very advanced and sick; when they joined Ibsen clubs and took up Bernard Shaw, and wore eye-glasses and generally tried to be men without succeeding in being gentlemen. There was another crisis about 1906, when suffrage put forward in England its first violent claims. That, too, was abortive in a sense, as is ironically recorded in a comic song popular at the time:

Back, back to the office she went:
The secretary was a perfect gent.

But still, in a rough and general way, there has been a continual and growing discontent with the heavy weight of the household, the complications of its administration. There has been a drive toward freedom which has affected even that most conservative of all animals, the male. There have been conscious rebellions as expressed, for instance, by Nora who "slammed the door"; by the many girls who decide to "live their own lives," as life was expounded in the yellow-backs of the 'nineties; by the growing demand for entry into the professions; for votes; for admission to the legislatures. There is nothing irrelevant in this; given that by the nature of her position in society and of the duties intrusted to her in the household, she was cut off from all other fields of human activity, it may be said that every attempt that woman has made to share in any activity that lay beyond her front door has been revolutionary and directed at the foundations of the English household system. Whether this has also been the case in America, where a curious type of woman has been evolved—pampered, selfish, intelligent, domineering, and wildly pleasure-loving —I cannot tell. Nor is it my business; like other men, the Americans have the wives they deserve.

But behind the conscious rebellions are the subtle and, in a way, infinitely more powerful unconscious rebellions, the dull discontents of overworked and over-preoccupied women; the weariness, the desire for pleasure and travel, for change, for time to play and to love, and —what is more pathetic—for time just to sit and rest. The epitaph of the charwoman—

Weep for me not, weep for me never,
I'm going to do nothing, nothing forever—

embodies pains deep-buried in millions of women's hearts. Most people do not know that, because women never smile so brightly as when they are unhappy. Sometimes I suspect that public pronouncements and suffrage manifestoes have had very much less to do with modern upheavals than these slumbrous protests against the multiplicity of errands and the intricacies of the kitchen range.

Even man has been affected by the change, has begun to realize that it is quite impossible to alter custom while

leaving custom unaltered, which, as anybody knows who reads parliamentary debates, is mankind's dearest desire. Changes in his habits and in his surroundings, such as the week-end, the servant problem, the restaurant, the hotel; all these have been separate disruptive factors, have begun to bring about the downfall of the English household. I do not know that one can assign a predominant place to any one of these factors; they are each one as the drop of water that, joined with its fellows, wears away stone. Moreover, in socio-psychologic investigation it is often found that what appears to be a cause is an effect, and *vice versa*. For instance, with regard to restaurant dining, it may be that people frequent restaurants because the home cooking is bad, and, on the other hand, it may be that home cooking has become bad because people have neglected it as they found it easier to go to the restaurant. This attitude of mind must qualify the conclusion at which I arrive, and it is an attitude which must be sedulously cultivated by any one who wants to know the truth instead of wishing merely to have his prejudices confirmed.

But, all allowances made, it is perfectly clear that the first group of disruptive factors, such as the restaurant dinner, the week-end, the long and frequent holidays, the motor-car, the spread of golf, is inimical to the home idea and, therefore, to the house idea. (Home means house, and does not mean flat, for which see further on.) The home idea is complex; it embraces privacy, possession; it implies a place where one can retreat, be master, be powerful in a small sphere, take off one's boots, be sulky or pleasant, as one likes. It involves, above all, a place where one does not hear the neighbor's piano, or the neighbor's baby, or, with luck, the neighbor's cat; but where, on the other hand, one's own piano, one's own baby, and one's own cat are raised to a high and personal pitch of importance. It involves everything that is individual—one's own stationery block, one's crest or, if one is not so fortunate, one's monogram upon the plate. If the S.P.C.A. did not intervene, I think one might often see in the front garden a cat branded with a hot iron: "Thomas Jones. His Cat." It is the rallying-point of domestic virtue, the origin of domestic tyranny. It is the place where public opinion cannot see you and where, therefore, you may behave badly. Most wife-beaters live in houses; in flats they would be afraid of the opinion of the hall porter. And yet the home is not without its charm and its nobility, for its bricks and mortar enshrine a spirit that is worshiped and for which much may be sacrificed. Cigars have been given up so that the home might have a new coat of paint; amusements, holidays, food sometimes—all these have been sacrificed so that, well railed off from the outside world by a front garden, if possible by a back garden, too—or, still more delightful, far from the next house—a little social cosmos might be maintained. So far has this gone in the north of England that many people who could well afford servants will not have them because, as they say, they cannot bear strangers in the house. And very desirable houses in the suburbs of London, with old, walled gardens, have been given up because it was unbearable to take tea under the eyes of passengers on the top of the motor-buses.

The home spirit, however, is not content merely with coats of paint and doilies; it demands mental as well as material worship. It demands importance; it insists that it is home, sweet home, and that there is no place like it (which is one comfort); that it is the last thought of the drowning sailor; that the trapper, lost in the deepest forests of Canada, sees rising in the smoke of his lonely camp-fire a delicious vision of Aunt Maria's magenta curtains. It lays down that it is wrong to leave it, quite apart from the question of burglars; it has invented scores of phrases to justify otherwise unpleasant husbands who had "given a good home" to their wives; phrases to censure revolting daughters "who had good homes, and what more could they want?" It has frowned upon everything that was outside itself, for it could not see anything that was not itself. It has hated theaters, concerts, dances, lectures, every form of amusement; and, as it has to bear them, likes to refer to them archly

as debauches, or going on the razzle-dazzle, or the ran-dan, according to period. It has powerfully allied itself with the pulpit and, in impious circles, with fancy-work and crochet; it has enlisted a considerable portion of the Royal Academy to depict it in various scenes for which the recipe is: One tired man with a sunny smile returning to his home; one delighted wife; suitable number of ebullient children and, inevitably, a dog. The dog varies. In England they generally put in a terrier, in war-time a bulldog; in Germany it may be a dachshund; and in other countries it is another kind of dog, but it is always the same idea.

And so it is not wonderful that the home has looked censoriously upon everything that took people away from its orbit. Likewise it is not wonderful that people have fled to anything available so as to escape the charmed circle. The week-end is in general a very overrated amusement, for it consists mainly in packing and preparing to catch a train, then thinking of packing and catching a train, then packing and catching a train; but still the week-end amounts to a desertion, and hardly a month passes without a divine laying savage hands upon the excursion. There was a time when holidays themselves were looked upon as audacious breaches of the conventions. In the early nineteenth century nobody went to Brighton except the Regent and the smart set; even in the Thackerayan period people did not think it necessary to leave London in August, and when they took the Grand Tour they were bent on improving their minds. The Kickleburys could not go up the Rhine without a powerful feeling of self-consciousness; I think they felt that they were outraging the Victorian virtues, so they had to make up for it by taking a guide, who for four or five weeks lectured them day and night upon the ruins of Godesberg. All this was opposed to the spirit of the home, just as anything which is outside the home is opposed to the spirit of the home, as was, for instance, every dance that has ever been known. In the *Observer*, in 1820, appeared a poem expressing horror and disgust of the waltz, and, curiously enough, very much in the same terms as the diatribes in the American papers of 1914 against the turkey-trot and the bunny-hug. When the polka came in, in the middle of the nineteenth century, good people clustered to see it danced, just like the more recent tango, and it was considered very fast. All this may appear somewhat irrelevant, but my case is mainly that the old attitude, now decaying, is that anything that happened outside the home, whether sport or amusement, was anything between faintly and violently evil. The old ideal of home was concentrated in Sunday: a long night; heavy breakfast; church; walk in the park; heavy dinner, including roast beef; profound sleep in the dining-room; heavy tea; then nothing whatever; church; heavy supper; nothing whatever; then sleep. There is not much of this left, and from the moment when Sunday concerts began and the picture-galleries were opened, when chess was played and the newspaper read, the old solidities of the home trembled, for the home was an edifice from which one could not take one stone.

In chorus with the cry for new pleasures, the reaction against the old discomfort, came a more powerful influence still, because it was direct—the servant problem. The Americans know this question, I think, better even than the British, for in their country a violent democracy rejects domestic service and compels, I believe, the use of recent emigrants from old enslaved Europe who have not yet breathed the aggressive and ambitious air that has touched the Stars and Stripes. In Great Britain the crisis is not yet, and it may never come, for this is not the English way. In England we are aware of a crisis only fifty years later, because for that half-century we have successfully pretended that there was no crisis. So we come in just in time for the reaction, and say: "There you are. I told you nothing was changed." Yet, so persistent is the servant problem that even England has had to take some notice of it. As Mr. Wells said, the supply of rough, hard-working girls began to shrink. It shrank because so many opportunities for the employment of women were offered by the factories which arose in England in

the 'forties and the 'fifties, by the demand for waitresses, for shorthand-writers, typists, shop-girls, elementary school-mistresses, etc. The Education Act of 1870 gave the young English girls of that day a violent shock, for it informed them of the existence of Paris, assisted them toward the piano. And then came the development of the factory system, the spread of cheapness; with the rise in wages came a rising desire for pretty, cheap things almost as pretty as the dear ones; substitutes for costly stuffs were found; compositions replaced ivory, mercerized cotton rivaled silk, and little by little the young girl of the people discovered that with a little cleverness she could look quite as well as the one whom her mother called "Madam"; so she ceased to call her "Madam." Labor daily grows more truculent, so there is no knowing what she will call the ex-Madam next; but one thing is certain, and that is that she will not serve her. She will not, because she looks upon service as ignominious; she has her own pride; she will not tell you that she is in a shop, but that she is "in business"; if she is "in service," often she will say nothing about it at all, for the other girls, who work their eleven hours a day for a few shillings a week, despise her. They at least have fixed hours and they do not live in; when they have done their work they are free. They may have had less to eat that day than the comfortable parlor-maid, and maybe they have less in their pockets, but they are free, and they do not hesitate to show their contempt to the helot. I think that new pride has done as much as anything to crush the old, large, unwieldy home, for its four stories and its vast basement needed many steady, hard-working slaves, who only spoke when they were spoken to and always obeyed. It is not that mistresses were bad; some were and some were not, but from the modern girl's point of view they were all bad because they had power at any time of day or night to demand service, to impose tasks that were not contracted for, to forbid the house to the servant's friends, to make her loves difficult, to forbid her even to speak to a man. Whether the mistress so behaved did not matter; she had the power, and in a society growingly individual, growingly democratic, that was bound to become a heavy yoke.

And so, very slowly, the modern evolution began. The first to go were the immense houses of Kensington, Paddington, Bayswater, Bloomsbury—those old houses within hail of Hyde Park which once held large families, all of them anxious to live not too far from the Court. They fell because it was almost impossible to afford enough servants to keep in order their three or four reception-rooms and their eight, ten, twelve bedrooms; they fell because the birth-rate shrank and the large families of the early nineteenth century became exceptional; they fell also because the old rigidity, or rather the stateliness, of the home was vanishing; because the lady of the house ventured to have tea in her drawing-room when there were no callers, and little by little came to leave newspapers about in it and to smoke in it. With the difficulties of the old houses came a demand for something smaller, requiring less labor. This accounts for the villas, of which some four hundred thousand have been built in the suburbs of London, in the villages London has absorbed. They are atrocious imitations of the most debased Elizabethan style; they show concrete where they should use stone, but, as their predecessors showed stucco, they are not much worse. They exhibit painted black stripes where there should be beams; they have sloping roofs, gables, dormer-windows, everything cunningly arranged to make as many corners as possible where no chair can stand. They have horrid little gardens where the builder has buried many broken bricks, sardine tins, and old hats; they represent the taste of the twentieth century; they are quite abominable. But still the fact remains that they are infinitely smaller, more manageable, more intelligently planned than the spacious old houses of the past, where every black cupboard bred the cockroach and the mouse. They are easy to warm and easy to clean; their windows are not limited by the old window tax; they have bathrooms even when their rent is only one hundred and fifty dollars a year; and especially they have no basement. The

disappearance of the basement is one of the most significant aspects of the downfall of the old household, for it was essentially the servants' floor, where they could be kept apart from their masters, maintaining their own sports and the mysterious customs of a strange people; when the door of the kitchen stairs was shut one could keep out everything connected with the servants, except perhaps the smell of the roast leg of mutton. That did not matter, for that was homelike. The basement was a vestige of feudal English society; it was brother to the servants' quarters and the servants' hall. Now it is gone. In many places the tradesmen's entrance has vanished and the cabbage comes to the front door. The sacred suppressions are no more, and in a developing democracy the master and mistress of the house stately dine, while on the other side of a wall about an inch thick Jane can be heard conversing with the policeman.

The growth of the small house has never stopped during the last forty or fifty years. A builder in the southwest of London, of whom I made inquiries, told me that he had erected four hundred and twenty houses, and that not one of them had a basement; this form of architecture had not even occurred to him. I have also visited very many homes in the suburbs of London, and I have looked in vain for the old precincts of the serving-maid. The small house has powerfully affected the old individual attitude of home, for the hostile dignity of the past cannot survive when one man mows the lawn and the other clips the roses, each in his own garden, separated only by three sticks and some barbed wire. In detached houses it is worse, for they are now so close together that in certain architectural conditions preliminaries are required before one can take a private bath. The whole direction of domestic architecture is against the individual and for the group. The modern home takes away even the old stores—there are no more pickle-cupboards and jam cupboards, and hardly linen cupboards; why should there be when jam and pickles come from the grocer, and few men have more than twelve shirts? There is not even a store for coal. Some years ago I lived in a house that was built in 1820, and its coal-cellar held eight tons; I now inhabit one, built in 1860, in which I can accommodate four tons; the 1915 house now being built in the suburbs cannot receive more than one ton. The evolution of the coal-cellar is a little the evolution of English society from the time when every man had to live a good deal for himself, until slightly better distribution made it possible for him to combine with his fellows. He need not now store coal, for there is a service of coal to his door-step. Besides, the offspring of coal are expelling their ancestor—gas and electricity, both centrally supplied from a single source, are sapping the old hearthstone that was fed by one small family, and for that family alone glowed. A continual socialization has come about, and it is not going to stop. What is done in common is on the whole better done, more cheaply done. But what is done in common is hostile to the old home spirit, because the principle of the home spirit is that anything done in common is—well, common!

As for the old houses of fifteen to sixteen rooms, they have had to accommodate themselves to the new conditions. First they tried to maintain themselves by reducing their rents. I know of a case, in Courtfield Gardens, where a house leased twenty-six years ago at $1,000 a year, was leased again about ten years ago at $750 a year, and is now being offered at $500 a year. The owner does not want his premises turned into a boarding-house, but he cannot find a private tenant, because hardly anybody nowadays can manage five floors and a basement. In my own district, where the houses tower up to heaven, I see the process at work—rents falling, pitiful attempts of the landlords to prevent their houses from turning into maisonnettes and boarding-houses, to prevent the general decay. But they are beaten. The vast Victorian houses within three miles of Charing Cross are, one by one, being cut up into flats; in the unfashionable districts they are being used for tenements; and there are splendid old houses in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury, where in the day of Dickens lived the fashionables, which now house half

a dozen working-class families and their lodgers. There is one of these old glories near Lamb's Conduit Street, where a Polish working furrier and his six unwashed assistants work under a ceiling sown with sprawling nymphs, while melancholic and chipped golden lions' heads look down from either side of a once splendid Georgian mantelpiece. It is very reactionary of me, I am afraid, but I cannot help feeling it a pity that this old house, where would suitably walk the ghost of Brinsley Sheridan, must be one of the eggs broken to make the omelet of the future.

But these old houses must go. Why should one preserve an old house? One does not preserve one's old boots. The old houses have been seized by the current of revolt against the home; they have mostly become boarding and apartment houses. This is not only because their owners do not know what to do with them; one does not run a boarding-house unless it pays, and so evidently there has been a growing demand for the boarding-house. Boarding-houses fail, but for every one that fails two rise up, and there is hardly a street in London that has not its boarding-house, or at least its apartment-house. There are several in Park Lane itself; there is even one whose lodgers may look into the gardens of Buckingham Palace. I do not know how many boarding-houses there are in London, for no statistics distinguish properly between the boarding-house, the apartment-house, the private hotel, the hotel, and the tavern. But, evidently, the increase is continuous, and part of the explanation is to be found elsewhere than in the traveler. Of course, the traveler has enormously increased, but he alone cannot account for the scores of thousands of people who pass their years in apartment and boarding houses. They live there for various reasons—because they cling to the old family idea and think to find "a home from home"; because they cannot afford to run separate establishments; and very many because they are tired of running them, tired of the plumber, tired of the housemaid. There are thousands of families in London, quite well-to-do, who prefer to live in boarding-houses; they hate the boarding-house, but they hate it less than home. They feel less tied; they have less furniture; they like to feel that their furniture is in store where they can forget all about it. They have lost part of their old love for Aunt Maria's magenta curtains—the home idea has become less significant to them. And this applies also to hotels. The increase of hotels in London, in every provincial city, all over the world, is not entirely explained by the traveler, though, by the way, the increase in traveling is a sign of the decay of the home. The old idea, "You've got a good home and you've got to stay there," suffers whenever a member of the home leaves it for any reason other than the virtuous pursuit of his business. All over the center of London, in Piccadilly, along Hyde Park, in Bloomsbury, hotels have risen —the Piccadilly, the new Ritz, the Park View, the Coburg, the Cadogan, the Waldorf, the Jermyn Court, the Marble Arch, so many that in some places they are beginning to form a row. And still they rise. An enormous hotel is being built opposite Green Park; another is projected at Hyde Park Corner; the Strand Palace is open, and at the Regent Palace there are, I understand, fourteen hundred bedrooms. The position is that a proportion of London's population is beginning to live in these hotels without servants of their own, without furniture of their own, without houses of their own. A more detached, a freer spirit is invading them, and a desire to get all they can out of life while they can, instead of solemnly worshiping the Englishman's castle.

It does not come easily, and it does not come quickly. During the last twenty-five years most of the blocks of flats to be found in London have risen, with their villainously convenient lifts for passengers and their new-fangled lifts for dust-bins and coal, with their electricity and their white paint, and other signs of emancipation. They were not popular when they came, and they are disliked by the older generation; it is still a little vicious to live in a West End flat. And when the younger generation points out that flats are so convenient because you can leave them, the older generation shakes its head and

wonders why one should want to. In a future which I glimpse clearly enough, I see many more causes of disquiet for the older generation, and I wonder with a certain fear whether I, too, shall not be dismayed when I become the older generation. For the destruction of the old home is extending now much further than bricks and mortar. It is touching the center of human life, the kitchen. There are now in London quite a number of flats, such as, I think, Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Court, Artillery Mansions, where the tenants live in agreeable suites and either take their meals in the public restaurant or have them brought up to their flat. The difficulty of service is being reduced. The sixty households are beginning to do without the sixty cooks, and never use more than a few dozen at a time of their two hundred pieces of crockery. There are no more tradesmen, nor is there any ordering; there is a menu and a telephone. There are no more heated interviews with the cook, and no more notices given ten minutes before the party, but a chat with a manager who has the manners and the tact of an ambassador. There is no more home work in these places.

I think these blocks of flats point the way to the future much more clearly than the hotels and the boarding-houses, for those are only makeshifts. Generally speaking, boarding-houses are bad and uncomfortable, for the landlady is sometimes drunk and generally ill-tempered, the servants are usually dirty and always overworked; the furniture clamors for destruction by the city council. The new system—blocks of flats with a central restaurant—will probably, in a more or less modified form, be the home of new British generations. I conceive the future homes of the people as separate communities, say blocks of a hundred flats or perhaps more, standing in a common garden which will be kept up by the estate. Each flat will probably have one room for each inhabitant, so as to secure the privacy which is very necessary even to those who no longer believe in the home idea; it will also have a common room where privacy can be dispensed with. Its furniture will be partly personal, but not very, for a movement which is developing in America will extend, and we, too, in England may be provided, as are to-day the more fortunate Americans, with an abundance of cupboards and dressers ready fixed to the walls. There will be no coal, but only electricity and gas, run from the central plant. There will be no kitchens, but one central kitchen, and a central dining-room, run—and this is very important—*by a committee of tenants.*

That committee will appoint and control cooks and all servants; it will buy all provisions, and it will buy them cheaply, for it will purchase by the hundredweight. It will control the central laundry, and a paid laundry-maid will check the lists—there will no longer be, as once upon a time on Saturday evenings, a hundred persons checking a hundred lists. It is even quite possible that the central organization may darn socks. The servants will no longer be slaves, personally attached to a few persons, their chattel; they will be day-workers, laboring eight hours, without any master save their duty. The whole system of the household will be grouped for the purpose of buying and distributing everything that is needed at any hour. There will be no more personal shopping; the wholesale cleaner will call on certain days without being told to; the communistic window-cleaners will dispose of every window on a given day; there may even be in the garden a communistic system of dog kennels. I have no proposal for controlling cats, for I understand that no man can do that, . . . but then there will be no mice in those days.

I think I will close upon that phrase: There will be no mice in those days. For somehow the industrious mouse, scuffling behind the loose wainscoting over the rotten boards, is to me curiously significant of the old, hostile order, when every man jealously held what was his own and determined that it should so remain—dirty, insanitary, tiresome, labor-making, dull, inexpressibly ugly, inexpressibly inimical to anything fresh and free, providing that it was wholly and sacredly his own.

The Assistant Secretary

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

"THE chief done require yo' suhvices, Miss Mavis."

The old office-building in which we were did not boast of coldly mechanical innovations like electric call-bells. Henry was call-bell, messenger, flunkey, "three in one," under the guise of his official status of doorkeeper. Unctuous African smiles usually swathed in cheer the summons of duty. But to-day a strange solemnity engulfed Henry.

I must admit I was a little nervous myself. Even if it does occur frequently, it is not *every* day that a new Assistant Secretary takes possession of the innermost room in the suite of offices. What if the head of our department doesn't ever make much difference with the work, he can make a great deal of difference in your comfort. He can be a chronic grouch or a petty tyrant, or in other ways make the situation rather difficult for a girl. Or he can just be nice and easy-going, and let you run things the way you always have.

But this time I had hoped that the politicians might, for once, have put in a man with some knowledge of the work of the department. It was getting beyond me. You see our status was rather unusual. We had originally been a tiny offshoot of one of the big government departments, of so little importance that we boasted only a chief clerk and half a dozen women stenographers, all under the Assistant Secretary, who was the titular head. Actually, as is apt to be the case, the chief clerk, being a fixture where the Assistant Secretary changed more often than the administrations, ran things. Now, because of the peculiar attitude of Mr. Redlands, who drew the salary of chief clerk, most of his work fell on me, who am supposed to be his stenographer and secretary! To complicate matters, because of recent developments, our work had become more and more technical. In any government but ours the head would have been a scientific expert. As it was—well, it would be a little too humorous to be politic if I gave the reasons for the appointment of the three Assistant Secretaries of whom I had had experience!

My own qualifications for my post were not exhaustive. I had had a dab at a science or so in my two years at college before the bottom dropped out of my fortunes; I had picked up stenography and typewriting in preparation for a government office. I managed to acquire a little technical knowledge by cramming at the Congressional Library in the evenings. But I would really have liked to be sure that the letters we sent out, to be accepted as gospel truth by our correspondents, hit the high places of plausibility once in a while. So I had hopes of the new incumbent.

But I knew, as soon as I had caught up my dictation-pad and got myself into the presence, that here was no scientific student. I found out afterward that he owned a stock-farm in the nearer West. He had qualified for office by doing a rattling round of stump speeches.

Mr. Harris was a big man with huge hands and feet, buttoned rather too closely for classic lines into the frock coat that he seemed to consider the proper garb for his first official appearance. His skin had the burnt-in red that years of city living cannot bleach, and no manicure would have undertaken his hands in an optimistic spirit. He sat very stiffly on his chair, as if he were not altogether sure it would not buck under him.

He eyed me in some surprise. "I asked for the chief clerk, ma'am," he said.

I jumped at the title of respect. I had known plenty of Westerners, but it was at the stage when they had evolved from that pioneer deference to

women that prompts the "ma'am" at anything reputably feminine in long skirts. But I recovered in time to reply to the question.

"Mr. Redlands is not here this morning." I knew he'd find out soon enough about the chief clerk. "Meantime, I am his secretary and in charge."

"Oh, I see; of the routine work," he said, stiffly.

"Certainly—of the routine work," I said, meekly. He'd find out by degrees just like the others.

"Very well, ma'am," he said, pompously. "It will take me a few days, I suppose, to learn all the details."

I registered, as they say in film-land, my fixed conviction that, while the work of our department was of an exactingness not to be equaled in the government service or elsewhere, he was the one person who could dispose of its intricacies in a day.

"Very well, then," said the Assistant Secretary in this case. "Before we get down to business I'll just dictate a few personal letters."

The next day he was back at sharp 9 A.M., asking for the chief clerk. You could see that having a woman work for him made him uneasy. He would have been more comfortable giving orders to a whole army of cow-punchers. Of course it wasn't for me to enlighten him about the chief clerk, but a few days later, when he asked me point-blank how many days a month the gentleman's attendance averaged, I had to answer. Then he got the whole story—political appointment, bucket-shop in New York, and all.

"It's outrageous," he fumed, and was all for putting an end to such a state of affairs. In pursuance thereof he began to dictate a letter to the Secretary. I took it down, silently, of course. When he was partly through it began to dawn upon him that the young woman who was taking down the dictation was not enthusiastic. You know—you only have to *think* hard enough to have it penetrate in some especially sensitive cases. With Mr. Harris, however, I had to ask him, in a dubious sort of way, to repeat several sentences before he became really uneasy.

He didn't like to ask me point-blank what I thought of his letter; that wouldn't have been dignified. And yet he just couldn't bear to exist one moment longer in an atmosphere that implied that he was not unqualifiedly approved of—worshipfully approved of. Most men, of course, are like that. He fidgeted around for a time, and finally came out with the question:

"Don't you think this is—hmmm—the most forcible way in which to state the matter?"

"Oh yes, it's *forcible*—"

"Well, then, what's the matter?" It had occurred to him that I was a woman and a subordinate, so his tone was sulky.

"Why, Mr. Redlands is a nephew of Senator Richardson, you know."

"Well, well, what of that?" he blustered. "If I had a cow-rustler who wasn't onto his job, I'd pry him loose from the pay-roll so suddenly—"

"Yes, that would do on your ranch. And, of course, if you expect never to have a favor to put through where the Senator will have a say—and I've noticed that what he says goes pretty much in this branch of the service—it's all right to take the matter up now. It's straight graft, of course, and short-sighted. Nobody could run a private business successfully on such terms. But—"

He sat for a time in frowning silence. "Well—we'll take that up later," he said, finally, uneasily shuffling over the morning's correspondence that I had sorted and brought to him. It was evident that he didn't like dropping the matter at all. No honest man *would* enjoy such a situation. But I took it that he did want to hold his job.

The Assistant Secretary really did make an effort to earn his salary. Morning after morning he plowed through the correspondence, asking questions of me when he was absolutely put to it, but more often spending hours puzzling over what could have been explained in five minutes, his thick, stubby brows frowning, and his lips unconsciously framing silent words as one sees a child doing over a hard reading-lesson.

I didn't much wonder. It had taken me the five years I had been in the Bureau to work up the little I knew. And I, at least, was fairly fresh from



"IT WILL TAKE ME A FEW DAYS, I SUPPOSE, TO LEARN ALL THE DETAILS"

study when I came in, and had some little foundation to go on, whereas Mr. Harris had had the most meager of educations—in school, that is. He had begun to be confidential with me about his early struggles. His career had been that typical one of the man of the United States; the organization of a big industry by hard work coupled with a shrewd grasp of the immediate circumstances.

Whenever he forgot me enough to really let himself loose on the subject of these early activities the transformation in the man was astounding. It happened only once or twice when something in his correspondence suggested it, but I never have forgotten. The big, red features took on force and blunt directness; the glance of his small, deeply bedded black eyes became piercing, the big figure had a splendid poise and force. It needed but little imagination to picture the frontiersman, tense hand on his horse's neck, eyes watchful, and yet unafraid, on the horizon. And when one glimpsed that, the burly figure in the yet undiscarded, tightly buttoned frock-coat, the big, red, aimless hands, the confusion of his face as he pored over tables which a moderately intelligent high-school boy could have mastered with ease, all this became rather pitiable. I was haunted by a fear that some day I might forget myself and ask him how he had been willing to occupy that desk.

One morning I did it, interrupting his floundering amid a mass of bygone reports. Then I tried to soften my too-evident incredulity by adding, "I should think it would have been difficult to arrange to have your home interests cared for."

His face certainly clouded. There was a sort of big simplicity in the man that made you have a curious mixture of feelings about him, an indulgence that you might have had for a child, tempered with respect—that is, if it wasn't fear. You were ignorant of just what forces were under that almost childish perplexity. You couldn't tell what might happen if you prodded just a little too much. You can lift a stick of dynamite and carry it wherever you will, but you don't pound it with the careless gaiety that you do an English walnut. Still, in this case, he answered my question with the utmost frankness and without the slightest feeling that I was taking a liberty.

"Oh—I don't know, ma'am. I'd worked mighty hard for the election and it seemed like I ought to have something. Then, my wife she thought she'd like a few winters in Washington for Mattie—that's our girl. It's kind of rough where we live for Mattie, I guess; at least it has been since she went East to school and saw something different. They think there aren't many people out home for her to associate with. And I guess my wife is right, and it's time for me to have some position of authority."

"I understand, Mr. Harris," I said. And, of course, anybody could see the whole thing. The meetings of the Congressional Club are jammed with just such mothers and daughters. I gave a minute's thought to wondering how the ambition of this mother and daughter were destined to be realized; and "authority," when you thought of our office with its half-dozen anxious tame rabbits of women!

Nobody could say Mr. Harris was a quitter. Even if he did mix things up and make my work twice as hard, the way he struggled to be efficient deserved admiration. But it got so I often had to come down to the office after dinner and, like Penelope, unravel at night what had been done by day! But it was hopeless. One doesn't adapt oneself to a new profession after one is fifty. Moreover, I had a suspicion that his womenfolks were worrying him.

One morning he came to the office with care enthroned upon his brow. By this time he had learned to discard the frock-coat, and wore quite "snappy" ready-made business clothes. We had plodded along through our correspondence for a time when he began to drop into long pauses and play absent-mindedly with the letter-opener on his desk. After a few minutes I grew restless.

"Is that all, Mr. Harris?" I prodded him.

"Oh no—that is— You have always lived in Washington, I believe you told me?"

"Except when my father was stationed at Annapolis. When he had sea-duty we lived in Washington. When my mother went to Japan with him I was in school." I wondered, of course, what was coming.

"Oh, then you belonged to what the women-folks are always calling 'The Army and Navy Set'?" He looked at me with—it would not be true to say—"new respect." He was far too much of a man to have the rudiments of snobbishness. It was rather with a hopeful gleam in his eyes.

"Why, yes, naturally."

"What was your father's rank?"

"Admiral."

"He is dead, I believe you told me?"

"I wouldn't be here if he were not—five years ago." I couldn't keep the quiver out of my voice. It was still with me, that frightful time. I could feel again the sick terror and loneliness.

He speculated a little. "Why, then, you ought to be able to help us out. You see, the wife and daughter are a little upset—"

I thought I knew what was coming.

"Of course they expected to mix with this here Washington society that we hear so much about. In fact, I guess I told you that's about why they did want to come, especially on Mattie's account, you know. Not that I like to think about Mattie's marrying any one, but—"

I nodded intelligently. But you couldn't help laughing a little to yourself and yet feeling sorry. Good heavens! the irony of bringing a girl to Washington to marry her with a whole state full of real men where she came from!

"Well, we've been here about a month now, and the wife figures that

things ought to be beginning; the papers have a whole lot of doings in them; they say the 'season has begun with great brilliancy.' But we haven't seen anything of it. We had our reception published in the paper, and they—well, they just stayed at home the last two weeks all dressed up and nobody came at all. Blamed if I can see what they care for, anyway. I told them people didn't fairly know we were here yet. But it does seem kind of queer that not even a neighbor called—"

"Oh no, neighborhood people don't call. That's entirely gone out except in the suburbs, you know, where it's more as it would be in a village. But have they made their calls?"

"Why, no. They haven't told me anything about it. But we didn't suppose it was *our* place to make the first call. Out where we came from people expect to kind of welcome strangers, you know, and make them feel at home."

"Oh, *dear* no. Nobody does that here, nobody except subordinates. Everybody calls first on the person higher up, you know. So that— Why, if you carried it on down, the clerks here would be the ones to call on Mrs. Harris. But I don't know that any one wants us particularly. We don't count socially, you see." I bent my head to hide the smile that would come.

"But Congressmen and Senators' wives!"

"Mrs. Harris will have to make the first call there. The idea is, since the Assistant Secretaries are appointed by Congress, they are subordinates—"

He looked rather crestfallen. But, recovering, he said, with a kind gallantry: "I'm sure Mrs. Harris would be mighty glad to see all you ladies. But—"



HE DIDN'T LIKE TO ASK ME POINT-BLANK WHAT I THOUGHT OF HIS LETTER

"But what you want is the real official society, of course," I said, soothingly. "Well, then, the ladies will have to go to work. It's a winter's undertaking, I tell you, to get around. Of course the Cabinet ladies don't return calls."

"But I didn't think society was just calling on a lot of people," he said,

plainly bewildered. "It all ought to work up to something. Young people like parties, balls, things like that. I'm sure I don't believe Mattie—"

"Well, all that will develop," I reassured him, although I wasn't free from misgivings myself. "After they have worked up a set of acquaintances other things will follow."

"Oh, I see. They'll have to make friends first—"

"Oh, as to *friends!* Enough acquaintances, anyway, to invite to *dansants* or dinners, most of them people who happen to be making the rounds the same year. Then some of the other people entertain in exchange."

He shook his head. "Looks like toadying to me—courting those higher up. And *I* don't want any favors from anybody. And I don't like to have anybody think my women-folk have to kotow to anybody. But, I say, Miss Mavis, suppose you do just call on my wife and daughter and say all this to them. I guess it would help them to know the rules of this society game here. Don't seem to me 's if there ought to be rules about how you enjoy yourself; and that's what society's supposed to be, isn't it?"

"Oh no, Mr. Harris; not in Washington, if it is anywhere. It's just hard work."

I dutifully called on the Harris ladies one afternoon soon after that. They were as simple types, in their way, as the Assistant Secretary; they were large women—the mother fat, the daughter raw-boned. They had been in Washington long enough to have good clothes. Clothes are the simplest problem always with women. With department stores and specialty shops and a little money there is no reason why every woman should not be as accurate a copy of the prevailing insanity in dress as any other, and on short notice, too. The days when the beauty from the backwoods electrified society by appearing in garb outlandish and *not* in style are past. It is by other things that one judges—the way the clothes are worn, the way muscles flow or jerk under supple surfaces, the quality of voice, and that indescribable something that testifies whether or not it is an evolved personality, sufficiently free from awkward egotism to make its instant sortie in search of its like. And of these finer qualities the dear ladies had not one atom. They hadn't even a whiff of an understanding of what they lacked. They were merely avid for social distinction. I have often thought that that is the thirst that most pitifully transforms women into shapes as gross and grotesque as did Circe's brew. One could see that these had been honest friends, kind neighbors. But now they stood ready to crawl or toady or knife—quite in the approved style — any who stood in the way of their climbing.

They were very business-like, especially the daughter, and accepted what information I could give with directness. We made a list of the ladies who were their immediate superiors in administrative circles, and of the Congressional people whom they might or might not call on as they wished—I could hazard a guess that they would wish. When I left them it was plain to be seen that their social campaign was being mapped out. I had some difficulty in being sufficiently blank to suggestions that they would not object to introductions to some of the Navy people. They were too new to conditions to understand how completely I had dropped out.

It wasn't many more weeks before the Assistant Secretary's industry began to flag. I suppose that wasn't surprising. The languor in our air here makes activity against the current, not with it. The mental exertion was necessarily irksome. When he came into office he found everything running smoothly, and satisfactorily as far as he knew. He knew that, whether he attempted to get the subject through his head or not, letters would go out with regularity. He finally came to the conclusion, as he said to me, that "his end of the job" was something else.

Gradually it became evident that "his end" was perhaps not as wholesome an end as it might have been. There seemed to be an endless chain of visiting politicians from his state in town, and they all had to be entertained, usually at lunch. There were several occasions when the Assistant Secretary came in, late in the afternoon, obviously fuddled



IT WAS PLAIN TO BE SEEN THAT THEIR SOCIAL CAMPAIGN WAS BEING MAPPED OUT

by too many cocktails. He wore better and better clothes; but the brick-red tan of the prairies began to be mottled with a more uneven red, and coarsened layers of fat blunted the strength of his face. And his manner to me, to all of the women in the office, changed.

I suppose that wasn't to be wondered at. You take a man from a place where he has had to contend with other men to keep his footing, and put him down in a ready-made position where, even if there are many over him, there are also many under him to whom his small office seems little short of omnipotence—especially helpless, rather inefficient women whose position is dependent on him—it isn't wonderful that his chief diet, voluntarily or not, is flattery. Just for the sake of keeping things smooth so that I could carry on the office I had to treat him "tactfully." And what is tact but a tacit assurance that the object of it is great and worshipful, to be propitiated? And just below me was Miss Allen, who had constituted herself the understudy to my position—although she probably did not admit it to herself—and was devoutly hoping that I might be caught napping so that she could step into my place and salary. My manner to the Assistant Secretary was insulting compared with hers. One and all made the chief conscious that the little world of our office revolved around him. The darky doorkeeper, who openly exchanged smiles and full-bodied compliments for tips and cigars, was merely a simpler practitioner. In a surprisingly short time Mr. Harris passed through all the degrees of initiation into little officialdom until he came to a point where he considered it almost

too much for the government to ask him to sign the correspondence that was sent out in his name.

I hardly know how to express the change in his manner to us all, but it altered. That fine mixture of comradeship of the mind with simple deference to the beneficent possibilities of womanhood, which the pioneer woman won for all women from the man by whose side she worked, was gone. In place of it were alternations of an almost contemptuous negligence with that uncomfortably personal emphasis that implies that the mere fact that you are a woman is, in some way, of extraordinary significance. That is known, I suppose, as the "knowing" manner, and it is something that stirs an undercurrent of indignation with every woman who has a sense of personal dignity. And yet, in place of indignation, I watched him sometimes with real regret. It was all a part of a flabbiness of character that was creeping over him.

The Assistant Secretary's personal mail began to take up a large part of his attention. Soon after his Washington advent he was induced to open the usual accounts with tradespeople. All of his bills were sent to the office; it was evidently his habit to keep a tight grip on expenditure. At the beginning he was almost laughably anxious to get bills paid the very day of their receipt. As time went on the number of accounts increased; florists, caterers, garages, all testified to the zest with which the ladies of his household were pursuing their quest. Then—I couldn't help observing, since he had me make the checks out for him to sign—partial payments were in order, then—lapses. The summer campaign on the Northern coast—for the ladies preferred not to go home—proved expensive. The usual scrupulously polite protests began to appear, then, down through all the descending degrees of courtesy, to sharp insistences. About this time the Assistant Secretary began to dictate anxious or angry letters to the foreman whom he had left in charge of his cattle business. Funds were evidently not coming in fast enough to finance the social crusade the ladies were pursuing. By the end of the year my chief was plainly embarrassed by debts. Most of his energy was absorbed in making the various shifts by which one wards off immediate unpleasantness by mortgaging the future. There had even been a suggestion made about raising money on his ranch.

For some time he had been getting down just before luncheon, so I was able to get off all the strictly office mail before having to take up his personal correspondence. One morning he came down earlier than usual. He looked at once glum and feverish. Apparently he had been drinking, and he didn't usually do that before lunch. That probably accounted for his being more confidential than usual.

"Well, what do you think's up now?" he demanded, a fixed grin upon his face that was painful because, while it meant to be facetious, there was undoubted alarm behind it. "Footer's after my scalp!"

I expressed my proper indignation while I was getting ready to take his letter. I didn't know who "Footer" was, but Mr. Harris had got into a way of assuming that we were contemporaries and that he had been associated with me since the beginning. And I knew the letter would tell me who Footer was and how he was trying to get my chief's scalp.

I didn't have to wait long. Footer was a politician "up-state" who, having been disappointed in the juicy plum he had been promised, had fixed upon Mr. Harris's position as his due. There was an additional motive since the Assistant Secretary and he had locked horns over various local affairs. Mr. Harris not unnaturally regarded him as a "skeezicks," and I think, from later developments, that the term applied. He certainly gave us a lively time of it. He attacked the Assistant Secretary's record. Some scientific expert discovered flaws in the information the office sent out—I'm sure I don't wonder at that. Still, as this really hit me harder than it did the chief, I became as vindictive toward "Skeezicks" as was my superior officer. Footer also got hold of the fact that the Harrises were splurging socially; he was even on the track of the debts. It was a loathsome enough business, and it made things pretty unpleasant.

This made much extra work, and we were thrown together a good deal. I often stayed after office hours to help him, sometimes until six o'clock. And, of course, that kind of propinquity does have an effect. Perhaps I was nicer to him than I would have been if I hadn't begun to think it might not be a bad thing if I did have some sort of an influence over him. Also, he was "bracing up" with cocktails and highballs more than was really good for him, and they had their effect. It was the not unusual situation when a girl who isn't exactly ancient—although, I assure you, she feels sometimes as if she were a hundred—or positively repulsive in appearance, is thrown with a man who—in fact, almost any kind of a man. I fancy it depends on what sort you are yourself what you make out of it. But, anyway, things had been going on like this for some weeks, and I couldn't help seeing the hints and looks going on around the office, and the girls were always putting me up to ask him for things they wanted. I hadn't been paying much attention to them, except that I couldn't help realizing that I did have a sort of ascendency over him, and wondering. . . . Then one evening he asked me if I would work overtime for him that night—meet him there at seven o'clock. He looked a little queer, and I thought hard a few seconds before I answered. I said I would come. What I was thinking was, that it might be my opportunity.

He was at the office before me. When I opened the door his eyes were on me—waiting. His face lit up rather wistfully, but he said nothing beyond his usual, somewhat ungracious greeting. I got my hat and coat off, feeling that I was being uncomfortably scrutinized. I hadn't realized just what it would mean to be alone with him. But I tried to seem natural as I settled down to take his dictation.

We had got off several letters when he stopped. He had evidently not had anything to drink that evening, and his face, revealed pitilessly by the circle of electric light, was pale. There were worn lines on it, too, lines that had not been there a few months before. The lines and the pallor made him, all at once, look like an aging man and a little sad. But the sigh that he gave as he stretched his arms out luxuriously was not sad, but recklessly full of contentment.

"I tell *you* this is *great*," he said. And his eyes quickened wickedly as they met mine.

I said nothing, glad that I had the pretext of turning over a sheet of paper to see what the last words of the dictation were. But I wasn't sure what was coming.

"House full of a lot of people that I don't care a hang for!" he went on, rather savagely. "What's more, they don't give a hang for us—except the ones that think they're going to make something out of us. You can't make *her* believe that, though. We wouldn't waste time on them out home. The only reason they pass here is that they've got a lot of queer clothes that some scissors-Johnny has said is the right thing, and a kind of patter that makes you feel like you must be Rip Van Winkle when he first waked up. And the same people who learned the lingo day before yesterday try to disguise their amusement at your being so ignorant that you prefer to speak English. But, anyway, they're always at the house and we're feeding them, or Mrs. Harris and Mattie are out meeting a lot more of the same pattern. They don't care whether I go with them or not. All I'm good for is to give them my name to have engraved in such fashionable letters that I wouldn't recognize it myself if I hadn't been told, and pay the bills. Ought to be grateful, I suppose, to be of use somewhere, but there just isn't any place where I fit in." He laughed an awkward little laugh, realizing that he had been rather over-communicative. The code seems to be that other women can know pretty much everything about a man except his family. Then his eyes rested on me again, changed again in expression. "But here I'm *somebody*. I count here, don't I? *You* think what I say 's worth listening to? And you must have had a chance to know plenty of men, too—a handsome, well-grown girl like you. *You* care just a little bit—don't you? *Don't* you—?" His voice had sunk into a fatuous murmur, and his big hand fell heavily on mine.

It had come sooner than I expected. And I wasn't quite ready. "I suppose it isn't to be wondered at," I was thinking. "What can Nature expect, after all? A man finds himself in that bare desert in the middle of life—there is the sudden assurance of one's essential loneliness—the good one has gained seems a little shop-worn. And you have the daily association with some one whose job it is to please you, and whose smiles you don't know by rote, the reason for them or what they lead to." Was I getting blunted, vulgarized? I wondered, in sudden alarm at myself. Would the women of my race, my high-headed father, blush for me because I was not ready with a whole conflagration of virtuous resentment? But what should I say to him?

I don't know how long it was that my thoughts took their twisting course, how long it was that we sat there in the intense circle of light from the electric lamp. But it was too long. One of those lagging instants had marked the division between comedy and something very like tragedy—for the door had opened so noiselessly that neither of us heard it. Mrs. Harris stood on the threshold looking at us.

I don't know whether I had expected Mrs. Harris to prove a red-faced, berating virago, but I do know I had a moment of genuine surprise when she didn't. She merely stood there silently while every particle of color faded from her face. The only motion that she made was to draw her resplendent evening wrap about her more closely, as if she had suddenly been chilled. As for the Assistant Secretary, he was so utterly paralyzed that he made no effort to remove that culpable hand of his. And when I got mine away he rammed both of his into his pockets with an audible sigh of relief. Apparently he felt that they would be safe there, at least. The heavy silence finally conveyed to him the idea that speech was necessary. What he evoked was a feeble, "Oh, see here, Mamie; you mustn't get—!"

With a fierce, intolerant sound she turned to go.

Then I waked up. Whatever could lift this situation out of a sordid, hideous mess I had to do. Oh, why hadn't I said what I was planning to say a minute earlier! Then she would have heard something that would have backed me up. But now—could you expect any woman to believe you? But I had to make her believe me.

Perhaps my desperation put something authoritative into my voice when I said, "Wait a minute, Mrs. Harris." She halted. "Won't you sit down?" But that apparently was presuming too much.

"No, I'll not sit down," she rapped out, as if I had suggested the final indignity. "I'll not *sit*."

Then, absurdly enough, I fired, too. All at once a wave of red rage came over me. How dared she, just because I was a clerk in her husband's office, earning my living unprotected—just because I was in a position where a thing like that could occur—insult me! That a great, middle-aged, dull materialist whom chance had put into a position of cheap authority over me—all the while I was doing his work for him—could put that coarse, heavy hand of his on mine, and so thrust me into a humiliating position where I had to *beg* for mere belief! I must have looked positively venomous, for she shrank from me.

"But you *will* sit down," I said, when I had mastered myself. "And you will listen while I clear up this absurd situation. And you will understand also that it is an additional affront put upon me by your husband that I should have to make an explanation."

I imagine that this was, after all, about the most useful tone I could have taken with her, although I didn't know anything at the time but that I was utterly furious, so furious that, when I was alone that night, I found myself being glad I hadn't had anything in my hands that I could have struck out with. I felt I couldn't have trusted myself.

At all events I made her listen, and, though she couldn't be expected to admit it, I suppose, she more than half believed me. Perhaps my pitching into her husband helped things out; it gave a sort of homey atmosphere. The aghast, end-of-the-world-has-come expression faded from her face, to be replaced by determined resentment. When



NOTHING COULD STOP ME IN MY TIRADE ONCE I HAD STARTED

I came to a pause she said, in a voice so hateful that it was funny:

"Of course we all know how weak men are. And what can a man do when a woman throws herself at his head—especially when he has to see her every day?"

Can any one tell me how I managed to keep from saying absolutely *scorching* things—especially when I had such a large vocabulary? As if I would have tolerated that hulking, half-evolved Assistant Secretary if it hadn't been my job to do so, after— But I knew what I had to do was to straighten things out, and fireworks wouldn't have helped that end. Moreover, she was much more apt to be sensible after she had had time to spit out a few more thoroughly nasty and unjust remarks. And that proved to be so, for after a little more she began to look more amiable. Still she wouldn't look at her husband, and he began to look absently around for his hat and overcoat. The big stack of unpaid bills he gathered together with a rubber band and slipped into his pocket.

I suppose I ought to have let it go at that. But something in the forlornness of the big, red-faced thing who had come into the office little more than a year ago so full of blustering self-confidence got at my sympathy. Just why I, at twenty-five, late on trial for my reputation, should have constituted myself the guardian of a middle-aged man and his wife somebody else will have to decide. Possibly it was because I had planned to say something of the same sort to Mr. Harris before the advent of the lady had complicated things. But it seemed, all at once, a great pity that the two of them, whom one felt to be so adequate in that wholesome environment of work and neighborliness from

which they had come, should be warping from the straight line because here they were such piteous misfits. And I seemed to see that, with the dawning of a certain regret for her harshness on Mrs. Harris's face, the time had come when she might be in a receptive condition. So I took the bull right by its still pugnacious horns:

"Why don't you go back home?" It took a good deal of assurance to go on after that. They were both of them staring at me with stupefaction. "What can you do here but mark time and so let all the splendid muscle, physical and moral and mental, that have been built up by years of whole-hearted effort, grow flabby and diseased? Surely you've both been here long enough to see the wicked loss and failure and heartburning of being where you're not needed. The only man who can be anything but a pensioner on the government in this department is some one with a technical equipment who can build up the Bureau to give the country what it needs. And the only people who get good out of the social life in Washington are the ones who don't need it; men and women who, having won position, need recreation. These can give themselves to it for an evening, a month, a year, as one looks on at a play, and relax from the tenseness of effort. But for the others, the climbers, cringing to those above them and, in turn, being victimized by other climbers who think the first have achieved—what are they but a colony of ants building up, with painful effort, the atoms of their ant-hill, only to have it scattered by the foot of a passer-by on a worthier errand? The changes of one season ought to prove it to you. You come back, after the absence of one summer, to find a new colony of ants building and the old horde with whom you thought you had achieved a sure position gone—for the most part. Drop out for a season, or just fall back a little, and see how many remember your name when you come back."

The woman's face was very red. "There is an old saying about sour-grapes," she said.

"Of *course*, my grapes are sour. Nobody has evolved an abstract, impersonal philosophy at twenty-five. Of course I speak out of my own life. What argument is there that is more forcible? We were Navy people. We were connected with all that was best of the old Washington families—those who had not disintegrated. I had a cousin or so who married into the diplomatic set. My brother was naval attaché, and I stood behind the line at White House receptions. There wasn't anything in the city that was called or called itself 'smart' that wasn't open to me. No girl in Washington had a better time than I had the year I came out. Then—at my father's death it all fell away. The suttee at the death of a naval officer in the United States is more complete than that of the most exalted Brahman of India; it's not the widow only who is sacrificed, it is the man's whole family that go into eclipse. My mother had gone before, so I made suttee. Out of a whole city full of friends I can count hardly a dozen that I see more than once a year. My own special set has scattered to the four winds. It isn't that Navy people are afraid of the undesirably poor; they are too utterly sure of their own position for that. It's just that it takes every ounce of energy they have to keep up with the crazy pace. That's what five years have seen happen in the case of some one who was born *in*, not an outsider trying to climb in. And there was a time that I cared. But that was before I learned that all that counted absolutely nothing."

Nothing could stop me in my tirade once I had started. All that had been gathering in me during years of searching loneliness—some things that I did not know I had ever said to myself—came tumbling out, full-formed. It was not the Harrises I was enlightening; it was myself. This was my emancipation proclamation, setting me free from the stupid conventions, the cramping regrets that had held me. Mrs. Harris was aghast; the Assistant Secretary's face I couldn't see. He was looking at his wife. But I went on; I couldn't stop.

"The only people in this incoherent land of ours that count in these fearful years of struggle are the ones that are *making* things—building, not destroying. There never was a time when it was written in such fiery letters that the

masters are the men who work. But their women! The smug, sleek, carefully corseted, idle women that make an obstructive delta wherever the tide of prosperity is lush with spoils — what have they not to answer for? Turning their backs on all that really calls them, vapid with pleasure or gripping their hands raw climbing the senseless heights that lead to nowhere, stripping the men who feed them of the only armor that always shelters—that armor that the love of home masks—and then sending them out where at the first step stands an enemy, and the next, a Circe! And whose moans are louder than one of these when her man comes back to her with a festering arrow in him—and the memory of arms that are more eager than her own to cling! What are they thinking of, those well-fed, complacent women, that they hug to themselves the assurance that theirs is the one job that can be neglected and still go on eternally yielding them comfort and plenty and domination!"

The utter stupefaction that confronted me in the eyes of the woman who still huddled her handsome cloak around her brought me back to my senses. And with that sudden softening, some fictitious strength gave way in me.

"I beg your pardon. You must think that I am crazy," I said, not finding it easy to get the words out without a tremor. "But you see—when one has lost it, when you haven't any home but a square space between walls in a boarding-house, when there isn't one soul but yourself left of what has been a family in a whole great city—"

I couldn't manage my voice, so I stopped until I could get my calmness back. Then I saw the Assistant Secretary still humbly staring at his wife, not hearing a word I said, for all my hectic eloquence. It almost sent me off into hysterical laughter. It didn't need a word to prove how superficial had been the stirring of his senses that could be laid to my account. Then it occurred to me how to remove whatever piece of the barb still remained in Mrs. Harris's substantial bosom. So I said, this time calculating my pathos a little, "You see—whatever *I* might do, there is nobody to look at me as Mr. Harris is looking at you."

The next minute I was wondering whether I had told the strict truth or not. But the Assistant Secretary batted his eyes that had been so forlornly pleading with his incensed lady. And she, after one glance at him, averted her eyes suddenly. The grim corners of her mouth quivered, bent into an involuntary smile. She settled the wrap on her shoulders.

"Come, come, Sam," she said. "I was on my way to get Mattie. Ralston won't like to be kept waiting so long."

When the Assistant Secretary had hurried guiltily out ahead of her, she paused a moment at the door, fixing me with eyes that scorned any sentimental softening. "I suppose you don't expect me to be *obliged* to you, do you?"

That grim, unwilling humor cleared the air. I laughed. "I happen to be a woman, too," I said.

One week afterward the resignation of the Assistant Secretary was announced, to take effect the following month.

It really was more decent of me than they knew. It's going to make a lot more work for me. I'll have to break in a new Assistant Secretary.

Henry Wolf

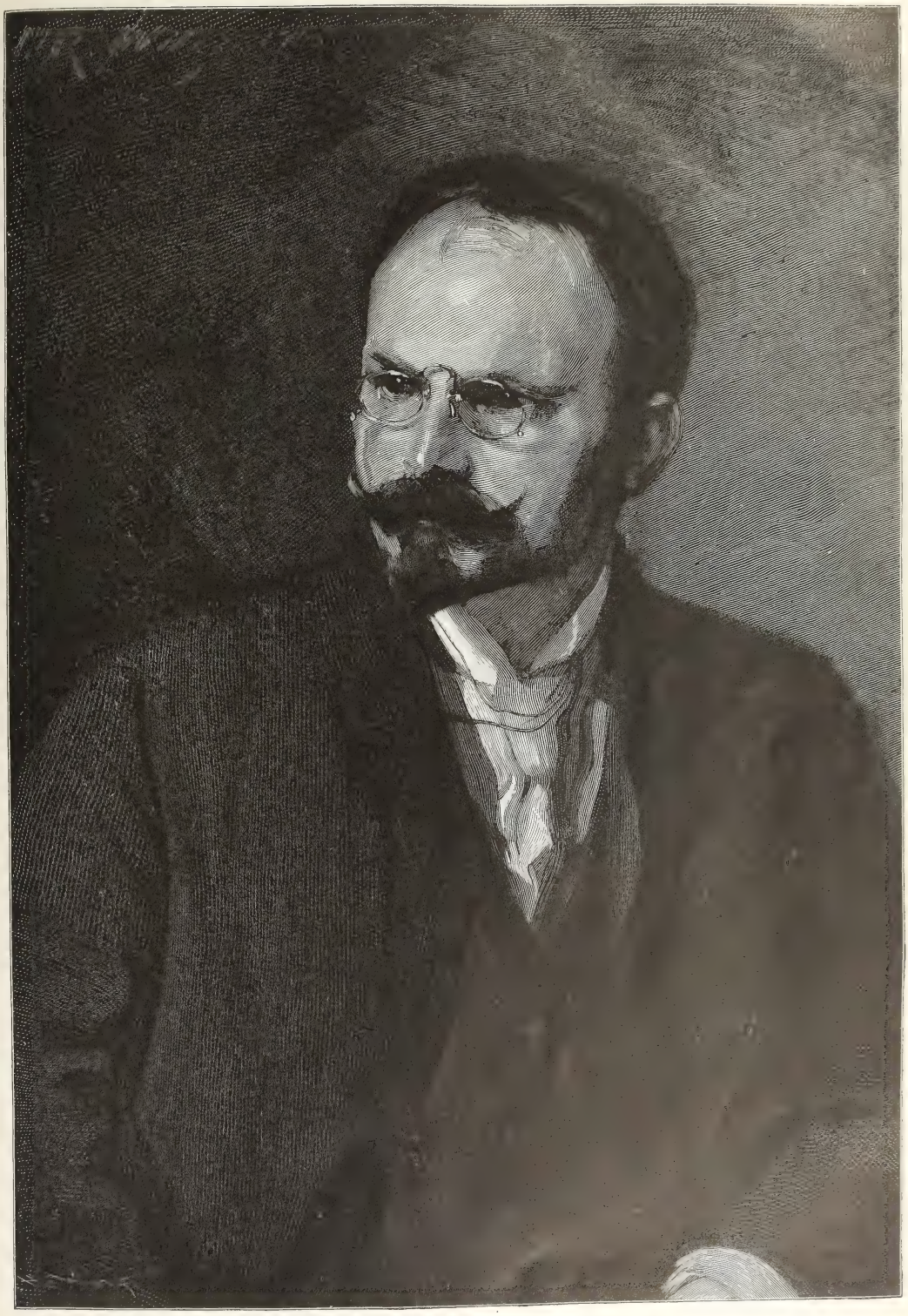
1852–1916

HENRY WOLF had the distinction of being one of the most brilliant members of the School of American Engraving, which from 1875 onward for some twenty years created virtually a new art. Though devoted to the self-renouncing labor of reproducing the pictures of others, he nevertheless impressed his work with the authority and charm of his own personality. For, while he added to the resources of the art of engraving by reproducing the effects of tone and brushwork and the feeling of the original, the result was in no sense a mechanical reproduction, but rather an intelligent and sympathetic translation. It was the product of a veritable genius for divining the motive and essential qualities of the original picture and inventing the fittest means of interpreting them. It represented, in fact, a high degree of creativeness, born of insight and imagination.

In continuing to practise wood-engraving long after the mechanical processes of reproduction had ousted it from large commercial profitableness, Wolf made a great sacrifice to his ideal. However, as he used to say, one can only think of money at the expense of one's art. And he loved his art and lived in it. He has related how he would stand in front of a picture longing to have the chance of engraving it, that through the patient hours of studying it he might live in the joy of it and give expression to the fullness of his appreciation.

One secret of Wolf's genius was that the man in him was ingrown, fiber to fiber, with the artist in him; and his qualities both as artist and man may be summarized in the trinity: sensitiveness, integrity, and poise. An Alsatian, driven from his motherland by the sorrows of 1870, he came to this country at the age of eighteen and found here new inspiration to hope and life. The poignancy of the old and new experience may well have quickened his natural sensibility. At any rate, he developed a quite extraordinary faculty of penetrating to the essentials of a picture, possessing himself of its most intimate feeling and attuning his technical resources to its expression. In the zeal of the craftsman striving ever for technical perfection, he displayed the honesty of his soul, while the poise that crowned the modest manliness of his character was a habit of spiritual fineness that helped him to hold the balance true between the interpretation of another's work and his own feeling for beauty.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



PORTRAIT OF HENRY WOLF, BY IRVING R. WILES

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting

Owned by the National Academy



A PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting

From the Collection of the late William H. Elkins



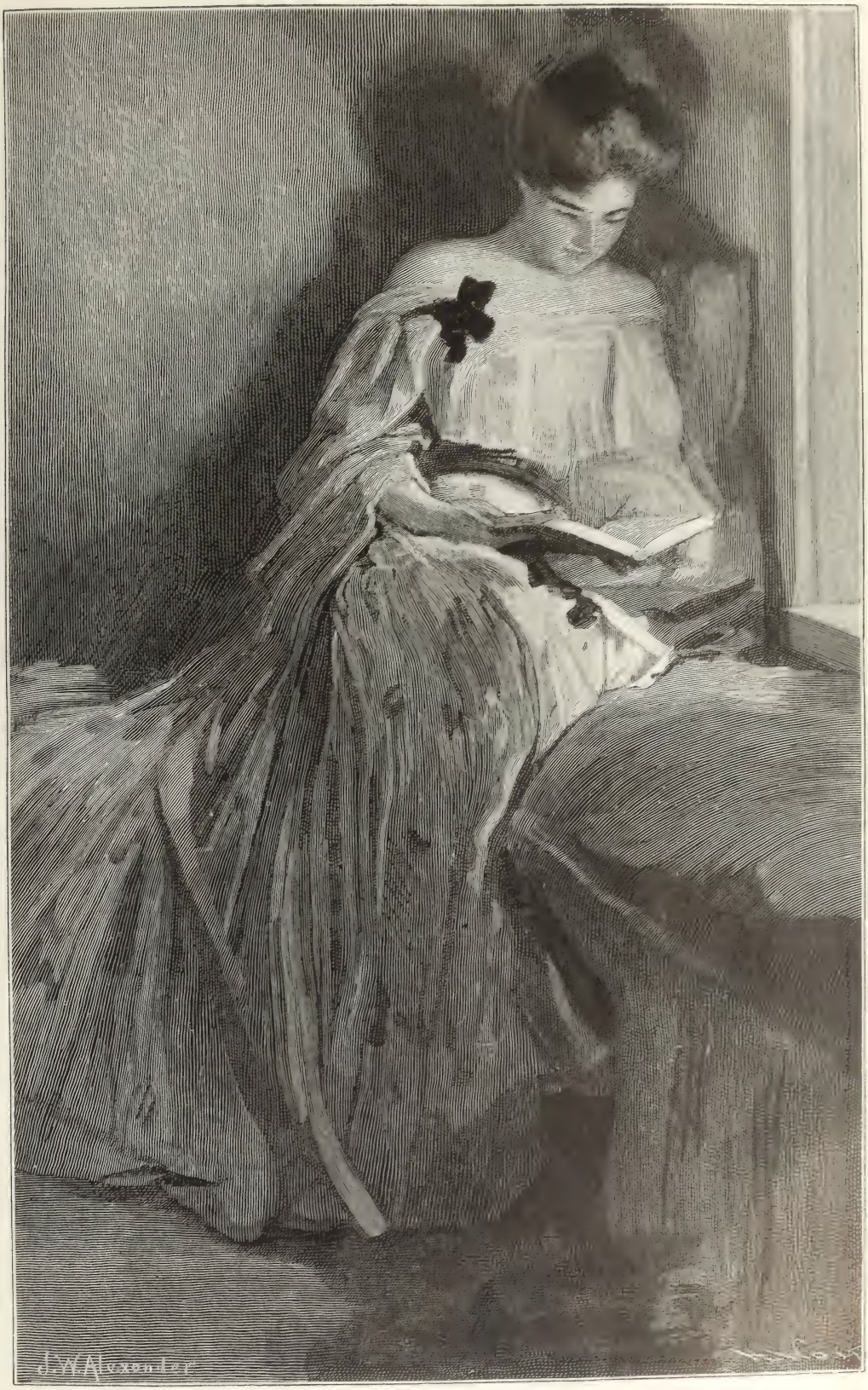
"LADY SHEFFIELD," BY GAINSBOROUGH

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting

Owned by George A. Hearn



"A NORTHEASTER," BY WINSLOW HOMER



"THE FAVORITE CORNER," BY J. W. ALEXANDER
Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting
Owned by Mrs. J. W. Alexander



MISS NELTHROP, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting
Owned by Mr. J. H. McFaddin



"LIZZIE LYNCH," BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting

Owned by Mrs. H. M. Adams



"THE VOICE OF THE TREES," BY CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY
Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf from the original painting

Business and Philanthropy

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

IT is a truth on the way to being generally accepted that poverty is a disease of the whole social body instead of a local affection of that portion of the community called the poor.

When the world determines to cure itself of this general sickness, how shall it go about it? Not by the giving of alms certainly, for though contributions of a million, five millions, ten millions have become as common as gifts of scraps or old clothes, not only do the numbers of the depauperate, both actually and in proportion to the whole population, increase, but philanthropy is put to a strain it can by no means support. The remedy of alms has been tried and has failed.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which during its seventy-two years of existence has probably investigated more applications for aid and distributed material relief—food, fuel, clothing, rent—to a greater number of destitute families than any other private charity in America, is shifting its attack upon poverty from the poor and their personal frailties to the technical organization of the economic life of the community. Persuaded that poverty is principally a by-product of industrial mismanagement, it has entered the field of business; and by a series of practical demonstrations is attempting to teach the public that the cure of poverty is not in charity, organized or unorganized, but in socialized business efficiency.

These demonstrations owe their inception, they were touched off, as it were, by the revolt against sacrificial pauperization of one Buonocore, an Italian carpenter, whose case record is an epitome of prevailing charitable practice.

At the time when Buonocore first "became known" to the Association he was a victim of tuberculosis and his family were starving. When last employed he had been earning three and a half dollars a week. Then he was forced to quit work entirely. When employers rejected him as unfit, he doubted their candor and persisted in going from place to place peddling his skill. Convinced at last that no one would have him, he resolved to starve in protesting silence. And at first his wife honored his pride. But there were children. The benefits due from the carpenters' union ran out. Then the mother went to the priest, and the priest referred her appeal to organized charity.

Whereupon the shining gates of good-will flew open. The Association sent a visitor with a full purse to meet the immediate needs—a charwoman to do a day's cleaning, a dietitian to teach the woman what foods to buy and how to prepare them scientifically. A nursing agency sent a trained nurse, "for all the children looked sick"; a settlement-house sent a neighborhood worker in token of the friendship which the prosperous keep for the tenement neighbors whom they never see; the district school interested a lady of means. There are thousands of charitable agencies in the city, representing millions of capitalized good-will, and at the cry of distress they swarm!

But instead of kissing the helping hands, Buonocore was outraged. Why brand him as a pauper in the sight of his neighbors? Had he worked unshirkingly all his life only to deserve for himself and his children the stigma of alms? He railed at the agents of charity as though they represented the intangible injustice of which he felt himself the victim.

Patient under rebuff, the missionaries of good-will presented their time-approved *plan of rehabilitation*. They ex-

plained to Buonocore that he must go to a free hospital, since in his tenement he was a burden to himself and a menace to the health of his family and his neighbors; and that, since his family could not possibly manage without his wages, it would have to be "broken up" and the children removed to various benevolent institutions. Then Buonocore's sense of injustice flared into rebellion. He protested that he would neither lie apart in a pauper's bed nor tolerate the commitment of his children to homes for juvenile paupers. He would rather die than abandon his family!

Old in experience, charity pronounced the customary warning: either Buonocore would obey the plan, or further relief must be withheld from him and his household. This chapter of the record closes with the following entry:

> Visited family twice to-day. First time visitor was told that no one was in; later found boy, Frank, in street and was immediately surrounded and followed by a number of children up to family's rooms, and one of them, a large boy, tried to snatch her bag and used most abusive language. Woman answered knock this time, but was far more abusive than lad had been, and pushed her out of the room, without giving her an opportunity to say one word in explanation of her call, and shouting abuse of her as she left. Case Closed. Recommendations: Relief, Temporary. Permanent Defects: T. B.

Strange ingratitude of the receivers of gifts! Individuals representing millions of capitalized good-will, and sincerely eager to help, had called, advised, urged, pleaded — still Buonocore remained obdurate; he would have nothing to do with the plan.

After an interval, during which the family was left to the chastening discipline of hunger, the case was reopened. Again relief was given, food supplied, rent paid; again a host of agents tried to rescue the jettisoned family. Again the plan, the same time-tested plan, was presented. Again Buonocore revolted. He shifted his residence to avoid the agents of charity. When they rediscovered him, he disappeared entirely, and was marked for court judgment as a deserter. Yet relief was continued to his family—always backed by the plan. When the children cried for hunger, the mother agreed to obey; the moment groceries came and the landlord was appeased, she honored her husband's defiance. Relief was given and withheld in long-suffering effort to persuade the family to "co-operate in their own rehabilitation." Two of the children died under this discipline. The eldest son, after being haled to court and put on probation for selling newspapers in contravention of law, was later sent to the reformatory for picking pockets in an errant attempt to rescue his mother from charity. And finally the carpenter returned to die at home, and was buried by the carpenters' union.

There are thousands of records similar to this in the files of any organized charity. The *plan of rehabilitation* has become an unquestioned convention, an established institution. Sometimes it fails, sometimes it succeeds. But I have told Buonocore's story because, though while living the carpenter was merely an atom of tribulation, dead he took possession of the soul of the Association's director and became a force for the rehabilitation of charity itself. When the director asked himself what more he could do in cases like Buonocore's, there came the protest of the carpenter, "At least you might keep our families together!"

"I couldn't help sympathizing with the man," the director told me. "His passionate pride in his economic independence and his devotion to his family appealed to me as the essence of good citizenship in our democracy. Our attempt to beat it down had resulted in complete failure, and I wondered if there was not some way to help the victims of combined poverty and tuberculosis without breaking up families and making paupers of them. It is to Buonocore's revolt that the Home Hospital is due."

The Home Hospital, which opened the way for the campaign against poverty through business efficiency, is nothing but a high-class tenement under medical supervision. It is chiefly interesting as a half-way station between philanthropy and business. Its immediate philanthropic purpose is to cure tuberculosis among the poor without either breaking up their families or making them entirely

dependent. In this its success has been unqualified. During the first two years of its existence it housed seventy-five families on the economic level of Buonocore's, containing two hundred and twenty-six tuberculous individuals. They were required to follow certain rules as to ventilation, diet, and cleanliness, but everything was done to keep the families together and to preserve their sense of economic independence. They were made self-supporting, so far as possible, and charity, instead of frankly just tiding them over a crisis, started to work out their problems with them. During this period forty-seven per cent. of the patients were cured, thirty-five per cent. had their disease arrested, and eighteen per cent. showed improvement. Only one died, a patient who was far gone when he entered the hospital. Not a single child or adult has contracted the disease.

There has been much rejoicing over the result. The demonstration that tuberculosis can be cured under tenement conditions without creating centers of infection is considered a valuable contribution to medical and social science—and indeed it is. The fact that there are tens of thousands of tuberculous patients in New York City alone, and hundreds of thousands in the United States who are dying because there are not sanatoria enough to receive them, and because it has been considered impossible to cure them under city conditions, shows the extent of the triumph. And yet there is nothing here that our experience with tuberculosis among the well-to-do had not made plain long ago. Given a decent home to live in, sunlight, and abundance of nourishing food, leisure to take life easily for a space, and freedom from financial worry, ninety cases in a hundred will make a good recovery. For those who can command these resources at home, withdrawal to a sanatorium in the mountains, by the seashore, or in the dry Western plains is only an added luxury. We know that tuberculosis works its greatest ravages among the poor, not because they are peculiarly susceptible to the disease, but because they are attacked also by hunger, overcrowding, and dirt. They die primarily not because they are individually smitten with tuberculosis, but because the whole community is sick with poverty.

But is poverty incurable? Can we not afford the luxury of a healthy and prosperous citizenship? Or does it continue to exist because we as a community fail to apply our best intelligence to the use of our resources and are indifferent to the waste of human life? What is the real cause of our poverty?

But it was not to answer these questions that the Home Hospital was established. Its object was, as I have said, the simple one of discovering whether tuberculosis among the poor could be cured without the breaking up of families. When the enterprise was launched, however, there were those who protested that the cost of keeping families together under city conditions would be prohibitive. Somehow the venture had to be made a practical success, because there is, in spite of the enormous gifts of recent years, a distinct limit to what the charitable want to give. All the published gifts to organized charity in New York City, including those of less than a dollar, come from less than one per cent. of the population. The limit of benevolence has been reached more than once. One of the great charities went bankrupt a few years ago because of its inability to raise sufficient alms to carry on its work. And public charity is in no better case; the taxpayers are clamoring for the reduction of the charities budget, and indeed if it is not reduced taxation must be increased to meet it, and the burden will fall exactly in the spot where the heaviest contributions come from now. It was imperative that the Home Hospital should be able to cure the poverty that manifested itself in tuberculosis cheaply, if it was to cure it at all.

The largest single item in the family budget is food, and in the cure of tuberculosis neither the quantity nor the quality can be skimped. The burden of this expenditure on philanthropy could not be lightened by teaching the people thrift, for too rigorous economy in the matter of food would endanger the whole experiment. But it occurred to the director of the Association that it might be well to ascertain whether the

families in the Home Hospital were getting a good quality of food at a fair price. To this end an experimental food-store was opened within the hospital itself, and the surprising discovery was made that food could be bought at wholesale and distributed for twenty-five cents less on the dollar than the hospital families were paying at the corner groceries. What was there in the food-selling business to account for this enormous difference between the wholesale and retail price? Might there not be some connection between the management of the community's commissariat and the prevalence of combined tuberculosis and poverty?

Philanthropy has had very definite limits set for it. It is not expected to interfere with business or with industry, but it has always been allowed to try to improve the environment of the poor, and to busily concern itself with the endeavor to make a ten-dollar-a-week income do the work of a twenty-dollar-a-week one. The problem of buying adequate food for a price that could be paid for it was a question quite as pertinent to the legitimate work of charity, and quite as significant, as the earlier question of the breaking up of families raised by Buonocore's revolt. There followed an investigation of the food-supply of Manhattan, which began at the city receiving-terminals, followed the food to the stores and through the stores to the consumer, testing the cost of distribution, the efficiency of the dealers — all the elements that contributed to the retail selling-price. The investigation showed that there are some forty thousand food-distributing agencies in the city, about one to every thirty families. With few exceptions each of these forty thousand maintains some sort of delivery system—thousands of horses dragging thousands of wagons after one another through the streets, thousands of delivery-boys following one another up and down the tenement stairs, a costly reduplication for which the consumer pays. It was found that of each dollar the consumer spends for food, sixty-six cents represents its cost at the city terminals and thirty-four cents the cost of retail distribution, whereas the Home Hospital was able to meet the entire cost of distribution for nine cents on the dollar. And the absurdity of this situation appears in the fact that this high cost of distribution is in no way accounted for by the storekeeper's profit. The great majority of the dealers are men ignorant of the simple elements of business management, who have become storekeepers for lack of anything better to do, with the result that very few among the forty thousand make more than a bare subsistence, and bankruptcy is far more frequent among them than conspicuous success. Moreover, while the gross profits are extravagantly high, the net profits are only about half those made by the Association's own store, and to eke out even such meager profits as these the storekeepers are pushed to all manner of shifts. To label goods of the same quality as different grades and sell them at different prices is a common practice, and that lure to buy—the trading-stamp—is used to increase the prices of food from two and one-half to three per cent.; weights and measures are tampered with, and bargain sales are used to dispose of spoiled goods at an advance over the original selling-price.

Their discovery of this state of anarchy in the commissariat of peace, which the poor are no more able to meet single-handed than any individual is able to meet an epidemic, committed the Association to the novel theory that the food-supply business ought not to exist to give a host of ignorant amateurs an opportunity to exploit the necessities of the community, but is an essential public utility like the water-supply, to be conducted as a social service. They had reduced by twenty-five per cent. the cost of food to the families with whom they co-operated, by merely substituting business efficiency for the disorganization of the retail trade. In their attempt to make it possible for the poor to "manage" on what they earned, and also to reduce the cost of caring for the families in their charge and lighten the burden on philanthropy, they found themselves forced into the field of distributive business, and opened their food-supply store to the general public.

These stores—there are three of them now—are not conducted on charitable

lines, but on sound business principles. In addition to honest labeling, perfect sanitation, and a scale of wages based on a liberal living wage for their employees, they operate on a ten-per-cent. margin of profit—almost twice that now made on the average by commercial dealers. These stores are in charge of experienced business men instead of ignorant amateurs, and are supervised by a physician who is a trained expert in hygiene and food values. They do, however, perform one function that has been immemorially turned over to charity—they attempt to teach the poor how to "manage." Permanent exhibits are maintained showing graded qualities of food; foods which are artificially colored and foods which are not; the common adulterants and their effects. The managers never try to persuade their customers to buy what they do not want, but they do try to induce them to buy what is best for the money. Not through any wish to enter business, but through the need to make it possible for the poor to manage on what they have—to eliminate the ailment of poverty, or to reduce it so that the community can carry it—they have made themselves the center of an educational campaign, and begun to organize a commissariat of peace to promote the health and efficiency of the whole industrial army.

But to lift the burden of ill-fed people from the shoulders of charity means much more than to give them a chance to buy their raw food cheap. In an industrial system that drafts an increasing number of the tenement mothers into the workshops, who is going to cook even the best and cheapest of food so that the children can eat it? A decade ago a great hubbub was raised in the press by the statement of a settlement worker that ten thousand New York children went hungry to school every day. Coming as it did at the time when muckraking was a popular diversion, the statement was largely discredited. It happened, however, that at this time England's experience in the Boer War, when volunteers had been rejected wholesale because of physical disability, had led to the establishment of an English school service where the children of poverty were fed at the public expense. Our own charity workers were well aware that hungry children tend to become dependent adults and increase the acuteness of poverty, but the introduction of charity into our public-school system was repugnant to the democratic sense of our boards of education. Investigation did show that the settlement worker's estimate was more than justified—that not only in New York City, but all over the country, thousands of children were habitually underfed and undernourished, but it was felt that starvation was better than pauperization. They could not countenance a paternal public mind toward all children. They left it to private charity to take up the work of school lunches till the need and the feasibility were both fully demonstrated.

But here again was the old problem: to feed the hungry was the recognized function of charity, but it did not want, nor was it able to carry, the burden of feeding the school-children. And yet, might it not be possible to reorganize the business of furnishing food so that neither would the children have to go hungry nor would so much have to be spent in uncertain plans of family rehabilitation? The experience of the food-supply stores was brought into the field, and the effort to serve a nourishing portion of food for one cent became not an opportunity for alms, but a demand upon business efficiency.

It was found that, in the most highly organized system of chain restaurants, all the buying and most of the cooking was done by a central agency. Fifty restaurants in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Newark were operated from a single kitchen which distributed cooked food before the city was awake. Following this plan, central kitchens were installed, each of which could supply four or five schools, and during the winter of 1914–15 twenty-five thousand school-children were served with one million and a quarter penny-portions of food. This food actually cost one and one-third cents a portion, though it was sold for one cent, so that up to the present time there has been a money deficit to make up; but this deficit is not being regarded as a permanent opportunity for the charitable, but as a call for better business

management, and the same methods are being taken as would be used in a factory that did not pay—the plant is to be worked to capacity and the market for the product is to be increased.

The school kitchens could easily serve other meals besides lunch, and inquiry among the families of the school-children showed that many of their mothers were employed in factories and not only were unable to cook the children's lunch, but returned home too late to cook the family dinner. This led them to rely on delicatessen-stores and other places where cooked food was sold, from which, investigation showed, the purchasers got the least return for the money either in quantity or quality. To take advantage of this wider market and also to meet the wider social demand, the school-lunch service has opened an experimental restaurant in a factory district from which cooked food is sold to be taken home. For why should not business which was drafting the women into industry turn its efficiency to doing some of the work which they were forced to leave undone, especially since the neglect of it had added to the burden on philanthropy which business and industry must support?

And there was still in the mind of the director the persistent question of what might have happened to the family of Buonocore—now unhappily caught in the whirlpool of poverty, crime, and death—if the children had been assured a wholesome and sufficient meal in the middle of the day for a price they could pay, if the whole family could have had a proper dinner at night for far less than they must pay for the ingredients at the corner store, prepared by trained cooks with due attention to dietetics and with no labor on the mother's part but to bring it home and serve it? Might not this good food at a low price have turned the tuberculosis microbe from the door and helped the carpenter to keep himself in shape to earn more than three dollars and a half a week? Might not the fact that this saving food could be bought at a profit to the seller have satisfied that pride of independence which charity had tried in vain to break down?

Still struggling with the problems of the dead carpenter, the Association found itself increasingly concerned with the affairs of housekeeping. It had always tried to teach home economics to the poor; the care for the sanitation and ventilation in the Home Hospital, the establishment of the food-supply stores, were merely extensions of this function. It had always preached cleanliness at the same time that it gave alms for the cure of the diseases of dirt. The successful experiment in organizing the food-buying business led the Association on to the consideration of the modern mechanism for the washing of clothes. An investigation of the commercial laundry business showed a state of disorganization similar to that uncovered in the retail selling of food—no standards of price or quality or in the wages paid to employees. And their investigation showed further why the time when every housewife washed the family linen at home is as far past for the poor as for the rich. In one typical tenement district they found forty per cent. of the homes to be without wash-tubs; in another district, fifty-nine per cent.; and even hot water was not usually available. Under such circumstances the family clothes were either not washed at all, or were sent to the commercial laundries at extreme intervals, excessive cost, and with unsatisfactory results.

The first plan was to establish what nearly every other large city both here and in Europe has—a public wash-house. This it was intended to equip with hot water and steam, soap and drying facilities, so that men and women might bring their clothes and wash them without charge. But before establishing the first wash-house a canvas was made of the district where it was proposed to place it. The investigators found, as when they looked for a wider market for the product of the school-lunch kitchens, that an increasing number of the housewives were wage-earners employed away from home six days in the week. They were no more able to do the family washing than they were to cook the family dinner. If they did it at all it was at the cost of excessive fatigue after the day's work was done. The best wash-house that could be established was no solution of their problem. And, besides, why should the old, slow, costly

methods of washing by hand be countenanced in a world full of laundry machinery? It was decided to try to save to the community things quite as important in the elimination of poverty as money—the time and strength of the women. Accordingly a wet-wash laundry has been established which washes the clothes, dries them, and returns them to the owner ready for ironing—this, not from any prejudice against ironing the clothes, but because being so much cheaper it is more likely to be patronized by the very poor. This experimental laundry has a capacity of five hundred washes a week. All the work is done by machinery, which washes each family's bundle in a bronze compartment without direct contact with any other family's clothes. What no tenement woman could command, a hundred gallons of water with live steam and half a pail of soap are used for the clothes of each family. The process occupies thirty minutes instead of a day. The clothes are then dried in centrifugal hydro-extractors in ten minutes and returned to the owners the same day they are received. Bacteriological tests made by the Department of Health demonstrate that this washing process completely sterilizes the clothes as no hand-washing at home can do. The charge is twenty-five cents for thirty pounds, a good-sized family wash, if it is brought and taken away by hand, and fifty cents if it is called for and delivered.

Now there is nothing of alms in this model wet-wash laundry, although charity established it. It is merely an experiment in business efficiency to bring order out of anarchy in the clothes-washing business for the benefit of the community. It is an enterprise so well managed that it can pay living wages, operate under sanitary conditions and reasonable hours, and pay a good dividend on the investment while offering the consumer a good product.

But the most significant part of all these experiments is that none of the employees in the Home Hospital, the food-supply stores, the school-lunch and restaurant service, or the wet-wash laundry receives less than a generous living wage. These experimental businesses keep within the legal hours of employment and obey far higher sanitary regulations than are set by law; at the same time they reduce the cost of their output, raise its quality, and assure a ten-per-cent. profit. And all this through no other means than efficient business organization! Those who are helped are more likely to become social assets than economic liabilities; and this because, in its effort to teach the poor how to make one dollar do the work of two, the Association has had to reorganize the businesses on which the poor depend, and in the process of reorganization has discovered the efficiency of making that one dollar of wages two.

But the things actually accomplished by these experiment stations in living, the light they throw on the relation of anarchy in business to the problems of the poor, is not by any means so important as the point of view through which they have brought about the application of business intelligence to the problem of poverty. The evils of poverty are not primarily to the poor, but to the national stamina. Poverty, which is only one segment in the circle, means hunger and disease; and sick and hungry men are neither good workers nor good citizens. Poor workmen drive the wheels of industry awry and hamper business. Inefficient business and bad government are the roots of modern poverty. It is a well-proved cycle. Philanthropy, catching the coil at the point where inefficient business creates the poor and the sick, is beginning to discover how the basic needs of living—shelter, food, clothes—may be supplied so as to lift the burden of poverty from the whole community and the shame of charity from the poor. The experiments themselves are all small things—seventy-five out of thousands of tuberculous families decently housed in the Home Hospital, three food-supply stores among the forty thousand in the city making private property subsidiary to public health, twenty-five thousand school-children fed out of eight hundred thousand, the clothes of five hundred families out of three-quarters of a million washed in the wet-wash laundry—but they are unmistakable signs of a change from alms and welfare work to socialized business efficiency.

Simeon Small—Dress Reformer

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I DO not know why I accepted Mrs. Whittier-Knowles's invitation to dinner. Generally I do not attend such affairs; in fact, I may say I am not generally invited to do so. This is due to my well-known disinclination to participate in the meaningless functions of society, and not, I hasten to make assurance, because of any social unfitness on my part. Indeed, I have a peculiar aptitude for mingling with my kind. I have chosen to exercise this aptitude rather in a sociological than a—shall I say frivolous?—manner.

I have endeavored to trace the mental processes which led to my acceptance in this instance, and I confess that I must have acted hastily—on impulse rather than with the mature deliberation which is one of my salient characteristics.

It became my duty—I cannot characterize it as a pleasure—to take out to dinner a young woman, an over-young woman, named Rogers. Her discourse was without form and void. Afterward I asked Mrs. Whittier-Knowles, casually, why she had imposed this vapid individual on me. She replied that it had not been her intention to impose on myself, but, on the contrary, her thought had been to mete out punishment for some offense upon Miss Rogers. I was unable to perceive how she hoped to attain her object. I doubt if Miss Rogers ever passed a more delightful or profitable hour than in my company at the table. I was able, in that short time, to impart to her fully my theories regarding the comparative values of the contributions made to human speech by the dialects of the Aleutian Indians and the *patois* of the rural classes in central Indiana.

As we rose from the table a part of Miss Rogers's skirt entangled itself with my feet. I am not familiar with the terminology of dress-making, but I fancy the thing was a flounce or a bias. The skirt was redundantly equipped with them. It was not a long skirt, but its circumference was considerable. As I have said, a piece of its floppiness entangled itself with my feet—an inexcusable bit of clumsiness on Miss Rogers's part—with the result that when she stood up a considerable piece of cloth was left between the rug and the sole of my shoe.

"Miss Rogers," said I, with no intention to rebuke, but simply to give her the advantage of my mature observation, "no young lady should wear a skirt which so resembles the spread of the banyan tree."

"The spread of my skirt, Mr. Small, is dictated by the prevailing style," she said. "Will you pardon me if *I* make an observation about yourself?"

"I shall welcome it," I told her, surprised that she should be capable of making an observation.

"It is my judgment, then," said she, "that you have over-educated your head at the expense of your other extremities." She said this with so charming a smile as to remove from it any semblance of discourtesy or vulgar personality.

I bowed. "What you say regarding the dictation of prevailing style is interesting, Miss Rogers. Am I to understand that the length of your skirt—indeed, the whole character of your habiliments—is imposed upon you by some quasi-legislature of *modistes?*"

"You put it very clearly," said she.

"And who," I asked, "form this governing body?"

"You may as well ask me who is public opinion," she said.

Her rejoinder showed her to be possessed of a higher form of intellect than I supposed. There was something akin to acuteness in what she said. It was a point that never had presented itself to me before. Who, indeed, is public opinion? At my leisure I shall arrive at

the answer, and possibly prepare a paper embodying my conclusions.

My attention having been forcibly attracted to the mode of costuming of our women by the inexcusable length of Miss Rogers's skirt, I began, with my accustomed promptitude and thoroughness, to give the matter what I deemed to be the first intelligent, quasi-scientific scrutiny it had ever received. In order to begin the compilation of data, I removed myself from Miss Rogers's immediate vicinity and found a place where the expanse of the room was under my eye. I admit I was astounded. How a phenomenon of such significance could have escaped my observation thus long is a question I shall not attempt to explain. It must have been due to one of those inexplicable lapses to which even such acute mentalities as my own are sometimes liable.

I have observed the dress of many primitive peoples, of many races and colors. On every continent and even the islands of the sea I have taken note of body-coverings, but never have I seen the female human figure clothed with such—shall I say eccentricity?—as was manifest in that drawing-room.

Where the need of clothing was most imperative to resist the inroads of influenza and related ailments, it was utterly lacking. Where the free movements of the nether extremities should have been provided for by elimination, there, if I may be permitted the expression, an Ossa of fabric was piled upon a Pelion of superstructure. Had my good fortune led me into the secret recesses of a barbarous temple I should not have been astounded to see the high-priestess accoutered as these women were. Yet we are accustomed to pity what we term the poor, naked savages of the South Sea Islands! Upon that point let me observe that I have seldom seen dresses which so combined the qualities of ornamentation and hygienic perfection as do those of the Papuans.

I sought out my hostess, Mrs. Whittier-Knowles. "I expected," said I, "and not without reason, to spend a profitless, not to say futile, evening here. But I am happy to inform you that even in these unpromising surroundings I have been able to interest myself in a phase of our civilization which, in all modesty I say it, has escaped the eyes of other of our foremost savants."

"Indeed," said she, "I fancy you are more adapted to the social life than you believe. Your tact and graciousness alone assure me of that."

"Ah," said I, "to be a scientist one need not also be a boor."

"I presume it is true that he *need* not," she replied, with singular emphasis on the word "need."

"You will be surprised to learn what has so profoundly interested me," I said.

"I am prepared to believe I shall be," she replied.

"It is the dress of our women," I told her, conscious that my words would cause a mild sensation. "For instance, I have been observing that—gown, is it?—which you are wearing. Do you realize that a Maori savage would be much hampered by such a garment? Do you yourself realize that even in the decadent modern descendant of the dance you would be more seemly to the eye, be able to reach a greater perfection of movement, and enjoy a sense of freedom were your skirts to cease some inches above the knee?"

Mrs. Whittier-Knowles was of rotund build; her cheeks were semi-globular and of a noticeable color. This color heightened, and she stared at me with what I took to be amazement. Her figure seemed to quiver. Without a word, she turned her back upon me and retired in ungraceful haste. Apparently my words had impressed her as much as the subject-matter deserved.

Presently I took my departure, but not before I had determined to perform a notable service for the women of our country. I, in person, would take up the subject of their wearing-apparel, would study it as it had never been studied before. I would, in short, work a revolution. With me, as my friends are assured, to determine is to act.

Of course I had in mind the unfortunate fate of Brother Thomas Connecte, a Carmelite monk of Rennes, who in the Middle Ages did much as I proposed to do to-day, except that his propaganda was directed solely against that form of feminine headgear known as the great hennin. He preached through Brittany,

Île de France, Anjou, so that rude persons pursued women so clad, shouting, "Down with the hennins!" Owing to the ill feeling caused among the women by his action, it befell that he was accused of heresy and burned. I believed it possible unpleasant consequences might ensue for myself, though, of necessity, they would fall short of burning. But when has the true mind of science dreaded persecutions?

Next morning I began the attack on my problem by visiting the most patronized of our *modistes*. She was known as Madame Rafferty. Inasmuch as I have never found mention of a French branch of the Rafferty family, I was somewhat at a loss to account for the "Madame." She received me with notable affability.

"Madame," said I, "I have come to invoke your expert assistance in the investigation of the subject of clothing for women."

"And it's no mistake you've made, sir; be sure of that," she told me.

"I am," said I, "comparatively familiar with the garments of other days and countries. For instance, I know the bleaunts, surcoats, cottes hardies, escoffions of the Middle Ages; I am not unacquainted with sleeves *à mitons*, nor do I lack information regarding the houppelande. The hocheplis and farthingale of the Renaissance, guipures, fanfreluches, steenkirks, and such matters I have studied, but the garment of to-day presents a field wholly uninvestigated."

"Heavens above us!" said Madame.

"Will you be so good as to exhibit to me some of your most—modish—is that the word?—gowns? Also to explain to me, if possible, their origin and reason for being?"

Madame did so. The first dress exhibited was termed by her a frock of Georgette crêpe and charmeuse, with a new—newest, she expressed it—circular flounce on skirt and sleeve. It was absurd. The flounces of which she boasted as of something peculiarly desirable, required the use of double the amount of cloth necessary to construct the dress otherwise, and served no purpose whatever, not even that most inconsiderable one of ornamentation. Another gown was made singularly objectionable by what she termed a "bouffant skirt." Frankly, it seemed to be the result of accident rather than design. I admit I was soon confused. I may be said to have been buried under an avalanche of such terms as "chic," "basque," "faille," "pout-de-soie," and the like.

"Madame," I interrupted, "where is the source of these—pardon me if I speak to the point—monstrosities?"

"They come direct from Paris, sir."

"Paris? Ah! Are you aware that two thousand years ago, in this Paris, ladies walked the forests upon the River Seine clad much as female Sandwich-Islanders are to-day? Are you aware that they daubed their faces with paints, and even tattooed themselves? What right, therefore, has Paris to tyrannize the styles of the earth?"

"Lord love us!" said Madame.

"These dresses are hideous," said I.

"Saints defend us!" said Madame.

"They are inutile, cumbersome, inexcusable. They are wasteful, absurd," said I.

"Patrick!" said Madame, in a loud voice.

"Why women, otherwise moderately intelligent—" I began, but paused at the entry of a bulky individual with red hair of a type I cordially despise.

"Patrick," said Madame, "it's a nut. Put it outside, but don't hurt it. It ain't doin' no harm—but, mercy, how it does go on!"

Patrick advanced toward me. I arose.

"Am I to understand," said I, "that you are about to use force in ejecting me from this establishment?"

"No more'n necessary," said Patrick.

"*None* will be necessary," said I, making what I considered to be a neat, succinct, and not unwitty answer. In a dignified manner I withdrew.

My next step was, of course, logical; it is my invariable rule to proceed in a logical manner. I retired to my library, there, by the aid of reference books and my not inconsiderable creative imagination, to design a costume such as would meet the requirements of society, and would, at the same time, embody those sterling improvements which I had in mind. It was no easy task. The labor entailed brought me to a frame of mind where I could look with lenience upon those who made drawings for the gowns

I had taken notice of. I was better able to understand the reason for their lack of coherence, their general chaotic appearance. My conclusion was that, either worn out by repeated efforts, or utterly lacking in that high form of mentality required in creative work, they had despaired, and, despairing, had let pencil or brush proceed undirected—at random, as it were—thus achieving the results I noted.

However, I succeeded. The garments I designed met with my unqualified approval. When I should present them to the world I had little doubt they would meet with the approval of the world. They would, in short, bring about a sartorial revolution such as I had determined upon. Women's apparel would be standardized. My garments were calculated alike to be worn at the wash-tub, so to speak, or at the opera, on the golf-course, or in the ball-room.

My idea was an adaptation of the costumes of many nations—the short skirt of the male Albanian; the trousers of the Turkish woman, much abbreviated and shortened, combined with the hunting or cycling or riding trousers of the English gentleman. The costume, from the waist upward, was my own invention. Nothing like it had before been worn by any race or age. It was new, and in its way perfect.

Before the day ended I proceeded to my tailor with my sketches, had myself measured, and gave orders for the construction of a suit, answering in every way to my specifications, which would fit myself. For demonstration purposes I determined to wear the garments in person, and, as their inventor, to offer convincing proof of their desirability—I do not say necessity.

But this alone would be insufficient. While I might make some small impression by an appearance in the costume, it would not be sufficiently far-reaching. Accident placed it in my power to make just such a demonstration as my heart most desired.

This accident was no less than a visit to a place of amusement where was presented something surely not opera or drama—indeed, not to be classified by me. It was called the "Sunrise Gambol." A youthful nephew led me to attend by his assurance that it was a sociological manifestation worthy of my attention. The entertainment started just at sunrise, the idea being, I judge, that those whose day was otherwise full might rise a trifle early, be amused for a time, and proceed thence to their labors.

The place was thronged. As for the entertainment offered, I was at a loss to comprehend its *motif*. There seemed no coherence, no plot, if you will. One thing happened after another, and without reference to any other thing. Vulgarly speaking, it was a jumble. But it was not without profit to me, for there were some score of young women who wore costumes of a *bizarre*, not to say *outré*, character, but who, nevertheless, because of their physical pulchritude, grace of movement, and a certain air of light-heartedness, made even their habiliments seem attractive for the moment.

There was born my idea. I would learn from the proprietor of the so-called theater where to obtain the services of half a dozen young women of the variety he displayed. I would clothe them in the garments I had described, and I would exhibit them to the circle of my acquaintances. It was a plan that could not fail of success.

It appeared, drolly enough, that my nephew had some acquaintance with the manager of the "Sunrise Gambol." Through him we learned that young women of the kind we desired were to be obtained from institutions called agencies. In other words, you hired them as you would a cook. We obtained the address of such a place and went thither.

The person in charge was remarkably tall. He wore a vest which greatly excited my interest. I wondered if it were a sort of uniform worn by his profession, as, for instance, street-car conductors wear uniforms, and put the question to him.

"Cheese it!" said he, rather gruffly. "Uniform! Nix. There ain't the mate to it, not if you fine-combed Broadway."

"Cheese it!"—a truly remarkable ejaculation. Doubtless it was not with out meaning to the class to which the person belonged; to me it signified nothing. An article of food had been transmuted into a verb! Truly, the day of miracles is not departed.

"I desire," said I, "to employ a number of young women—let us say six—of the species which disports itself in the indescribable theatrical enterprise known as the 'Sunrise Gambol.'"

"Huh!" he said, "want 'em for schoolmams? 'Cause if you do it ain't in their line."

"No," said I; "I wish to employ them in a scientific demonstration of the hygienic qualities and utility—not to say beauty—of a costume I have designed."

"Clothes-horses, eh?"

"Young women," I corrected him. "Girls, to speak colloquially. I desire them assorted."

"Assorted?" he said. "Oh yes, assorted. As how?"

"As to size, complexion, and so forth. Some tall, others short. Some sparsely covered with flesh, others amply, and one or two of intermediate height and weight."

"I make you," said he. "I'll get 'em for you, and leave it to me, mister, they'll be some dolls."

The man's conversation was beyond me. However, his suggestion that I return at three o'clock was perfectly intelligible. I did return at the designated hour.

I found six young women waiting for me. They were not as I had expected to see them; indeed, they looked like any six young women you might select from a number, with the possible exception of a pulchritude above the average. I commented on their attire.

"Think a chorus-girl wore tights to breakfast?" the agent demanded, discourteously. "How'll these do?" he added.

"Excellently," said I. "Are you open for engagement, young women?"

It seemed they were, but were curious as to its nature.

"If you will accompany me to my hotel," said I, "I will not only explain, but demonstrate it to you."

At the hotel I seated them in the parlor and retired to my bedroom, there to don the costume the tailor had prepared for me. With the long stockings I had some difficulty, owing to unfamiliarity. It has not been my custom to wear such hosiery since early youth. The buttoned cuff of the trousers came just below my knees. Above that was the coat, jacket, waist, or whatever it may properly be termed. The skirts of it did not conceal the bagginess of the trousers above the cuffs. My toilet complete, I surveyed myself in the mirror, and had not from that moment the slightest dubiety regarding my success in making a lasting impression on those who should behold me. I was myself impressed. Did I neglect to state that the color of the garments was lavender, a shade of which I am extremely fond.

I stepped through the door and bowed to the young women. "You see me," said I, "clad in a costume which is to become general among the women of this country. It was designed by myself, not with the puerile idea of creating a style, but with the lofty hope of bringing about a lasting reign of sanity in dress among our women. I pause to ask you, young women, if this costume has not the effect of impressing beholders with the sanity of its wearer?"

"Is that one of them hypothetical questions we read about?" asked a tall young woman with hair of a shade I had not previously noted on any head.

"Why hypothetical?" I asked her, not at all understanding her allusion.

"Why," said she, "in them brainstorm cases where the jury has to guess if you're crazy or if you ain't crazy and why, they always ask hypothetical questions."

"You are not here," I informed her, with reproving dignity, "to inquire into my sanity. The condition of my mind is perfectly known by the country at large."

"Oh," said the young woman with the peculiar hair, "then we ain't the only ones that's wise to it. Say, what's the idea, anyhow?"

I explained it to her in simple terms suited to her intelligence. "And," said I, "I shall demonstrate the virtues of this mode of wearing-apparel."

Forthwith I proceeded to do so. "Let us consider the dance," said I; "let your eyes follow my movements. Note how free from restraint, how graceful they are, how unhampered." Before their eyes I executed a number of dancing-steps; I even went so far as to attempt to reproduce some of the more acrobatic

movements I had seen during the performance of the "Sunrise Gambol."

The young women huddled together and backed toward the door, evidently to give me more room for my demonstration. It proved to me they were interested, and encouraged me to continue even more energetically than before.

As I stopped, owing to the shortness of my breath, a young woman whispered to another: "Don't be scairt. I guess the six of us can handle him if he starts anything."

Doubtless the expression had some meaning, but it was dark to me.

"Now," said I, "I shall show you the utility of this dress for the more formal gathering, the dinner, the drawing-room."

I proceeded to do so, walking among them as a lady of breeding would do, deporting myself with stately dignity and an air of distinction.

"You perceive?" I asked.

They looked at one another, stared at me, giggled.

"Mister," said one of them, "take us into the secret. We dun'no' how to act. If you're tryin' a comedy sketch, why, say so. For one, I'll say it's a scream. Keith's 'll grab for it."

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"'Tain't no comedy sketch," said the one with the incredible hair; "he means it in earnest. He's one of these here what-d'ye-call-'ems. . . . Say"—she turned to me—"what's our part in the sketch?"

"Your part," said I, "comes later. I wish to retain your services to demonstrate this costume. I wish to hire you to accompany me home, and there to wear garments similar to these in a public, not to say ostentatious, manner. I wish to bring the design to the popular notice."

"You don't need *us*," said a stout one. "Take a walk down Broadway yourself and you'll get all the pop'lar notice that's comin' to you."

Patiently I explained the matter to them again. They were singularly dense.

"I'm game," said the one with the hair I have referred to, "pervidin' you're there with the price. I'd do it for fun," she said, "or because I like the color of your eyes, but I'm gettin' tired of fryin' a sausage over a gas-jet and chewin' gum for lunch. Eh, girls?"

It seemed they were in accord. The only thing that stood between us seemed to be a matter of money, and on this point I was speedily able to satisfy them. The result of the matter was that they accompanied me to a certain *modiste* with whom I left them and my designs. The real work of my campaign was safely begun.

After a few days I was able to return to my home with my party. As we alighted at the station, and as I marshaled my young women across the platform to my waiting cars, I was not unaware that we were noticed. I do not believe I go beyond the bounds of strict accuracy when I state we created a mild sensation. As I stepped into my car I heard an individual make the following remark, apparently disconnected with the circumstances, without context. I cite it merely as an example of the quaint, not to say barbarous, phraseology of the lower strata of American society:

"It's dollars to doughnuts," said this person, "that our little village cut-up has busted out in a new place."

How is it possible, I ask you, for such an agglomeration of words to convey thought?

I had the young women taken to my home. They seemed somewhat surprised—why, I do not know. I may even say that their new environment subdued them a degree for a time. However, they were speedily themselves again. It appeared that their own homes were on a somewhat smaller, possibly less luxurious, scale than my own. Indeed, one of them stated this as a fact.

It had been my plan to invite to my home a large number of my friends, and, when they were assembled, to give them in my own ball-room—an apartment seldom if ever used for that purpose—a demonstration of my garment. However, an invitation lying on my desk caused a modification in my intention.

I found that I was requested to take part in a reception to be given by Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn to the young Duke of Peatbogs and his mother, the Dowager Duchess. I took it to be an Irish title.

Immediately, with the keenness of penetration which must be a part of the equipment of the scientific mind, I saw in this circumstance an unusual opportunity.

It is a matter of common knowledge that persons of title are aped by their inferiors; that the manners, bearing, dress—especially dress—of such persons are copied and regarded as models for the rest of the world. I would, therefore, avail myself of this Heaven-sent opportunity to convince the Duke and his mother, and to enlist them with me in my campaign against uncouth clothing for women.

I spent the day with my young women in my ball-room, drilling them, if I may use that military term, for the evening. I may say I devised some excellent exercises to show clearly the superiority of my garments. I did not tell the young women where they were going, or whom they were about to meet; nor did I inform Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn of my purpose. I desired it to have the free, graceful appearance of a spontaneous occurrence.

By intention I arrived somewhat late at the reception with my party, they wearing my costumes, I in ordinary evening dress, for it did not seem wise for me to wear the clothing at this event. We entered the house. I waved aside the servants, who would have taken our outer garments, and proceeded directly to the ball-room.

I paused a moment in the door, observed at the remote end a small group composed of Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, our Secretary of State, an extraordinarily tall and masculine-appearing old woman, and a young man not half her size. These must be the guests of the evening.

"Young women," said I, "throw aside your wraps."

They obeyed.

"Form the first figure," said I.

They did so. It was a simple figure.

"Advance," said I.

I took my place at their head; they followed me two by two, dancing with free, careless, light-hearted movements to the music of the orchestra. I did not dance myself. Thus we went forward.

I was overjoyed, for conversation ceased; every eye in the room was directed upon us. With the perfect semblance of unconsciousness, due to my habitual poise, I proceeded to lead my young women the length of the hall. As we arrived before the Duke and Duchess, I clapped my hands once as a signal. The young women spread, fanlike, and formed a single line behind me. I bowed.

"Mr. Small!" said Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, not seeking to conceal her astonishment.

I bowed again. "Present me, I beg you," said I.

Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn seemed ill at ease; indeed, I fancied the warmth of the room affected her, and it was only with difficulty she accomplished the presentation.

"My dear Duchess—and Duke," said I, "I am rejoiced at this opportunity of meeting you and of converting you to my cause. You perceive these young women, no doubt." I waved my hand toward them. "You will observe without difficulty that they are not clothed as are the other women in this room. Their costume is of my own designing." I proceeded briefly to outline my beliefs and hopes. "Now," said I, "fancy yourself in this costume. Fancy the freedom, the comfort. Picture to yourself your unencumbered appearance."

The Duchess appeared about to speak, but did not do so for an instant. Then she turned to Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn and said, irrelevantly, "I did not know, Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, that America had revived the court-jester and given him the old license of tongue."

I turned to the Duke, who appeared more than ordinarily interested. He was of aristocratic type; his manner, his face, his person presented that appearance which, singularly enough, is shared by young men selling ribbons or neckties in our department-stores. His face was round, pink. His eyes were round, blue. It appeared to me he would have some difficulty in following a demonstration of the fourth dimension.

He advanced with hand outstretched. "Present me," he said. "Introduce me to the ladies."

"Marie Roche Yves Brian de Bois!" said his mother, harshly, reciting the list of his given names.

"Yes, mother," said he, without turn-

ing his head. "Introduce me, old top."

I did so. The young women surrounded him instantly.

"Sir," said the Duchess to me, "who are these young women? Assure me, sir, that they are not music-hall young persons. Assure me they are not professional dancers, for my son has an inexplicable weakness for such individuals."

"They have," said I, "certain connections with theatrical life."

"Mr. Small!" said Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, that being her second contribution to the conversation.

"It is an outrage!" the Duchess said, furiously. "I assured my son we would be subject to annoyance, dangers, outrage, if we came to this barbarous country. . . . Marie Roche Yves Brian—" she began again, but, to my astonishment—and to hers, I fancy—the young Duke was moving slowly but steadily away in the midst of my young women.

Thereupon the Duchess addressed me. Her language was clear, succinct, pointed—if marred somewhat by excitement. Her vocabulary was excellent, and excellently used. From me she turned to Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, with the result that our hostess was speedily in tears and apparently drawing near to hysteria. I looked about for the Duke. He had vanished with my young women.

"The Duke!" said I.

His mother looked about for him. Then she did a singularly unaristocratic thing. She struck me soundly upon the left ear with the palm of her hand, so forcibly, indeed, that I had difficulty regaining a stable equilibrium. She went past me toward the door with unseemly haste—much hampered by her garments. I made a note of it. At some more propitious moment I would bring the fact to her attention, and point out to her how vastly superior my garments would be if she were in the habit of pursuing her son about in this headlong manner.

The Duchess created no small uproar, but apparently to no purpose, for the Duke was not to be found. He had vanished as had my six young women. The episodes which followed rapidly were exceedingly trying. I found myself the target for much complaint, not a little vituperation, with the possibility of personal violence. I noted the presence of our Secretary of State and appealed to him as a diplomat of training to intervene, but it seemed he was disinclined to do so.

"I've prevented his eloping with no less than fourteen music-hall persons," wailed the Duchess. "Now he is abducted by six of them."

The duke seemed to me an exceedingly impressionable young man.

Mr. Bragwine-Alleyn, who occupies the position of husband to Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, touched me on the arm. Quietly, but with restraint apparent in his voice, he suggested that I withdraw. I did so.

My car was gone!

I did not find it again until three o'clock in the morning. It stood before a hall over a place where spirituous beverages were sold. The sound of revelry was audible above. There we found the Duke, still surrounded by my six young women in costume. The event in progress was the Iron Molders' Ball, Local No. 167.

The Duchess, Mrs. Bragwine-Alleyn, the Secretary of State, and sundry others arrived almost simultaneously with myself. The young Duke was in the act of umpiring a singular game of chance. He held a silk hat—battered—in his hand. He was standing on a chair. One after another, my young women would step forward and essay to kick the hat.

"Elimination tests," said the young Duke. "Couldn't make up my mind which of 'em to pick, so I'm goin' to elope with the one that can kick the highest. . . . Sportin' proposition—what?"

The Duchess pushed through the crowd. I have said she was a large, apparently muscular person. She justified my estimate, for she seized the young Duke in her arms and bore him complaining and writhing out of the place. . . . That made, if I do not err, his fifteenth rescue. . . .

Next day I received requests from five clubs to favor them with my resignation. I understand our local society is arrayed against me. Yet I have no regrets. I but share the fate common to all great reformers.

Weather and the Sky

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IT is surprising what a large number of us never see the sky, never see it intimately, that is to say, if such a word may be applied to our relations with immensity. Dwellers in cities or towns, travelers of illuminated highways, we never hobnob with Orion nor feel the earth ball swinging east below the still procession of the stars. We make our plans for the morrow, when they depend on the weather, not by consulting the heavens, but the newspaper. The sunset means little to us, and the sunrise we never see. A high flotilla of little wind-clouds on a summer day, a vast Himalaya of cumuli piled against the blue, a scudding cloud-wrack where the moon rides like a golden galleon in a heavy sea, the great downward swoop of the Milky Way, are magnificent handiworks of space we do not know, meaningless and unobserved. Poor bond-slaves to our cañon walls and municipal illumination, we yet walk in our pride and have quaint pity for the plainsman, the sailor ringed by the vast horizon, the Yankee farmer who watches the clouds after sunrise, the action of the mist curtain on the mountainside, to see if he shall cut his hay that morning. Yet those of us who dwell in the open have our pride, too, and our pity for those who do not know how the firmament showeth His handiwork, those to whom the simple question, "Well, what's it going to do to-morrow?" is not fraught with profound importance.

In the old days before the government took a hand at prophecy and gave its weather reports each day to the papers, every rural community boasted its own "weather prophet," who read the heavens for signs and very often displayed an uncanny shrewdness in prediction. Such a one was Levi Beebe, who lived on Bear Town Mountain in western Massachusetts, and whose fame is still perpetuated by a tablet beside the Berkshire County street railroad. These old-time prophets shared, of course, in the common weather lore of the countryside, some of it borrowed from the Indians, some of it no doubt brought from England by the early colonists, but still more of it the slow accumulation of rural American observers. Not a little of it persists to this day, and the farther back you get into the country the larger it bulks in the speech, even in the belief, of the natives. Was there ever an American boy who did not learn that

> Mackerel sky
> Never leaves the earth dry?

Is there a country child, even to-day, who does not hope to see the new moon over his right shoulder, which will bring him good luck, and, if he makes a wish, will cause that wish to come true, especially if it is a wish for money and is accompanied by the jingling of some loose change in the pocket? Weather superstitions are no less deeply ingrained than this one.

The moon, indeed, is vastly important. Not only was it once supposed that all crops, especially onions and beans, did better when planted in the old of the moon (the beans, otherwise, as I recall, would run to vine), but even in this day of popularized science you will hear farmers say, as they look at the young crescent, "It's goin' to be a dry month," or "It's goin' to be a wet month." In the city you will never see the new moon; some tall building will always hide it. But in the country, as the sunset glow is dying out, as the bird songs are hushed and the night insects have not begun their antiphonal chorus, in "the still time of the world," you will suddenly become aware in the west of that sweetly curved, golden crescent, dropping down, perhaps, into a feathery tree-top, or hung over quiet water, or



WIPING OUT THE DISTANT SUMMITS WITH ITS GREAT WHITE BATTLE SMOKE

poised on the tip of a pointed fir. It was "an old Injun sign" that if you can hang your powder-horn on the new moon, it is going to be a dry month. If you can't, it will be a wet one. Doubtless this superstition goes back to some primitive belief that rains come from the moon. If the crescent were tipped up enough to hold the powder-horn on one point, it meant the crescent would hold water, too; otherwise, the water would spill out. Though nowadays this primitive prediction is made with a smile, as I listened to the farmer who made it I have more than once been reminded of a little cousin of mine who stoutly affirmed there were no fairies, but when she went to "Peter Pan" she applauded as loudly as any at Miss Adams' appeal for all who believed in fairies to clap their hands.

"But I thought you didn't believe in fairies?" said her mother.

"I don't," she answered. "But I don't want Tinker Bell to die."

The skipper of the *Hesperus* was wise to another belief about moon signs.

"Last night the moon had a silver ring,
To-night no moon we see."



A HIGH FLOTILLA OF WIND CLOUDS ON A SUMMER DAY

Therefore, he argued, they were in for a storm, and events certainly proved him right. It has always been a common belief that a ring around the moon portends bad weather, and it used to be further added that the number of stars visible inside the moon ring indicate the number of days before the storm will come. There is a good deal of sense to this belief, of course, for the ring means thick atmosphere, and the thicker it is, the fewer stars will be visible inside it (or, for that matter, anywhere else!). The moon ring is still used by country weather prophets as a basis of prediction, and in this past winter I have several times seen it prove a reliable prognosticator of snow. However, I believe the scientists now say that if the storm comes, it is merely a coincidence.

When the moon is riding high and small through a driving cloud-wrack, the farmer, on his way in from his last trip to the barn, pauses to contemplate it, and is aware of the curious alternation of moonlight and shadow over the landscape, almost like slow lightning flashes indefinitely prolonged. The distant fields, the timbered mountainside, come into dim view, and then slowly they are obliterated again as a dark cloud sweeps across the moon, and the world seems to shiver. Then the farmer says to himself,

"Open and shet,
Is a sign of wet,"

and looks, perhaps, to see if the spout is adjusted over the rain-barrel, or thinks of the hay he had to leave out in the field. Or is it only in the morning that this sign holds? Opinions differ in different sections.

Whether "open and shet" is a sign of wet depends, of course, on the quality of the clouds and the direction of the wind, whether by night or morning, and to read these more intricate signs aright was the province once of the weather prophets. That they could tell so un-

erringly, as many of them often did, whether the clouds were "wind clouds," or were shredded off from some storm that would not advance farther, whether they threatened actual precipitation, or whether changes of temperature were due which would alter the meteorological conditions, was truly a remarkable proof of their powers of observation and deduction. I once knew an old woman who lived under the shadow of the White Mountains, and whose instinct for weather changes was almost uncanny. She did not have barometrical bones, either, as so many old people maintain they have. Her deductions were all based on observation. Once, I recall, she was taking in some clothes from the line at ten o'clock at night—a still, starlit night without a cloud. I saw her shadow bobbing about huge and fantastic on the barn wall, thrown from the lantern she carried in her left hand, and went out to ask her why she took the clothes in.

"There wa'n't a cloud in the sky all day," she said, "and to-night the mountain's talkin'."

I listened carefully, and, sure enough, in the silence I could hear, three thousand feet above us, the steady rush of wind through the stunted spruce forest at timber-line. Up there the wind was roaring, then! I thought of Martineau's words, that the noisy hurricane rushes silently through the upper spaces where there is nothing to oppose it—that force by itself is silent. There seemed to me something almost Celtic, too, in this old Yankee woman's imagery. And her prediction proved correct; the next day came a deluge.

In this connection, I wonder how many boys used to do what we lads did twenty-five years ago in eastern Massachusetts. We would lay our ears to the telegraph-poles, and if "the wires were buzzing," as we put it, we felt sure we were in for bad weather. This quaint superstition could not have had an ancient origin, surely, for the telegraph is a nineteenth-century creation. Yet it is equally certain that we did not invent the superstition for ourselves. It was handed down to us from our elders.



LITTLE FLECKS OF CLOUD TOUCHED BY THE SUN AT DAWN

Akin to the saying that "open and

shet is a sign of wet" is the ancient saw that if you can see enough blue sky to make a pair of Dutchman's breeches it is going to clear up. I have found this saying almost universally familiar to young and old, in various parts of the country. How well I remember, in my childhood, the wide divergencies of opinion which used to develop between me and my parents regarding the exact amount of material required for a Dutchman's nether garments! Standing at the western windows, or on the veranda, I would gaze hopefully at the cloud dome overhead, looking for a rift, and when one appeared I would rush to my mentors with the information. It did no good to look for it in the east, for unless the west cleared my father affirmed that no dependence could be placed even on the bluest sky. Dragging my parents back to the window, I would point to my rift of blue, and triumphantly affirm it would make at least six pairs of breeches, only to be told that I hadn't the most rudimentary knowledge of Dutch fashions. Before I was allowed to venture forth on my fishing-trip or hunting expedition, it seems to me now that acres of blue had to be revealed through the parting cloud-wrack. Never did proverb have a more annoying flexibility of interpretation than that one!

The farmer, the dweller in the open, rises early and looks at once to the sky. Quite aside from any material considerations, indeed, the weather to each of us seems of as much importance as the temper of our companions, and almost as intimate. We look at the thermometer as soon as we descend the stairs, just as we look at it the last thing before going to bed. We gaze at the eastern horizon, at the portent of the sky, and often take our mood therefrom. We step out, perhaps, to see if the "cobwebs" are on the grass, or if there has been a heavy dew (both prophecies to the weather-wise), and in the freshness of the new-waked world we lift our heads to the great dome of the sky—felt only as a dome when the eye can rove the full horizon—and see there the little flecks and streamers of cloud, touched



WINTER TWILIGHT

rosy by the sun which has not yet chased the shadows from the world about our feet, riding to meet the dawn. The sun heaves up above the world rim, the shiver of night chill suddenly departs as the long, golden rays stream over the mountains and across the valley to our feet, the birds redouble their song, and, looking aloft again, we see the army of little white clouds, like spirits of the night, vanishing mysteriously away as if they melted into the blue.

Such is the dawning of a fair summer day. But there are other mornings when the clouds hang heavier, and low in the heavens, and those of us who are not weather-wise are in doubt, asking the first neighbor we meet, "Well, what's it going to do to-day?" Invariably, then, both questioner and questioned come to a pause, and both lift their faces and study the sky, once more aware of it as something near and intimate. If the sun goes into a cloud soon after rising, or if the day starts fair and rapidly "clouds up," we are told that the rain is certain to arrive, and most of us have come by experience to believe the saying. Connected with this bit of weather-lore, of course, is the familiar rhyme:

Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night,
Sailors' delight;
Rainbow at noon,
Rain very soon.

Another early-morning sign to look for is the action of the cattle. If they lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture, they are supposed to feel rheumatic weariness in their bones, like the old folks, due to an approaching storm. However, this superstition about the cattle is not confined alone to their early morning actions. If at any time of the day the cows are seen lying down, some one is sure to say, "It's going to rain." But the true weather prophets know that only in the first hours of the day is the sign significant.



THE VAST MASS SEEMS TO SWELL AND GROW FROM WITHIN ITSELF

Parenthetically, we might suggest that a delightful essay is yet to be written on "Bones as Barometers." Almost every family has at least one member who feels the coming of bad weather

"in his bones," the fact that rheumatism is now known to be a muscular complaint having no effect on the hallowed phraseology. And in my boyhood there was not a village so small but it boasted a veteran whose honorable bullet-wound throbbed at the approach of a storm.



A GOLDEN CRESCENT POISED ON THE TIP OF A POINTED FIR

During the day there are a thousand signs to observe, if you are wise in weather-lore, quite too numerous to mention here. There is, for instance, the whirlwind, a little spiral of dust and dry leaves which so often springs up mysteriously and goes waltzing across a road or field. If it revolves from right to left, the weather will continue fair, but if it revolves the other way, rain will soon follow. Then, too, if you see the sheep feeding more eagerly than usual, look out for rain, or if the frogs are jumping with unwonted liveliness in the meadows. If the chimney-swallows flock high and dart about excitedly, watch for thunder-showers or high wind, while if the barn-swallows fly very low, rain is coming. If it is already raining, watch the chickens. If they stay under cover, the storm will not last long. If, however, they go out into the yard or runway, in spite of the wetting, the storm may be expected to continue for some time. Evidently the theory here is that they say to themselves: "Oh, what's the use? It's going to last all day!"—and plunge out into the rain.

The heavens, too, must be constantly observed. Select a single cloud for observation, and if it grows larger, that is a bad sign. If it diminishes, fair weather may be expected. On the other hand, it is very suspicious if the sky is absolutely cloudless all day. Perhaps there is a hint of Puritan pessimism in this belief; nothing so perfect can long endure in this vale of tears! Again, watch the direction the clouds are taking, or keep an eye on the vane, and, if the wind is backing around into the fair-weather quarter, don't let it deceive you. It has to go around into the west by the full route before fair weather can be hoped for.

When sunset comes, the summer boarders go out on the pasture knoll to

rhapsodize, the farmer scans the west carefully to predict therefrom to-morrow's weather. A red sun-ball means a hot day coming. If the westering sun is "drawing water," look out for rain. Drawing water, perhaps we should explain, is the Yankee phrase to describe the shining of the sun through distant clouds so that it sends down fanlike ribs of light toward the horizon. As a matter of fact, it is a bad sign in general if the sun sets in a cloud. (In New York State, I have been told it is a bad sign if the sun sets clear.) Certain other sunsets are portentous of cold, perhaps because they look so cold. It is chiefly in winter that the sun sinks through a belt of pure, cool amber, leaving a still cooler green above, which melts into the night sky. Against this western light some naked tree will stand out in startling, lacy silhouette, disclosing all the intricate beauty of its limbs, but looking chill enough the while. Such a sunset, for all its loveliness, makes us turn gratefully to the red window squares in the house behind, and sniff the pungent smell of wood smoke from the chimney. In autumn, too, and more rarely in summer, when we see such a sunset we exclaim, "It's going to be a cold day to-morrow"—and generally it is.



THE GREAT DOWNWARD SWOOP OF THE MILKY WAY

After sunset, the stars, as well as the moon, may still tell you something of the weather. A neighbor of mine who used to be an almost unerring weather prophet till he began taking the Federal weather map and tried to predict scientifically, since when he has been flagrantly unreliable and has lost his former delightful assurance, used to startle me sometimes on a vivid, starry night by gazing up into the spangled sky, through an opening between our elms, and wisely affirming that to-morrow the wind would be southeast (a southeast wind meaning rain). Time after time his prophecy was fulfilled, to my admiration and wonder. Finally he let me into the secret. He always made the prediction when the southeast branch of the Milky Way could be plainly seen, in its great downward swoop. After all, then, his lore was the same as the common saying that a day of unusual atmospheric clarity means



AGAINST THE WESTERN LIGHT SOME NAKED TREE WILL STAND OUT IN LACY SILHOUETTE

foul weather ahead, for our rain-storms come so generally from the southeast that he was nearly always safe in his boastful little flourish about the direction of the wind, put on to increase my admiration. The weather sharps in old South County, Rhode Island, have a similarly mysterious method of prediction. Looking out across the blue water to the line where it meets the paler sky, on a brilliant, cloudless day, they mournfully predict rain, and shake their heads when you ask for an explanation. The prediction is always based, however, on the fact that Block Island can be seen with unusual distinctness. I don't know what the percentage of error is, but many summers have taught me that it is extremely low.

Old South County! The mere name calls to my mind the pictures of wide horizons and a great, blue, doming sky, an "inverted bowl" so spacious that not even Omar could feel "cooped" or com-

pelled to "crawl" beneath it, and out over the sea to the eastward, in the level light of afternoon, cloud ships of pearl and sea-shell pink riding peacefully at anchor. How good it is for the soul to look into those deep sea spaces, those leagues of upper air! How good it is for the soul to look out into the open, anywhere, when the world is still and the heavens imminent and familiar! I love to go out to a point of vantage in our mountain valley and watch the snowstorm coming, wiping out the distant summits first with its great white battle-smoke, the upper edges of its clouds feathery and vague so that they melt into the silver-gray sky, and then pushing on to our nearer peaks, and finally sweeping down upon us and hurling in our faces the first cool, stinging shot of its beneficent shrapnel. I love to watch some great thunderhead, dark as a cannon's mouth, mass behind a steep, wooded mountain wall, a cloud with an ominous glitter in its sharply defined edges, edges so sharp at first that they would seem almost cut out of sheet-metal and laid against the blue were it not for the fact that we are aware of the immense aerial perspective behind them, between the thunderhead and the roof of the sky. Against such a cloud an ancient white birch will often stand out with startling distinctness, like a white lightning stab. The vast mass seems to swell and grow from within itself. The ominously glittering rim moves up toward the sun, crosses it, wipes half the light off the landscape, and then suddenly, from the under side, comes the white mist of the rain, obliterates the distant mountains, walks down their slopes, marches up the valley, and we dash for shelter, getting under the cover of veranda or barn, perhaps, just as the great drops hit the drive, kicking up little puffs of dust.

I love—and only too well, I fear—to sit in my garden summer-house, forgetful of the task before me, and gaze out on a summer day over the beds where the bees are busy in the blue veronica and the goldfinches are swaying in the cosmos, to the doming hardwoods on the hill beyond, which throw their leafy outlines against the lower slopes of vast mountain ranges, mighty Himalayas robed in eternal snow, but with no terror in their billowy ravines—the ethereal heights of the cumuli. A great, snowy, pink-tipped cumulus cloud above a doming green hill, rising into the blue of the summer sky, the hum of bees, the scent of flowers, and far off, perhaps, the sweet shrill of children at play—who for such a picture would not neglect his work? Who, indeed, but would let even his imagination grow languid, and if Hamlet were to say, "It is very like a camel," would reply, "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed," and when he said, "Or like a whale?" would answer quite as cheerfully, "Very like a whale." After all, camel or whale or Mount Everest—what does it matter? It is a great white cloud on a summer day!

But it is when we leave the city abruptly, where we have scarcely been aware of moon or stars, sunsets or sunrisings, and go into camp, perhaps, on the shore of some forest lake, or on the shoulder of a mountain, that we become most startlingly aware of the importance of the weather and the beauty and imminence of the sky. What camper, rising in the night to poke a dying fire, or waking on the ground with unaccustomed aches, has not looked up in sudden astonishment to the vault of stars, amazed at their number, and aware, too, with a strange, new sensitiveness, that they are shedding a perceptible radiance around him which he had never detected on his electrically illumined pavements? What camper on the mountainside, as he turned over on his back and looked up, nothing in his field of vision but the spire of stunted spruce and the great garden of the stars, has failed to sense with something akin to awe the eastward swing of the earth ball, a sense so sharp sometimes that all the stars seem the torches of a great procession marching by the other way, far aloft in the midnight? It is at such moments that the little cares and perplexities and ambitions of our human life seem most to fall away, to shrink into insignificance, and we feel new springs of power pouring in from the silent places; or, at the very least, we wonder if, after all, the life which is lived close to the earth and the sky does not hold something we have lost in our hurry, our herding, our unrest.

A Worker in Fine Flax

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WHEN a woman sits sewing all day and all alone there is time to think. Her thoughts run astray—they turn aside into byways that are sometimes dangerous. Anne had thoughts that seemed to make her heart stop. They made her world swim. They made the color rush to her face. She would put down her work and walk to the glass and look at herself, in a tumult.

She had handsome furniture—old-fashioned, solid, and assertive. It had belonged to Lambert's mother, and it expressed his life as it had been before his marriage. He had this furniture from his mother, and he had also a tiny sum of money she left him at her death. For the rest—Anne's needle, at present, supplied it.

She used to stare at her face, walk back to her chair, and pick up her beautiful work. She rejoiced in it, abstractedly, and yet she was angry because she had to do it. For she wanted to feel proud of Lambert, and how can a woman be proud of a man when he—weakly, sweetly—lives upon her effort?

She did exquisite plain sewing. Delicate cambric, cunning embroidery, created an atmosphere, and no imaginative person could have thought of Anne at any time without seeing her enveloped in a cloud of her own making. Her fingers, etherealized, would move through it all.

At first she had been proud of helping Lambert, because she felt that she was tiding over their difficulty; but he had come to take it all for granted.

She thought and thought. One day she flung the work down and said to herself, in bitter alarm, "I'm getting as clever at thinking as I am at my needle." Her instinct told her that it is dangerous for any wife to think too far, and especially when she is married to a man of Lambert's type. This was the day when she found out that she could not stop thinking; so she was afraid. For you cannot make a garment of thought; you cannot put an end to thought, just by wearing it, or by selling it for some one else to wear. Thought marches on relentlessly to fact, and she could not stop; not by trying, not even by praying. She did pray, for she was afraid to come out into the clear light of that world into which thought was leading her. She sat there sewing, yet all the while she was striding on to some dramatic end. This sort of life had got to end, and her brain was doing it.

She had more work than she could manage, making trousseaux, making layettes. She had skill and she had ideas; she was getting known among exclusive women, and they paid her well. One customer said to her, "If you did it in a big way you could make your fortune." She knew that, for she had that clear conception of her powers which the creative artist has. She was an artist, and she made things which fastidious people wanted. But she was not going to make a fortune; she loved Lambert too deeply for that. Thought had led her so far—she had learned to understand love. It was a delicate craft, this relation between wedded man and woman—and how you could wreck it by ignorant seamanship! She knew that the greatest harm of all was done by mistaken self-effacement. To live your own life: that was the true secret of both denial and accomplishment. To live your own life—to give those you love the chance of living theirs. She would have gloried in going on sewing—for she loved it and she had ambition—but she must think of Lambert. In her mind she made a resolution. There was no venom in it and barely a touch of the prig; it was all pure, tender pain.

In a woman's mind are conceived all sorts of things, and it takes the true ex-

pulsive circumstance to give them birth. So for many months she kept on sewing, making money, keeping the home together, living in apparent amity with Lambert.

He, meanwhile, hadn't an idea of her inward tumult. He had settled into a hazy routine, and every morning after breakfast he used to go off into town to look for what she bluntly called a job, but which he chose to call an "engagement." Up to the time of their marriage and for a year or two after, he had been accountant in a good firm. Then the head of the firm died, and changes were made. He was dismissed—for no fault, with good testimonials.

He went every day into town; he hung about offices, chatted with men he knew; went to his club, played games there and read the newspapers. He was getting slacker every day, and Anne, sewing and thinking, watched his moral descent—a descent more sinister than any definite wrong-doing would have provoked. It was more sinister because it was so sluggish and so insinuating; it would never give him cause for violent repentance—it carried no punishment. Yet he must be punished. She was going to hurt him horribly.

He came in one afternoon and she put her work down. She lifted her face mechanically for him to kiss. She looked at his face, handsome, fair, kindly; massive, eloquent of an easy hospitality. But there was that same expression of failure; she was so sick of it! She was so sick, also, of what he was going to say, for he said it every night:

"No luck, little girl! I don't know where to look next nor what to try."

He was honest enough, and all he said was true. Yet how could he drift on? Why did he not do something—anything? That fair ship, their married love, must be saved. Anne looked out of the window and down at the town. She saw handsome buildings, saw the broad river. There was plenty of work down there for strong men. She felt sure of it.

Lambert touched her work as it lay on her lap. "Pretty!" he said, tracing the raised embroidery gingerly with a forefinger. "Are those flowers?"

"'After the fashion of almonds in one branch,'" she quoted, smiling, gently.

"The fashion of almonds? What's that?" He looked at her affectionately.

He was genuinely proud of her skill, and he was ready to exploit her.

"I got it from Exodus," she answered, "where Bezaleel makes the altar candlesticks."

"Anne! You are so ingenious and so devout." He appeared entranced.

She looked hard at him; he was so good to look at, so sleekly affectionate, so content with his life. Her look was mystical—it was loaded. As if he divined the drift of her thought and sought prudently to stem it, he said:

"It is such a comfort to me to know that you are doing work you love. When I'm footsore and hot and discouraged—heart-broken, really — down there" (he pointed through the window at the blinding town that lay in the sun), "I think, 'There's Anne, the darling, doing the work she loves.'"

He picked up her forefinger, all roughened with needle-pricks, and kissed it.

"I could make a funny little guard for that finger so that you would never prick it," he said with illumination.

He was always sweet of service, always fertile in ideas. Once he had invented a really useful thing for tracing patterns, an improvement on anything of the sort she had seen. She suggested that he should patent it and perhaps make a fortune; for this was a thing which most women wanted. He returned, in a hurt, quiet way: "I thought it out for you and made it for you. What are other women to me?"

He was invulnerable. He took out his pipe now, and puffed away serenely, looking thoughtful. He was content for hours to smoke at her side, to watch her work, to tell her how clever she was and how pretty she looked.

"If you started for yourself, with a proper shop; calling yourself by some queer, arresting name, putting your best efforts in the window, you'd make pots of money," he said. "And you would not have to work. You could instruct others, and do nothing yourself but see customers and take orders."

Anne looked up with a passionate flash; then she sat quiet, keeping silence. He was trying to rob her of the joy of work—he would take even that!

Yet how did he know that she was suffering? Her smile, full in his face, wavered while he went on talking. She only drew her work away from him, going on sewing, gathering it close, for she was becoming subtle—with industry, with solitude, with so much thinking. She felt fastidiously that the touch of this idle man was an assault upon the work. There was no place left for Lambert in her rich world of imagination.

"Why can't we plunge?" he flowed on, unabashed. "I would lend you the bit of capital my mother left. Quite a business arrangement, so don't flush. I'm prepared to swear you'd pay me back with heavy interest in less than a year. I could keep the books, for there must be the business head behind all ventures. Think it over."

"No time to think," she said, and went on sewing.

Lambert walked to the window and looked at the river rather sullenly, for he was genuinely anxious to help float her, and he had the capacity; yet she would never take his lead.

"I half thought of looking in on Manvell this evening," he said, over his shoulder. "He's a useful man and he's asked me over and over again to drop in. I might through him hear of an opening."

"Yes, you go, Lambert dear."

"You don't mind being left?"

He lounged from the window and stood at her side, looking down from a height, for he was a fine, big man. She did hope he was not meditating any small playful caress—one of those effete and graceful acts of his which sickened her heart, because they lacked solidity.

"I've got to get this done"—she held out her work a little woodenly. "I shall be better alone."

"For a bride?" He touched it slyly; and she drew the fine stuff softly away again.

"It's a shroud," she said.

He dropped his hand and stepped back, for he hated ultimate facts, hard things, and terrors.

"Horrible! Why waste such lovely work in a coffin? I hate to see you at it."

"Sorry I shocked you." Her needle flew in and out. "Nobody's dead. It is a rich woman, with a whim to have one lying ready; that's all."

"None the less horrible." He sounded affronted. "How morbid people are! And you work at it without feeling anything! I don't suppose you'd even thought."

"I hadn't thought of *that*. You go and see Manvell. It may lead to something."

"I feel pretty sure it will, for he has influence in all sorts of quarters. Good-by then, dear one. Don't be anxious if I stay late. He may keep me. You go to bed. I've got my key."

He went out with the airy step of a boy. He was beginning to find his home nothing but a school. Anne was rigorous, and also she was rather dull. That came of sitting still so much.

When he was gone she watched him from the window go down the street—his big swinging walk and proudly held head. He expressed ease and the assured livelihood. There was nothing hang-dog about Lambert, and that was a comfort, at least. Prosperity was his tradition, and everything had gone well with him until the senior partner died. Then he found himself adrift and seemed constitutionally incapable of making a new start.

Yet Lambert was something more beyond all this: other things, rougher and finer and stronger, were latent. Only the determining touch was needed, she felt sure; yet she knew that she might be wrong, for when a woman loves a man she is always too proud of him. To be proud of him is an essential, and she humbugs herself. But Anne had thought things out through and through, beyond all humbug. She might be wrong in her solution of him, she thought. Yet he looked like a soldier or a navvy, or anything strong and simple; he ought to be man enough to save himself and her. God hadn't made him just to sit on a stool all day, nor to read the newspaper and nothing else. Her eye lighted. Why should he not do something strong? Her eye dulled. Perhaps there was an incurable contradiction in him—the fine body at variance with the tame soul.

After that night she sewed for six days, thinking hard; full of decision, shrinking from action. On the seventh day she went to the other end of the town to see

a new customer about a big order, the biggest she had undertaken. It was work wanted in a hurry, so she must have help. That would be the first step of the way—it meant laying the foundations of a permanent business. Lambert was excited about the order, and by every word he said that morning before she started he insensibly expressed himself as being content to subside, to find shelter in her shadow.

As she returned she felt dramatic—walking through the hot streets, treading the pavements with a swing. For the thing—in her mind—was done.

They had a little top flat in a great building, and when she got to the corner of the street she looked up. Lambert was peering eagerly down from the open window. As she entered the sitting-room he came across it to greet her. With the manner of a person expecting to be praised he indicated the spread table, saying, "You see I've got the tea ready." When he did things he liked her to mention it.

"Did you get the order, dear? It means a big thing," he went on. "You can't keep yourself back; you've got to be, in the end, a thorough business woman."

"I didn't accept. I could have it if I liked. I said I must have time to think."

"Was that wise? You may lose it."

"Very little risk of that, for nobody can do my work." She spoke too proudly, and he flinched.

"The misfortune with my work is that everybody can do it," he retorted with savage humility.

He went to the tray, rearranging their two teacups, and she saw his hands shake. Her face became reflective; he was not wholly invulnerable—he could be touched.

"This heat," he came petulantly back to her, "does for me. Did you think to bring an evening paper? Yes, there it is. Good little girl! Shall I make the tea? Three spoonfuls, isn't it? I'll clear away when we've finished."

"Three spoons," she nodded, "and the pot three parts full, Lambert."

He went through the door into their little kitchen. She watched him with a love and fire that might have amazed him. Most men never know their wives at all, and he was no exception to this melancholy rule.

After tea they sat by the window; the hot sun drooped, clatter came up from the street and sweet country scents from somewhere—the perfume that a summer night secretes and flings over half the world.

"Aren't you going to work, Anne? It is odd to see you idle." He tried to lift her hands playfully from her lap and she clawed quite desperately at her thin skirt.

"Leave me alone!" she said, and in the hot twilight her voice sounded queer to him; it was hardly the voice of his wife. "Aren't you going to Manvell to-night?"

"That is unkind, for I only left you alone once."

"I know"—her head dropped back on the cushion he had slipped behind it—"but the visit led to nothing."

"It was only a chance, my dear, and not a certainty. Do remember that."

The feeble dignity in his voice hurt her more horribly than he supposed or ever would judge. She blessed the room because it grew so dark. He could not see the torture of her face. She sat still, gathering up her strength—for all her thinking of the past few months should fruit to-night. Bitter fruit for him, yet salutary.

"How quiet you are!" he spoke again.

"I'm tired."

"Of course you are, my pet. But is that all?"

"Nearly all."

"With a woman," he laughed uncomfortably, "it is never quite all. She's deceitful."

"Deceitful!" She sat forward, blinking at him.

"Well, not deceitful, exactly," he temporized, "but she keeps something back."

"Yes, she does keep something back," Anne nodded.

"Just as well," he nodded back. "Life is so hard that there is no time for ideas, unless they are business ones. If you were a man, you'd understand. Men are different."

"Oh, they are?" she returned, fervently.

"This half-light, and your eyes, and your voice, too—they make for the uncanny." He got up. "I'll switch on the light, then you can work as usual. I'll read the paper."

He lighted the room. He opened her work-table, lingering with a lover-like air, which she impatiently felt was too designed, over her dainty cotton spools and tiny shining scissors—all the pretty array of her craft. She lay back in her chair. Below, the river was suggested as a dark sky full of stars. A galaxy of lights blazed in the town; street-cars, glaring and swift, were monsters. That was life down there; up here it was the frittering of a man and the torture of a woman. Yet she did not wish to be melodramatic. She was going to do it all very quietly, for she had thought it out so many times. She had felt for weeks a longing for the final declaration.

Her primitive first desire was for an outburst—her impulse was to jump to her feet and rave at Lambert; to let him know what she had suffered and how he had failed. But she must deny herself. To be brutally definite, as she so healthily longed to be, would merely puzzle him; it would alienate him; it would endanger their love. Their wedded love, really, was the only thing that mattered—and she meant to save it from wreckage.

He was sitting by her work-table in the full light, reading. She rolled her head round.

"Lambert."

He put the paper down.

"Lambert, I've been thinking."

"So you said."

"About this big order, I mean. I shall decline it. I shall decline all work. I'm—I'm tired."

"Tired! My dearest Anne! But what is to become of us until I get an engagement?"

"You'll have to get one; that's all."

"Haven't I tried?" He became declamatory at once. "Have I left a stone unturned? Haven't I tramped the streets day after day and—"

"I know, I know."

How queer her voice was!

"And don't you suppose it has cut me to the heart to see you slaving while I wasn't earning a penny?"

She remained silent. This argument might have imposed itself upon her once—as it genuinely imposed itself upon him now—but she had sat so long thinking: thinking and sewing in a relentless, unceasing way, coming out, dazed, into the full light of their mutual relation and their separate characters.

"Haven't I done everything I can to spare you?" He became defensive.

She would a thousand times rather he had crossed the room and struck her on the mouth. He did not say to her, as rougher men might, "You shut up!" She wanted brutality, with all that brute force implied.

"That isn't what I want." She spoke with increasing passion. "I know you've designed embroideries for me and thought out things to help me in my work. I know you got the tea to-night and washed the cups up afterward. But do you suppose I want you to do that? Why, it sets me on fire for you! I don't want womanly service. What wife does? I want to be dependent on a *man*. That is why I got married."

"Married me for my money, Anne! Then you showed your usual lack of business aptitude. That is all I can say."

"I didn't mean that. You are not stupid enough to think it."

They were raving now, and it was what she had decided to avoid.

"All I mean is," she added, very quietly, "that it is natural for the husband to earn the living, and I am a normal creature. I ask for and expect the usual. I demand it."

"Earn the living! Hang it, I can't! Do you despise me for that?"

His voice halted over something, perhaps it was a sob. She sat there, suffering.

"Perhaps I do begin to despise you." She became more incisive. "Anyway, I'm not going to earn a penny after to-night. Well, I'll finish *that*." She turned round and looked with fierce hunger at her work on the table.

Lambert was staring at her, looking stricken. She thought, "I shall never forget that look; I shall never forgive myself." Then she thought again, saying within herself, "Don't you be a fool, for it's a look that will be overlaid in

ne future by happier looks—when he is ee, when you have freed him."

"We shall starve, Anne. Surely it is wife's duty to help her husband until e can turn round."

"Turn round, then. It is time. And e can't starve for a bit. There is your nother's money, and there is the furniure."

"Touch my capital! Are you mad? t is our only provision for a rainy day."

"Lots of rainy days in our calendar ately."

"You can joke, Anne!"

"I'm not joking; it's beyond that."

"You choose to starve?"

"No, I don't. Your responsibility is o keep me. But I will go away and earn ny own living, if you like."

He came to her; he took her wrists etween his fingers and his thumbs until he longed to scream.

"You'll stay where you are," he said, iercely. Then he pulled her head to his reast, bending over her, taking a pose hat was awkward and noble. "You re hard on me," he said; "very hard."

He certainly sobbed this time. She vondered if it was merely at what he vould have called her heartlessness or vhether it expressed all the half-formuated pain and shame of the last few nonths.

"I'm tired," she said; "I'll go to bed."

He freed her at once and they stood ip, stiff, strange, anguished, both of hem.

"I'm going out," he said. "Don't vorry. Of course you won't. Can't say when I'll be back. Good-by."

As he went he banged the door. This reassured her.

The mutual enmity, the horrid idleness of the next few weeks, nearly broke ner resolve. Lambert no longer went down into the town. He merely sat idly round, smoking, reading, staring, not saying much. Anne had nothing much to do, for she had locked her work-table. They just drifted along, spending the money which he had inherited. And he had become extravagant. He bought new clothes. Sometimes he would go out and ostentatiously bring in luxuries to eat and drink. He calmly suggested little outings and seemed amazed when she declined to go. There was very little money, and at this rate it would not last long. She assumed that he was trying to wear her out. If he could have seen, or, better, fathomed that look on her face when she regarded her locked work-table he would have known that such strategy was hopeless.

Letters came in asking her for work; customers called. She sent everything and everybody away. He watched her tear up letters, he listened quite frankly when she talked to people at the outer door. With all her heart and soul she longed to thread a needle, and it was an artistic relief one day to see him with a coat-button loose. She unlocked the work-table and came toward him, needle and thread ready. He slipped away, going round the table. It was almost laughable that they should chase each other.

"I refuse," he said. "This button hanging by a thread is my symbol; it marks the beginning of our poverty. I've got exactly ten pounds left of mother's money. Are you going to leave the work-table unlocked?"

She shook her head, not able to speak.

"You are sure, Anne? Don't be hasty."

"Hasty!" She laughed now. "I haven't been." Then she locked the table.

Lambert turned without another word, got his hat, and went away. The whole thing was like a dream, it was almost a farce. She listened to him going. From the window, she saw him go down the street; and then she saw him no more for nearly a week. Throughout the days she sat sewing; only sewing—not thinking any more, never daring to think. Lambert had gone. She did not sew at work that meant anything—no ordered garment, no definite shape—but just a strip of stuff she took from the table at random. She worked a design of almonds as Bezaleel of old had wrought the altar candlesticks.

All the days she sat sewing; nights, she went to bed alone. Each dawn she awoke and found herself alone.

Lambert had his key, and when she fell asleep she hoped that in the morning she might awake to find him, just as usual, at her side.

More than once a knock came at the outer door. She would leave off sewing and listen—but she would not move. Then she would hear feet go away. The work she did so fleetly, so exquisitely, so uselessly, through these days, was her consolation. It saved her.

On the sixth day she heard his key in the door, and instantly she hid her work away, locking the table. This was her instinct—to hide her work. If he saw her at it he might expect her to do it again. And certainly he would never understand why she did it; never could Lambert measure the joy she found in it.

When he came into the room she tried to rise. She tried to look, but her eyes forbore.

"Anne!"

The joy, the strength, the masculine assertion of that voice restored her. So the thing was done. He had saved that ship—their married life. He stood spreading himself, smiling on her, frowning at her, for he could not understand her. He was not sure that he had forgiven her. She looked at him. How handsome he was—more handsome than ever! He was uplifted and aggressive; he was in some state of physical glory.

She stood up and found herself clutching at the work-table. The next thing she knew was that Lambert had her in his arms. He was kissing her, recklessly, bringing the blood to her lips, making her head spin more.

"Have you been anxious about me, Anne? Did you care enough? Did you think at all?"

"Oh, I'm sick of thinking. I've got you back!" She tried to wriggle herself closer into his embrace. "You—you smell of the sun," she said—"sun, and something more. It's delicious!"

"'Sun and something more'! I should think so. I've been working there." He pointed out toward the other side of the river where the wharf was. "They are making a great new road there, Anne."

"That work! You did that?"

"I had to do something—anything. You turned me away." He spoke with immense good temper. "I had to work the devil out of me, for I was angry with you. I was hurt. I kept away from you. I would not come back until I felt sure of myself. But I have forgiven you now." He petted her head as it lay limp, at his shoulder. "I tell you, Anne swinging a pick is a joy such as women never know. We are a poor lot, we men but you've got to grant us something."

She looked up, smiling in her funny way—the smile that now and then perplexed him. He was holding her tight looking triumphant, sheepish, tender and assertive.

"You are so nice and dirty!" She put up a hand to touch his cheek. "I like it. I love you, Lambert, as a laboring-man."

Then she began to cry, shedding arrears of tears, some of them dating back many months—ever since she had sat sewing and thinking.

"No, no," he was soothing her. "Look here! Sit down. Hold out your hand—no; your lap's better, for your hands shake so. You do look white. Then I did mean something?"

He brought money out of his pocket, made her sit down, and threw the coins in her lap. He stood up, reveling in his strength, his sunburn, his independence. The money he had earned lay in her lap.

"Pick it up." He motioned to it, caressingly. "I can get more. It's an immense road they are making, and they can't get men enough. It's a good enough job to go on with for a bit, and I really enjoy it. I shall work with the herd for a bit, and after a while something else will turn up. They will get to know my value and I shall find my true place. I shall get something permanent. But this, as I said, is good enough to go on with."

He flung himself heartily down in the chair at the other side of the window, beaming at her, while she listlessly touched the money.

"I forgive you for being so cruel, my darling. Women are full of moods," he said.

He was obtuse to the last, and she adored him for it. For she only wanted his love and his strength. She was tired of herself and tired of thinking.

She got up, feeling, in one sensation, deliciously weak, utterly braced. She sat down on the floor at his feet, holding his money in her hand, resting her head against his knee. His lazy arm stole possessively round her. Sitting there, so, on the floor and close to Lambert, she could look at her work-table.

From Moccasin to Motor-Car

BY KEENE ABBOTT

WE had stopped short, for it was the part of prudence to see whether the bottom of our car would clear the cushiony roll of wild grass ridging the middle of the trail. The engine, meanwhile, continued to throb, dripping grease, as if in a great sweat over the immense labor of lurching us up so many steep hills, along this bad road which the Indians call the Devil's Wash-board.

Our fellow-passenger, the newspaper photographer, had from the first regarded our project with gloomy mistrust. Everything would go wrong; he knew it. He had been up in this Indian country before, and his experience of that time he expressed with the one word, "Rotten!" Frequently he reiterated his chief complaint: "They won't stand for having a lens pointed at them, these Injuns!"

Our destination lay far distant from a railroad. We were on our way to attend the first agricultural fair ever held by the Omaha Indians.

Naturally it could not but seem very strange to me that these aborigines of Nebraska should have undertaken such a project. How, in a single generation, had it been possible for the dust of primitive life to be shaken so completely from their moccasined feet? I remember that as a boy I had heard nothing but disparagement of the Indians. They would never amount to anything. They were too lazy to farm. What a pity that good, rich land should have been set aside for them! They were only being pauperized by the government.

So people said. But here, to-day, among hazy green hills, rich in their standing grain, what must one think of these opulent corn-fields reaching farther than eye could see? At intervals we had been passing comfortable farm-houses, with outbuildings, machine-sheds, cribs, spacious barns. Glass balls on the lightning-rods glittered in the clear sun like sparks of silver fire. You would never suppose these to be the country places of Omaha Indians, if each home had not had beside it another cone-shaped abode—an aboriginal tepee, with lodge-poles protruding at the top.

"That's what they're like," said Pat, when we had halted to take a photograph. "I don't care what kind of a house they have, they must always stick up a tent, these Injuns. They cling to all kinds of tribal nonsense. They're great on visions. Nothing pleases an Injun so much as to peel off a vision with as many layers to it as an onion. And to help them with their visions they have a bitter drink brewed from little red beans that look like cranberries and are called mascal. Plenty of kick to it, that beverage." Pausing to light a cigarette, Pat went on: "Maybe you think Injuns are stolid and don't talk much; well, sir, just wait till they've got some visions worked up, and then see! Talk? Oh, no! Why, they go gab-gab-gabbing all night long."

While Pat fared forth with his camera I looked with interest at the tepee standing beside the well-built and neatly painted farm-house. Wise red man, I reflected, to retain the lodge of his ancestors. It is his sleeping-porch; clear sunshine and clean air, blessings of Wakanda, still come to him there.

My opinion as to the Indians' good sense I expressed aloud, when the photographer, wading more than knee-deep in the wild prairie grass, had come back with his camera. But his opinion of *my* opinion he expressed by a derogatory snort. He knew them, these Injuns! Only see what had happened to a pioneer uncle of his who had settled in Dakota. Coming home one day from a hunting trip, that frontiersman had found his cabin reduced to a charred mass of

smoking ruins; yes, and his wife and the twins lay dead.

"He was provoked about it," said Pat. "My uncle was so provoked that he moved right out of that country."

We did not discuss the wisdom of Pat's provoked uncle, for our attention had been absorbed by what we saw away off in a green hollow among the hills. From a lofty crest of the trail we were looking down into that verdant bowl, where snowy flecks, gleaming white in the sun, outlined a circle; they were tepees of the Omaha Indians. For many miles the native families had been assembling there, to make that their camping-ground, while they held this, the first of their agricultural fairs.

Arriving presently among those tribal tents, we found that modernity and the old aboriginal life had curiously linked hands. A foretaste of what it would be like we had already received on the way; for our car had passed a group of Indians, veteran members of the tribe, each of them blanket-draped, his hair in braids and gold circlets in his ears. They were driving a smooth-running limousine.

Yes, indeed, they knew the uses of the automobile, and yet there was one among them—the white-haired member of the party—who was said to have been expert, in the old days, with the bow and arrow. He had hunted the buffalo, we were told, in this very region where now he was luxuriously speeding along in that six-cylinder motor-car! When we fell into conversation with him and made occasion, later on, to complain of the mud-holes we had slushed through and the decrepit bridges we had crossed, he said, with deliberate emphasis:

"Our county commissioners are white men. They always promise better roads. On their lips they say it, but in their hearts they are—white men."

As we drew up in the central space of the fair-ground, we saw much to recall what Indian life must have been when this same hollow among the hills first became the site of an Omaha village, as long ago as 1855. The earthen lodges, to be sure, had disappeared, no one could tell us when; but here were tepees still adorned with tribal symbols; loose ponies grazed in scattered groups; sliced beef, hung upon poles, was drying in the sun; brown-faced children were quietly romping; and the pleasant, wild aroma of camp-fires everywhere scented the air.

Another conspicuous odor was the sultry, resinous smell of sunflowers; for an enormous yellow field of them had been cut down and cleared away to make room for the race-track. Intermittently, from the direction of the live-stock pens, you heard now the lowing of a prize cow, now the plaintive bawling of a



EACH INDIAN FARM-HOUSE HAS A TEPEE BESIDE IT



OFFICERS OF THE FAIR ASSOCIATION OF THE OMAHA INDIANS

calf, and sometimes the squealing distress of little white pigs being unloaded from an exhibitor's wagon.

Presently people were seized with a common impulse to close in about three automobiles that had come whirring into the fair-grounds. The musicians had arrived. It was the Indian band, a concert organization brought here all the way from Pipestone, Minnesota, and the flash of the sun on the bright horns had created a lively interest.

Meanwhile the voice of the tribal crier was lifted up. Resonantly his chanting call arose; and several times, in the melodious speech of the Omaha tongue, he repeated that long-drawn call of his, musically summoning people to prayer. For this project of the Indians, this fair, was neither a foolish show nor a mere merry-making carnival; it was something serious; it had to begin with public worship.

Under a large assembly tent a brief service was held. The solo cornetist of the band led the hymns, and the congregation stood up while a venerable Indian devoutly prayed. These religious exercises, I recall, were the only part of the programme that was carried out as scheduled for the first day.

Much work still remained to be done, we were told, before the fair would properly be put in order; but if things were not ready to-day, there was always to-morrow. Why worry and fuss and fume over the belated arrival of exhibits? That Wednesday had been scheduled as the opening day was, of course, unimportant; Thursday, or even Friday, would do as well. Nobody cared.

I say nobody, but I am forgetting Pat. He was one who cared. "Can you beat it?" I heard him demanding with an injured tone. He wanted to photograph the Indian president of the Fair Association, and had been told: "Not now, if you please. Maybe to-morrow."

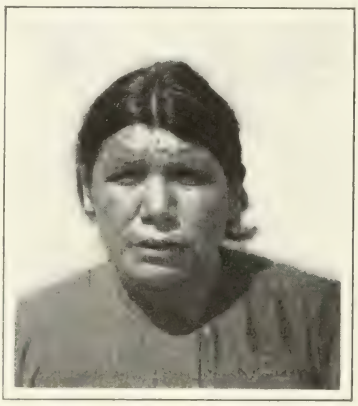
As it turned out, it was much better to have waited, for on the day following the president (whose native name, Ne-ka-ga-he, signifies Head Man, or Chief) brought with him his tribal costume, so that the picture we wanted might have the distinction of his ceremonial robes.

Now that the photographer had been thus favored, we had thought to see him turn cheerful at once; but no, we soon afterward heard him inveighing against the treatment of two visitors who had come a long journey, all the way from Oklahoma. Notables of the Osage people we knew them to be, and yet they were being given no more attention, Pat said, than if they were wooden Indians in front of a cigar-store. A nice way to act! What kind of politeness did I call that?

Courtesy of the plains is really what it was. Any one should have known that, seeing with what quiet dignity the visitors were welcomed by their host, the elder son of the late Chief Iron Eye. They were received with no effusiveness,

no airs, no artificial animation; for it is Indian etiquette to assume that the guest coming to your prairie camp has traveled far and must be quite tired out—as hungry, too, as he is fatigued. Very well, then; get him food. Let him eat, smoke, rest. For a generous period silence must be his, before he is bothered with talk and social attentions.

Not less interesting to us was the meaning expressed in a tepee that we saw two native women setting up. Following ancient tradition, the framework of the lodge began with four poles—four to symbolize the forces of the Four Winds. Then, the skeleton cone having been sheeted up, we noted how the cover had been decorated with a scalloped circle of yellow. This, they told us, was emblematic of the Sun Father, he whose marriage with our Mother, the Earth, has brought forth life, everything in life—fish and flower, bug and beast and bird, and the generations of man, from the first to the last.



MARY MITCHELL
An energetic promoter of the Fair

Said the venerable tribesman, when consulted about his religion: "The white people read of God in a printed book; but we Indians see God. We see Him in his wonder-working, in growing grass and green trees, in the blue of the sky or the rain falling. Yes, and in the breathing of the four winds He comes to us."

There again you have it—that mystic number, four. They are Wakanda's spirit-strength, those Four Winds. They are powers unseeable, incalculable—forces worthiest of all to be conspicuous in the red man's sacred rituals!

In the beadwork embroidery displayed within an exhibition tent, gay with specimens of careful needlecraft, we observed that an embellishing design much used was a four-pointed leaf; in the shinny game scheduled for the Indian boys to play, the ball, as usual, would represent the earth and the players the four winds; we heard, besides, that in former days when the soil was prepared for tribal gardening, four in number were the kernels of sacred red corn given to each family.

For red, the symbol of life, betokens fertility, and by its addition all the seed-corn was made holy for the sacrament of the planting, in that sweet time of year when the oak-tree has uncurled the tender green of his leaves "to a bigness no bigger than a baby rabbit's ears."

Once an Irishman is told of these things, even an obstinate Irishman, you may know his Celtic imagination cannot be kept from responding to the lure of them. "Poetic," said Pat, but he still held to the opinion that the bluish tattoo spot centrally adorning the brown foreheads of certain Indian women was something as queer, nearly, as the styles of white women that you see in the fashion magazines.

What was the meaning, he asked, of the blue polka-dot on a maiden's forehead? He insisted on knowing that, and he kept up such a questioning about it that finally we came to learn an astonishing thing, which was this: in tribal life it was not the man of wealth, but the man of unselfishness, who was held highly in favor; he was esteemed not for what he had, but for what he had given away. Let him distinguish himself as a gift-giver and feast-maker, then might it be the privilege of his daughters to wear the symbol of the father's generosity. To this day the round, blue spot on the forehead, the honor-mark, is the detail of personal adornment most coveted by women of the tribe.

Nor did it belong more properly to any woman, we learned, than to the one busy with the arrangement of agricultural displays inside the shed-like inclosure of boards, the exhibition booth.

And to her, Mary Mitchell, credit was also given for being the most energetic promoter of the Indian fair.

Now, for a time, we watched her sorting vegetable specimens on the shelves and tables—corn, cabbages, beets, turnips, squash, pumpkins, carrots, and large, clean-washed, rosy potatoes. In front of the booth she had ranged the slatted crates from which chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and guinea fowl put forth their heads inquiringly, as if to ask, "Oh, dear! what's all this about?"

Within the booth, by the way, were Indian vegetables quite unfamiliar to the white man's garden. First were tribal specimens of corn in many hues—white, yellow, red, brown, blue, gray, deep rose, blue-black, and speckled. Always this starchy maize has been much valued by the Indians, for two reasons: it is deliciously edible, whether ripe or in the milky state, and it is a soft grain easily ground to flour.

Other secrets of native food-supply were likewise revealed to us. We saw the tuber of the pond-lily, which the muskrat, clever fellow, knows is good to eat. The Indian housewife also knows that. He harvests those tubers; she helps herself to his harvest; underground he hides away his winter store; along comes she, shrewdly searching, until she finds and pilfers all his hoard. Later on these treasures of the earth are dished up roasted, as toothsome as they are rich in nutritive value.

The wood-rat, the field-mouse, the vole, and the shrew were all creatures whose garnering frugality the Indian wife well understood. Let them beware, these cunning rodents, how they hid their supplies, lest she come searching with her pointed stick. Through long experience she knows where the rat will be likely to tuck away his cache of wild plums, grapes, and choke-cherries. The vole — that wee, secretive meadow-mouse—will also be obliged to surrender the half-bushel of wild beans and hazelnuts he has neatly packed away into the tunnels of his granary underground. As for the shrew—that tiny, sharp-nosed burrower—he need not suppose



AN OPEN-AIR DINING-ROOM FOR INDIANS ATTENDING THE FAIR

that his provisions are undiscoverable. Wild pease and artichokes he will have to yield to the clay pot of the tepee-dweller, and also the tuber of a certain sedge, the delectable ground-nut which may eventually become as popular as that other native vegetable, the peanut.

Samples of the ground-nut, resembling brown marbles, and likewise samples of the wild bean, resembling brown pebbles, were on view in the exhibition-booth; but these articles of Indian diet were merely a souvenir of old tribal days, before the Omaha people had developed, on an expansive scale, their agricultural resources.

Originally, so I have been told, the tribesfolk did not take kindly to the white man's way of enormous crop production; and of the faction most strenuously opposed to the new order of life was the famous old hunter, White Horse. What, was it ordered that he take to the plow—he, too? Well, he would do no such thing. Neither would he go to church.



ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS

At least, he had at first been so resolved; but seeing that Chief Iron Eye had commanded everybody to attend Sunday services at Father Hamilton's Mission, White Horse did not quite see fit to ignore the injunction. He grudgingly obeyed; he harkened scornfully to the pulpit-talk about the blessings of labor and how Sunday was set apart as a day of rest, a holy day. If you worked on that day you would not prosper; the devil would make you trouble.

Now White Horse, it is said, had never been known to work; but coming home from Sunday services at the Mission, he immediately seized a spade, flung off his blanket, and began to dig, laboring with patience, diligently, until the sun had gone down. Thus did he express defiance. Every Sunday he expressed it; he did nothing but toil and sweat.

Meanwhile he saw no devil, nor bad luck. He raised a better garden than anybody. And oh, the joy of that! Triumph unspeakable! So inordinately proud was White Horse of his achievement that he could not help developing agricultural ambitions. Afterward he farmed not only on Sunday, but on every day in the week; it is even said that among all the Omaha people there was not a field laborer more zealous than he, nor a farmer more successful.

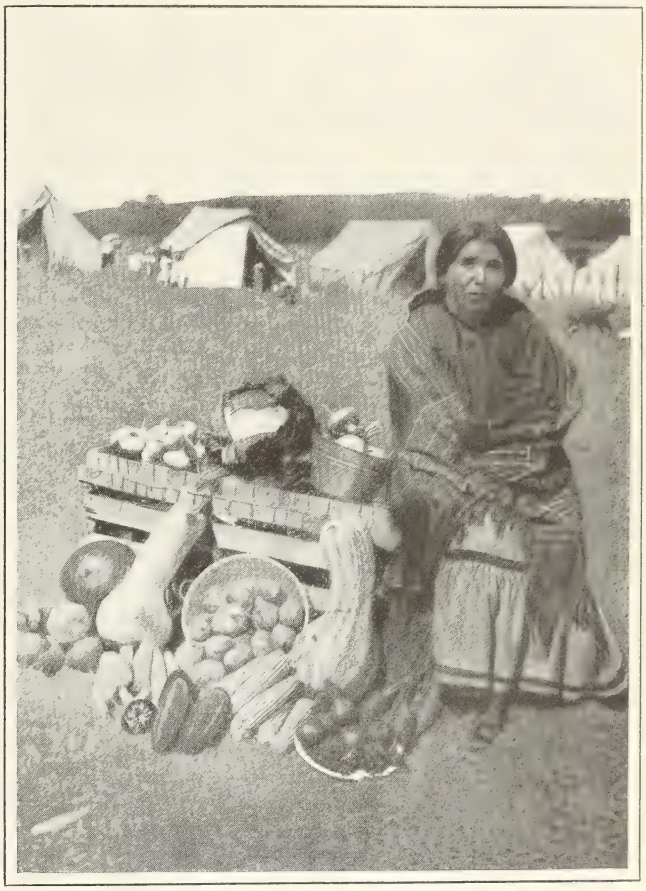
This speaks well for him, surely; for one has only to see the prodigality of standing grain, in this country of green hills, to realize that in all the state of Nebraska (whose yield of corn for the past year was estimated at 200,000,000 bushels) there can be no fields, anywhere, more productive than these of the Indians in Thurston County.

At their fair, before the exhibition booth, as I stood examining the fruits of the red man's toil and reflecting upon his remarkable adjustment to the commercial expediencies of modern life, my thoughts were presently interrupted by the chuck-and-clack of a wagon slowly approaching. Near me the heavy vehicle came to a halt, while the driver, a gray-haired Indian, gave the reins a twist about the handle of the brake, and descended to the ground in two deliberate

steps, a moccasined foot treading first on the tire of the front wheel and then on the greasy hub. Having brought his contribution of vegetables to compete for prizes, he began at once to unload them, when his work was stayed by his friend, the son of the late Chief Iron Eye.

It was Mr. Francis La Flesche, whose illuminating studies of Indian life, made for the Bureau of Ethnology, are widely known; and when I saw him putting a typewritten communication into the hands of that old man, I was seized at once with the liveliest curiosity.

Afterward Mr. La Flesche made clear to me the meaning of the letter. First of all I learned the name of the veteran farmer—Ma-ha-wa, the Conqueror. Prejudice he had indeed conquered—prejudice against the hard manner of life that none among his people had wanted to accept. Long ago, I was told, he was among the first to see the coming of the inevitable. Wild game would vanish away, the bow would be broken, the era of the plow must come. So, with a stout heart, bravely, Ma-ha-wa had put himself to learning the labors of the field. What matter that the snows of many winters were on his back? No, they did not count. It is nothing at all that you have come down to old age, if only you have a stout heart and the willingness to toil!



AN EXHIBITOR AT THE INDIANS' AGRICULTURAL FAIR

Now the distinction of being a gift-giver may have come to Ma-ha-wa in the old days, years and years ago; but if it came not then, I wonder who, among all his tribe, is worthier to-day of that honor. For this is what was told to me by the chief's son:

Not many months ago the aged Indian was informed of nations fighting beyond the east wind, across the great waters. He heard also of a peaceful people brought low by mighty guns whose bigness of fire-speech is as a power to shake the bones of the world. He learned of them, and how the fields of the peaceful people were laid waste, and their lands taken, and their homes demolished. No good that their braves had fought strongly! Only defeat had come of it—defeat and death and broken bodies fluttering moldy rags.

Who better than an old Indian might know the meaning of that? Ma-ha-wa knew. He knew, and pitied, and wanted very much to show, somehow, that his heart had gone out to those people in their suffering. But what might he do in kindness for them—he, an old man, so far away?

He was informed, of course, that money might at least be sent; and

though his was not a fat purse, he—well, yes, there were two ten-dollar notes that could very well be spared. He was sure they could; and he did indeed spare them.

The typewritten letter attested that he had. I saw his wrinkled fingers receive the page cautiously, as if it might get broken; I saw him stand motionless, listening, while his friend, the chief's son, explained to him those words on the paper.

They were from the Minister of Belgium, at Washington; they were thanks, graciously expressed, not alone for the gift of dollars that had been sent, but more particularly for the kindness and the pity of an understanding heart.

In Youth

BY AMORY HARE COOK

GOD, if I pray not yet to Thee
With pious eyes and sacred phrase
While thus my heart sings down the days
That Thou hast set aside for me—

Forgive me, Master of us all;
The earth Thou gavest little men
Has caught me to its heart again,
And all my being is in thrall.

Beyond the dreaming purple hills
The sunny, silent meadows sleep,
And hurried little waters leap
And laugh, with murmurings and trills.

And all day long, O God, the sky
Has loosed its ships, until a fleet
Of iridescent squadrons meet,
Manœuvering in majesty.

The stars have faded one by one,
And now some little, sleepy bird
The whisper of the dawn has heard
And hails the splendor of the sun.

Ah God! When grief with visage cold
Shall walk with me and blind my eyes
To all this glory of the skies—
Then I will speak those phrases old,

So like cathedral altar-steps
Worn smooth by countless reverent feet
Those ancient words so smoothly sweet
Were made by countless vanished lips.

I am too joyous now to fear,
Too humbly happy to repent,
Too dumbly grateful I was sent
To live among the others here.

Boy Finance

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

TUG WILTSHIRE, eastwarder and bookworm, was forever reading things in papers and magazines, and introducing disturbing ideas into real life. The custom was to ridicule these notions first and adopt them afterward. It was Tug who organized a polar expedition, which might have deprived society of one of its chief ornaments but for the fact that the water was only two feet deep at the point where "Fatty" Hartman broke through the ice. Tug was also responsible for the naval battle which was designed to settle the ownership of the "Frogtown" marsh, but which in reality left geography singularly calm and undisturbed. He could be expected to break out at any time without warning. Therefore the select group of volunteer walnut-hullers in the back yard belonging to Randolph Harrington Dukes and his parents were not greatly surprised when Tug fell over the fence into their midst and introduced philately.

"Lookee here what I got!" said Tug, absently brushing the dirt from his knee. He displayed a sheet of paper upon which were loosely fastened a number of ridiculous alien postage-stamps.

"Fatty" Hartman, who yielded to none in the speed with which he abandoned anything resembling work, took the absurdity in his hand and left a thumb-print in walnut stain.

"What is it, anyway?" he asked.

"It's called a ''proval sheet,'" replied Tug. You see them there? Them's postage-stamps of all nations."

"What 're they good f'r?"

Tug tried to put the thing in such a way as to appeal to "Fatty's" practical nature. "S'posen you wanta write a letter to somebody in them countries."

"Fatty" gave the paper another examination. "I don't *know* anybody in Hellygoland," he said.

In a short time all the fickle walnut-hullers had grabbed the approval sheet from one another and looked it over. If Tug Wiltshire had been done away with in Ranny's back yard that October Saturday morning, a finger-print expert would easily have identified as those present "Fatty" Hartman, Bud Hicks, and Tom Rucker—besides Ranny himself. As far as these characters were concerned the approval sheet was badly named; they all agreed that they had never seen anything less important or desirable.

"I answered a ad in a boys' magazine," the owner thus explained his misfortune. "I only had to send ten cents."

Tom Rucker's most sacred feelings were outraged by this admission. "Ya paid ten cents for them things?" he asked. "Are ya crazy, or what? What 're ya goin' to do with 'em?"

"I'm goin' to sell 'em and make money, like it said in the paper. Don't you s'pose I can read?"

"Who ya goin' to sell 'em to?" asked Ranny.

Although devoted to literature, Tug was not without knowledge of practical affairs. It was no secret in Lakeville that Ranny was always more or less capitalistic on Saturday forenoon—more in the morning and less as the day wore on. The weekly dime which Ranny extorted from his mother for alleged work, labor, and services was as much an established institution as the thirty cents which Arthur Wilson got every week for sweeping out the First National Bank—and was more accessible to the masses. It was not ignorance, then, but low cunning which prompted Tug's reply:

"Well, I knew they wasn't nobody *here* had any money."

Not only the "remittance man," but his penniless friends as well, were angry at this slander. In defense of his reputation for solvency, Ranny parted with

his entire six cents for three canceled stamps of nations for which he had only distaste, because they occurred in geography.

"I'll learn him if I 'ain't got any money—the ol' east-warder!" said Ranny, after Tug had departed with his humiliation and profits.

"I betcha," said Bud Hicks, "I can get more stamps than Tug—er anybody."

"I know a person that's got some crazy stamps," put in Tom Rucker.

"Who?" came a chorus of young voices.

"It's all right who. Mebbe I want 'em my own self."

"Does American stamps count?" asked "Fatty," who had neither money nor friends at foreign courts.

Ranny had some American stamps that had been used only once, so he ruled that they did count; and as nobody had information to the contrary, it was so ordered.

Before three days had passed the infant industry, which had been started for the purpose of putting Tug Wiltshire into his proper place, was able to toddle about on its own feet. Tug, having made a quick "turnover," put his profits back into the business and sent to the nearest metropolis for more outlandish stamps. Others dug up odds and ends of postage from amateur sources. Tom Rucker's *sub rosa* acquaintance proved to be Mrs. Thompson, whose New York son had once been to Europe and had written home descriptions of the same at the cost of various pence, centimes, and pfennigs. Mrs. Thompson, torn between love of Tom and duty toward her son's historic trip, compromised by giving away one stamp of each variety. Tom brought back to general society the idea that one must get as many different kinds as possible, and that extras didn't count. This principle, promptly accepted, led to violent trading. Miss Mills, who had sometimes despaired of getting the young idea to shoot at geography, might have been cheered had she seen Bud Hicks trying to trade a "twenty-cent Dutchland" to Ted Blake for a "ten-cent Sweden." The short-sighted foreign policy of marking stamps with "d." and "pf." and "öre" had caused such difficulties that the boys had swept away these provincial distinctions and made the honest "cent" international.



THE JUNK-DEALER COULD PRODUCE NOTHING IN THE WAY OF POSTAGE-STAMPS

Although Mrs. Thompson and other owners of attics and waste-paper baskets had to endure some noisy popularity in the days that followed,



"MR. LEE—COULD YA GIVE ME ANY CHINA STAMPS—YOU KNOW, LIKE THEY COME ON LETTERS"

their lot was happy compared with that of the hyphenated citizens. Jacob Huffman, junk-dealer and business associate of the young, who was vaguely understood to have hailed from "Europe or somewhere," was much sought after, and choice rags and bones were dangled before him. But Jacob's friends in Europe or somewhere must have been illiterate, for he could produce nothing in the way of postage-stamps. Mr. Engle, who ministered to the inner public with "Delicatessen and Lunch," parted first with all his "twenty-cent Dutchlands," and, later, with his habitual good nature. Toward the end of the week a boy entering the delicatessen shop even upon a commercial errand did so at his own risk.

Ranny, who had begun to fall behind in the race for philatelic prestige, decided that he might recoup his fortunes by a stroke of diplomacy. His plan was based upon the radical theory that Wung Lee would not cut off the ears of any boy bearing business, and he got permission at home to do his will with father's collars which ordinarily went to the patriotic laundry west of the livery-stable. The Chinaman accepted his patronage without offering physical violence, and Ranny was encouraged to ask:

"Mr. Lee—h-have ya—could ya give me any China stamps—you know, like they come on letters." His gesture was meant to illustrate stamps coming on letters.

The Oriental made some remark which Ranny did not catch, and disappeared into the back room, which was known to hold some pretty dark secrets as well as a trunkful of elegant brass money. Not knowing whether the laundryman had gone after stamps or some Eastern instrument of torture, Ranny retreated half-way to the door so as to be prepared in either case. The story, however, proved to have a happy ending. The Chinaman gave him five utterly unreasonable stamps. They were alike, but the duplicates would have high trading value because they came from a country which, gossip said, was directly underneath Lakeville and upside-down.

Toward the end of the week somebody discovered that it was not neces-

sary to pay Tug Wiltshire's excessive prices, as any person who was in funds could send ten cents to a stamp company and get an approval sheet of his own. But boy finance was built upon a copper standard, and dimes were scarce. It was Arthur Wilson, financial expert, who suggested a way out of the difficulty. Arthur had already used his bank connection to get permission to examine the old letters in the cellar. These had yielded chiefly three-cent stamps of an ancient vintage. Arthur had made the mistake of flooding the market with these, and presently they were so common that it was almost a disgrace to own one.

Though Arthur held a thirty-cent position at a tender age, he was not a self-made boy. He had got his job because his uncle was bookkeeper in the bank—a case of nepotism rather than solid merit. Yet a person who daily sprinkled and swept near so much money, and who had once been allowed to lift ten thousand dollars, could not be disregarded when he said:

"I tell you what le's do. Le's organize a company."

This was on Friday, after school, as some prominent collectors and connoisseurs were advancing toward Arthur's place of wage-slavery. Unfamiliar words always appealed to "Fatty" Hartman's comic spirit.

"Organize, organize," he said; "that's a fancy word."

For a while no serious thought was possible, because "Fatty" was offering to "organize" everybody—with pain.

"Every fellow puts in some money," Arthur explained—"whatever they got. An' then we'll send off and get a lot of fine stamps an' sell 'em an' make money an' buy some more an'—"

"Yeah, where'd we git anything to put in?" This cold water was supplied by Tom Rucker.

But Tom's pessimism, "Fatty's" jocularity, and Ranny's hazy suspicion of stock companies all fell in turn before dreams of riches. They deposited Arthur at his bank with the understanding that the organization would take place the next morning in the furnace-heated, brick-floored cellar of the Wilson home, and that nobody was to make too much noise. All must shake savings-banks or pester parents, for any person without money would be put out of the cellar. Meanwhile Arthur would ask his uncle how companies were organized. The only thing he was quite clear about was that the one who "thought it up" must be president.

Thus by one means or another funds were raised and there was an impressive gathering of the opulent at Wilson's outside cellar-door Saturday forenoon. Ranny had his week's wages, and two cents in petty cash. Arthur Wilson showed his faith in the future by displaying a quarter. Two and three cents per capita were normal, and there was a light sprinkling of nickels. "Fatty" Hartman, who because of his appetite for sweets was always in financial distress, tried to make a winning personality serve as an entrance-fee, but business was business, and he was refused admittance.

"I tell ya," said Ranny; "I'll lend 'im two cents. Is that all right?"

Arthur's uncle had not said anything to prevent Ranny's lending to "Fatty" Hartman, so it was permitted.

"Ya gotta pay it back," was Ranny's hard condition, "an' ya gotta be on my side—an' ever'thing."

"Fatty" cheerfully mortgaged his personal liberty and became a stockholder. What by his entrance the meeting gained in bulk it lost in decorum.

The Wilson basement was splendidly equipped with boxes and boards with which to construct resting-places for tired business men. Also there was a table which came within one leg of being perfect. A little carpentry made this strong enough to bear pounding, and Arthur elected himself president by keeping possession of the hammer. He advanced the opinion that he should also be "treasury."

"I oughta be treasury!" shouted Ranny. "I got ten cents." He repeated this in even louder tones so as to attract the attention of his bondsman, who was combining pleasure with business by pinching Tom Rucker's knee. "Fatty" arose *en masse* and made a demonstration that threatened to wreck the seating arrangements—he was always something of a problem in a room containing furniture.

"If ya don't make Ranny treasury," he shouted, "I'll—I'll organize the whole shebang!"

Ted Blake attached no importance to this threat. "I'd like to see you try," he said.

There was a delightful uproar, and Ted, aided by many willing hands, was about to throw "Fatty" out of the stockholders' meeting, when suddenly there was an ominous thumping upon the floor overhead indicating wrath on the part of the Wilson family which was still trying to live there.

"Hey, sit down everybody an' keep still," said the worried chairman. "It's all right; Ranny can be treasury. I don't care."

Feeling that he had given a generous two-cents' worth of loyalty, "Fatty" now subsided, and Ranny relieved everybody of his small change. Tug Wiltshire was elected secretary, because of his knowledge of the trade, and at Ranny's demand "Fatty" was chosen doorkeeper and custodian of the peace. Putting the peace in "Fatty's" care proved to be equivalent to a motion to adjourn. In a sort of informal inaugural address he declared that if Ted Blake, or anybody like that, made any noise, he would be thrown out. In the outburst that followed Mrs. Wilson came down the inside cellar steps and dissolved the meeting *sine die*.

"Nex' Satu'day," Ranny announced, "we can meet in our woodshed an' make a store for our stamps. We can holler there an' ever'thing."

To "The Lakeville Stamp Company"—the name sprouted in Tug Wiltshire's fertile brain—"hollering" rights were extremely precious, so it was agreed that the next meeting would be held at the home of the treasury. Presently the officers met and invested the capital; this was arranged amicably and without any quarrels whatever, except two.

Early in the following week Ranny was approached by Clarence Raleigh, who had thus far taken no part in the stamp industry.



THEY WERE ABOUT TO THROW "FATTY" OUT OF THE STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

"Let me be in your company?" said this gilded youth. "I can get lots of money. My father—"

"I tell ya what," Ranny interrupted, so as to be spared the painful details. Nobody would thank him for taking Clarence into the company, but Raleigh money was undoubtedly genuine. "You come 'round nex' Satu'day mornin' and bring a lot of money. We're goin' to have some fine stamps to sell."

"Well, maybe," said Clarence, doubtfully.

"Don't tell anybody I told ya. It's a kind of a secrut we got—me and you."

"Well, all right," Clarence replied, obviously pleased by this token of intimacy. Although excessively popular with his mother and father, Clarence had never made headway with the younger and rougher set. Ranny's was a reflex, defensive action based upon a desire not to be associated with this overdressed youth in the public mind. Its only penalty was that throughout a week of broad commercial affairs, with incidental school-work, he had to exchange winks of guilty knowledge with Clarence Raleigh.

The days were crowded with details—visiting the post-office with Tug until the parcel of stamps finally arrived, turning them over, with protests, to the president, and discussing what each shareholder would do with his profits. Ranny had mentally spent his dividends over and over for various goods, but toward the end of the week he settled down to spending them for a sled. His former sled had collapsed beyond repair; cold weather was coming on, and the first snow-storm would find him utterly unprepared. On Saturday morning Ranny's modest hope was that he could realize one dollar and thirty-seven cents before the day was over; a small but yellow sled was held at that price in the basement of the Star Department Store.

At the meeting which opened shortly after breakfast, Ranny's invitation to "holler an' ever'thing" was accepted almost too literally. For its size it was probably the loudest stockholders' meeting ever held in Lakeville. The only business was to set out the stock in a way supposed to be tempting to people of means. This had to be done without the authoritative hand of Tug Wiltshire, who was not present at the meeting.

The display was made upon the counter which Ranny had hitherto devoted to the sale of medicine. With stamps upon the counter, lithographic art upon the walls, the rattly bones of the old sled hanging upon a nail, and, further to delight the eye, a pile of stove-wood, a bag of walnuts, a hoop, a dismantled clock, one stilt, and a cage of guinea-pigs, Ranny's shop seemed to illustrate the modern tendency of drug-stores to sell everything with the possible exception of drugs.

For a while philately absorbed what little attention there was; it was clearly the finest aggregation of second-hand stamps ever collected under one roof. True, there was a rather too-generous supply of such old friends as "twenty-cent Dutchlands" and "ten-cent Nederlands," but there were also rarer birds. Borneo was represented, and a country called Norge, also several South-American republics with stamps of immense denominations. The Straits Settlements rubbed elbows with Heligoland—where "Fatty" Hartman had no friends. Here were arrayed the solemn visages of half the world's potentates, pleasantly relieved by kangaroos and dragons and Egyptian pyramids. The exhibition would have coaxed money out of any pocket which contained any.

There, alas, lay the difficulty. The stockholders had already strained their resources; they were here not to buy, but to "holler" and collect dividends. "The Lakeville Stamp Company" had no intention of prospering by selling things to itself; it counted upon a trusting, solvent public. Therefore the corporate name was chalked upon the fence where the alley joined the street, and an arrow pointed the way to the open back-yard gate. Once arrived at the wood-shed, the customer had only to overpower Doorkeeper Hartman and wade through cheering stockholders to his heart's desire. But though an hour had passed since business opened, the only person who had come near was a penniless "Frogtown" youth who had inserted his moon-shaped face into the alley window and inquired, "What's ever'body a-hollerin' f'r?" The pocket of Randolph Harrington Dukes was still innocent of all treasure except his own Saturday-morning dime.

Ted Blake was the first to lose faith in the enterprise. "This ain't no good," he said. "Gimme back my two cents. I don't wanta belong to this here company any more."

"Ya *gotta* belong," Ranny replied. "The treasury's got no regalar money—only stamps."

Simultaneously patience ceased to be a virtue with three other stockholders besides "Fatty," who, being a pauper, had no standing in the courts. The de-

fection was rapidly approaching financial panic. Ranny, in desperation, was about to risk ridicule and disclose his secret information about possible orders, when he was struck with a finer and nobler idea. It had an element of speculation because Clarence Raleigh, owing to his mother's veto power, was undependable in his engagements, but it held glittering possibilities, including a yellow sled.

"I tell ya," he said; "le's don't organize a company any more. I'll take all the stamps for my store."

Through cries of rage the idea finally percolated that Ranny was proposing to buy, not to steal, the company's assets. He escaped to the house, and by patient probing withdrew from his iron savings-bank its entire seven cents. Furthermore, he suggested to mother that she pay him his next week's wages in advance.

"My goodness! what a racket they're making," was mother's irrelevant comment.

"If I had another ten cents," Ranny replied, "mebbe I could make 'em go 'way."

Perhaps this possibility struck mother as a good bargain; at any rate, Ranny soon rejoined his business associates jingling with copper.

"They ain't enough money to pay ever'body back," said Ranny.

This announcement had a further depressing effect upon the market, and in the slump Ranny began to buy.

Ted Blake relinquished his claim for one cent in cash and a handful of walnuts; Tom Rucker sold his birthright for a slightly bent jews'-harp, and promptly began to render selections. Cash, stamps, and walnuts in various combinations secured the release of all the minor claims against the company. Books had been kept in the heads of the stockholders, and adjustments were made by disputation and personal abuse. In the half-hour while the company was being unorganized, Ranny's mother did not get even three cents' worth of silence.

Arthur Wilson, who was sunk in "Lakeville Stamp" to the depth of a quarter, proved hard to buy off. Ranny offered him stamps, also a guinea-pig; but it seemed that the only thing the outgoing president desired less than stamps was live stock. Ranny called



ARTHUR WILSON, WHO WAS SUNK IN "LAKEVILLE STAMP" TO THE DEPTH OF A QUARTER, PROVED HARD TO BUY OFF

attention to the sled and the clock, but Arthur had no taste for antiques. The final settlement involved a small and reluctant guinea-pig, four cents in cash (all that remained in the treasury), and a ruinous helping of walnuts. In return Arthur gave up his official title, also a special revenue stamp which he had found in the bank cellar and which thus far had proved unique.



THE EX-STOCKHOLDERS HAD TAKEN TO SHINNY

"Fatty" Hartman now came forward demanding to be liquidated.

"I lent ya the money," said Ranny, earnestly. "I don't owe ya nuthin' an' you don't owe me nuthin'. Ever'thing's all right."

But everything, it appeared, was *not* all right. Walnuts were being cracked all over the floor of the stamp exchange, and nobody gave "Fatty" any walnuts. He threatened Ranny with dire organization if something was not done for his case.

Tom Rucker interrupted a rendition of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" to emit humor. "You're the doorkeeper," he said. "Put yourself out."

"Fatty" caught the subtle spirit of the whimsy and grabbed himself by the collar. Before an appreciative audience he staged a contest between the official and private sides of his nature.

Into this orgy of feasting, music, and high carnival there now entered the most innocent of all possible investors. Though the weather was mild, Clarence's form was draped in a gray overcoat of distinctive pattern. His felt hat was encircled by a daring ribbon of robin's-egg blue. Yet—so great is the power of the dollar—Ranny was actually glad to see him.

"Fatty" gave up the struggle with his lawless private self and started to put Clarence out, as against public policy.

"Leave 'im alone!" shouted Ranny. "Mebbe he's a cus-customer." He spread out his hands on the counter as one who strives to please. "What 'll it be today?" he asked.

"Look what I got this morning," Clarence replied. He drew from under his coat a book of about the size of an advanced geography.

"'The Young Philadelphia,'" read out "Fatty," ignorantly. "Wha's *that* f'r?"

"That word is '*Philatelist*,'" said Clarence. "It's a stamp-album. My father got it in Chicago. It cost more than two dollars and a half."

"Well," said Ranny, gleefully, "I s'pose ya wanta buy some stamps to put in it."

Clarence opened *The Young Philatelist* with a gloved hand. "Yes," he said, sneeringly, "I wanta buy some stamps—like fun!" He dramatically turned over

several pages. "It's got them all in already—every stamp in the world!"

Ranny saw with dismay that the pages were filled with stamps. Mr. Raleigh, with characteristic thoughtfulness, had bought a ready-made collection so as to save his son from mental wear and tear. Ranny was angry at the way he had been duped.

"Ya haven't *either* got all the stamps in the world. I betcha ya haven't even got that one." He picked up the portrait of a handsome pink kangaroo.

"What country?" asked the young philatelist.

"Austria."

"Australia," corrected Arthur Wilson.

"Well, Australia, then," said Ranny. "Same thing."

Clarence found the place, and not only duplicated the pink kangaroo, but showed other kangaroos in assorted colors. A similar fate befell the pyramid. Even Ranny's personal Chinese dragon, acquired at the risk of life and limb, was represented in this masterpiece of philately.

"I guess," said the desperate storekeeper, "your ol' book hasn't got this." It was the special revenue stamp which he had acquired in trade.

Clarence did not have such a stamp, but he had something just as good—a perfect defense.

"That isn't a regular stamp," he said. "I wouldn't have a stamp like that. My father could buy me—"

"Who wants your ol' stamps, anyhow?" said Ted Blake. "Stamps ain't no good. Le's go out an' play shinny."

It was a minute before Ranny realized the extent of his misfortune. The bottom had dropped out of the market; it was Black Saturday on the stamp exchange. Any game in which Clarence Raleigh could achieve perfection became automatically not worth the candle. Several former stamp-collectors went so far as to toss insulting Dutchlands and Nederlands upon the counter. The fickle population laughed at Ranny's folly and trooped out in quest of shinny.

Ranny sat alone in the great silence; he had no heart for pounding a tin can with a stick. He stayed in the woodshed because he could pity himself there better than in the open air. His walnut-bag was depleted, his cash reserves gone, his future mortgaged for a week—and Tug Wiltshire still held an eight-cent claim against the company. He was out a guinea-pig and a jews'-harp, and winter was coming on. All he had was a lot of stamps, and to try to sell a stamp in the present state of the public mind was to invite assault and battery.

Presently, as if his troubles were not already greater than he could bear, his door was darkened by the person whom he least desired to see, that outstanding creditor and secretary, Tug Wiltshire. Tug would be wanting cash, and there was no cash. But since it is better to accuse than to be accused, Ranny demanded:

"Why didn't ya come to the meetin'? It's all over. Ever'body's gone away."

"I got a new book," the east-warder explained. I had to finish it first. It's all about a boy that had a aeroplane. The boy—"

"Did ya come straight here after ya got done?"

"Yes. The boy went—"

"Did ya see any of the kids?"

"No."

Ranny began to feel that life still held some interesting possibilities. "I bet ya don't know what happened — I bought the stamp company."

He explained how he had satisfied all claims, but made no mention of the depressing Clarence Raleigh. If Tug *would* sit in the east ward and read books, let him take the consequences.

"What 're you goin' to do with all them stamps?"

Ranny lovingly fondled a few of his brightest animals and kings. "I'm goin' to sell 'em." Then, as if stricken with a fresh idea: "What 'll ya give me for the whole bunch? My own stamps, too? An' this here—now—you know—special rev'nue."

Tug examined the special revenue, then, constant reader that he was, peeped into a paper-covered booklet of some sort.

"I haven't got any money, hardly," he said. "I'll give you— I tell you, I'll trade you that there book. The boy went up—"

"No, I don't want no book." Ranny

felt that literature was poor equipment for a hard, cold winter. "Have ya got a sled?"

"Yes." Tug brightened perceptibly. "I'll give you my sled. It's a good sled —not all busted like that one." He indicated the venerable relic upon the wall.

"Well, all right." Ranny tried to restrain the feverish joy in his voice. "Take 'em an' I'll come an' get the sled."

As he helped gather up the stamps he conceived a bold plan by which he could punish Tug for starting this ridiculous stamp business and at the same time win his own way back into popular esteem.

"The kids are playin' shinny," he said. "Why don't ya go an' sell 'em some stamps? They all got money—'cept 'Fatty,' a course." He pictured the joyful and violent scene when Tug tried to sell stamps to those hardened shinny-players, and then and there resolved to be present.

"No," said Tug. "I can't now. I gotta go home an' send somethin' to the stamp company. That special rev'nue is worth a dollar an' a half."

The Superman

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

HE will come;
I know not when, or how;
But he will walk breast-high with God, stepping among the stars.
Clothed in light and crowned with glory he will stride down the Milky Way,
Creating with a thought, building with a word.

A hundred million ages it may be until he comes; what does it matter?
Consider the deliberate stars—how eternity waits their fulfilments.
A hundred million ages, and yet, sometimes,
Here and now, in these small, primeval days—in this dull gloaming of creation's dawn—
Here and now, sometimes, there crackles out a tiny shimmering spark,
Some hint in our blind, protoplasmic lives,
Of that far, infinite torch
Whose ray shall one day touch the utmost reaches of space
Where life is born.

One that has made brotherhood with the eagle and the hawk;
One that has made voices speak across the emptiness;
One that has laid cheer and comfort to the tired heart—
These and a thousand others are the prophecy:
These tell of the day
When the poor expedient of birth and the sorry trouble of dying have been dismissed,
And all the sad adventures of the body are long forgot.

Walking as angels walk, but greater than the angels,
He that will come will know not space, nor time, nor any limitation,
But will step across the sky, infinite, supreme—one with God.

The Submarine and the Torpedo in the Blockade of the Confederacy

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHOSOEVER has followed the events in Europe since August 1st, 1914, and is familiar with the history of the Southern Confederacy, must have been struck by the similarity of the situation of the embattled German Empire and of the Southern States during the first half of their struggle for a national existence. Both asserted the manifest destiny of their civilization, and are recorded not only as believing it superior to anything else extant in the matter of social organization and culture, but as being convinced that the world would be a sorry loser if disaster overtook them. Both, moreover, were certain at the outset of their respective struggles that defeat would spell extinction, or, at best, an intolerable vassalage; both vaunted the individual superiority of each of its citizens to any three of their foes, and both demonstrated, at the outset, a clear military superiority over their enemies. Both rejoiced in the unparalleled loyalty and zeal and the devoted patriotism of their citizens of both sexes, and were convinced of the insuperable character of their "will to conquer."

But the parallel extends still further. Both belligerents at once found themselves blockaded by sea by an overwhelmingly superior naval force. The Confederacy was without ocean-going ships save for a few commerce destroyers, whose scourging wanderings over the seven seas remained unapproached in daring and effectiveness until the careers of the *Emden* and the *Karlsruhe* turned the hands of time back for half a century, and the marvelous Odyssey of the prize schooner *Ayesha* surpassed the exploits of Midshipman Easy and many another hero of naval fiction in the days when the oceans knew neither steam nor electricity, nor cables nor wireless. The German Empire is equipped with a battle fleet of varying dimensions, varying, that is, from the viewpoint of the beholder and his relation to naval expenditure within his own country; still it is a fleet that after seventeen months of war remains as securely bottled up as were the James River flotilla and the ironclads of the Confederates by the Federal blockade. Both belligerents had, therefore, to turn for defense and offense to anchored or floating mines or submersible boats.

It is worth while, therefore, ere the parallel fails, to recall that to the Confederates belongs the credit of the first practical development of the floating torpedo and of the near-submarine and the submarine, precisely as they revolutionized naval warfare by their introduction of armor-plating. Americans may well smile as they behold the trench fighting in the west of Europe, which is but a slight logical advance beyond the trenches of Lee and Grant in 1864 and 1865, and of dismounted cavalry fighting behind breastworks as did Stuart's and Sheridan's, and recall the positive assertions of haughty European militarists that they had nothing to learn from the warfare of our "irregulars" of 1861–1865. On the sea the Germans are today profiting largely not only by an American invention, the submarine; they are actually developing the astounding possibilities of this craft, just as the Confederates produced, by experimentation that cost them many brave lives, a boat actually capable of diving under the hull of the vessel it sought to attack.

It is the under-dog in naval warfare, apparently, whose wits undergo the greatest sharpening. The galling pres-

ence of the Federal blockaders by day and by night in good weather and in foul, the ease with which they penetrated the South's inland waters, were an ever-present challenge to the Confederates' inventive genius. Precedents there were: Bushnell, Fulton, and others had developed submarines many decades before (the first submarine seems to have been the invention of Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutch physician, in 1620), while stationary mines were not unknown in naval warfare. But just as Fulton's all-big-gun dreadnaught, with its double hull inclosing engine and propeller, and its powerful wooden armor, was discarded by the conservatism of our naval officers because it was eighty-five years ahead of the times, so no one in our ante-bellum navy concerned himself with anything but the development of the steam warship to which we came nearly thirty years after Fulton showed the way and years after the European navies had constructed ships of this type.

But the Confederates had their share of gifted naval officers, and, once their problems were clear before them, they grappled with them with some skill and much determination. On both sides there was at first repugnance to turning to torpedoes, but by July 22, 1861, floating mines constructed by Confederates had been found in the Potomac and at Hampton Roads. In the North, the news that the Confederates were using them brought forth a storm of indignation of a character familiar to the reader of oversea despatches in 1914–16. As one writer has put it, torpedoes had hardly yet come to be looked upon as a respectable mode of warfare, especially by seamen, and the officer who laid the torpedoes and was looking on when the *Cairo* was sunk by them describes himself as feeling much as "a school-boy might at seeing serious results follow from something begun as sport." As late as March 25, 1864, Admiral Farragut, whose famous "damn the torpedoes" gives little idea of the seriousness of their menace to his fleet, wrote that since torpedoes "are not so agreeable when used on both sides, therefore I have reluctantly brought myself to it. I have always deemed it unworthy of a chivalrous nation, but it does not do to give your enemy such a decided superiority over you." Yet he was more solicitous about the moral effect that torpedoes might have upon his crews than he cared to admit publicly.

In the previous November, 1863, the feeling in the navy was still so bitter that Commodore H. H. Bell, commanding the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron off New Orleans, officially notified his subordinates that "persons employed on torpedoes deserve no quarter and none should be given them"—an order paralleled March 20, 1864, at Alexandria, Louisiana, by Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi Squadron. This officer instructed his crews to shoot "on the spot" any one putting infernal machines into navy coal-piles, or "caught planting torpedoes or floating them down, or with any of these inventions in their possession." This was despite the fact that in the Crimean War contact torpedoes had been freely used by the Russians against the British. There is no record of either officer having been rebuked for these orders, which at once recall the 1915 British demands that certain German submarine officers be set apart as prisoners to be tried for piracy at the close of the present struggle.

When Rear-Admiral Stephen P. Lee, commanding the Federal fleet in the James River, in the summer of 1864, had declined at first to lay torpedoes in front of his vessels, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, whose attack on Drury's Bluff in April, 1864, failed by reason of the Confederate torpedo service in the James, replied to him, sarcastically enough, that while he was quite "aware of the delicacy naval gentlemen feel in depending upon anything but their ships in a contest with the enemy," he still felt that in this case of "a contest against such *unchristian* modes of warfare as fire-rafts and torpedo-boats . . . all questions of delicacy should be waived by the paramount consideration of protection for the lives of the men and the safety of the very valuable vessels of the squadron." To this pointed argument the conservative admiral promptly capitulated.

It is true that in 1862 some sporadic

Federal attempts to use mines appear, but not until 1863 did Federal naval conservatism so far yield as to invite plans for floating and stationary torpedoes on a large scale. The Navy Department appealed to Capt. John Ericsson among others, while it promptly purchased many and used some in an unsuccessful effort to keep the Confederate ram *Albemarle* from coming down the Roanoke River. There was no attempt to organize a special torpedo division during the Civil War, just as the Navy Department waited until 1915 to establish a separate submarine organization. With their talent for organizing, which at so many military points was superior to that of the Federals, the Confederates created a Naval Torpedo Service as early as June 10, 1861, placing the distinguished scientist Comdr. Matthew F. Maury, C.S.N., in charge, the honor of placing the first fixed torpedo or mine in Confederate waters being variously claimed for Gen. G. J. Rains and for Lieut. Beverly Kennon, C.S.N., the last named at New Orleans, where he, who was familiar with the use of mines in the Crimean War, had a number of torpedoes ready for service by October, 1861.

Commander Maury found himself, however, hampered at every turn by a lack of interest in official circles and particularly in the Confederate Congress. A year slipped by before, by a practical test in the James River, he convinced the Secretary of the Navy and other high officials of the importance of his plans. But to him and to General Rains belongs the credit for having mined the James River at the suggestion of Gen. Robert E. Lee, after the battle of Seven Pines. By June 19, 1862, the day before he was relieved and ordered to Europe for other duty, Commander Maury reported having laid fifteen boiler-plate tanks in the James River to be exploded by means of an electrical current, giving a detailed description in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy in Richmond. This work was then taken over and perfected by his assistant, Lieut. (later Commander) Hunter Davidson, who was the first to injure or destroy vessels by the use of electrical torpedoes, although the fame of destroying the first Yankee craft, the ironclad *Cairo*, in the Yazoo River, on December 12, 1864, by means of a friction primer and a trigger line, belongs to two apt scholars of Lieutenant Kennon.

Commander Davidson, an officer of great daring and ability, as shown by his attack upon the *Minnesota* with a spar torpedo, was officially commended by Secretary Mallory for his work in this field, and remained in charge of the special submarine and torpedo naval force of the Confederacy until he, too, was ordered to Europe in the fall of 1864. Gen. G. J. Rains, who had devised a friction-torpedo, was put in charge of a co-operating army Torpedo Bureau at Richmond; by him stations were established at Savannah, Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, with substations elsewhere, the men of the corps being sworn to secrecy and granted extraordinary rights and privileges. The Confederate Congress, if slow to appropriate large sums for this branch of warfare, at least provided by an act of April 21, 1862, that the inventor of any device by which a hostile vessel should be destroyed should receive fifty per cent. of its value and that of its armament. On May 1, 1863, it voted a meager $20,000 for torpedo service, its first direct appropriation of this kind; February 17, 1864, it granted $100,000 for submarine batteries; June 13, 1864, $200,000; and near the close of the war, when it was too late, $6,000,000 at a single time. None the less the work of mining went on vigorously, beginning with 1862, so that thereafter Federal vessels entered no stream or river, however insignificant, save with the expectation, usually realized, of encountering some form of this "infernal machine."

To it, from first to last, four monitors, three ironclads, nine gunboats, seven transports, and six colliers and tugs fell victims with the loss of many lives; more or less seriously damaged were one monitor, six gunboats, and one transport; and, in addition, one transport was blown up by an infernal machine placed on board. The *New Ironsides*, the powerful iron-clad Federal flagship, was rendered ineffective in the attack on Charleston on April 7, 1863, because she grounded on an upright steam-boiler

planted in the channel for the express purpose of blowing her to atoms—which would probably have taken place but for the accidental breaking of the wires. Beer-kegs, soda-fountains, powder-boxes on rafts, floating torpedoes, intrusted to the current as have been the fateful mines at Gallipoli that took their toll in battle-ships, were employed, as well as ground and percussion, turtle and shell torpedoes, bombs that went off by clock-work like the contrivance which sank a number of vessels, destroyed several large warehouses, and wounded fifty men at City Point, and that which destroyed an ordnance supply-boat of Admiral Porter's fleet at Mound City, Illinois. Finally, no one knows the extent of the havoc of the "coal torpedoes," a device smuggled into piles of coal to which is attributed the loss of General Butler's headquarters' boat on the James River, November 27, 1864.

The destruction of sixteen men-of-war on the coast and on inland waters is eloquent testimony to the efficiency of what was at best a hastily improvised service lacking such necessary material as wire and fuses. Not even the activities of the blockade-runners could compensate for all the shortcomings of the Confederacy in this respect, nor the zeal of its purchasing-agents abroad, who, as late as January, 1865, were shipping torpedo-boats in parts by blockade-runners, and in previous months were bewailing the loss of submarine materials by a, for them, unfortunate wreck in neutral waters. Commander Maury had devoted nearly three years to study abroad of the torpedo problem when he set sail, on May 2, 1865, for home. A large quantity of valuable torpedo material, much of it the product of his own inventive genius, had been shipped ahead of him. It was a crushing blow to him to hear of the end of the Confederacy when he arrived at St. Thomas and found himself without occupation or opportunity to try out his devices. Finally, an example of the military and strategic value of mines appears from the failure of an expedition to proceed up the Roanoke River in December, 1864, by reason of the loss of two gunboats and a launch, the objective being the highly important cutting of the Weldon Railroad, then a chief artery of supply for Richmond.

However valuable the torpedo-planting work, in excitement, in extreme danger, and in opportunity to strike a swift, deadly blow at the enemy, the Confederates who volunteered for torpedo-boat service were at the forefront of the defenders of the Confederacy. None others took such desperate chances, and none others showed greater daring or courage. The lazily cruising blockaders, who never left the horizon, were an irresistible incentive to Southern men to risk their lives in the merest cockleshells, beside which the submarine of to-day is the safest of cruisers. Torpedoes and mines were all very well as defensive weapons, but ambitious spirits sought to take the offensive and to break the blockade. That was the great bait, for, with the blockade raised, even temporarily, the effect upon public opinion abroad would be far-reaching. And so men turned to boats awash and almost invisible—near-submarines—with torpedoes attached to spars, and even to submarines. For, besides the far-distant precedents of Bushnell and Fulton, there were others. Experimenting with undersea craft had never stopped; in 1851, for instance, a Yankee shoemaker, Lodner D. Phillips, had constructed two boats each forty feet long, and each equipped with a spar-torpedo. In one, he and his wife and their two children spent an entire day exploring the bottom of Lake Michigan; the other became his coffin when he ventured too far under the deep waters of Lake Erie. His fate deterred no one.

There is a statement that the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, that great arsenal of the Confederacy, turned out early in 1861 a submarine patterned after a diving-bell, which speedily demonstrated its complete futility. Much farther South, in the soon-menaced city of New Orleans, early in 1862, three men—Capt. W. L. Hunley, Capt. James McClintock, and Baxter Watson—began building submarines.

After two attempts, the builders constructed, largely out of a cylindrical boiler which happened to be on hand, a boat thirty feet long, four feet wide,

and five feet deep—a huge iron coffin in looks, a huge iron coffin in her brief career to fully thirty-two brave men, and withal one of the most remarkable craft that ever rode the waters. Her power was that of eight men who turned the shaft of an ordinary propeller, in default of storage batteries and gasolene motors. There were ballast-tanks to take in sea-water, and a force-pump to eject it. She submerged by taking in water and by depressing external fins like those of a fish, and traveled very slowly when submerged, the men working in total darkness save for the light of a single candle, and so crowded together that no one could leave his seat or his position—the two navigators standing with their heads in the two hatchways by which the boat was entered and left. At first it was planned to tow the torpedo, but experiments in Mobile Bay, at first successful in that boats were blown up after the submarine had dived under them, showed that that was too risky a procedure in rough water, and resort was had to a torpedo at the end of a twenty-two-foot boom containing ninety pounds of explosive and operated by a percussion and friction primer. With this equipment this strange craft, the first successful submarine, was shipped to Charleston Harbor as a more suitable and desirable place for her operations.

And in Charleston Harbor, in midsummer, 1863, her career of stark tragedy began. Lieut. John Payne, C.S.N., volunteered to take command, and there was rivalry between this boat, the *Hunley*, or the "American Diver," as she was called, and the *David*, which assailed the Federal Goliath, the *New Ironsides*, and did her such serious injury. The latter, the *David*, a razeed launch, lying low in the water, was commanded by Lieut. W. T. Glassell, a daring officer, who, early in 1863, organized a small flotilla of rowboats armed with spar-torpedoes. With these he attempted to attack the *Powhatan*, and took part in a raid on Federal monitors in the North Edisto, both of which moves were rendered futile—by treachery in one case, and terror among his men in the other. But on October 5, 1863, with the *David*, he stole up alongside the flagship and exploded a torpedo under her, about amidships, killing the deck officer, Ensign Howard, by a pistol-shot, and being himself captured, although his frail craft returned safely to harbor. It was, all in all, a remarkably daring exploit that narrowly failed to sink the armor-clad.

To return to the *Hunley*, Lieutenant Payne was getting ready for a first attack with his submarine, after several successful under-water plunges under war-ships in the harbor, when a swell swamped the boat, drowning eight men, Lieutenant Payne alone escaping. In a precisely similar happening soon after, six more men were lost. Raised again, this floating boiler was turned over to a civilian crew headed by Captain Hunley himself, under whom she practised for many weeks, until, on October 15, 1863, because of careless handling, probably by Hunley himself, she once more dived to the bottom and there remained for nine days, with nine additional victims drowned or asphyxiated within her. It would seem as if that might have been enough, but it was not for Confederates while the enemy was in sight. Two soldiers from Mobile who had helped to build her volunteered to operate her, and she was raised once more.

Throughout November and December, 1863, and January and part of February, this devoted crew practised unceasingly under most trying conditions; night after night they risked their lives in vain efforts to reach the Federal fleet, being driven back again and again, for they could only make five knots at best, by wind and tide and sea or the coming of daylight—a story of amazing endurance in midwinter and the rarest heroism in a craft which might sink at any moment. Once they remained on the bottom for two hours and thirty-five minutes as a test of endurance, precisely as modern boats "go to sleep" on the bottom to rest the crew. But the *Hunley* had no oxygen-tanks or other artificial ventilation; they breathed and rebreathed the air of their thirty-five-foot boiler. At last the night came when conditions favored an attack. With Lieut. George E. Dixon in charge, the boat reached the Federal sloop-of-war *Housatonic*. The deck officer hailed; there were shots fired; but this extraor-

dinary engine of death drove steadily on, its hour come. The brave men within steadily turned their crank-shaft, not knowing what second their lives would end, but prepared for the worst.

Five minutes after the officer of the deck discovered "something like a plank upon the water," the *Housatonic* was on the bottom with the loss of two officers and three seamen. Neighboring ships sent boats' crews to the rescue, though wondering whether they, too, might not perish in the twinkling of an eye by this same mysterious agency that had stolen into the middle of the fleet like a thief in the night. But no sign did they see of the craft. Ashore, men strained their eyes for sight of her, anxiously hoping that the *Hunley* had floated out to sea on the ebb-tide and would return in due course. But no mortal eye was ever again set upon the men who, in the darkness of their boiler afloat, faced eternity unwincing. For them the path of glory had led but to death and fame. Several years later divers found the *Hunley* in the wreck of the *Housatonic*, either sunk by the explosion or by being sucked into the hole the torpedo had created; twenty-two feet was not a sufficient distance from her own engine of destruction. This time the iron coffin was not raised; she, the first successful submarine, is still the tomb of the men who paid nine lives for a Yankee sloop-of-war, and now have a share in the monument to those heroes that stands on the Battery at Charleston.

Their feat, coming after four attempts upon the *New Ironsides* by other craft, of which one, as stated, was successful, caused consternation in the fleet by its suddenness, mysteriousness, and completeness. "This fate of the *Housatonic* troubles me very much," wrote Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, commander of the fleet, in his diary. "Torpedoes have been laughed at, but this disaster ends that. . . ." He asked the Navy Department to offer $20,000 or $30,000 prize money for the capture or destruction of a *Diver* or a *David*, adding, gloomily: "The Department will readily perceive the consequences likely to result from this event; the whole line of blockade will be infested with these cheap, convenient, and formidable defenses, and we must guard every point. The measures for prevention may not be so obvious." Yet he requested a number of forty-foot torpedo-boats with a small engine and propeller and a quantity of floating torpedoes as antidotes, saying: "I have attached more importance to the use of torpedoes than others have done, and believe them to constitute the most formidable of the difficulties in the way to Charleston." All sorts of suggestions poured in on Admiral Dahlgren and the Navy Department, and in one of these, forwarded by Gideon Welles himself, there is again a forecast of coming events: "The security of our vessels against similar destroyers would be much enhanced by having some small steamers constantly steaming guard in the vicinity of where the torpedo-boats would come out, each steamer or tug to be supplied with a powerful calcium light, by which the enemy would be discovered and run down." In suggesting this predecessor of the modern search-light (also put into use at other places by the blockaders), Mr. Welles, with real Yankee thrift, added, "Of a bright, moonlight night, of course, the light would not be needed." As a matter of fact, a number of steam-launches did go into service on the blockade thereafter.

Admiral Dahlgren's uneasiness was not allayed, but increased, by other attacks which followed in quick succession. Sixteen days after the loss of the *Housatonic*, March 6, 1864, the *David*—the same low-lying craft which had attacked the *New Ironsides*, assailed the blockader *Memphis*, in the North Edisto River. Under the command of her daring engineer, J. H. Tomb (who still survives in Jacksonville, Florida), the *David* struck the *Memphis* twice despite a hail of bullets, first on the port quarter and next on the starboard. Fortunately for the *Memphis*, the torpedo in both cases failed to explode, and the *David* returned safely, if discomfited. In the next month, April 18th, Engineer Tomb ventured out again in his launch, which was merely a steam-propelled boat of such slight freeboard as to be almost awash, only a steel plate protecting the crew of four, whose heads were just above the water. This time

his prey was the *Wabash*, and a severe fright he gave to her crew. Three times he headed for her; being discovered, musketry and cannon-shot greeted him, but again he and his men escaped uninjured, they being compelled to return, not because of the hostile fire, but because "the heavy swell rolling over and into the *David*" compelled a return to harbor. But for this her spar-torpedo might as easily have injured the *Wabash* as it did the armor-clad *New Ironsides*, for the advantage appears to have been with the attackers, as it had been nine days earlier when Commander Hunter Davidson torpedoed the U.S.S. *Minnesota* at anchor off Newport News.

Naturally, these attacks caused great wear and tear upon all the crews of the blockaders through nervous anxiety. Not until five months had elapsed (that is, until September 14, 1864) was there another attack, this time upon the gunboat *Winona*, off Breach Inlet, South Carolina, when the torpedo-boat was discovered in time for the ship to steam ahead before a blow could be struck. The following month the famous Federal Lieutenant Cushing evened things up by sinking the Confederate ram *Albemarle*, his weapon being the spar-torpedo attached to an ordinary steam-launch—a gallant act, indeed, but one, as John Ericsson said, which proved "great daring but nothing else." Not so the final recorded attack of the war, that of the *St. Patrick*, a *David* built at Mobile in the fall of 1864, after an earlier craft had been sunk with loss of life by the explosion of her boiler. Again the attacker remained unscathed by heavy artillery and musketry fire, and returned safely.

With this the record of torpedo-boat attacks on vessels ends. From that time on the defense had improved so that the Confederates desisted from further attack, being also handicapped by dissensions among the civilian commanders of some of their torpedo-boats and their marked inefficiency.

The speed with which the Federals, after the attacks upon the *Housatonic*, turned to torpedo-launches and torpedo-boats of an armored type, and even fitted out some of their monitors and gunboats with spar-torpedoes, is proof enough of the effect created by the Rebel boats. The Northern press, notably the *Army and Navy Journal*, cried out in alarm; and Chief-Engineer William Wood and Engineer Lay, the latter himself the inventor of a torpedo, were assigned to the task of developing the Federal torpedo-boat service. One of the many launches they equipped in the summer of 1864 was used by Cushing in sinking the *Albemarle*. During these months there was also experimenting with a submarine devised by Professor Horstford, as there had been trials of M. Vilberve's diving-boat in 1861, while the Winans' (Thomas and Eakin) submarine had been tried out under service conditions at Fort Monroe in 1862 and found wanting. By the end of 1864 Messrs. Wood and Lay had also produced an armored torpedo-boat that could be submerged until only a few inches of her armored deck and a conning-tower showed above water. This craft, the *Spuyten Duyvil*, as she was called, was by all odds the best torpedo-boat built during the war, with her length of eighty-four feet, breadth of twenty, her armor-plating and her clever mechanical devices for launching the torpedo from the end of an operating bar prior to the contact and explosion. In many respects she was a forerunner of the torpedo-boat of to-day, particularly in that she was the first craft fitted to launch several torpedoes in succession. She, too, was never tested under service conditions, though she was in the James River at the time of the fall of Richmond.

If the Federal government was slow to go on with torpedo experiments, and did not organize for them until 1869, did not construct another torpedo-boat, the *Alarm*, until 1878, and did not build an up-to-date one, the *Cushing*, until 1890, this is probably due to the exhaustion after the long Civil War and the inherent conservatism of our naval officers. But no one can trace the subsequent development of torpedo-boats and submarines without realizing that the Confederates laid the foundations for this development of naval warfare, and that the chapters of submarine warfare now being so amazingly written on the other side of the Atlantic belong in closest sequence to the narrative, so full of dramatic incidents, which has just been summarized.

Original Bill

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

"AND I says to that roach-maned bronc, 'I wa'n't never raised a per,' I says, 'nor did I learn my feeding manners from a young ladies' board school; which I'm not pernickity about the grub a cow outfit hands me. But nails in the beans!' I says. 'I sure would admire,' I th'ows in when he begins to get his bristles up, 'for to look at you through the sights of a Winchester some fine day when the grave grass is growing green.' Which—you hear me talking, Original—it was as true a remark as I ever tied loose from. For that cook just naturally mingled that horseshoe nail with my beans, reckoning as how I'd swallow it whole and get all tore up inside me."

A brief flash of flame cut the mask of the speaker's face out of the dark—just a blur of cheekbones and heavy-ended mustache. When the red point of his cigarette was glowing, the defender of a fastidious taste resumed the burden of his feud with the cook of the Bar Y O outfit—a tale interminable, rich in potentialities of sudden death; type narrative it was, of that day when the historians of a new and unlimned empire wrote with their trigger fingers and every man's life was his to barter away on terms of a second's decision. The boy called Original listened with due deference, not daring to allow the quaver of excitement to betray him in his sympathetic cluckings and interjections of approval. Romance, the full, strong tide of it which swept him exultant through days and nights of the Great Range, flushing with the hot light of heroism the careless scapegraces, his companions—Romance called from every such story of crisp adventure, of arrogant bravery, recited by the riders of the Powder River trail. But its enjoyment was a secret vice with the boy, to be concealed from the eyes of real men. Shinnery Luke here, Original's partner in the second watch over the herd, and met on the rounds for these delicious moments of epic recital—Shinnery Luke would blow through that eagle beak of his and laugh Original off the Wyoming range if he could know what was passing under the six-and-a-quarter hand-me-down hat whose rim just showed in the cigarette glow, if he could know the wonderful games Romance played for Original Bill Blunt, cow-puncher.

"But I will say for this Bar Y O cook, he stuck up for his principles," Shinnery Luke was admitting, judiciously, at the end of fifteen minutes' unchecked flow. "When Ole Man Driscoll, our trail boss, laid in a case of Abe-Lincum-brand canned peaches at Ogallala, which had Honest Abe's picture print on all the cans, this short-horn, being the true rebel he was—the same being one of Quantrell's hell-hounds — pitched the whole case in the fire. And we, who got the explosion, was picking peaches out of our hair and whiskers all the way to Forty Islands crossing. He sure was on the prod, and— Look out! there's another of them fork-ed lightning flashes! Better ride down the flank, Original, and sing a little song to them yearlin' brutes down there. Much more of this fireworks business and the whole congregation's going to rise up and quit the church."

They parted, Luke to ride down the far side of the bed-ground, Original following along the edge of the dark blot on his flank, to meet and cross his partner a mile below, where the "drag" end of the recumbent herd of three thousand beeves lay nearest the camp. The twain guarded the herd between them; by their ceaseless patrol about the edge of the great sprawling mass of life—a core of half-tamed, inchoate life in the body of the dark. They soothed the panicky nerves of the beasts in their charge, reassured the instinct of fear which is

never blotted by sleep. Their two-hour watch was one of four into which the night of the trail-herd by custom was divided; upon them rested for that time responsibility for property valued in the tens of thousands; the hazard of an instant's play of terror over the deep-breathing herd was theirs to meet alone.

As the boy Original lolled in his saddle to the sleepy pacing of Nigger Boy, his nearest friend and confidant of the black hours of night-herd, he caught on the light wind blowing over the bedded cattle the sound of Shinnery Luke's singing. Snatches of the brave saga of Sam Bass and his outlaw crew came to him from the farther dark; the wavering tenor, now lusty, now softened to a whisper, blended with the sighings and murmurings of the sleeping beasts. The lad's quick imagination kindled to the lure of the song and the night. That was not Shinnery Luke singing over yonder; not from human throat came that minor quaver. No; It was singing to Original, even as It sometimes whispered and sighed on the wind of the night watches, yearning to find speech which Original could understand. Often It was a cool finger laid against his cheek; occasionally It was the low, murmurous voice of a river; at times It spoke from a cluster of quaking aspens in broad day; but usually the night suited best Its purpose to be heard and understood by Original. The farther the Hashknife herd penetrated into the raw and broken Wyoming country, leaving far behind Nebraska's rolling hills the towns of men, the stronger Its voice and presence. It was the wilderness. It lighted the stars at night and sent dust pillars spider-legging by day from one steel-bound butte to another a hundred miles off. Of all the cow-punchers with the Hashknife outfit, only Original knew It. He treasured this mysterious fellowship as the one great secret of his fifteen years of life—treasured it jealously, lest others discover his secret and laugh at him. Because he could be in Its presence he loved the task of the night watches.

Lightning speared down through the sooty dark, closer now and stronger. A hoarse grunt near at hand, a movement on the fringe of the herd, and Nigger Boy instantly turned in to skirt with careful hoofs the line of bodies. "Get down there, you muley steer!" Original piped. "Don't you go for to lead off anything just because Ole Man It up there is a-stomping out his camp-fire and the sparks is flying." He threaded in and out on the fringe of the herd, calling, cajoling, bantering. The dim thicket of horns was in agitation; a muttering and complaining of coughing bellows swept out to the unseen far edge of the bed-ground. Original began to sing to the nervous cattle—the cowman's ready resource for quieting incipient panic.

"Ole Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss;
He'd go to spark the gals on a sore-backed hoss.
Ole Ben Bolt was a fine old man,
An' you knowed there's whisky wherever he'd land."

A large drop of rain smacked on Original's bridle hand. Nigger Boy, wise little horse, stepped swiftly away from the nearest bodies to be clear of them. The boy sang on, albeit excitement pressaging the impending event clutched at his throat. Lightning came again, blue and dazzling, and the herd was up. In an instant, the winking of an eye, three thousand steers were on their feet and charging blindly through the dark after their fear-maddened leaders. The stampede was on.

Noise of their hoofs was engulfing. Their bellowing was a higher roar above the thunder of their passage. Smaller sounds of clashing horns and colliding bodies were audible only by contrast. All this welter of noise and action in the void of darkness, with nothing tangible but the shaking earth—and even that unseen. At the instant of panic Nigger Boy had whirled about without command and stretched himself, barrel low to the ground, for the race to the head of the herd. Original, flat against the horse's neck, was whispering excited snatches into back-turned ears: "We got to turn 'em, ole Nigger Boy—turn 'em—turn 'em! Shinnery Luke's a-comin' up t'other side, but we'll give him the point you an' me, ole Nigger Boy; we'll turn 'em."

Blindly, madly into the blackness sped the little horse, the crouching figure in the saddle one with him. When the

lightning flashed it revealed, right at the left stirrup leather, a horrid chimera of eyes—and horns like a moving thicket of skeleton brush. Original clamped his knees tighter for saving hold while his hands went back and under the cantle to fumble the knots binding his slicker there. The stiff garment became loosed, came away in his right hand, and was carried trailing, against the moment for its use.

"We're gettin' to the point, Nigger Boy!" Original shrilled. "Ole Luke hasn't begun to turn 'em, so we must 'a' beaten him to the lead! Now—now, crowd 'em, Nigger Boy; crowd 'em! Yip — yip — yip! Turn, you damn'd dogies! Over, you yearlin' idjits!"

Original, now racing neck and neck with the leaders of the stampede, urged his little horse in so close to the plunging mass that hot breath was on his leg and the smell of panic in his nostrils. His slicker he used as a flail, bringing it down with wide, overhead strokes into the faces of the foremost steers. As he flailed he shrieked bitter curses, knowing not what nor why he screamed at the insensate mass. He felt a yielding of the close-packed bodies. In the darkness some sense of the cow-puncher's art told him he was turning the leaders. Old Shinnery Luke, somewhere off there on the far flank, would feel the pressure, know that Original was turning 'em, and swing out to catch the drift and turn it still closer in on itself. Together they could change the stampede into a "mill," with the silly thousands racing in a circle, and so save days of labor for the rest of the outfit in rounding up a scattered herd over a ten-mile front. Yes, Shinnery Luke and he could do this—with luck.

"Keep your feet on the ground, little hoss," Original pleaded in low tones. "Jest stay top side up until ole Luke catches this point; 'cause if you fetches a prairie-dog hole right now, you an' me goes to glory."

Slowly horse and boy crowded the stampede leaders out of their course—Nigger Boy squealing and biting at heaving flanks, Original whipping his slicker down into the mass of horned heads. Now they were directly in the path of ten thousand hammering hoofs, where a fall would have meant quick obliteration for horse and rider equally. Now back to the flank to urge and crowd a thundering wall of maddened flesh over in the changed direction. The boy performed this strategy with veteran skill; under all the heat of the exacting moment ran clear, cool purpose. He exulted in the opportunity to turn the stampede single-handed; he, Original Bill Blunt, the kid of the Hashknife outfit, was breaking the run right up at the roaring front of three thousand crazy steers.

"Yip — yip — yip! Split yourselves, you loco longhorns! Original Bill's got his war-paint on, an' he'll ride you—ride you!"

Suddenly, from over to the left in the direction of the turned point, came the bang-bang-bang! of a six-shooter and thin stabs of flame through the felt blackness. Shinnery Luke was telling Original he'd gained the front and was taking the point. The boy dropped a quick hand to his holster and whipped out his gun—that dilapidated, loose-pinned old Allen he'd swapped his new hat for back in Dodge. Down went the barrel viciously near the starting eyes by the stirrup-leather, and bang-bang-bang! the shots answered.

Somewhere very near at hand a splitting crash, the ping-ping of wire stressed. "Fence!" the boy gasped, and at that instant Nigger Boy left the earth, all-fours, in a plunging somersault. Little points of fire spit and crackled behind Original's eyes; something below his rain-plastered shirt gave away, and he dropped, dropped to horrible depths.

Roaring, as of the herd in full stampede, filled many years. But somehow this great noise was filed to a point, sharp as the tip of a skinning-knife—a point which moved forward over a great distance to stab the ears, and then withdrew. Away off, this point was but a whisper, and red like the tip of a cigarette against the dark everywhere about; then, as it came whizzing back for another stab, it blazed white hot. The noise burned when it struck. At the end of the tenth year something began to ride herd on this knife-noise which swung and stabbed, swung and stabbed—that something a coolness which al-

ways turned the white, blazing point just when it was ready to sear. Yes, it was a coolness and it seemed a hand—a great, cool hand. For two years more Original struggled to break the bonds about his own hands—green rawhide they were, and tough—so that he might feel this saving hand. At last he succeeded in freeing one, though the other was dead and useless. Very slowly he lifted questing fingers, groped and clasped that something which warded pain from him. "Sure, it's a hand," Original sighed. "Yes, sonny," came a woman's voice; "my hand." So he opened his eyes. It was day.

Her face was very close above his, and he studied it curiously. Original had seen very few women in his life; not one could he remember who didn't wear a sunbonnet. This woman wore none. Her eyes were a sage gray, and large and deep; little crow-tracks lay about their corners, but did not make them old. Her cheeks were round and wind-burnt to roughness. The mouth was smiling, so of course Original could not know just what sort of a mouth it was. But her hair—there was a funny thing; it was yellow as a new saddle except right in the middle, where a broad streak of gray slashed through to lose itself in the high knot piled atop her head. The boy's eyes rested longest on that gray brand, but came back eventually to the eyes, which still searched his.

"You—you run this outfit, ma'am?" he asked, vaguely.

"You're at my ranch, Mister—Mister—"

"Blunt—Bill Blunt, of the original Blunt fambly down in Deaf Smith County in the Panhandle," he supplied, with a stiffening of pride in his voice. He thought he'd caught the word "sonny" back there in the dark, but the "Mister" atoned for that error.

"The boys said you were Original Bill when they brought you here last night," the woman commented. "I supposed—"

"That's only the trail brand they put onto me, ma'am. My folks is the original—"

"Yes, yes, I understand." Her eyes were smiling, too, now. "But you mustn't talk overmuch just now. Just rest."

In her voice was some soothing quality which seemed to Original to be as cool as that hand which had fended for him—cool and sort of healing. But he pushed back the weight of drowsiness long enough to put the question, "Me, I got throwed bad, then?"

"Part of your herd hit my fence—just a little fence I put around my hay lot"—this apologetically and defensively against the cow-puncher's hatred of the fence-builder—"and you took up your claim right then and there."

"And—Nigger Boy?"

"Just you drift off to sleep—Mister Blunt. Your little hoss 's gorging himself with oats out in my corral this minute, sound as a bell."

Original sighed once and gave himself up. The woman rose from the bunk, smoothed the buffalo-robe under the tilted chin, and stood looking down into the lad's face. A small, delicately shaped face it was; the hands on the curly robe were small; his body was undersized and appealingly boyish. One of her hands went out to push back with a touch maternal a raven's wing of long hair that had fallen over his brow. A "black Texan" he was; the woman knew the breed. "Mister Bill Blunt," she whispered, and the corners of her smiling mouth drooped ever so little—"of the original Blunt family." A quick lift of the shoulders, as if in deprecation of thoughts having no right of place in her heart, and she went to the far end of the long, log-walled room to prepare against the necessity of the day's business.

A pail of water with a dipper she set handy to the bunk where Original lay; bread and meat on a tin plate she placed on a stool drawn close. When she had pulled on heavy, high-heeled boots and settled over her curiously streaked head a broad-brimmed felt she turned at the door for a last look at the small face above the buffalo-robe. She tiptoed across the dirt floor on sudden impulse, stood looking down for an instant, then leaned and brought her lips close to the freckled cheek. Some savage repression stayed her before her lips touched; hot blood coursed her cheeks. She hurried away, took down a saddle from its peg, and went out to the corral. Her buck-

skin saddled, the woman mounted and rode swiftly out toward the scored and wrinkled battlements of Pumpkin Butte, graven deep against the blue of the new day. On one of the strings of her saddle hung a running iron—that handy ring of metal for informal and hasty branding which, in the heyday of the "rustlers," or cattle-thieves, came to be a distinguishing mark of the profession—often fatal evidence.

It was in the half-dark of early evening, with the sun's fading torch set over the Big Horns, that she returned. When she let down the bars of the corral she saw a little huddle of shadow propped in a corner formed of the cottonwood logs; Nigger Boy was standing over it, nuzzling with strange whickerings.

"I—I went and petered out," Original muttered, shamefacedly. "I couldn't go for to th'ow my saddle over Nigger Boy nohow. This shoulder—"

Without a word she stooped and put strong arms about him. The boy pushed feebly against her shoulder as she lifted him and carried him into the house to lay him in the bunk. Then, with instinctive thought of protection for mortification in a boy's heart, she left him in the shadows and went out to unsaddle her horse and feed the two beasts.

Original watched her, later, as she moved about in the candle glow at the far end of the long room, preparing supper. The light on her yellow hair threw a golden haze down on her face. He wondered if it were a pretty face, but he had no standards to judge by. How old she might be—but there again lack of acquaintance with women left him groping. His one sure sense was of her gentleness, her goodness. He believed that his mother must have been very like this woman, with a soft touch of hands and a way of understanding.

She brought him his plate and sat, with hers on her knees, beside him. The boy's first question she answered with a reassuring smile. No, the Hashknife outfit hadn't deserted him; she'd met two of the boys up the trail just that afternoon—this was a kindly lie—and they'd told her the herd was making to range on the Powder River, just fifteen miles north. She guessed Original knew that already; but maybe he didn't know they were so close to the Powder when the stampede came. This intelligence seemed to satisfy the boy. With a conscious, professional air, as one cowpuncher to another, he began to extol the fine qualities of the Hashknife outfit; to narrate incidents of the long, six-months' drive up from the Rio Grande—the bogging down of sixty head in the Washita, the hold-up of ten beeves exacted by hostile Cheyennes in the Cherokee Strip. Always as he talked the deep, sage-gray eyes were upon him, encouraging. The candle stood some distance away on a shelf, but the eyes seemed to have a light of their own. Original found it so easy to talk to this woman; with the riders of the herd he played only a listening part.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he once interrupted himself, "but I don't know your name."

"They call me"—then, with swift emendation—"You can call me just Eliza."

"You call me plain Original," he was quick to answer. "'Mister' sounds sort of highfalutin' and like a court o' law."

"What does your mother call you, Original?" she asked, her voice a little hushed.

"I disremember exactly; I think it was William, though. You see, Miss Eliza, she's been dead—"

"Oh! Yes, yes, I understand. And you've been—alone a long time?"

"Since I was eight, yes, ma'am. My father, he went first—in the war. My brother Henry's got his old rim-fire musket yet. Henry he moved us all out to Deaf Smith County along of a bunch of hawgs, and I began to ride the mail when I was eleven." Original stopped in abrupt confusion, realizing that this giving of confidences was perhaps an unmanly thing. He had never done it before, yet that very spirit of easy frankness which had made the dropping of the "mister" comfortable urged that he continue. Something in her eyes, so like the mother light back in dim memory, urged, too. Here was not one to laugh at him, one against whom to guard secrets. She was a woman, and—different. "And then when my brother Henry wanted me to work for him I

ran away. Guess I reckoned working for kin wasn't honest; they wouldn't grind you so hard as reg'lar hired help. So I took to punchin' bulls on a freight-team 'longside Con Presley, which he was a fightin' wildcat, but good to me, and afterwards he's a train-robber. Then—"

The woman sat, chin in hand, and heard the story of a waif in the Big Country—one growing wild and free as a young cougar in the high places. She read, too, the clean heart of a boy revealed unconsciously in the narrative of brutal episodes—a pistol fight with the smoke of murder swirling about the boy's head, man-hunts in which he had joined with all the primal lust of the chase. Why was it, she asked herself, angrily, and with a touch of horror as if against profanation—why was it that down in the depths of her some strange pain of yearning was stirred—just as when she was tempted to kiss the unconscious cheek and desisted. Those old days, when she had lived cleanly, when her arms had held a son—oh, why wouldn't those memories stay buried! To-morrow he would go out to the range, this clean boy, and he would hear—

"Tell me, Original"—she tried to keep her voice flat and drained of feeling—"in all these years you've been ranging 'round alone did you ever feel something—somebody near you?"

The boy looked sharply up at her, his brows puckered suspiciously. "Did you?" he parried by way of feeling her out.

She slowly nodded. For a long minute he searched her face as if keen to find the first flicker of ridicule, but her eyes reassured him.

"Well, that's mighty funny," he admitted. "I reckoned I was the only plumb idjit—begging your parding, Miss Eliza, ma'am—to have such notions."

"Tell me what it is—what do you feel?" she gently urged.

"Well, if you won't laugh at me—that being my reg'lar secret. I've never told nobody 'longside of you. But in the Big Country there's some one who sort of reg'lates things—fixes up the stars at night and makes the piny woods to mourn when the night winds blow, and asks the coyotes to howl when there's nobody to howl at. Sometimes this here some one's so near and strong you can hear him talking to you; sometimes he's far away as the ocean. I don't reckon to know much about him, though. It's more feeling than plumb knowing."

"What do you call that some one, Original?"

"Not much of anything, Miss Eliza. I call him It, which it don't seem like to be a decent enough word at all."

"I call Him God," she put in, simply.

"Oh, but God's different," the boy denied. "He's the Methody parson's friend, and He never comes close enough for a rough man like me to tie onto." This was said with a conscious air of sophistication that pleaded for the frank of genuineness.

The woman with the gray brand felt a knot tighten in her throat. One of her hands crept over the buffalo-robe to find and close over the small, hot hand lying there, and in simple sincerity she began to talk of the Creator, His works. She talked not as woman to man—the artless pretensions of Mister Bill Blunt had long since been thrown over—but as mother to son. The wildling, with the raven wing falling over his eyes, found the spirit of the telling sweet as the wonder of the words. Here was memory of that far time when a mother's knee was the gate to vision-land made alive again. She talked, and the candle burned low in its tin sconce. In the end Original of his own thought rose, gathered the spare buffalo-robe in his arms, and walked, a bit unsteadily, out to the dugout shed where sweet hay made the dark odorous. She followed to the cabin door to light him to the haymow, and as he passed her there on the door-step she leaned a little toward him, her heart constricted.

The boy paused for an instant, his eyes meeting hers. Then, "Good night, Miss Eliza."

"Good night, Original," she whispered.

At dawn he was on Nigger Boy, ready to follow the broad trail of the Hash-knife herd across country to its grazing-place. He looked down at the yellow head with its strange slash of gray there by his saddle-horn, and very awkwardly

he put out his hand. "You've been powerful good to me, Miss Eliza," he murmured, "and I sure would admire to come and see you right soon—that is, if you want me. You—you talk to me so wonderful."

"Come soon, Original." She caught his hand with firm fingers. "And—and what men say on the range—what they say you won't believe." The note of pleading even more than the words and the surprise of the outburst left the boy without an answer. He withdrew his hand, pressed in his knees, and Nigger Boy bounded out to the open.

Original turned at the far corner of the corral to wave his hand; a wave was returned him. Then, west and north toward the far-flung blue of the Big Horns, gem clear through the crystal lens of the morning, he turned his pony. The track of the herd was laid down like a yellow carpet strip over the swelling crests of divides in the distance—a mere worm trail in the immensity of the Big Country. Far out and away stood the carved pillars of grotesque buttes, buttressing the sky. A rowdy wind searched his lungs, filled all his body with vigor mounting to giddiness. Exulting, Original rose in his stirrups and his eyes swept a horizon of a hundred miles. "O God!" he cried. "O God, I know you!"

Truly, as Miss Eliza had said, he found the herd spread out between the valley walls of the Powder—dapple and dun specks against the brown immensity. A noisy welcome greeted him from the wagon. He found himself almost a hero, for he had turned the herd in midstampede "and druv clean through a nester's fence."

"Good kid!" roared Shinnery Luke, as he threw an arm over Original's thin shoulder. "But, boys, we hadn't ought 'a' left my podner to be nussed by the Pinto Filley—us hearing what we've heard since, an' him the innocent child what he is." Guffaws following sent the blood to Original's cheeks.

"Which some of the boys from K C home ranch was a-tellin' us," put in another, "she used to wear rings—diming rings—when she was dancing in a honkey-tonk over in Buffalo. But the ring she wears now is tied onto her saddle—a handy ring for to burn out other people's brands with. The same as does her merry companions, the rustlers of the Teapot Spout."

"It's a lie! A damn'd lie!" Original shouted, desperately. The fresh memory of the night before, its wonderful communion, cried in outrage.

Shinnery Luke cast a swift glance of admonition about the circle as he patted the boy's shoulder. "Which goes double with Shinnery Luke so long as you says it, Original," he assured, and that was an end to the ragging.

Original took his accustomed place in the outfit's routine, made easier by the decision of the trail boss to linger awhile on the Powder and fatten up his beeves against delivery to the Crow Agency a hundred miles north. Other great herds to east and west, from Sioux Pass in the Big Horns to the Montana and Dakota lines, shared with the Hashknife the wide bounty of the Big Country. Miles counted by the score were no bar to visiting back and forth between camps. From the cow-punchers of the country, who wintered there with permanent herds, the recent arrivals gleaned gossip of the range—salt tales of impromptu justice following offhand offenses. Most of these stories, and the ones firing quickest Original's imagination, were of the rustlers of the Teapot Spout—that inaccessible cañon on the fringe of the Big Horns whose rock-walled meadows nurtured hundreds of stolen cattle. With their confederates "on the outside" these outlaws preyed at will upon the scattered thousands of the range herds, and with none to hinder. There was vague talk from home ranch to camp of what "the vigilantes" would do in the way of "cleaning up the rustlers," but none knew whence the destroyers would come, nor when.

Slackening of work and discipline, because the herd was on range instead of following trail, favored Original's scheme to fulfil his promise of a visit to Miss Eliza. He fabricated an excuse to ride over to the K C ranch on Red Fork, received the trail boss's permission, and, coming in from herd at four o'clock, changed saddles to Nigger Boy and was off. The fifteen miles back to the cabin of the woman with the yellow hair were

each a bead to be told in adoration, so did he glorify this single one in all his years of drifting who had reached out to him an understanding hand for guidance. He topped a rise behind her cabin just as the fiery rim of the sun was biting into the crest of the mountains.

The corral was empty when he rode up to the dooryard, but he unsaddled Nigger Boy and entered the cabin. He was cooking a supper, after the free code of the new land's hospitality, when he heard hoof-beats outside. Original stepped to the door just as Miss Eliza drew rein at the corral bars. Even as she hailed him the woman dropped one gauntleted hand down to cover a small iron ring hanging from a string of her saddle; her gesture was swift, protective. Original noted it, but in the dusk he could not see what she was hiding.

Supper was a gossipy affair, on Original's part at least. He told of his triumphant return to camp, carefully eliding the hurt of the rough jests that had greeted him. As one old in the legend of the country, he spoke glibly of the Teapot Spout gang, and the vengeance that must soon be done by the vigilantes. Eagerness of the hunter fired his recital; he would be one of those silent riders when they went forth to execute justice. Miss Eliza heard him in silence, and when the meal was finished and they seated themselves in the doorway her lips were still mute. Original, sobered by her silence, yet knowing not the cause of it, looked up to the flower gold of stars and a thought came to him.

"Tell me some more about Him, Miss Eliza, ma'am," he ventured, in an awed voice.

She took one of his hands between hers with a quick, mothering gesture and began to talk, her eyes on the stars. The oneness of all the world with the Fashioner up there; the beauty of good; the joy of a clean heart and an open mind—all this she told in words simple as the heart that heard them. Then, phrase by phrase, Original learned the Lord's Prayer. "For prayer, Original, is the last and most comfortable thing in all the world."

When it was late and the boy stood at the door, bridle over arm, she looked into his face with eyes of clairvoyance. "Remember, Original," she said, very low, "nobody can take from you what I have given; no—never." Then she bent and kissed him.

He was five miles back on the trail to camp when the dark ahead began to pulse strangely. Drawing rein, he listened. Hoof-beats, many and rapid, and drawing nearer. The boy swung off the trail and into a little coulee, whence he could see without being seen. Five horsemen, riding low and swiftly, swept by; they were dim and unsubstantial in the starlight. Something latent lay in this apparition of the night; the dark was spawning a mystery. Back on the trail again, Original pondered this circumstance of the five hurrying riders. Why the dash through the dark—and by five? One would be a messenger, but five—? Where were they bound? K C did not lie in this direction, nor Buffalo. But one ranch lay back there, and that . . .

Fear throttled him. Flash of conjecture became heavy as fact. He whirled Nigger Boy about and laid him on a bitter gallop over the back trail. As he rode the boy caught his breath in strangled gasps. Vainly he tried to recall the words of that prayer so lately learned, feeling now its great need. He could only lift tear-blinded eyes to the stars and mutter over and over a single invocation, "O God—please!" Little hills rose and fell under Nigger Boy's flying hoofs. Ghosts of the sage fluttered past in steady flight. Now the Little Poison was splashed through, and now the last divide was topped. He came to the corral front, all marked and scored by fresh hoof-prints—to the dooryard.

The cabin door stood open. A broken candle lay on the sill, but there was no light within. Original called. No answer. He rode slowly around the cabin, the corral—then down to the cottonwood thicket by the dry run.

There he found Miss Eliza, hanging from a high limb.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT may be that we are witnessing in these sad latter days the end of the oldest art in the world—the art which the childhood of the race employed to make its dreams of self appear in mimic acts, and to utter its inward imaginings of love and war in the earliest syllabling of the anthropoidal emotions. This may be the fatal hour of the written drama's return to the primordial mime as it was before the passions spoke, but laughed themselves to scorn in scenes as inarticulate as those now thrown upon the screen in the moving-picture houses where

> The eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
> Or else worth all the rest.

This would not be so strange, so impossible, in a time when civilization itself seems crashing to ruin, and one of the greatest empires of the world has forsaken the polite usages of Christian homicide for a riot of bloodshed "which it were gross flattery to call" Hunnish. But what is strangest is that this tragical apprehension has been left haunting us from our pleasure in a group of very charming books celebrating the art of the theater now apparently threatened by the gross and palpable triumph of the picture-show. Never has that art seemed so beautiful, so wonderful, as it is made to seem in these essays which treat of it by the artists themselves and by the dramatists who create their opportunity and the critics who censure their performance.

To descend in fear and trembling from these high-horsed impersonalities to something like the pedestrian pace of the every-day reviewer, we will explain that the books we mean have been edited by Professor Brander Matthews for the Columbia University Press, and in their range they include studies of the imperiled art (if it is actually imperiled) by Lope de Vega, by Talma, by Irving, by Coquelin, by Bronson Howard, by Henry James, by Brunetière, by Sir Henry Arthur Jones, and not least, though last, but for some good reasons first, by Mr. William Gillette.

This actor-dramatist's essay seems to us of prime value because it is the work of a really unique actor-dramatist who was born amidst every Puritanic refusal and denial of the theater, and who stepped upon the stage with all of Hartford, Conn.'s nature clinging about him and withholding him. But he had in peculiar measure the strange gift of knowing what he wished to do; and his knowledge was not the less clear and intense because his wish was twofold, namely, to act plays and to make plays. It is not necessary to inquire which he wished more to do; it is enough that he knew how to do both with instinctive intelligence. His job here is to elucidate that prime miracle of acting, "The Illusion of the First Time"—that is, the impression which the actor must constantly give the spectator that he is doing the thing he acts and says as if he were acting and saying it from the author of his being and not from the author of his part. This is the supreme office of the player's art, and in enforcing the fact as with the poignant subtlety and proverbial plainness of a needle-pointed pike-staff, Mr. Gillette makes us perceive how far his art surpasses other arts as a living thing, and how it does its incomparable effect in its very evanescence like a pulsation of the northern lights.

Bronson Howard's "Autobiography of a Play" falls below the value of this essay somewhat as dramaturgy falls below drama. He does indeed make you love his unselfish biddableness in letting one change overtake another in his once

most popular play of "The Banker's Daughter," which he gave successfully to American audiences in Chicago, then adapted to the prejudices of the English for a second success in London, and then reshaped to the taste of the metropolitan playgoer from the New York hotels and newspaper offices. These changes did not exceed the number of changes which Shakespeare made in "Hamlet," and it is not pertinent to observe that "The Banker's Daughter" was not "Hamlet" when all was done. Mr. Howard was a most conscientious and sagacious playwright, all the same, and his long sovereignty in our theater was generously to the advantage of our drama. We ourselves think that his art found its climax in "Shenandoah," still the most original of our dramatic works. His war drama generally was the source of Mr. Gillette's more finely felt work in "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," but "Shenandoah" was at least more logical than "Secret Service." Almost necessarily these plays were broadly romantic in motive. Such reality as they had was in their natural characterization amidst impossible conditions. The thrills in Mr. Gillette's work were keener; we remember no thrills in our playgoing experience keener than that imparted by the hand of the supposititious corpse as it falls really dead when the escaping prisoner is carried out, face covered, on a stretcher. That was as far as a thing of that sort could go. To be sure it came short of certain things in Shakespeare and Ibsen, and was too almost a *coup de théâtre*.

Mr. Augustus Thomas's introduction to Howard's study is very interesting, and the preface by Mr. Arliss to Mr. Gillette's profounder study is worthy of that worthier piece of psychological research. But, of course, by far the most splendid piece of literature among the introductions is Henry James's iridescent essay on Coquelin. It seems to leave poor Coquelin so little to say of his art that it is as if he consciously gave up the game and devoted himself, indignantly and pathetically, to the resentment of the actor's social position in France — the monstrous anomaly by which that veriest of all artists suffers in the republic of our day a sort of mediæval, sort of monarchical, sort of monkish exclusion from the highest civic honors. But for the great comedian's almost heartbroken telling we should scarcely know of the indignity which he resents not only for himself, but for all the great actors who have shed luster on the name of France. Though the comedian has so little to say for his art, that little is so much more luminous than all the essayist's glowing phrase that we must indulge our wonder and delight in them by giving his very words. "In the first place," he says, "what is art, and what do we understand by it, if not the interpretation of nature and of truth, more or less tinged by a peculiar light, which does not alter the proportions, but yet marks the salient features, heightens their colors, displays their fidelity to nature, so that our minds are more deeply and forcibly affected by them? Is it not the actor's duty to cast this light? The poet has for his material, words; the sculptor, marble or bronze; the painter, colors and canvas; the musician, sounds; but the actor is his own material. To exhibit a thought, an image, a human portrait, he works upon himself. He is his own piano, he strikes his own strings, he molds himself like wet clay, he paints himself!"

Talma says nothing better than this; and Irving, introducing Talma, says nothing better of the art and the nature of it which unite him with Talma in a common knowledge and a mutual sense. The dramatist and the dramatic critic are importantly contrasted in the case of Brunetière's essay on "The Law of the Drama" and Sir Henry Arthur Jones's polemic introducing it. But Brunetière scarcely makes us care whether he believes or not that the motive power of the drama is will upon will, and he gains what hold upon our interest he gets through the contrast of his dogma with Sir Henry's more convincing doctrine that the drama is the effect of pure determinism, as life itself so often seems. We turn willingly from both these arguments to Talma's simple and modest words which are apparently more about his precursor Lekain than about himself. This great actor, in speaking for himself instead of for others, has the effect of speaking of matters

untouched before, and produces the "illusion of the first time" concerning what he says. The sublimely voluminous Lope de Vega falls below Talma in value, and he addresses a less vital interest in us. Like Bronson Howard, he tells how plays are made, and made popular, not how they are to be interpreted, which seems the great thing threatened by the lapse of the drama to the pantomime. It remains for some future Lope to treat of "The New Art of Making Movies in this Age," but will he address his discourse, say, to the American Academy in such august phrase as Lope used to the Academy at Madrid? "You command me, noble spirits, flower of Spain—who in this Congress and renowned academy will in short space of time surpass not only the assemblies of Italy, but also Athens, where in the Lyceum of Plato was seen high conclave of philosophers—to write you an art of the play which is to-day acceptable to the taste of the crowd."

Stately and beautiful words indeed, but too loose a fit for any author of two thousand motives for the reel, though this pantomime of our day, in its absolute conventions, is so near the two thousand plays of Lope. His essay is well worth reading for its simplicity and modesty, though it can teach the intending playwright nothing vital. The good Lope is as mindful of his public and what it "wants when it wants it" as Bronson Howard himself, and, for the matter of that, William Shakespeare himself. Professor Matthews by the excellent sufficiency of his introduction leaves us little more to say of the author, and throughout the whole eight of these instructive books his well-skilled hand and full-knowledged mind are present in judicious comment which renders the whole matter of them more agreeable and valuable.

We wish he could have added to the actual group an eighth essay entirely his own on that tragical possibility which has been harassing us from the beginning of these maunderings. More than once we have approached it, and then started back from it in renewed dismay, but, waiting Professor Matthews's more masterly inquiry, we will venture once more to deal, in fear and trembling, with the dread question whether we are not at a fatal pass with the drama and the theater as we yet have them. It is with due sense of our own measure of guilt in having too hopefully hailed the enemy of both that we forbode the hour when possibly the player's art will fall before the might of the insensate reel as the engraver's art fell before the magic of the half-tone process. In a single night, almost in a moment, that art, full of intelligence, and varied a thousandfold by experience and tradition, vanished before the wonderful inventions which mirrored on the printed page the very lines of the over-artist, while the engraver had only translated them. But the theory and practice of the translation had reached their highest perfection when their last day dawned, and the engravers went roaming the world, with their helpless burins in their hands, for any employ that would give them board and lodging.

The dread question is whether the art or the actor is in some such mortal case. Is the movie about to do with acting the effect which the half-tone did with engraving? Has not the mechanical pantomime in fact already pushed the drama from its stool and climbed into it? This ruthless invader shows more like the primordial mime which the drama long ago displaced than like the softened and gentled descendant of it, which every modern nation has known as pantomime, and which we had in our thought when at the coming of the moving picture we so hopefully hailed it as the restoration of that kindly mode of mirth. But the moving picture has come destroying, not restoring. It has so effectually displaced even the immemorial marionette in the land of its birth and every other land where it followed the Italian race that now not even its squeaking or wabbling ghost haunts the world. With ourselves it has wrought like havoc with the form of histrionic art familiarly, too familiarly, known as the *stunt*, so that where a hundred turns delighted the ear and eye scarce one artist now revolves in them upon the variety screen. There are still variety theaters, brave circuits where the stunt seems to hold its own, but far the greater number of such

houses are abandoned wholly to the movies, or, if not wholly, offer three reels to one poor turn, in which the living actor steals back to give his flesh-and-blood expression of some dramatic conception. Numerically, he would be as one against a million persons of the reel, who would be multiplied again by a myriad of mute shadows on the screen. In every town and city the moving picture pushes its invasion, backed by apparently inexhaustible capital, and favored by the conquered masses of men, of women, and of children who rejoice in its dominion and offer it perpetual tribute of dimes and half-dimes.

The worst of it is that no one can deny the wonder of this new form of the world-old mime. It is of a truly miraculous power and scope; there seems nothing that it cannot do, except convince the taste and console the spirit. These highest offices are beyond the necromantic agency which can rest the body and enable the mind to "bobulate in a vacuum," where it will have the company of innumerable other minds in bodies drugged to a sort of torpor by the reel which asks no co-operation of the intellect for the enjoyment of the events thrown upon the screen. It does all that money can do, but its limit seems strictly financial, and within its bounds are not the things which money cannot buy: as inspiration, as the personal equation, as the illusion of the first time. We had called it the new form of pantomime, and once we hoped that it was to carry pantomime to that divine ultimate effect which some most beautiful pantomime ever seen gave the hope of. But the moving picture is no more capable of the inspired moments of Pilar Morin than of the touch beyond the reach of art and yet so gloriously within the scope of Fechter, of Duse, of Salvini, of Jefferson, of Bernhardt, of Ellen Terry, of Sadi Yacco.

Will this disappointing monster, this Frankenstein pieced together with inexhaustible patience from the charnel of a dead art by the sorcery of inexhaustible capital, will it yet somehow get itself a soul and really live? In the mean time where will its ravage of the theater pause or end? This necromancy incorporated, syndicated, does whatever capital does in every other great industrial enterprise: it "gives work," and giving work it becomes the master, and the proletariat in its keeping multiplies enormously. It goes to the theater, that home of the most beautiful art, and bids against it for the artists' liberty, their individuality, their initiative, or all of these that is left them by the manager. From men and women, such as the manager has left them, it turns them to automatons. Under its rule, which "gives work," and to most of them probably better board and lodging than they have had before, they are herded in an absolute obedience to whatever place it will, where they no longer play a part, but the part of a part, as the artisan who once made the whole of a thing now, at the command of the captains of industry, makes a piece of it. The movie comes to the stars of the theater as well as to these poor asteroids, and buys their beauty and their power for a moment of the film, extinguishing the soul in them, as any one may see who has eyes to see, which the myriads daily and nightly looking at them have not.

If the theater which we lately had is gone, what of the drama which we had begun, or almost begun, to have? Will the capitalized black art corrupt the dramatist as it has corrupted the actor? As yet it does not seem so, and there is a measure of hope left in the very badness, the indescribable worthlessness of the picture-play which most delights the picture-playgoers, which they demand and which they will have: gross, foolish fables, fished up out of the dregs of our semi-civilization, compact of crime and lust and dedicated to ignorance of life and its perpetuation. As yet the movie demands nothing of the dramatist; and there is still a chance for the noble art, which these studies of it by Talma, by Irving, by Coquelin, by James, by William Gillette must commend to the wonder and worship of all readers.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE ouija-board, after a period of comparative desuetude, has again come into prominence through a book recently published, purporting to contain poems, plays, and stories, communicated through that magical mechanical device by Patience Worth, an Englishwoman who lived, evidently in a rural environment, some three centuries ago, to Mrs. John R. Curran, of St. Louis.

Mr. Caspar S. Yost, who compiles the volume, giving liberal extracts from Patience Worth's literary communications, and commenting upon the unusual aspects of this "psychic mystery," is the director of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*—presumably, therefore, a man of experience in practical affairs and conversant with general literature. To him, simply as a journalist, this surprising phenomenon, with whose unfolding during the last three years he has been closely familiar, is a capital "story"; and his comment shows that he is interested in it as something much more than that, in its deeper significance as appealing to a larger curiosity, intellectual and psychical.

Mr. Yost presents a small proportion of the vast accumulation of fictional, poetic, and dramatic material with interlusive conversations, translated through the ouija-board to Mrs. Curran, spelled out by her through the pointer, with infinite patience, we were about to say, but—as the pointer went on just the same while she was conversing with curious guests—let us rather say, with marvelous facility. He presents just enough of all this to fill out for us, with the aid of his supplementary comment, the portraiture of Patience Worth, and to acquaint us with what he calls the literary quality of her communications.

We have ourselves used this term "literary," quite inadvertently, we think, as designating this kind of deliverance. If we mean by that term to indicate any conscious manipulation of material, any constructive art, or premeditated effects of imagery or style, it would detract from Mrs. Curran's sincerity, in which we have absolute faith. For that matter, the great body of creative literature is unliterary. No one would call Shakespeare literary, or be able to convict him of conscious premeditation even in his conceits, which were an inevitable assimilation of the mental mood of his time.

We are assured that Mrs. Curran never had any literary experience outside of her private correspondence, and we may well believe that, if we were admitted to that intimacy, we should find no clue to this Patience Worth familiarity—not even at odd moments when she was half dozing and off her guard. For here we have to deal with a quite other kind of "familiar" than that encountered in one's actual acquaintances or friends, and with "gossip" of a stranger sort. Here, too, the possibilities for surprise are allowed an inconceivably wider field, not being confined to the limited scope of actual contacts or of associations linked with conscious memories of these.

But what does the world ever see or know of the disciplinary exercises of its greatest masters in creative literature? Did any one ever see Homer or Shakespeare small? Homer may sometimes nod, but nobody ever caught him at those preliminary exercises—perhaps he was entirely relieved of these by the Cyclic Poets whose stories he creatively assimilated, as Shakespeare poetically re-created his borrowed plays. Still these poets had a discipline not open to observation, and drew from invisible and exhaustless sources. Some of our modern poets, stimulated by a more distinctively literary atmosphere, have been tempted to premature effort—premature, not because of their youth, but

because the effort has been outwardly prompted and has lacked spontaneity. Even so great a master of the poetic art as Tennyson wrote "early" poems which his more developed sensibility rejected.

We should not venture anything so absurd as a comparison of "Patience Worth" with any of the masters of literature, in prose or verse; neither, we are sure, would Mr. Yost, who is confronting a mystery, not a miracle of art. It is the mystery he seeks to impress upon his readers, emphasizing its inexplicability, making it seem impossible of solution save by the complete elimination of Mrs. Curran's personality from any other than a mediatorial capacity. This subordinate relation to the phenomenon is assumed by Mrs. Curran, though unconsciously she may be as really the principal as any one ever is in creative imaginings or in dreams. In the terminology of "Psychic Research," she is technically a "medium" under "control," but the psychologist is not bound by these terms. To him this mystery is a common wonder—as common as genius.

For genius, though usually associated with eminent individual creations in art and literature, is a generic term, applicable to every source not otherwise definable—to the springs of all native, spontaneous, creative manifestations in life or nature. The term, in this wide use, generally conveys a geistlike, haunting, obsessional implication, but it is equally applicable to transcendent intuition. It inhabits two realms—one of shadows, the other of illuminations. Thus the study of human genius in its essential quality—apart from any special application of the term resulting from a comparatively modern classification—resolves itself into a consideration, on the one hand, of our basic human nature, in racial variations, in its recrudescence with each successive generation, and taking into account the still occult operation of heredity—and, on the other hand, of our psychical evolution.

These two firmaments are as distinct as those of land and sky, but not more divorced then they. Nor, in the human case, which involves progressive mental development, is it possible to consider either of these independently of the intermediate field of consciousness—we might as well attempt to banish our whole wakeful existence; but we can, at any moment of this progressive development, partially succeed in confining our view of humanity to what, at that moment, it is by virtue of native, dormant, and occult natural elements and impulses not due to arbitrary volition, and which we relegate to the field of subconsciousness; also to what it is by virtue of the illumination of creative Reason or, as Bergson calls it, supra-conscious intuition—equally beyond volitional control.

If the moment chosen were the present one, it would still be a moment of wonder, though of a very different kind of wonder from that disclosed in any moment of primitive, ancient, medieval, or at all remotely modern humanity. The supra-conscious side of it has steadily gained upon the subconscious. Heredity, in paths we cannot trace, still works in the darkness, but the shadows have been transformed—especially those shaped by creative imagination in alliance with religious faith. We are nearer to primitive humanity than those of intermediary generations have been in one thing at least—in that we regard the dark as friendly. In so far as our lingering superstitions are not wholly trivial, they are dominated, as our native temperaments are, by our sympathies.

We submit, not stoically, but cheerfully, to our "controls," natural and psychical, and make of them matters of study and even of social entertainment, as our grandmothers did over a sop of leaves left in their teacups. This latter sort of séance served as a turning-point from the horrors of the Salem witchcraft season.

Beginning with the table-tipping epidemic which, originating in Rochester, New York, in 1848, spread over the greater part of America and Europe, modern Spiritualism, in the various forms it has assumed—of hypnotic trances, automatic writing, etc.—has not developed manifestations that can be classed under the head of demonology, along with the earlier phenomena of divination, sorcery, and necromancy. Seldom have these manifestations shown

the violent hysteria and wild frenzy of the Delphic priestess. They could hardly be associated with the ancient underworld or the Dantesque Inferno; and, except for some rare and peculiarly interesting instances of apparently hereditary obsession—such as those recorded by Maeterlinck—they are not as suggestive of the night-side of human nature as some of the imaginings in prose and verse of Edgar Allan Poe.

The trance-mediums, on the contrary, have, since the *Divine Revelations* of Andrew Jackson Davis, been concerned more with illuminations than with shadows, seeking to derive uplifting knowledge from celestial spheres and supernal intelligences; and, altogether, they have given no glimpses of the under side of things or of human strangeness, such as abound in some of Shakespeare's plays, in a few of the novels of Dickens and Thomas Hardy, and in De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* and his *Suspiria de Profundis*. There is more of the occult in Maeterlinck's plays than in all the records he has given us of "psychic" manifestations.

The "illuminations" thus mysteriously derived, in the automatic deliverances that have taken a written form, have been obvious, and, on the whole, boresomely tedious, suggesting no alliance with genius, in either the special or generic application of the term. These writings attributed to Patience Worth are exceptional—especially the poems. Notwithstanding an intolerable deal of chaff and the extravagantly overdone archaism, we find gleams of genius.

In some of the poetry we are reminded of Emily Dickinson's quaint and subtle imaginings, and, in most of it, of contemporary vers libre, at its best and at its worst. The illusion of a personality belonging to a period three centuries ago is very consistently sustained, though no feature of that past, as presented, apart from the quaintness of speech, has any significance or impressiveness. There is here a suggestion of hereditary obsession. But there is another "Patience Worth" in fiction, casually mentioned in an early chapter of Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold*, as the name of a waiting-woman in whose dress and under whose name her mistress, the heroine of that novel, suddenly fled from England, taking that waiting-woman's place as one of a party of maids signed to ship for Jamestown, to be sold as wives to Virginia planters. This was in 1621—pat to the time of this "Patience Worth" of Mrs. Curran's ouija-board.

Miss Johnston's novel was published in 1900. When in July, 1913, the ouija-board announced the strange visitor—"Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name"—may not some shadowy reminiscence of the name have been lodged in one of those "crannies" of Mrs. Curran's mind which the visitor, in one of her conversations, says she "did to seek"? The name—in this case merely the *nominis umbra*—is nothing, save as associated with that particular period in the past which the record is supposed to reflect, though in reality it is a reflex of no past actuality, but of Mrs. Curran's sensibility, which is by no means to be identified with her individual experience.

Sensibility is itself a sufficiently inexplicable mystery. It is not a summation of the conscious moments of individual experience, but a dynamic storage, drawing from we know not what sources and depths of the Beyond.

The fabric of our day's actual experience is mercifully undone in sleep, and our dreams are, in part, made up of the wreckage and, in part, of re-created desire. Death is a completer undoing, of which only the wreckage is visible, and our psychical researches disclose only mortal vestiges in our own shadowy imaginings—not the fashion of re-creation. The unborn, reaching forward to incarnation, seem really to have potency with us, not the discarnate. Our study of abnormal physiological and mental operations has contributed to our knowledge of the normal, but not to our comprehension of the life to come.

All our devices to artificially simulate the normal processes of undoing, to permit a free field for auto-suggestion, cannot reproduce the wonder incident to the mastery of life itself over us, or rather in us. We have yet to fathom the mystery of our "controls."

Two Minds in the Matter

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

SCENE: *A drawing-room.*
TIME: *Afternoon.*
MR. MANNING *is discovered, waiting.*
MRS. EMMONS *enters, and comes forward.*

MRS. EMMONS (*holding out both hands*). Billy!

MR. MANNING (*rising*). Teresa!

[*They stand motionless for a second or two, their hands closely interclasped.*

MRS. EMMONS (*recovering her poise*). If you're quite through with my hand, Billy, I'll start making tea. Match? Thanks. (*She lights the alcohol-lamp.*) Now if the kettle will only condescend to boil— Oh, do sit down! You're so big, and you stamp around so, and I never could replace these Crown Derby teacups.

MR. MANNING (*drawing up a chair*). I wasn't sure that I'd find you in on such a glorious day.

MRS. EMMONS. I had a slight headache, and the concert programme didn't attract me. (*A pause.*) It was good of you to come, Billy. (*A pause.*) I appreciate it tremendously.

MR. MANNING (*appearing surprised*). But why shouldn't I come! It's been an average of every other day for a year now.

MRS. EMMONS (*sitting up very straight*). There isn't some awful misunderstanding, Billy? (*Nervously twisting her handkerchief into a ball.*) Because if there is, I couldn't forgive myself — ever.

MR. MANNING. Misunderstanding! About what?

MRS. EMMONS (*desperately*). My letter —

MR. MANNING. Yes?

MRS. EMMONS. I sent it by special delivery yesterday. I supposed, of course, that you had received it.

MR. MANNING. I did. (*He takes out his pocket-book and extracts a letter from it.*) Here you are.

MRS. EMMONS (*seizing the missive with ill-disguised eagerness*). Thanks very much. (*She glances hastily at its contents, and appears to be relieved.*) Do you know that, for the moment, I was afraid of having made some ridiculous mistake. But this is the letter— quite right.

MR. MANNING. You expressed yourself in a perfectly definite way; there couldn't be any doubt of what you meant. (*Looking at her earnestly.*) Sure of that?

MRS. EMMONS. Absolutely. (*Looking down.*) Will you believe that I was sorry to have to say what I did? I can't tell you *how* sorry.

MR. MANNING. Don't bother, Teresa; really, I wish you wouldn't.

MRS. EMMONS (*holding up her hand*). You



"IF YOU'RE QUITE THROUGH WITH MY HAND, BILLY, I'LL START MAKING TEA"

must let me go on, Billy. I owe it to myself to make you the fullest explanation.

MR. MANNING. Very well.

MRS. EMMONS. I dare say you will consider it incredible, but until you spoke as you did the other night I had no idea that you cared in *that* way. Perhaps I ought to say, no *clear* idea. Of course we had been very good friends, and we had seen a lot of each other, and people were beginning to talk—the old, old story. Moreover, a widow is not entitled to shield herself with the excuse of inexperience. So it *was* all my fault, and yet again, it *wasn't*. I know it's hopeless to make you understand the inwardness of that distinction.

MR. MANNING. Not necessarily. We just drifted along; wasn't that it?

MRS. EMMONS. You are too generous, and you make it harder for me than ever. (*A pause.*) Well, it couldn't go on, and I should have been willing to face the truth months ago. But (*a sigh*) I am a woman. You are a man, and, like a man, you were determined to force the issue. Then I had to deal with it.

[MRS. EMMONS *rises and walks over to the fireplace.*

I tried to look at the situation honestly and unselfishly. I even considered the possibility— (*A pause.*)

MR. MANNING (*rising*). You were speaking of a possibility!

MRS. EMMONS (*waving him back*). I asked myself a thousand questions; I imagined myself standing at every conceivable angle. No use. Then, after a sleepless night, I sat down and wrote you that letter—the hardest thing I ever had to do. Now you know it all.

MR. MANNING (*leading her over to a sofa*). And I thank you for telling me the truth so frankly, Teresa. It makes it easier all round, doesn't it?

MRS. EMMONS (*gratefully*). Billy, you are the very best! It would have hurt me dreadfully to have lost your friendship.

MR. MANNING. You mean if I had behaved like the majority of my spoiled and petted sex—throwing away good, wholesome bread because the more delicious cake had been denied. I'm glad I'm not that kind of a fool.

MRS. EMMONS (*smiling applause*). Sensible Billy!

MR. MANNING (*meditatively*). It's great to have the business finally settled. (*He draws a long breath.*) Great, I tell you! Now when I was in love with you—

MRS. EMMONS (*interrupting*). Ah, the *past* tense!

MR. MANNING (*ignoring the interruption*). —it was a harassing sort of existence for both of us. I was exacting, suspicious, unreasonable, and you felt the inevitable constraint and embarrassment of the situation. Now that the atmosphere is cleared, we can be our true selves again—jolly good friends and nothing more.

MRS. EMMONS (*with some sentiment*). Except that a woman can never entirely forget. There are some memories that endure like the scent of old lavender.

MR. MANNING (*prosaically*). That's easy enough. Some coffee-grains on a hot shovel, and open the window. (*Drawing another long breath.*) Whew! but it does feel good to be over the fever. (*Walking up and down the room.*) You needn't look so incredulous, Teresa. (*Approaching.*) Why, I could kiss you a dozen times now, and hardly realize what I was doing— Fact, I assure you.

MRS. EMMONS (*drawing back*). An interesting experiment, but I'll take your word for it.

MR. MANNING (*carelessly*). Just as you like. (*Humming a few bars of the latest popular air.*) Heard that? It makes a ripping fox-trot.

MRS. EMMONS. I should think it might. (*A pause.*) You take it so well, Billy. I am proud of you.

MR. MANNING (*airily*). You never can tell; and it may have been a mistake all through—an error of mortal thought, you know.

MRS. EMMONS. But you're not a Christian Scientist, Billy— Oh, I see what you mean. (*A little coldly.*) It doesn't seem quite the thing to jest—

[*She stops abruptly.*

MR. MANNING. Excuse me, Teresa; I didn't know you were sensitive—

MRS. EMMONS (*breaking in, hastily*). Not on that point, of course; but I shouldn't like to feel that I had spoiled your whole life.

MR. MANNING. No fear. I'm sleeping better than ever, and eating like a horse.

MRS. EMMONS. I am *so* glad.

MR. MANNING. You see I've thought it all out, and carefully, too. I'm not the pusillanimous, whining kind. There's not a woman alive over whom I'd lose my appetite.

MRS. EMMONS (*lifting her eyebrows*). Oh, really!

MR. MANNING. Besides, what good would it do? No sort of a compliment to a woman to substitute a case of dyspepsia for the tender passion; you see that.

MRS. EMMONS (*coldly*). I suppose I do.

MR. MANNING. Besides, I dare say I'll marry sooner or later.

MRS. EMMONS. Billy!!

MR. MANNING. My dear Teresa, you must be reasonable. You couldn't expect me to wear the willow for the rest of my life just because you found yourself unable to make



"TASTES RATHER PECULIAR. I DON'T DETECT ANY TEA"

me the happiest of men. Indeed, you would be quite justified in despising me were I a creature with that sort of a chocolate-éclair spine.

MRS. EMMONS. Humph!

MR. MANNING. You couldn't want *that*—you, of all women?

MRS. EMMONS (*unwillingly*). Certainly not.

MR. MANNING. Of course I'm not going to be in any tearing hurry. But I have been looking around a bit.

MRS. EMMONS. *Déjà?*

MR. MANNING. That was worthy of Talleyrand himself. "Already?" Teresa, you'd be ripping on the stage.

MRS. EMMONS (*controlling herself with an effort*). I hope you may be very happy, Mr. Manning. I'm sure you deserve to be.

MR. MANNING. I've been thinking that you might be willing to give me a little advice. For instance, there is Irene Camp.

MRS. EMMONS. You want me to be quite honest?

MR. MANNING. Of course.

MRS. EMMONS. No, then.

MR. MANNING. Why, she seems like a nice girl.

MRS. EMMONS (*earnestly*). My dear Billy, you know that I am always loyal to my sex. But if Irene Camp were the last woman upon earth, and I were at my dying gasp—

MR. MANNING (*interrupting*). You would say, no?

MRS. EMMONS. I should yell it. No! no!! no!!!

MR. MANNING. That possibility seems to be settled. Marion Wood?

MRS. EMMONS. Too young.

MR. MANNING. Alice Howe?

MRS. EMMONS. Too old.

MR. MANNING. Grace Hallowell?

MRS. EMMONS. Too thin.

MR. MANNING. Miss Paulding?

MRS. EMMONS. Too fat.

MR. MANNING. It appears rather difficult to suit you, Teresa.

MRS. EMMONS (*smiling*). You are quite too transparent, my dear Billy; and I know you don't care a button for any of these girls. But how about the young person at Ally van Arsdale's tea?

MR. MANNING. To be sure. Tall and slender; wore sables and a big bunch of Italian violets—

MRS. EMMONS (*interrupting*). That you sent her.

MR. MANNING (*carelessly*). I believe I did. How did you come to notice her?

MRS. EMMONS. Well, she is somewhat *prononcée*. I don't mean anything unpleasant.

MR. MANNING. I suppose not.

MRS. EMMONS (*meditatively*). Who was it who told me about meeting that Miss—

MR. MANNING (*interrupting*). Don't let's mention names, please.

MRS. EMMONS (*snappishly*). You can't call a cat names. However, I'm perfectly willing to change the subject, and I see the water is boiling.

[*She goes over to the tea-table, and seats herself.*

MR. MANNING (*following, and taking a seat opposite*). By the way, Teresa, isn't this leap-year?

MRS. EMMONS. I believe so. Have you had any proposals?

MR. MANNING (*somewhat sheepishly*). I dare say it might be called that.

MRS. EMMONS (*giving a little start, and spilling the hot water*). Ouch! (*Recovering herself.*) Why, Billy, how exciting! You must tell me all about it.

MR. MANNING (*eagerly*). Thanks; I should like to confide in—in a friend. It really knocked me all in a heap. To begin at the beginning—

MRS. EMMONS (*interrupting*). One moment, Billy. Strong or weak?

MR. MANNING. Strong, please. To go on, then: I've known this girl pretty well—at least I thought I did.

MRS. EMMONS (*looking in teapot*). I'm afraid I've put in too much hot water. Did you say that you wanted it *very* weak?

MR. MANNING. Not weak at all. Strong! strong!!

MRS. EMMONS (*slightly offended*). I'll try and remember. Cream or lemon?

MR. MANNING. Cream, please. I know, Teresa, that you are inwardly accusing me of allsorts of fickleness and shallow-heartedness. But don't forget that you had refused me, point-blank; and there was to be no appeal from your decision. Then, again—

MRS. EMMONS. Excuse me for interrupting you, Billy; but will you have a little rum with the lemon?

MR. MANNING. No; just cream. As I was saying, Teresa, there's many a heart to be caught on the hop. Now I recognized something about this letter—

MRS. EMMONS (*breaking in*). Oh, a letter! How extraordinary! (*Regaining her self-control.*) Sugar?

MR. MANNING. No sugar. Why, yes; I thought I told you about the letter. I received it immediately after reading your turn-down. (*Abstractedly.*) Shall I ever forget the mingled feelings—

MRS. EMMONS (*very busy with a teacup*). Did you say rum with sugar, and *no* cream? Oh, I beg your pardon; it was cream *and* rum.

MR. MANNING (*coming out of his reverie with a start*). I beg your pardon.

MRS. EMMONS. Lemon?

MR. MANNING. No, thank you; I prefer cream.

MRS. EMMONS. Stupid of me! So it was an interesting letter?

MR. MANNING. Made me feel all kinds cheap and humble and undeserving. Goes to show it must be the real thing—what?

MRS. EMMONS (*shortly*). Here's your tea; hope it's all right.

MR. MANNING (*drinking*). Tastes rather peculiar. (*Drinking.*) Rum *and* sugar *and* cream *and* lemon. But I don't detect any tea.

MRS. EMMONS (*looking in teapot*). I must have forgotten to put any in. I am *so* sorry.

MR. MANNING (*setting down his cup*). We can try again. Can't we? (*Relighting the spirit-lamp.*) There; it will boil in a minute or two. Well, what do you think?

MRS. EMMONS (*with feeling*). I hope you won't make any mistake, Billy.

MR. MANNING. Why, no; I don't see how I could. The meaning of the letter was perfectly plain.

MRS. EMMONS. I was thinking of the old Italian proverb, "Better alone than badly accompanied."

MR. MANNING. It should be written in letters of gold. But what has that to do with me?

MRS. EMMONS (*somewhat irrelevantly*). Tell me one thing honestly. Why did you propose to me night before last?

MR. MANNING (*surprised*). Why!

MRS. EMMONS. Well, you can hardly expect me to believe that this other—er—experience happened out of the blue sky; that you had no idea of the development of this new situation.

MR. MANNING (*weakly*). You forget it's leap-year.

MRS. EMMONS (*contemptuously*). Pff! you *must* have given the creature *some* encouragement. And all the time you were palavering and philandering with *me*. I never felt so insulted in my life.

MR. MANNING (*trying to interpose*). If you'd let me say a word—

MRS. EMMONS (*cutting him short*). There's nothing you can say which I'd even pretend to listen to. Go tell the sables-and-Italian-violets lady that I wish her (*setting her teeth hard and snapping out each word*) every—possible—happiness.

MR. MANNING. But it isn't that particular girl at all. I've never even thought of her since the van Arsdale tea.

MRS. EMMONS (*tragically*). Irene Camp!

MR. MANNING. See here, Teresa, I don't propose to be catechized as though I were a small boy suspected of having been in swimming. It isn't Irene Camp, but that's all you'll get out of me.

MRS. EMMONS (*losing her head a trifle*).

Billy, I can't see you wreck your whole life. Sooner than have you do anything rash I'd—I'd—

MR. MANNING (*warningly*). Don't say anything you might regret, Teresa. Perhaps I had better be entirely frank, and confess that I have decided to accept—

MRS. EMMONS. Billy!

MR. MANNING (*defensively*). Why not? You can't go on playing dog-in-the-manger.

MRS. EMMONS. You haven't yet answered my question. Why did you propose to me night before last?

MR. MANNING (*hesitating*). Why, we had been just good friends, and for so long a time—

MRS. EMMONS (*interrupting*). I see—safety first!

MR. MANNING. And it was the highest compliment—

MRS. EMMONS (*interrupting*). Compliment! Precisely. Such an easy way of making oneself agreeable. Also so inexpensive.

MR. MANNING (*rising*). Good-by, Teresa.

MRS. EMMONS (*rising*). Good-by, Mr. Manning.

[*As in the first scene, they stand motionless for a moment or two, their hands closely interclasped.*

MR. MANNING (*withdrawing his hand*). This is all very pleasant, but I think we are forgetting— Now don't let the mercury fall clear out of sight, Teresa. After all, you are my oldest and best friend, and I have decided to give you my complete confidence.

MRS. EMMONS (*nervously*). No, no!

MR. MANNING. I insist. (*He takes another sheet of letter-paper from his pocket-book and hands it to her.*) Here is the letter; possibly you may recognize—

MRS. EMMONS (*snatching at the letter*). What! (*She glances through the letter, and begins tearing it into minute fragments.*) Of course, it is *my* letter; I can't deny it.

MR. MANNING. It came in the same envelope; in fact, I had to pay extra postage.

MRS. EMMONS (*Stiffly*). So sorry!

MR. MANNING. Oh, I don't mind the two cents. Now I presume that this second letter was another draft of your answer to my request. Only it was as decidedly affirmative as the first was negative. What was a man to think?



"JUST ONE MORE QUESTION, TERESA— WHY?"

MRS. EMMONS (*meeting his eye*). That I had two minds in the matter? (*Defiantly.*) Well, then, I did. I wrote both letters, and tried to decide which one to send. How the two came to be inclosed in the same envelope I can't imagine. After the post had gone I looked for this letter and couldn't find it. I was afraid there was some mistake, but I never dreamt of anything so awful as this.

[*She sinks down on the sofa and covers her face with her hands. A long pause follows.*

MRS. EMMONS (*looking up*). I—I thought you had gone.

MR. MANNING (*patiently*). My dear Teresa, how can I go before I have received a plain answer to a plain question?

MRS. EMMONS (*from behind her handkerchief*). But—but you've had *two*.

MR. MANNING. Ah, I understand; I am to take my choice between them. Well then— (*He kneels at her side, takes her hand, and is about to raise it to his lips.*) Just one more question, Teresa— Why?

MRS. EMMONS. Because.

CURTAIN



"When you get them, John, I'll come in and we can talk to them together."

Showing Off

THE five-year-old daughter was about to say her prayers one evening when she asked her mother if she might whisper them rather than say them aloud. Her mother granted the request, but when the child finished she was somewhat startled to hear her say:

"Mother, what do you suppose I did? I counted to a hundred by tens. I thought God might like to know that I could do it."

No Directions

LITTLE Edward's garden had just been completed that morning, each tiny row had had its seed-envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc.; but, alas! a heavy rain had already washed away the envelopes. Edward was in tears. When questioned, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, the little pictures have all been washed away! How will the little seed know what to grow up into?"

Everybody was "It"

A LITTLE girl who had visited an Episcopalian church for the first time described the service as follows:

"When we went in they were standing up, singing, but pretty soon they sat down and played hide-and-seek."
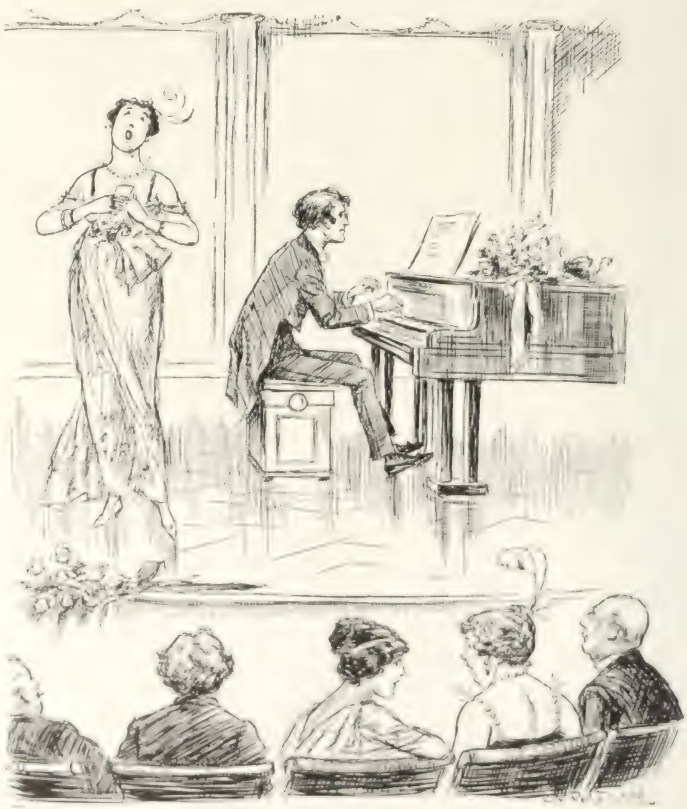
"Did what?" asked her mother.

"Well, of course no one went and hid, but they all covered up their faces and counted to themselves."

Boiling

OLD Tabby had settled herself leisurely and luxuriously in front of the great parlor stove. Little Alice, who was visiting her aunt that day, regarded her with absorbed interest for a few moments. There was no cat in Alice's home, and when Tabby began to purr loudly in her contentment the little miss ran to the door and called out, loudly:

"Oh, Aunt Edna! Aunt Edna! Come here, quick! The cat's begun to boil!"



"Are you fond of Chaminade?"
"Yes, but I have to be very careful what I eat."

Very Likely

"I ASK you, sir, would you take your daughter to see a play like that?"

"And I answer you, madam, No; the chances are ten to one that she has already seen it."

Cupid's Compromise

A PHILADELPHIA girl is cruel enough to tell of an incident in connection with the advances made by a suitor of very ample proportions. It seems that the corpulent admirer had proposed to the girl in good, old-fashioned style, and that, being of a sentimental turn, he had actually gone on his knees to her.

Finally, when it was made perfectly plain to him that there was no hope, the fat man sighed and said, "If you will not accept my offer, at least help me up."

Judging by a Sample

SHE reached San Francisco after dark, and was met by friends who motored her to their country home on a hillside.

The next morning she walked out onto the breakfast-porch quite prepared to be astounded with the grandeur of California. Down an avenue of tall trees she caught a glimpse of sky-blue water.

"What is that water?" she asked.

"That," replied her hostess, a bit proudly, "is the Pacific Ocean."

"Oh! I had an idea it was larger."

Economy of Labor

LITTLE June's father had just returned from the store and was opening up some sheets of sticky fly-paper and placing it about the room. June watched a minute and then burst out with:

"Oh, papa, down at the corner grocery you can get the paper with the flies already caught. They have lots of it in the window."

Disappointed

EDGAR, aged five, was driving from the station on his first visit to Maine. His mother, noticing a troubled look on his face as he looked about, said:

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like the beautiful country?"

"Yes, mother, but on *my* map Maine is *red!*"



"There's determination fer ye, Moike. Look at him go after his cap."

Friendly Interest

LITTLE six-year-old Jane had accompanied her mother to the moving-picture show to see Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen." The bull-fight in the last act was the only part in which she took much interest, but then she was greatly excited. In the end, when the climax had been reached in the death of Carmen and the soldier, and everything was still, a little voice was heard very clearly:

"Mamma, did the cow die, too?"

Satisfied

RETURNING home from a scientific meeting one night, a college professor, who was noted for his concentration of thought, was still pondering deeply on the subject that had been under discussion. Upon entering his room he heard a noise that appeared to come from under the bed.

"Is there any one there?" he asked, absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, knowing his peculiarities.

"That's strange," murmured the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

Up-Stairs

THEY never let me be down-stairs
When company comes nights,
But hurry me to bed at six
And put out all the lights.
The ladies laugh in mother's room
And leave their lovely coats
And perfume-bags, and mother says
They all tell anecdotes.

And dinner lasts and lasts and lasts
Till I get awful cold;
But how can people go to sleep
And do what they are told?
It's hours before I smell them smoke—
That's how I know they're through—
And I hug tight the banister
And wish I dared say "Boo!"

They don't have such good times down-stairs.
They're too dressed up, you see.
They never romp. They just behave.
They couldn't play like me.
But if they'd only ask me down
When folks come e-ven-ings,
I know they'd have a better time,
For I could teach them things.

It's terrible to be grown-up
And like that everywheres.
I guess I'm better off just me:
I'd *rather* stay up-stairs.

RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Reversed

A GANG of Italian laborers were working in a section of Boston where the mud was excessively deep. Suddenly one of the gang cried out:

"Help! Help!"

"What's the matter out there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Antonio's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No! no! He canna no walk! He wronga end up!"

No Danger

THE manager of a millionaire's magnificent estate had sent for a roofer to repair a leak in the roof of the mansion.

Pat Flinn was sent to do the job, and as he entered the front hall the butler, in a subdued voice, said:

"You are requested to be careful of the inlaid floors as you go through the halls; they have just been waxed."

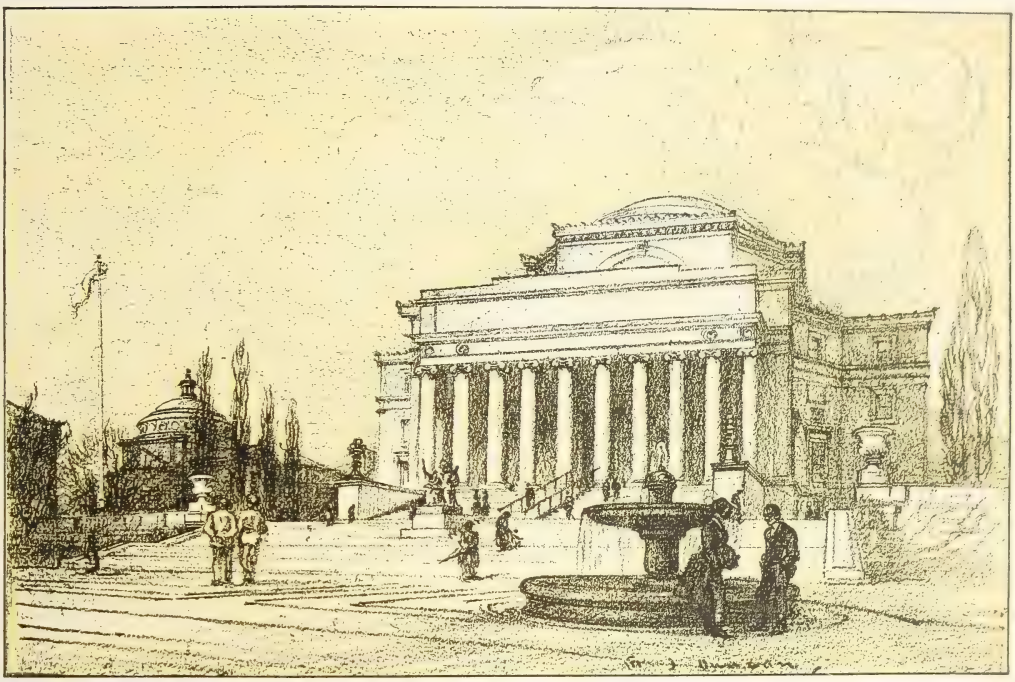
"Oh, sure, there's no danger of me slippin' on thim," replied Flinn. "I've spikes in me shoes."



The Spider and the Fly

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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STEPS THAT RISE IN A SUCCESSION OF GRANITE WAVES LEAD TO THE LIBRARY

Academic Heights

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

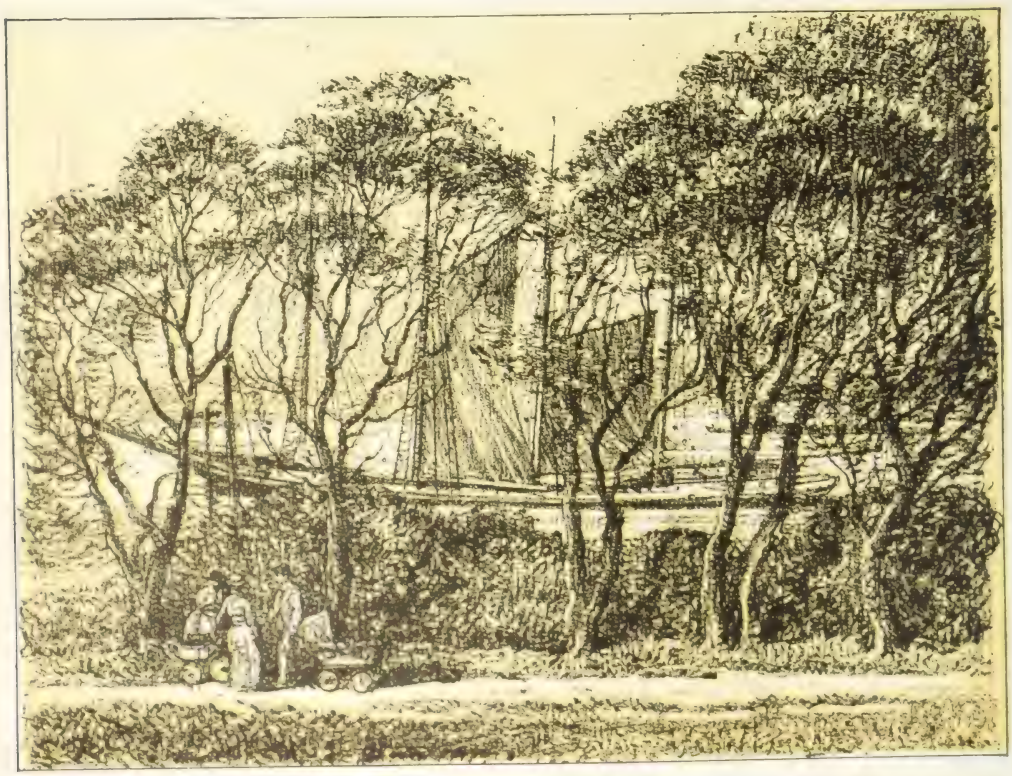
IN New York there is, of course, a Latin Quarter. It lies, by the shortest reckoning, some six miles from where most people would place it. Nine citizens out of ten, if you said Latin Quarter to them, would stare a moment and remark, "Oh, yes, Washington Square," and recommend the Sixth Avenue "L." Now, the Sixth Avenue "L" is right enough, but instead of getting off at Bleecker Street or Eighth Street, you continue north for twenty-two minutes by schedule. For what your informant has in mind is Bohemia and Miss Geraldine Farrar, or Trilby, if he is old enough; the garret studios where youth and the dream of art make light of starvation and the charcoal-man, the Quatz Arts ball, the cafés, the dance-halls. Our New York equivalent for that is undoubtedly Washington Square with its studios—though the garrets are missing—its social and artistic heresies, and the flavor of foreign eating-houses. But that is not the Latin Quarter.

Learned men before me have pointed out for Paris that the place consecrated

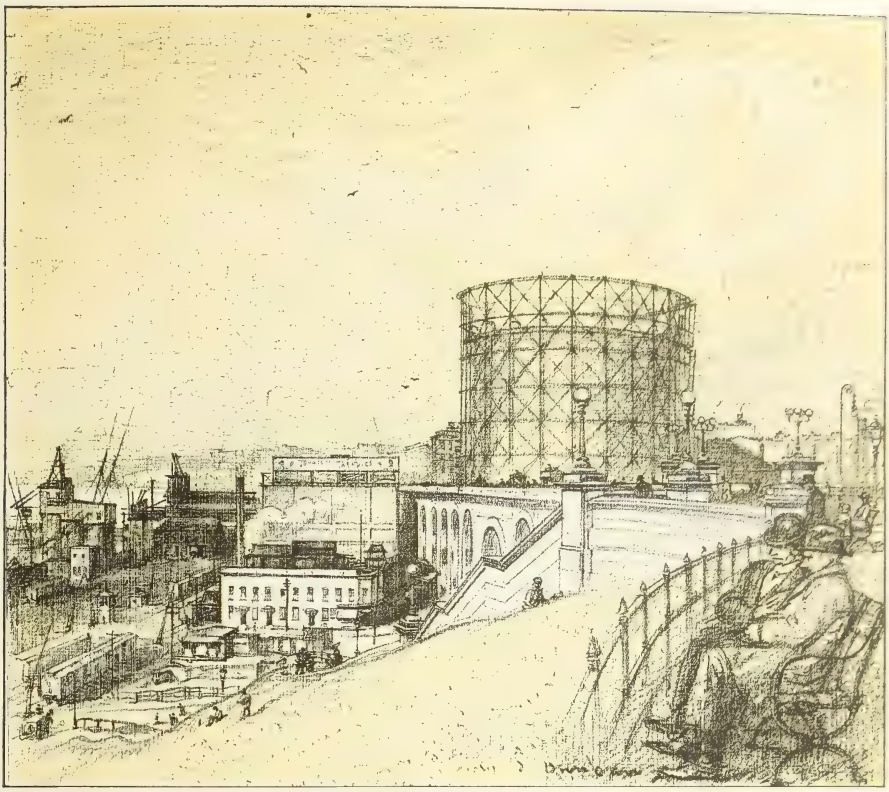
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to art, young love, and velveteens is to-day not the Quartier Latin at all, but Montmartre, several miles across the river. The district on the left bank of the Seine is to-day, predominantly, what it has been for six hundred years, a vicinage in which there are a great many people who could actually speak Latin if they chose to. It is the bailiwick of the highbrows, the dons, the learned faculties in silk gowns, the forty-two-centimeter savants of the Institut, the Sorbonne, the University of France. There is probably less actual canvas-splashing done in the Latin Quarter to-day than in any other section of Paris, and more lofty thinking to the square foot than anywhere else on earth. It contains fewer grisettes than bespectacled students from Russia, the Balkans, the two Americas. Where the Mimis are popularly supposed to be sighing for their Rodolphes, on the Left Bank, M. Bergson expounds the mysteries of the vital urge to serious-minded young women and duchesses. It is the region where the French Academy in two hundred and fifty years of devoted labor has carried the Dictionary of the French language through the letter F. An ancient name for the vicinity is L'Université. That supplies the necessary hint and our own New York parallel.

Our own Latin Quarter is not around Washington Square, but on Morningside Heights. Its dominating figure is not Mr. Robert Henri or whoever may be the present head of the Newest School, but Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. In a district of not much more than one-fifth of a square mile you find all the requisites of a Latin Quarter in the precise historical sense I have set down. It is an area of which fully two-thirds are given up to public buildings—educational, religious, and eleemosynary. It has all the necessary furnishings to make not merely a satisfactory parallel with Paris, but an astonishingly complete parallel. It has a great university, very nearly the most populous in the country. It has the seminaries of two theological creeds,



THE HUDSON HAS YET TO ACQUIRE ITS CENTURIES OF HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS AND ROMANCE

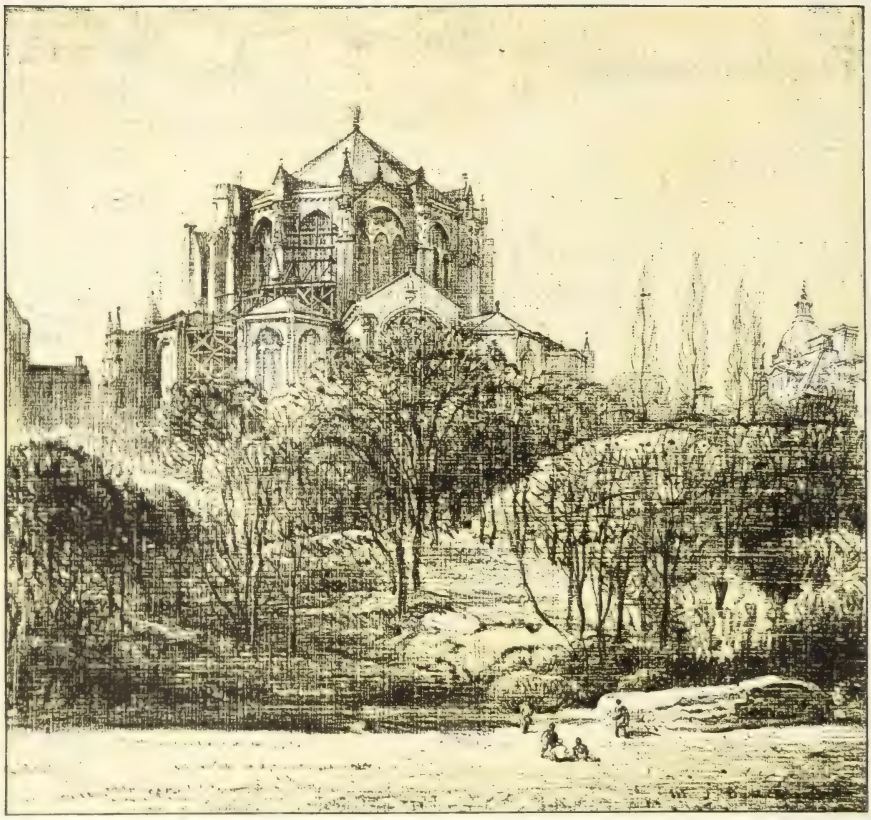


EVEN RIVERSIDE DRIVE MUST YIELD TO INDUSTRY'S RUTHLESS ENCROACHMENT

of which one is the richest and largest plant of its kind in the country. It has the country's greatest cathedral, which will also be the country's most beautiful cathedral if the architects ever decide what it will look like. It has a great hospital, St. Luke's, which, for many years to come, seems destined to overtop the cathedral across the street. For the Panthéon, near the Seine, it has our greatest commemorative monument after the Washington obelisk on the Potomac—the Tomb on Riverside Drive. For the gardens of the Luxembourg it has two park belts which are also its boundaries, Morningside on the east and Riverside on the west, so that on Academic Heights a heavy stream of erudition, piety, and charity flows between solid banks of verdure. For a match to the Seine it has the Hudson.

It is more than a match. When you think of what the Europeans have done with their twopenny rivers and then look at the Hudson, across to the Palisades, south to the harbor, north to where the sudden break in the bastions of the western bank reveals a prospect of infinity, you have not the least doubt as to where the Seine, the Thames, and the Rhine will be when we have piled up two thousand years of historical association, of romance, and of reverie, like that in which the transatlantians have swathed their picayune streams. You might take the Seine, the Thames, and the Rhine and place them side by side in the Hudson and have enough room left for an All-American Henley. But because we have not yet at hand a Wordsworth or a Whistler, our unrivaled waterways must see their immense raw resources of beauty and romance monopolized by the prose poets of the Albany Day Line.

You can imagine what the Europeans would do with the Hudson if they had it —the Dickenses, the Hugos, who have wound and curled the murky streams of Thames and Seine through the life of their capitals, making the river a force, an agent, a mirror, a commentator upon



THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL THAT IS YET TO BE, WITH ITS CLUSTER OF CHAPELS

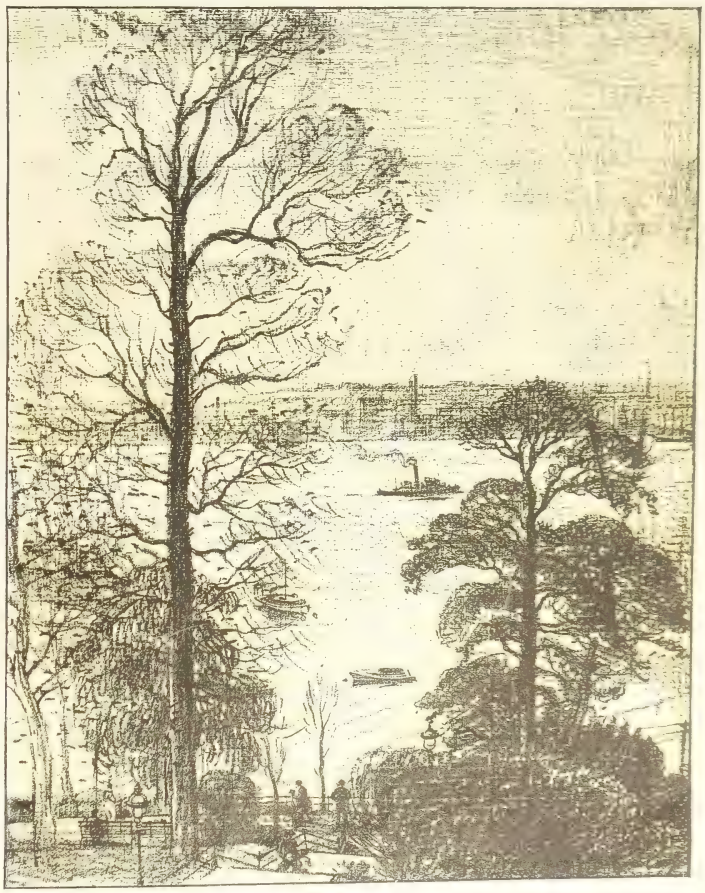
the life on its banks. The rivers of Europe are the Greek choruses to the drama of the cities—London Bridge and Pont Neuf. Hardly a hero of Parisian fiction crosses the Pont Neuf without making it his confidant. Yet what is the tiny current of the Seine to the mighty sweep of the Hudson? What are the lights on the bridges of Paris to the thousand lights of mystery that swing along the base of the Palisades north and south—lights of heavy, squat barges lost in the shadows; lights on trim, white yachts reflected in the sheen of their enamel; and the sudden upflare of huge spouts of flame from the furnaces and gas-houses on the western bank? It is only a question of finding our Dickens, Wordsworth, or Hugo, before the electric blaze of the great real-estate advertising frames on top of the Palisades is coined into legend and story.

Our Latin Quarter is something more than half a mile in length, from 110th Street, where the Synod Hall and Bishop's residence of St. John's show that the Gothic may be brand-new and yet beautiful, to 121st Street, which constitutes the northern boundary of Columbia University. Five hundred feet to the north the Hebrew Theological Seminary is the last educational outpost, while in the extreme western corner we must prolong the frontier to 123d Street, so as to include Grant's Tomb. Just below the southern border are the workrooms of the National Academy of Design. From Morningside Park on the east to the river is a matter of less than a third of a mile. From all four sides the ground rises, gently from the south and west, more sharply from the north, almost perpendicularly from the east, to the crest of the plateau of which the exact median point is occupied by Alma Mater on the steps of the Low Library. Thus from three sides the University may be reached with only a modicum

of leg-work, though from the east it is a stiff climb.

Morningside Park is probably the most perpendicular public garden in New York, and perhaps anywhere; I am unacquainted with the landscape-garden system of Tibet. For the freshman the one hundred and some score steps of Morningside are an excellent test for the wind. The faculty takes them as a form of exercise, and plods up with a good deal of effort, to stop for breath at the foot of Karl Bitter's statue of Carl Schurz in a bronze hemicycle which is part of the retaining wall for the park. If one is honest he will admit that he stops for breath at the feet of Carl Schurz, but you can make out an excellent case if you pretend that it's the view. The top of Morningside is the one place where one may see across the entire breadth of Manhattan Island, and only at two points on this acropolis. One is precisely at the foot of Carl Schurz's statue, the other is a fifth of a mile farther north on this same upper edge of the park wall at 120th Street. From these two vantage-points there is a clear view, west to the Palisades, and east to the Long Island Sound. At the foot of the hill lies the city—Harlem and the towers of the rich on Fifth Avenue across the trees of Central Park. Here again I cannot help thinking of the countless heroes of French fiction from Balzac through Zola to the most contemporary of moderns who have looked down from Montmartre upon the lights of Paris and yearned or cried defiance. Possibly there are upper classmen at Columbia who look down from Morningside on the city of five millions and dream of conquest. I can even imagine a sophomore, after an unfortunate mid-year exam., poised in reverie over the balustrade. As I have said, we need only the genius and inspiration. The city is there.

The region has its background of history, though the chronicle does not reach so far back as in the Latin Quarter on the Seine, where they show you the ruins of Roman baths under the Museum of Cluny, and streets which are supposed to be very much as Dante found them when he followed lectures in Theology 3 at the university. Morningside is Revolutionary ground. General Washington retreated by the Bloomingdale Road to Harlem Heights and beyond, and the British camped on the site of the University. The armies lay on either side of the valley which Fort Lee commuters now call Manhattan Street and took



THE HUDSON, LOOKING TOWARD THE PALISADES

pot-shots at each other. Then General Washington attempted a surprise, sent his troops across the valley, and struck the enemy on both flanks. The battle of Harlem Heights was a success, but not enough of a success. General Washington gave up his comfortable quarters in the Jumel Mansion to resume his historic task of dotting the countryside with Washington's Headquarters, and the American army made its way across the North River for Trenton and points west. Block-houses still mark the strategic points in this region, one at the northern edge of Central Park, another at the northern edge of Morningside Park at 123d Street. A bronze tablet in the wall of one of the University buildings at 117th Street commemorates the battle of Harlem Heights.

The manor-houses of the colonial era gave way to farms and market-gardens. Then came the squatters, with their shacks perched on comparatively slight but inaccessible heights. To the student of comparative zoology, Morningside Heights is of interest as the last habitat on Manhattan Island of the domestic goat. They were there when Columbia moved to the Heights from 49th Street in 1897, and for a number of years, though in dwindling numbers, they continued to maintain themselves amid the encroaching waves of a new Kultur. Only a year or two ago there was on exhibition in the window of a drug-store fronting the Campus the stuffed effigy of what purported to be the last survivor of this interesting race, *Hircus hibernicus Academicus*. In that drug-store to-day students eat their nut sundaes at the soda-counter, and so the immemorial past and the present, even as on the banks of the Seine, rub elbows.

Unquestionably, the route by which the distinguished visitor should be made to approach Morningside Heights is from the east, by one of the cross-streets that run from the Park into the thickets of the Harlem ghetto. If you come up by Riverside Drive, the magnificent road and the river may not leave sufficient enthusiasm for the gradual unveiling of the charms of the Heights proper. Only by emerging from the huddle of dingy apartment-houses east of Eighth Avenue will the visitor catch full tilt the complete beauty of the scene—the half-mile sweep of the wooded amphitheater, and, crowning it, above the poplars, the choir of the cathedral that is yet to be, with its cluster of chapels, jeweled stonework, which come fresh from the mason's hands, and in a year have taken on the soft texture of age.



A CORNER OF THE CAMPUS



THE HALL OF FAME CROWNS THE HORIZON

St. John's grows slowly—not, perhaps, by the standard of the medieval cathedrals, but very slowly by comparison with railway terminals and aqueducts. It has been twenty years in the building, and for half of that time the sole visible result was an enormous arch of granite, now hidden within the choir, but then standing bare to the sky. When the last touch to the last tower of the finished cathedral is given, I doubt if the effect of the massed structure on the observer then living can compare with the huge, gaunt span which so many of us can recall, a giant proscenium behind which the sun went down into the river in what must always remain the greatest show on earth. There was a tradition among us of the first years of the University on the hill, who found the great arch watching over the city every morning, and left it on guard at night, that St. John's grew so slowly because it was being built on a cash basis. We had it that every Sunday, at services in the cathedral vaults, the plate was passed round, and when the trustees had counted the proceeds they would authorize a slab or two for the arch, a bit of buttress work, or perhaps only order a couple of barrels of lime. We used to jest about it. Matter-of-fact persons observed that the arch grew so deliberately because the builders waited for the mortar to settle. Irreverent sophomores suggested that the builders might be waiting for the trustees to settle. And yet, for all our flippancy about the arch, it entered into our sophomore souls as deeply as anything could be expected to go into that shallow medium. We were the legitimate successors of the pious and irreverent Middle Ages.

To-day it very often occurs to me that

St. John's, in its slow rise, should be a real and visible comfort to a great many people who read newspaper and magazine articles about the swirling tides of change and What is Wrong with the Church. If the editorial writers and the special contributors are right—and it cannot be that they are not—the world as we know it to-day is crumbling to bits. The knell has sounded for institutionalism. The churches are already empty; soon they will be in ruins. How, then, in view of the imminent dissolution of Christianity and its replacement by social welfare, in view of the disappearance of the churches and their replacement by the moving-picture theaters, can sober, successful men of business like the trustees of St. John's be engaged in so speculative a business as putting up a cathedral that may take fifty years to finish? Can it be that, after all, when the cathedral is finished, the market for it will not be dead?

That, apparently, is the presumption upon which the trustees are acting; and, being successful men of business, perhaps there is something, after all, in what they believe. Perhaps this recognizable world, with its institutionalism, is not crumbling as fast as the newspapers say, or possibly the very business of building a cathedral helps to stay the process of decay. At any rate, here is the fact for timid conservatives to take comfort in, that Messrs. Morgan and Belmont are building St. John's with apparently as much confidence in the future as though they were building a subway or an extension to the Catskill Aqueduct. In London has just been finished a great Catholic cathedral, and in Paris work is still progressing upon Sacré Cœur on the top of Montmartre. It is all very complex and beyond the scope of a mere impressionist.



ORNATE APARTMENT-HOUSES WITH CLASSICAL NAMES SHARE IN THE CULTURAL ATMOSPHERE

A noble Roman basilica and twelve massive factory buildings of brick, built like all model industrial structures for light and air, make up Columbia University proper as distinguished from its affiliated institutions, Teachers College, across the way on 120th Street, and Barnard College for Women, on the other side of Broadway. No modern college president would object to having his establishment referred to as an educational plant, and that is the one impression of Columbia campus which deepens with time—a great group of utilitarian work-shops devoted to the generation of

power and light as the president's commencement address might describe it.

This, however, is not the first impression which the visitor will carry away if he enters the campus from the main approach on 116th Street up the magnificent flight of steps that rise in a succession of granite waves, checkered with red-brick tapestry, to the Low Library. More than the classic lines of the Library, with its colonnade and dome, this stairway of magnificent proportions justifies the adjective Roman which it has so often received. The dome, the colonnade, the monumental granite terrace are the things that hit you first and hit you hard; and the visitor who has climbed the stairs and strolled over the brick plaza which is the campus and made a hasty tour of the subsidiary buildings will remember chiefly the Library.

As first impressions go, that is right enough. It is a pity only that so few out-of-town visitors are granted the opportunity to see the Library at its best; and that is at night when the great lamps glow out between the columns and give just enough light to splash the noble façade with gleams of white and pale yellows and shadow. The effect then is as far away as you can imagine from modernism and industrial efficiency. South Court and the Library at night are like the weird marble dreams of Arnold Boecklin in his haunted isles. Night and Mr. Edison in combination have outfitted New York with a form of beauty that no other city can show; the Singer Tower, Broadway during the theater hours, and the Library on University Heights are the three local triumphs of their collaboration.

But when one comes back to the campus again and again after spending three years upon its brick pavements, crosses it hurriedly on the way from home to the subway station in the morning, or more leisurely in the late afternoon home from the subway, and again at night to and from the theater, the Library, as the embodiment of the spirit of the University, shrinks into the background, and it is the great rectangles of reddish-brown brick that impose themselves as the real university; they are so obviously useful, so plainly capable of containing the five thousand students who are listed in the catalogue, so clearly intent on business. Once the architects had given the Library the place of honor in the center of the campus, with a splendid wastefulness of space, the real workshops were distributed with the most rigorous deference to economy and order. Symmetry runs riot. Two halls on the east front of the campus facing Amsterdam Avenue balance two halls on the west front facing Broadway. Schermerhorn Hall, in the northeast corner, balances Havemeyer Hall in the northwest corner. The Romanesque Chapel on the east of the Library balances in general design and dimensions Earl Hall on the west flank. It is almost like a perfect joint operation by von Hindenburg and von Mackensen.

Where the symmetry of the scheme is broken, it is not the fault of the architects, but a lack of funds. Here and there are gaps, waiting spaces. When the necessary number of rich alumni have died and the architect's blue-prints are completely realized, the geometrical scheme will be perfect. That is why there may conceivably be Columbia graduates disloyal enough to hope that the money will not be available for a good many years to come. For then charming bits of anachronism and assymmetry like the grim, dirty block of East Hall, which was once Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, and the humble, red-brick dwellings which were once presumably the residences of the principal keeper and the chief physician of Bloomingdale and are now the Faculty Club and the dean's offices, may survive to frustrate the geometrical designs of the University trustees. Things are still very new. Since Columbia came up to Morningside Heights there has neither been enough time nor weather to soften outlines. The ivy is only beginning to do its work. But as the buildings pile up, romance has come in with the appearance of green quadrangles and obscure corners and terraces that overhang the trolley-lines, but seem very far away from them indeed.

From the summit of South Court, at the entrance to the Library, the brick plaza, which is the campus proper, runs north for a distance of two city blocks

and makes a sheer drop of some thirty feet to the Grove. The University begins on the south like the Roman Forum, and ends on the north like Oxford. The old trees in the Grove have been spared. The gardeners have done their work with the lawns. Here, indeed, you might imagine philosophers strolling about under the trees in high discourse. Only the Grove to-day is not given up to philosophers. The Ph.D.'s do not stroll, meditating their theses. It would be rather hard to meditate in the open air on the Myxosporida Found in the Gall Bladders of Fishes from the Eastern Coast of Canada. The undergraduate uses the Grove only as a short cut from the "Gym" to the subway or his boarding-house. By reading the president's commencement address and the *University Quarterly* you will undoubtedly find the various points at which Columbia touches life. But neither the president nor the *Quarterly* mentions the Grove as the point at which the University comes into closest contact with the outside world.

For in the Grove there are trees and grass, and where there are trees there are sure to be squirrels, and where there are squirrels and grass there are nurses with baby-carriages and little ones toddling after the squirrels or putting their dolls to bed just outside the windows of the Zoological Museum. The real Peripatetics on Morningside range from two years to five. Whatever may be thought of the president's attitude toward his faculty, his policy to the baby-carts in the Grove is most liberal. There may be some rule restricting the privileges of the Grove to the offspring of faculty members, or, at least, to children whose parents can show a college degree. But if there is such a rule, I don't imagine it is rigorously enforced. As a result, the university squirrels are uncommonly fat and lazy, fastidious in their food, and tame to the point where they scurry through the massive iron palings which inclose the Grove, across the asphalt of 120th Street, to perch on the very steps of Teachers College.

The squirrels and babies are on equal terms of intimacy with the great bronze Pan who lolls at his ease of twelve feet or more over a water-basin in the corner of the Grove, his back turned disdainfully on the Amsterdam Avenue cars. From his easy position at the edge of the fountain, Pan has observed the academic processions filing into the gymnasium, which is also the university assembly hall, has overheard the sonorous presidential formula conferring honorary degrees on several hundred distinguished citizens, and has apparently remained content without a degree or a diploma; at least, Pan's smile would indicate that. He was never one for select company. In the absence of fauns and dryads, the children, the squirrels, and the nurse-girls are good enough for him. The nights he has as a rule to himself; but there is the night of the Senior Dance, when Chinese lanterns gleam among the trees, and there are the warm nights of the Summer Session when Ben Greet or the Coburn Players give "As You Like It," with poetry and romance, but without the scenery and the punch that have kept for Shakespeare his precarious foothold on the Broadway stage.

The atmosphere on Columbia campus, and for that matter on Morningside Heights, to the extent that the Heights are shaped by the campus, is feminine. A great many more women than men climb and descend the Library steps, traverse the brick plaza around which the Halls cluster, lounge in the Grove, or hustle across Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue to lose themselves in the dormitories and the apartment-house jungles beyond. For that matter, one would never suppose from a brief visit to the campus that several thousand young men are there concentrated within the space of seven or eight acres. In the few male figures which you discern here and there you detect little of that *dolce far niente* which you associate with youth on the college campus, loitering under trees, sprawling on fences and benches and stairways. Rather you see young men engaged in going rapidly from one place to another, from the Library to the "dorms," from Philosophy Hall to Schermerhorn. But they are singles, or little groups, hardly enough to stock a fresh-water college in the Middle West, not to say a university. It is like Somewhere in France. You

know that a male army is hidden hereabout, though the trenches and the communication lines are invisible. But the women are everywhere.

Why this striking feminine predominance? It cannot be that the young men are all grinding away at their books in their rooms or in the Library, while the women go in for sunshine and leisure. The balance of scholarship and application is the other way. The reason is, I suppose, that the young women from Barnard and Teachers College are compelled to do a great deal of walking because of scattered class-rooms. With the men this is not so. During the early days of Columbia on the Heights the workshops were half as many as they are now, and of libraries there was only one. The men in the College, the Mines men, the lawyers, took their lectures in half a dozen buildings, perhaps, and the campus between hours was as lively a place as the Broad Street curb. But Columbia has grown, and, like some of the lower biological forms, has propagated by splitting up. The campus proper has spilled over across 116th Street to South Field, where Hamilton Hall, the college proper, with its own library, lying close to the long rows of tall, brick dormitories, has drained off virtually the entire undergraduate body. Only the Gym in the Grove, and Earl Hall with its forums and cenacles, form a connecting link between the undergraduates and the old campus. Among the postgraduate schools there has been the same process of decentralization. The lawyers who for many years were cooped up in spare rooms in the Low Library now have the generous spaces of Kent Hall to themselves. The architects have their own library. There is Earl Hall for student activities. There is the Chapel.

Conditions are different now from what they were fifteen years ago, when chapel attendance was not quite a monster mass-meeting. Services were then held in the amphitheater of Schermerhorn Hall. In the main lobby of Schermerhorn, the skeleton of a mastodon faced the visitor as he entered. I believe it still does. One day the rumor spread that the mastodon had been knocked over that morning in the mad rush to chapel. The story proved to be untrue. A dozen was a fair morning's attendance. The last time I visited the old amphitheater was two or three years ago, when M. Bergson lectured on Creative Evolution—or was it the Phenomena of Laughter? (my French is not perfect)—to crowded benches. His audience easily represented a full month's chapel attendance. I understand that things are different to-day, and this shows once more, as in the case of St. John's, that the decay of the religious spirit has not been as rapid as some people think.

Additional evidence on this point is supplied by the great new Seminary on Broadway, diagonally across from the University, stretching a solid front of four hundred feet of lovely Gothic detail, which, in the mass, however, I find rather disappointing. When the eye has followed that façade for a city block, it has had enough. The masonry ceases to flow and begins to sprawl. Imagine a stretch of pointed arches, windows, embrasures, moldings, and carven lace-work which it would take Ted Meredith fifteen seconds to pass at top speed. But the detail is exquisite. Your modern architect apparently needs not wait for time to give the sanctifying touch to his stone and masonry. Give him money enough, and he will find the right kind of stone to take on not only the form but the patina of the old monuments.

A noble archway does help to break the monotony of the enormous front. It leads into a great quadrangle, with lawns and walks and a religious quiet which not even the bold terra-cotta glare of the ten-story apartment-houses, with three baths, on Claremont Avenue, can destroy. Long cloisters stretch on two sides of the quadrangle, and here again the freshness of the brass-work, the gleam of new varnish, is not altogether destructive of the religious spirit, though I am aware that on several occasions the question has been raised whether there is such a spirit at the Union Theological Seminary to destroy. This is not a controversial article, but I maintain that in a house so beautiful there must be a worthy soul indwelling. For that matter, on Sunday people unquestionably do pass through the gate-

way, cross the quadrangle, and enter the Seminary Chapel, in size a metropolitan church, which forms the southwest corner of the great inclosure. The organ peals out nobly, there is the sound of hymns, and outside on the walks and in the cloisters the young of Morningside Heights walk about in Sunday habiliments and with their parents, the same young who on secular days disport themselves with the squirrels on the University campus, now subdued by Sunday clothes to an appropriate demeanor; subdued, but not excessively.

With the Seminary, as with the University buildings, you get the impression of vast uninhabited spaces. There are close neighbors of the Seminary who can hardly recall seeing any one entering the great building or coming out whom you would mark for a theological student.

If one looks for an immediately visible influence of the University, the Cathedral, and the Seminaries upon the outward aspect of the Heights, he is likely to be disappointed. The apartment-houses on Broadway and Morningside Drive are almost as ornate as they are farther down-town or up-town, the predilection for classical names, in the style of Pullman, is just as emphatic. If you look for mass effects, there is little about the aspect of the neighborhood once you turn your back on the campus, to show that you are in a peculiar cultural atmosphere. But if you are on the watch for subtler things, they are there. Inside of the ornate apartment-houses an observant eye begins to detect differences. The click of typewriters is a normal sound in Morningside interiors. There is a high average of young faces in the lobbies, the student overflow from the University dormitories. And if you are curious and mannerless enough to peep at the addresses on the envelopes which elevator-boys have a habit of posting on the walls of the elevator cage, you will see stamped envelopes from book-publishing firms, from magazine subscription offices, from teachers' agencies, travel bureaus, symphony orchestras, independent little theaters—all testifying clearly to the presence of a select cultural population.

The signs are more emphatic in the shop windows. The haberdashery exposed is of an aggressive pattern and shade that testify plainly to the presence of a large undergraduate population. The little specialty shops for women indicate in the same way the presence of a large female population which is too busy to shop down-town. The eating-places swarm on every side, one more proof of a large bachelor environment. The eating-shops are small, but they strive for and attain artistic effects—cozy corners, soft lights, quaint furnishings, an actual spinning-wheel in the window, all of which indicates something better than the tastes that are satisfied at Childs'. On the news-stands the piles of ten-cent magazines are not much taller than the thirty-five-cent magazines, and the *Evening Post* makes quite a respectable showing against the *yellow Journals*. The nature of the picture post-cards on sale in the drug-stores is an infallible index. They do not go in for the robust comedy of sitting on freshly painted park benches. They are truly informative pictures—the University buildings, of course; Riverside, Grant's Tomb—in short, the kind one sends home from Paris instead of from Long Beach.

The popular picture-card on Morningside Heights is indicative of the ethnology of the place. With the exception of certain streets in Greenwich Village, no other section of New York shows so large a percentage of the old American race—to say Anglo-Saxon would be inviting needless controversy. The University has drawn thousands of students from all parts of the country, and it is to the South, the West, the Southwest that the picture-cards of Grant's Tomb and St. John's go out in large numbers. The physical traits of the older racial type are more pronounced in the women than in the men—tall, spare, graceful women with high-strung, almost painfully clear-cut features, and the prematurely gray hair which is the sign of the upper-class American woman who is not of the idle classes. Especially in July, when the summer vacation brings thousands of school-teachers from the great hinterland, Morningside is strongly marked with profiles and accents that are decidedly not of the average New York.

White Bread

BY ZONA GALE

EVERY one in the room had promised something. Mis' Tyrus Burns offered her receipt for filled cookies.

"My filled cookie receipt," she said, "is something that very, very few have ever got out of me. I give it to Mis' Bradford—when she moved away. I've give it to one or two of my kin—by word of mouth and not wrote down. And Carol Beck had it from me when she was married—wrote out on note-paper, formal—but understood to be a personal receipt and not general at all. This 'll be the first time I've ever give in to make it public, and nothing on earth but the church carpet would make me now."

"Me either, with my Christmas cakes," said Mis' Arthur Port. "I've made 'em for fairs and bazaars and suppers, and give the material when I needed it for the children's shoes, but I feel like the time had come for the real supreme sacrifice. I'll put 'em in the book with the rest of you."

Mis' Older's salad-dressing, Mis' Eldred's fruit cordial, Mis' Regg's mincemeat, Mis' Emmons's pie-crust—these were all offered up. The basement dining-room of the church was filled with women that spring afternoon, and a spirit was moving among them like a little flame, kindling each one to giving. The place in which they were gathered, its furnace in the corner, its reed melodeon for the Sunday-school, its blackboards, and its locked cupboards filled with dishes which the women had earned when a like flame quickened—this place might have been an austere height where they were face to face with the ultimate purpose of giving, of being. For abruptly children's shoes, parlor curtains, the little hoard accumulating "over back" on a cupboard shelf became as nothing, and the need to be of use was on them all, like a cry involuntarily answered to a cry. That exquisite reflection of each in each was there, obeying strange laws of repetition and contagion—a gentle, positive power, infinitely stronger than the negative infection of mob violence. It was as if the very church carpet which the receipt-book's sale must buy was but the homely means for the exercise of the mysterious force which moved them.

Save only one. Mis' Jane Mellish sat by the serving-pantry door, no more self-forgetful than when she was in her own kitchen.

"What's the book going to be called?" she had asked when they had voted to prepare it.

"The Katy Town First Church Ladies' Choice Receipt Book," they had finally decided.

"How can you call it that if it ain't all the ladies?" Jane had inquired further. "Some o' the ladies 'ain't got a choice receipt to their names nor their brains."

"Such as 'ain't can see to the printing," Mis' Tyrus Burns suggested. "Would you druther do that, Jane?" she added, tartly.

Jane's lips moved before she spoke—a little helpless way that they had, as if they were not equal to what they must do. "Who's going to write the dedication?" she asked.

No one had thought of a dedication, but it occurred to no one to question it. And the answer was inevitable.

"You'd ought to do that," they said to Jane. For who else of their number had ever published poems in the *Katy Town Epitome*, and whom else had its editor asked to "do special funeral and wedding write-ups"?

Jane nodded and hid her relief, and presently faced the question which all along she had been dreading:

"Now, bread. We'd ought to have some real special breads," they said. "Who's going to do them?"

Mis' Holmes's salt-rising bread, Mis' Jacobs's potato-bread, Mis' Grace's half - graham - and - half - rye—these were all offered. It was Mis' Tyrus Burns who said that which they were all thinking. She turned to Jane Mellish.

"Land! Jane," she said, "what it 'd be to have your white-bread receipt for our volume!"

At this a hush fell, and they looked at Jane. For years her white-bread receipt had baffled them all. Nobody made white bread like Jane, and no one could find out how she made it—whether by flour or mixing, or, as some suspected, a home-made lard, or an unknown baking-powder, or a secret yeast packed in occasional boxes from Jane's relatives oversea. Whatever the process or the component, she kept it. After a few rebuffs, Katy Town understood that the bread was Jane's prerogative. So they praised it to her, and experimented privately, and owned to one another their defeat. No one ever asked Jane any more. When Mis' Tyrus Burns did so, the silence was as if some one had spoken impertinently, or had made an historical reference too little known to be in good taste, or had quoted poetry.

"I'm going to compose an original dedication," Jane said, stiffly. "I guess, ladies, that's my share."

Mis' Tyrus Burns sighed. "'Most any of us," she said, "could stodge up a dedication to a book. Or we could even go without one, if we just had to. But that white-bread receipt of yours had ought to be in this book by rights, Jane Mellish, with a page all to itself."

Jane was silent. And when little Miss Cold, of her heart's goodness, relieved the moment with, "None of you offered to give my cream cake a page all by itself, I notice," every one laughed gratefully, and spoke no more of Jane's bread.

Jane walked down the street with the others, and she knew of what they were thinking. When she turned alone into her own street under the new buds, she went with a sick defiance, which her elaborate chatter about house-cleaning had only scotched. She left her door open to the friendly evening. The rooms were pleasant and commonplace in the westering light; her dress was to be changed, there was supper to get, her "clothes" had come home and were waiting to be sprinkled; but all these were become secondary to the disturbing thing.

"Mis' Tyrus Burns always did make things disagreeable for everybody," she thought. "Why should she say what bread should go into that book and what bread should stay out of it?"

Grandma Mellish was in the kitchen. She had an airy room of her own, and the "other" room was warm enough for comfort, but she sat in the kitchen. Sometimes she spent wakeful nights there.

"The other furniture bunts out at me," the old lady had said. "I see it's there. In the kitchen I can think things without truck having to be looked at all the time— Can't I sit where I want?" she would querulously demand of them.

Of late she had been querulous, too, about certain grinning faces on the cook-stove.

"They're makin' fun of what they think you be," she said once. "You can stand there fryin' things, as moral as the minister, but you can't fool them faces. Dum 'em."

She sat in the kitchen now, patching a roller-towel. "Be they done clackin'?" she inquired, as Jane entered.

With the table-cloth in her hand, Jane stooped to her, told her about the book and the new church carpet. "They want I should put my white-bread receipt in," she said.

"The brass!" said Grandma Mellish, shrilly. "The brass!"

"Ain't it?" Jane said, softening to the sympathy, and stopped in her journey from cupboard to table to tell more of the meeting. The old woman listened; she was very bent, and to listen she looked over her stooped shoulder, her lips parted and moving in her effort to follow.

"The brass!" she said again. "That receipt's yours. *I* don't know how you make it, and I live in the same house with you. They'll want the hair off your head, next. What you goin' to do for their book?"

"It's my book, too," Jane said. "It's our book, I s'pose—it ain't all theirs. I'm going to write the dedication—giv-

ing it away on the front page, you know."

"Eh," said Grandma Mellish. "Well, just you make it flowery enough, and put in enough love and heaven, and that had ought to satisfy 'em. They'll want the clothes off your back, next." She broke off and shook her fist at the grinning faces on the cooking-stove. "What you smirkin' at, drat ye?" she inquired.

When supper was ready Jane went out on the porch, and there, in order to be away from the droning voice, she waited for Molly. Molly was late, but Jane was not hungry. The feeling of sick distaste had persisted, so that it was almost physical nausea; and this the old woman's words, which had at first soothed her, now someway intensified.

What was she caring so much about? she asked herself, indignantly. The bread receipt was hers, and that was all there was to it. It had been brought from the old country by her great-grandmother Osthelder, and had been handed down from mother to daughter. She remembered how jealously it had been guarded by her own mother, who had brought the receipt West with her when she married; and straightway in her home town her bread had become an amazement. Her mother had always made the bread for the Communion services, and so had Jane. In a fortnight more Jane would be making bread for the spring Communion of the First Church.

"I do enough for them—I guess I do enough for them with my receipt," she thought. "Besides, it's Molly's. I 'ain't the right to give away what's Molly's."

Molly, coming from her school, seemed not at all disturbed about her rights. She had been teaching for two years, but she looked like a school-girl herself as she came round the house. She came bareheaded, save for a flutter of white veil on her hair; and she was always like one who is met at a day's beginning, and not at an ending. Only tonight there was a cloud on her face, no larger than the white space between her brows. But her mother saw.

"What is it, Molly?" she asked, but the girl laughed and ran up-stairs and managed to keep off the question until supper was done. She had eaten nothing, however; and Jane had eaten nothing, because that sick sense of something wrong possessed her; only Grandma Mellish ate steadily. "What is it, Molly?" her mother asked again, when the old woman had finished.

"Well, mother darling," Molly said, Ellen Burns has come back. At least she's sent word she's ready to take the school. They've offered it to me if I want to stay, but—"

"But what?" Jane said, sharply.

"I can't keep it," Molly answered. "It was her school. I was just a supply while she was sick. Now she's well, and she wants it back."

"What's that?" said Grandma Mellish. "Mis' Tyrus Burns's girl's got well? She wants back, after you doin' her work the best o' two years? What's the Board say to that?"

"They haven't met yet," Molly said. "But Nat says he knows I can stay if I like. Only—"

"Well, I should think so," said Grandma Mellish. "It's a good school. You stay. Wants back, does she? The brass!"

Molly looked at her mother, but Jane did not meet her eyes. It would be serious, this loss of the school. There were the three of them, and Molly was the breadwinner. If she were to get no other school next year. . . .

"You've got the good of the school to think of," Jane said. "You must be the best teacher, or Nat wouldn't be so sure of the Board. The good of the school's the main thing."

Molly shook her head. "I don't know about my being a better teacher," she said. "I think if they let me stay it 'll be because Nat Commons is president of the Board."

"Nonsense!" her mother said, with vigor. "Just because he's taken you to drive once or twice. Anyway, what if it is so? You like him, don't you? You don't want you should hurt his feelings? If you go he'll think you're running away from him. You've got to think of everything."

Grandma Mellish was wiping her spectacles on her petticoat. "You better keep your cap set for Rufus Commons's son," she said. "He's got his pa's pocket and his grandad's jaw. Don't

you leave him slip through your fingers."

Molly rose swiftly and went out on the porch. Her mother's eyes followed her, but she said nothing. As Jane turned back to her work, she was aware that her own dull sense of physical ill-being had been multiplied, and she felt a weight within, bearing down her chest, changing her breath.

"I've got to get a-hold of myself," she thought. "I guess I'll take a dose of something and get into the bed."

On her way down-town after supper Mis' Tyrus Burns went round by Jane Mellish's house. It was in her mind that she had been, after all, a little hard on Jane, and she thought of inviting her to go to a motion-picture show.

"Besides," she thought, "if I get round her right, mebbe I can make her see herself and her bread more general."

On the little front porch Molly was sitting alone. It was an exquisite time of daylight and shadow, and, for a third integrant delight, above the bare locust-trees came the moon.

"Gone to bed, has she?" said Mis' Tyrus Burns. "I don'no' but it *was* a hard meeting for her."

Molly's look questioned her.

"That bread business," Mis' Burns said, briefly. "Molly, look here. Can't you bring something to bear?"

"You mean for her to give the receipt?" Molly asked.

"Certain," said Mis' Burns. "Or don't you want she should do it?"

"She must do as she likes," Molly told her. "I oughtn't to influence her."

"But she *says* it's for you she's keeping it," Mis' Burns reminded her. "She says it's been handed from mother to daughter for generations, and she won't give away your birthright. She says—"

"Does she say that?" asked Molly.

Mis' Tyrus Burns moved nearer to the girl. The soft, thick face of the woman was momentarily twitched out of drawing. "She don't guess it," she said, "but I bet you she's just hiding herself in under that for a reason." She did not add aloud what she went down the street saying to herself: "Pride's pride, and sin's sin. And I declare I don'no' which Jane Mellish is et by."

Molly looked after Mis' Burns. "She never said a word about Ellen coming home," Molly thought. "But my! how she must wish I was out of the way."

The moon was free of the locust-trees when the gate opened again, and Molly, still alone on the porch, greeted Nat Commons. This great, fine creature, president of the Katy Town School Board, bass singer in the First Church choir, was on his way to his night's work as foreman in the *Katy Town Epitome* composing-room. The two did not shake hands. At the other extreme of the gamut which makes hand-shaking a form lay Katy Town, where too much hand-shaking might denote that "something was meant."

Nat set one foot on the step, leaned on his knee, and looked across at her. "I come to help you make up your mind," he said.

Through Molly Mellish went a faint, delicious ripple.

All these months she had been running away, with the certainty that his step was a little way behind, patient, unhurrying. To-night it was as if, abruptly, she felt on her cheek the breath of the runner.

"How do you know my mind isn't made up now?" she asked.

"Then," Nat said, "maybe I come to help you make it over—and make it right."

He leaned on his knee, his large hands loosely clasped. His powerful young frame and his young, boyish face cut off from Molly her vision of the street, of the rest of the world. There was about him a sense of enormous capacity for work, for physical accomplishment, which drew her, as knightly powers to kill drew women once.

"You stay!" he said. "Keep the school!"

She shook her head. "I've told you how I feel," she answered.

"You *can* stay," he said to her. "You *can* stay! You stay."

"If Ellen wants the school back," said Molly, "then she's got to have it back. The Board told her she could."

"Any time inside a year," he reminded her. "Well, it's two years."

"But it took her the two years to get well!" cried Molly. "And now she



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson

"I'M GOING TO COMPOSE AN ORIGINAL DEDICATION," JANE SAID, STIFFLY

wants to be here. And her mother's alone."

"Her mother's got money," Nat Commons argued. "Ellen don't need the school. You do. And that ought to decide it, because one of you is just as good a teacher as the other one."

Molly was silent. All this was true. After all, must she worry, and stint her own mother, and herself face the city with its doubtful chances, just because Ellen Burns had taken it in her head to have back the school?

With no warning at all, Nat Commons came in the dusk of the porch and stooped and laid his cheek against her cheek. "Molly," he said, "I guess you know, don't you? Do you want me?"

She turned her head toward him never so little, but it proved to be enough. It was the moment when innumerable past lines drew together.

"You stay here," he said, in a little while. "It won't be more than a year till we can go to housekeeping—the four of us. Only, till then you and I had ought to be where we can see each other. You stay here, and keep the school."

But, Molly told herself through the night, to stay there without work was impossible. To find work in Katy Town was equally impossible. Why should not Ellen Burns come back and live there quietly until the year was past, and then take back the school?—Ellen Burns, to whom the salary was not important; Ellen Burns, who had no trousseau to buy. . . .

A little while after dawn she heard her mother walk through the hall. Molly dressed and went down. Jane was outside the kitchen door, standing idle in the first sun. The morning was upon her, with its pathetic sense of wide-eyed, open-handed promise. The day still hoped for everything from the world. The time was like a child running into a room where there was evil.

"Haven't you been sleeping, mother?" Molly asked.

"Not very well," Jane confessed. "What was Sarah Burns saying to you out on the porch last night?" she added.

"She wanted I should speak to you about your white-bread receipt," Molly told her. "Mother, why not let them have it?"

Jane spoke out with a passion which amazed her daughter. "Why don't Sarah Burns sell her mahogany and her silver tea-set away from Ellen?" she cried. "I 'ain't no such things for you. Everybody in town's crazy over my bread receipt. You'd be the fifth generation that's kep' it secret. I won't give it. It's all we've got. I've made up my mind."

Molly hesitated, and risked it. "If it's on my account, mother—" she said, slowly, and caught the swift look in her mother's eyes, and could not steal away her defenses—"do just as you think you ought, dear," she said only.

Jane's lips thinned and tightened. "They's no 'ought' about this," she said. "It's bigger than 'ought.' It's tradition."

Molly laughed out. "That's beautiful, mother," she said. "Tell me," she added, "did you know what Nat said to me on the porch last night, after Mis' Burns went?"

Jane's look questioned, and the girl's look answered.

"You knew what I'd say to him, didn't you, mother?" said Molly.

"I hoped I knew," Jane said. "Oh, Molly! And you'll keep the school?"

"I guess so," said Molly.

Grandma Mellish appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Jane!" she shouted, needlessly. "Is they any of your white bread old enough to toast?"

Jane frowned. "I'm going to hate the name o' my white bread," she said. "Yes—they's some in the under crock. Let's hurry breakfast," she added to Molly. "I got to be down to the *Epitome* office to pick the cook-book cover."

The *Epitome* office was up a flight of sunless stairs, and when Jane reached there toward one o'clock, only the foreman, Nat Commons, was in the composing-room. He strode down between the forms, tying on his ticking apron, and upset Jane's simple dignity by throwing his bare arms about her and kissing her.

"Molly *will!*" he cried, his head up as if he were singing it.

"So would I if I was Molly," Jane said, primly, and frowned to show how much she was at ease.

"And she's just about made up her mind to keep the school," he added. "Hold her up to that—Mother Mellish!"

"Hold her up to it yourself," Jane warned him, "or what's the use of being president of the Board *and* her husband-to-be? Show me some cook-book covers."

"The Board don't meet till a week from Saturday," he added, while he brought the paper. "She's got till then to make up her mind."

"Oh, she'll stay," Jane said. "Don't you think this brown's real tasty? And see 't you give me a nice border around my dedication. I laid awake last night and got it half wrote."

The others of the committee arriving, the cook-book took shape before their eyes. It was Nat Commons's ardent hope to give them a different tail-piece for every page, and indefatigably he brought them proofs of dolphins and torches and serpents and ram's horns.

"Land, what's this?" Mis' Arthur Port demanded. "Looks like two loaves of bread. Jane, this must be to go to the foot of your white-bread receipt, sure enough."

"That's an open book," Jane said, tartly. "What makes your jokes so heavy, Martha Port? Your own heft, mebbe."

"Well, we've all been thinking and talking about you and your bread so much since yesterday, I suppose I *have* got bread on the brain," Mis' Port replied, humbly.

"Must be a surprise to have somethin' on the brain," Jane offered. "Now, black ink or gold, ladies?" she wanted to know.

"Black ink," voted Mis' Arthur Port, with sudden energy. "We can't stand the expense of the gold with some folks holding back stingy on the book's insides!"

Back in her kitchen Jane Mellish turned with definite relief for the sympathy and indorsement of Grandma Mellish. The old woman was before the stove again.

"What do you think?" Jane shouted, sitting on the wood-box beside her. "Them women can't leave me alone. They keep harping away on my bread receipt."

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish.

Jane said this once more, her indignation a little touched with impatience.

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish, in exactly the same tone. This was evidently one of her ways of entertainment. She had whole days when it was almost impossible to communicate with her, though nothing intervened save her unvaried interrogative.

"My white bread, my bread receipt!" Jane screamed, determined on sympathy at any price. "They want to get my white bread away from me."

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish.

But when Jane had turned from her, despairing of *rapport* here, the old woman relented.

"Tell 'em," she said, sharply—"tell 'em to go plumb to thunder. Tell the hull church to go plumb to thunder. Tell 'em nothin' in their book is fit to eat at a heathens' picnic. Tell 'em you wouldn't buy it for nothin' to a junk-shop. Tell 'em to go right along, plumb to thunder, afoot or ahossback—"

"There, there, there!" Jane cried, and hurried from the room.

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish, and began all over again.

Molly found her mother with tears on her face.

"Mother!" Molly cried. "You're being miserable over that old bread. It isn't worth it!"

"You go down-town and see if you can find something for supper," Jane said only, and drew away.

"Nobody on earth understands just the way I am," Jane thought, bitterly. "Not even Molly. What do they have me make the Communion bread for, if it ain't something everybody can't do? I've a good notion to tell 'em I won't never make another loaf for 'em."

Nevertheless, on the night before Communion, two weeks later, Jane "set sponge," as usual, for her bread. It was a task in which she always delighted. She brought special pans, kept scrupulously for nothing else; she measured and weighed her flour; for years she had dissolved her yeast in the same blue cup. She moved among her ingredients like a priestess. The time bore less the flavor of a task than of a ceremony.

Nat Commons dropped in the kitchen on his way to the School Board meeting.

"I'm going to stay to it just long enough to see 'em vote to keep you in the school," he said to Molly. "Then I've got to hike for the office. We've got to get the cook-books out by Monday noon."

"I haven't said I'd take the school even if I got it," Molly reminded him.

"You will, though," Nat told her. "It 'll be in the *Katy Town Epitome* in the morning, and then you'll have to."

Molly went with him to the door, and in the dusk two women were entering—Mis' Tyrus Burns and Mis' Arthur Port. They went by her into the kitchen. When Nat had gone, Molly sat on the porch. The door stood open to the spring night, and she could hear the voices of the women.

"My land!" Mis' Tyrus Burns said, "if Jane ain't setting her white-bread sponge! Want we should shut our eyes, Jane?"

"Why else did you come to this door, if you didn't know that?" Jane countered, intent on her stirring.

"Want we should shut our eyes?" Mis' Port insisted.

"You can watch every move I make, if you want," Jane serenely offered.

"Well," said Mis' Burns, "we don't, I'm sure. We got something better to look at."

She produced the proofs of the receipt-book, and the two turned the leaves while Jane kept on at her work. She knew that her dedication would be there in type, in the women's hands.

"Leona Grace," said Mis' Tyrus Burns, "and her cottage-cheese receipt. She don't set it on the stove at all. I'll bet it ain't fit to put on bread."

"Nor Mis' Kent Carter's cream potatoes, either," Mis' Port contributed. "Sprinkles dry flour on 'em, in the skillet! The idear! Anything to make work easy for Mis' Carter. She's ashamed to fuss decent."

"I don't care what anybody says," observed Mis' Burns. "My mustard pickles is something elegant. They took me three whole forenoons, letting the sauce set and adding in gradual. No shirkin' there."

"Me, either, on my tartare sauce," Mis' Port supplied. "Three-quarters of a cupful of oil, one drop at a time, stirring constant. You can't do it right, with the chopped stuff and all, in a minute under two hours. Onless you slight somewheres."

"Same with Mis' Bold's German kisses," Mis' Burns explained. "She beats 'em, and beats 'em, and beats 'em. One hour by the clock, that woman beats 'em. I'm crazy to try that receipt."

Jane, beating steadily at her sponge, stood this as long as she could. "What do you think of the dedication, ladies?" she asked, finally.

The two women turned to her with humbly admiring faces.

"It's beautiful, Jane—just beautiful," Mis' Burns told her. "There couldn't no one have expressed it nicer."

"I said that when I read it over," Mis' Port added. "I said, 'She's done it, this time. Where anybody else would have used one word, Jane Mellish has used two.' We're all real proud, Jane."

"Hold onto your bread receipt if you want to," Mis' Burns told Jane. "You've earned the right to be stingy till the day of your death, *I* say."

"What do you do?" Mis' Port asked her, curiously. "Set around, and lay awake nights, and get points, and then write 'em up?"

"Something like that," Jane returned, modestly.

"Whether it's white bread or whether it's poetry," said Mis' Tyrus Burns, with a laugh, "Jane keeps it to herself."

She opened the book and displayed a page blank.

"Thirty-one pages of food and dedication and title," she observed, "besides the cover. And thirty-two pages in the book altogether. They's just one blank page for your receipt, Jane. Better use it up."

Jane beat at her sponge.

"I should think," Mis' Port put in, "you'd be ashamed to withhold so from the Lord, Jane."

Jane beat at her sponge. "The Lord wouldn't earn a cent more by my receipt being in," she answered.

"Earnin' money ain't all the Lord thinks about," Mis' Burns returned, tartly. "They is such a thing as sacrificin' for a sweet savor."

"You tend to your own sweet savors, Sarah Burns," Jane flashed, "and I'll tend to mine."

"Nat Commons has promised 'em for the Monday meeting," Mis' Port put in. "Mebbe Jane can see light by then. Some do, give 'em time."

Jane beat at her sponge.

Molly, on the side porch, felt dull wonder that any one could be so interested in the matters of which these women talked. As for her, she wanted her thought free to go to Nat and to plan the details of her simple wedding finery! Beside her own sharp sense of this muslin and that silk to buy, her mother's passionate guarding of the secret of the bread of four generations seemed to Molly as insubstantial and unallied to the realities as was the hair wreath in the parlor.

She strolled down to the gate, set between flowering currants. The women emerged, and Mis' Port went through the garden to her own house. Mis' Tyrus Burns lingered.

"I got a letter from Ellen to-day," she said to Molly, "and her picture."

"How does she look?" Molly asked, and tried not to show her slow-mounting discomfort at this mention of Ellen Burns.

"Walk along with me and I'll show it to you," Ellen's mother said.

They went on together, Mis' Burns talking of Ellen. Her illness had left her; she had been visiting in the mountains; she had taken a ten-days' motor trip. As this woman talked, Molly looked at her with attention. She was a large, pale creature, with fat cheeks and shapeless ears dragged down by old ear-rings. She wore a rough coat, too tight across the chest, and there her large-veined hand was outspread. She had on a heavy wedding-ring, which cut her thick finger. Her hat, trimmed in front with a weight of short, straight tips, bore down upon her forehead like a constant experience. Her footsteps were heavy and flat on the board sidewalk. She was an ugly woman.

"Ellen's been a great comfort to me," she said many times. "As a little girl she was always a great help to me."

"It's fine to know she's well again," Molly ventured.

"Sometimes I think it's enough to know she's in the world and well, even if I never see her again," said Mis' Tyrus Burns.

She lived alone, and when she had taken the key from the saucer of a plant they went into the quiet rooms, which yielded nothing to one entering. The old furniture was crystallized in some motionless medium. The rooms paid no attention to any one.

Ellen's picture was in the parlor. There the hush was more prominent than the furnishings. All had been as it was for a very long time. Old reasons for arrangement had disappeared, but the arrangements stayed. The clock was wrong. The crayon portraits were almost certainly of those no longer living. There was an odor, not of padded carpeting, not of damp wall-paper paste, not of chimney-soot, but an odor unallied to rooms where folks go and come.

"Have a seat," said Mis' Tyrus Burns. "I think you'll find this the most comfortable chair. It's the one my husband was always partial to."

She brought Ellen's photograph. The picture showed a pretty, open face, with the touch of settled sadness which ill-health gives.

"She's an awful good girl," said Mis' Tyrus Burns, "and she was always a good baby. She was never much of any trouble to me. When she was a little thing I use' to take her with me to Ladies' Aid meetings. She knew how to set still. She never teased for anything. She was always a child you could easy give to understand things. She never took advantage. . . . When she got through the high school I wanted she should stay home here with us. But no, her pa wanted her to have something. I guess he never did know what. And after that she taught till she got sick. I feel she's been give back to me from the dead. For a long time I just about knew what happiness was every time I said over, 'She ain't dead.' Yes, it's a good photograph. Her waist draws a little mite at the shoulder-seam, though, don't you think so?"

Molly listened. All her life she had known Mis' Tyrus Burns. She might have known that Mis' Tyrus Burns felt

all this for Ellen, but to hear it said was like uncovering a new relationship.

Mis' Burns set the picture in its place before the ebony horse which forever stood with one uplifted foot.

"Molly," she said, without preface, "I want you to know I 'ain't a mite of feeling about you not giving up the school to Ellen—after two years so."

"Who said I wasn't going to give it up?" Molly asked.

"Why," said Mis' Burns, "I took it for granted. Nobody in their senses would. You want your school—and it's yours to keep a-hold of. Ellen 'ain't no claim."

"But she won't come back here without a position?" Molly asked.

"No," her mother said; "she'll go somewheres else."

"But you want her to come back!" Molly cried.

"That ain't it," said Mis' Burns.

She took down the photograph again, and wiped a dust-speck from the face. Then she moved about the parlor, touching this or that to rights—picking up a red berry fallen from the asparagus in the fireplace, finding a raveling on the rug. Her hands had done much hard work, and they were shiny, and dark between the cords. Her hair was somewhat fallen, and the throat of her dress was badly fastened. In the midst of her plain and paltry belongings this woman moved, as instinct with wistfulness, with hope, with resignation, as if she had been any beautiful being.

And abruptly, as she looked, Molly Mellish seemed to pass over into the woman, and to become identical with her. And then it was something more. For, with no harbinger of the miracle within, the girl suddenly knew all the wonder of wanting a blessing for the woman more than for herself—just as if Mis' Tyrus Burns had been some one whom she very much loved. Molly had wanted things in this way for her mother. As a matter of course, she would rather that a heritage should come to her mother than to herself. And now this process of preference was simply extended, and, quite surprisingly, it embraced Mis' Tyrus Burns.

Molly rose. "I haven't told anybody yet what I'll do," she said.

She never forgot the leap of hope which flamed for a moment in the mother's eyes.

"Why, I never dreamed but what you'd keep the place!" Mis' Tyrus Burns said. "Anybody would."

Molly walked home in no agitation, no debate. Her mother was not in the kitchen. Grandma Mellish sat there, shaving sweet-flag.

"Your ma's up-stairs," she said. "She wants you should go on up."

When her bread-pan was covered beside the stove, Jane, sitting in the kitchen to pore over the receipt-book, turned straight to the dedication. There it was, in a border of pine-cones and quill pens and unicorns.

Some one has said that we are what we eat. It is well known that food makes people what we are. The idea that getting up a meal is a moral responsibility is in every one's head, more or less. As the poet Pope has said: "Who can live without cooks?"

God commanded the first pair to eat of the fruit of the fields. They probably did so for some time. Did they cook it? We can only surmise. The likelihood is that they did not. Who can tell but what if Eve had been able to cook right she wouldn't have been reduced to raw apples, and so her and Adam not been driven from the garden with a flaming sword?

Mother! What sacred feelings pack that name! Who can remember their mother without remembering some of what she could cook? It is a part of the divine something which hems mothers round.

In making up this little book, therefore, we have a purpose much wider than mere palatableness. Our roots go deeper. We make this Receipt Book an offering to the Ideal, a sweet savor and flavor unto the Lord. JANE MELLISH.

Jane touched the book lovingly. The time had been when she had dreamed of seeing her name between the covers of a book. Up-stairs, in an old trunk, lay the pile of thin paper, just as it had come back to her from a publisher, years ago. But now here was her name, almost on the title page of the book, and quite as it would have looked at the end of that book's dedication.

"See, grandma!" she cried, as the old woman came into the kitchen.

"I can't see," said Grandma Mellish; "but if you've stuck it full of love and God they'll think they like it. Did you?"

"I'll read it to you," Jane said, and did so, though she knew that the old woman could not hear. Jane loved to read it through.

"'—an offering to the Ideal, a sweet savor and flavor unto the Lord,'" she ended.

"Set around here where them dum faces can't see me," Grandma Mellish said only. "You didn't give 'em your white-bread receipt, did you?" she demanded, shrilly.

"I should say not," answered the author of the dedication.

"Them aid societies is a brassy lot," the old woman volunteered. "Allus got their claws out for somebody's snuff-box."

"Do you like the dedication, grandma?" Jane asked.

"It's good enough, what there is of it," said Grandma Mellish, "and there's enough of it, such as it is."

"It's 'most like I'd wrote a book," said Jane, fingering the pages. "If I'd had a poem in here, now—"

Suddenly she sat straight and stared down at the leaves. She had come on the blank page, the thirty-second page, at the book's end. Why not? Why should she not have a poem of her own there?

Her sewing-machine stood in the kitchen. In its top drawer was an old account-book, long and narrow, which just fitted in above the spools and the button-box. It was scribbled in pencil —pages of verses. They had been written while fires were kindling, while flat-irons were heating, while the potato-water was boiling, while Jane was waiting for her bread to "come out of the oven." Only within the last few years had Jane begun to face the fact that she should never publish a book of poems.

Her thought went now to some verses which of late she had set down at the news of the death of a little child in the neighborhood. These were, she felt, the best that she had ever written. They had come in real stress of feeling, at dawn, when she and Molly had returned from that house of mourning. She found the verses, read them over by the light of the bracket-lamp:

Oh, he was born the other day,
  And now he is no more.
He never lived a word to say
  And still he is no more.

You might think, "Why was he let live
  If he no larger grew?"
O little life, e'en you can give
  More than we ever knew.

God has us roses and us buds,
  And when we come to die
The heavenly manna and bright foods
  Will be for you and I.

"I might call it 'Manna,'" she thought. "Then that would make it real appropriate for a receipt-book."

She hesitated, turning the leaves of the account-book. This poem she had meant to send to a magazine. It had been years since she had tried to have anything published, save in the *Epitome*. And this was the best that she could do. But why not give this poem to the church book—"an offering to the Ideal, a sweet savor and flavor unto the Lord"?

She stooped to twitch over her pan of bread the old red-cotton table-cover with which it was protected. And from the base of her cooking-range leaped out the grinning faces stamped in the cast iron—the leering, mocking faces which so haunted Grandma Mellish, which looked now at Jane with a world of derisive understanding in their pointed eyes.

"You're using that poem for a sop," went through Jane's mind, as sharp as words.

"No such thing!" she said, aloud, and stood erect, in some strange defiance.

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish.

"I'm going up-stairs," Jane said, abruptly. "Where's Molly? When she comes, you tell her to come on up."

When Molly went up, she found her mother sitting in her room, without a lamp. It was a mean little room, whose china wash-bowl and pitcher were the only high lights.

Jane had meant to turn to Molly and to put upon her the burden of the final decision which now, at last, she was facing. But, instead, Molly ran to her and sat upon her knee, like a little girl.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson

"I HAVEN'T SAID I'D TAKE THE SCHOOL EVEN IF I GOT IT," MOLLY REMINDED HIM"

"Mother," she said, "I'm going to give up my school to Ellen Burns."

"What on earth for?" Jane cried, sharply.

"So her mother can have her here," said Molly. "Her mother's alone—she's alone. I never thought of it that way."

"What about *me* being alone?" Jane demanded.

"But I'll be living right here after Nat and I are married," Molly told her, "so what if I do go away for a little while first? And maybe, if Ellen don't come home now, she'll get something somewhere else and not come at all. And her mother's alone."

"But—" Jane said, and stopped.

"Oh, mother!" Molly cried. "If you knew how light and good I feel about it! I'm going down to the *Epitome* office and tell Nat to get it in the paper that way, to-morrow morning."

"You going to the *Epitome* office? Now?" Jane asked.

Molly rose, and Jane sprang up and stood beside her.

"Mother," said Molly, "I don't know whether you'll know what I mean. But I'd rather Ellen would have the school than to have it myself. Isn't that funny?"

"Wait," said Jane; "I'm coming down."

She brushed at her hair before her dark mirror, and on an invisible cushion found a brooch. They groped down the stairway and into the kitchen. By the stove Grandma Mellish sat sleeping, sweet-flag scattered on her apron.

"I won't be long, mother," Molly said.

"I'm coming, too," said Jane.

At the *Epitome* office Nat Commons looked in Molly's eyes as he listened. "Just put in the paper that Ellen Burns is well again and is coming to take her school," Molly said.

It may have been that her positiveness bore its own mark of finality; it may have been that his love of her bred understanding. He said little. He glanced swiftly round the city room, and, seeing only bent, absorbed heads and green eye-shades, he kissed Molly, in the comparative shadow of the telephone-booth.

"Nat!" said Jane Mellish.

Her tone was so sharp that the city editor himself looked up.

"I want to put something more in the cook-book," said Jane. "Is they time?"

There was time. Nat took her into the composing-room. By his littered desk Jane stood erect, once more the priestess.

"It's to go on that blank page. Put it down word for word, just exactly like I say it," said Jane. "It's a receipt for bread."

Every one in Katy Town remembers the hours which followed. It was on this night that Mis' Arthur Port's youngest son was hurt in the quarry and brought home to her house to die.

On her return from the office Jane Mellish was confronted with the news. Mis' Port being their nearest neighbor, the duties of the night automatically devolved upon Jane and Molly. Molly ran across the garden to Mis' Port's house, and Jane, about to follow, suddenly stood in stupefaction and looked down at her bread. She thought for a moment, and went close to Grandma Mellish.

"Grandma," she said, "you don't sleep good. Would you just as soon lay here on the settle to-night?"

"Hey?" said Grandma Mellish.

"I want you should mix the bread, the Communion bread," Jane said. Her face had turned white, and she bent over the old woman, and had her by the arm. "Now listen: You'll keep wakin' up like you always do. And it has to be mixed every two hours. Mix it at ten, and again at twelve, and again at two, and again at four. Can you do that? I'll be home to get it into loaves at six. Can you do that?"

"Tarnation nonsense," said Grandma Mellish.

Jane stooped nearer. In the light of the high bracket-lamp she was again the priestess, beside some withered sibyl, before an altar-fire.

"Hush!" said Jane. "Grandma! That's the secret. That's what makes it better than anybody's else's bread. Can you do that?"

"Humph!" said Grandma Mellish. "Yes, I can. I can do that. More fool me!"

Jane said it over to her patiently. Then, hearing on the board walk the tramp of the bearers, she ran through the garden to Mis' Port's house. A sense of fear and solemnity was on her. Twice in an hour she had said aloud the secret of the four generations; and Mis' Arthur Port's son was being brought home on a stretcher.

Communion day in the Katy Town First Church was a day of deep religious and social import. On that day there seemed some return of all the rich reticence of the more formal church interiors, now long lost in democratizations. For the white-cloth-covered table, the tall necks of the decanters, the silver goblets, and the heaped flowers in themselves gave to the time a sense of the ceremonial. Moreover, the service was held an hour earlier, when the slanting sun fell on the ingrain carpet in unwonted ways.

In the congregation, gathering in silence, came Jane Mellish and Molly. They were both pale from a long vigil. The boy had died toward dawn, and, having done all that was required of them, they had breakfasted and dressed, and had come down early with the Communion bread.

Broken in square bits, the two loaves were piled on silver plates. White, firm, light, its delicate crust delicately browned, Jane saw her bread borne down the aisle with the formal sweep of an elder's arm. She tasted anxiously, and bowed her head on the folded handkerchief in her gloved hand; and her consecration was all compact of thankfulness. Never had her bread been more delectable.

Mis' Tyrus Burns, whose pew was behind Jane's, leaned forward as the hymnals rustled.

"I declare, Jane Mellish," she whispered, "that bread is sacrilegious, it's so near without a fault. It's a wicked crime it ain't in the book."

The receipt-book was announced in the church "notices"—"a volume of the choicest receipts of all the ladies of the congregation," the minister said, and Mis' Tyrus Burns poked Jane slyly.

"Ain't you shamed to death and ashes?" Mis' Burns whispered.

Jane smiled, and found the hymn number, and sang. At the close of the service they all came forward, as they always did, to welcome the new members with the hand of fellowship and to praise Jane for her bread. She listened, only half hearing. And when this was done, she walked home with a strange, sweet singing in all her being. She had done it—she had done it! Something right had come into the world through her. There was no dim prescience of the time when the birth of a right should be in itself a thanksgiving. Jane's joy was innocently bound up with her own personal triumph.

"It was a grand Communion," she said, fervently, to Molly.

"Oh, mother," Molly said, "Mis' Tyrus Burns *kissed* me!"

In the kitchen, Grandma Mellish sat, trim in her white apron for the Sabbath.

"Many out?" she demanded.

"Yes. A big congregation," Jane answered.

"How'd Communion go?" asked Grandma Mellish.

"Same as usual, I guess," Jane told her.

"Many confess?" the old lady wished to know.

"One," Jane told her, complacently, "and two letters."

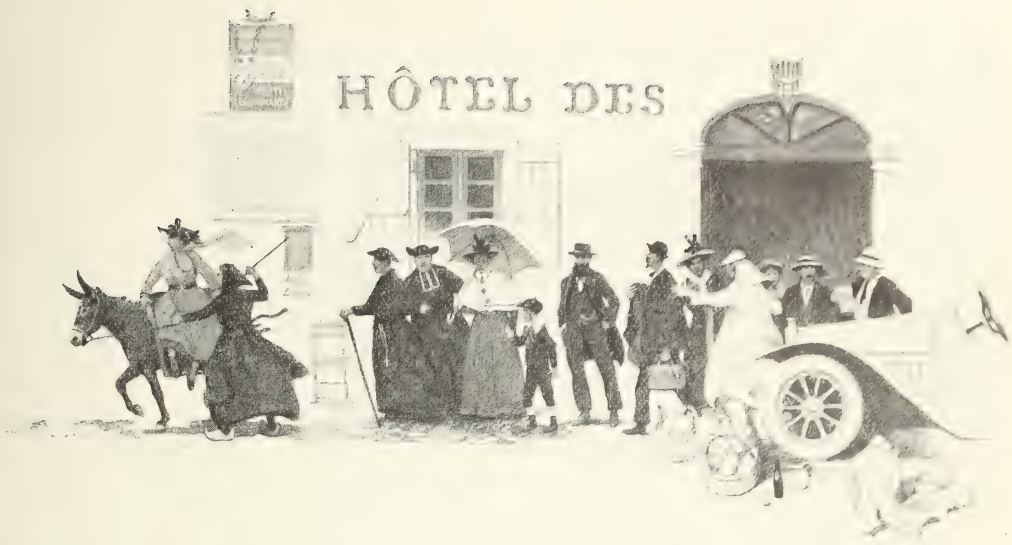
Grandma Mellish hesitated. "How was the bread?" she inquired, at last.

"Some said it was the best I ever made," Jane answered, proudly. "You deserve the praise of that, grandma."

"Do—do I?" the old woman said. "The best bread you ever made, eh? The brass o' that—the brass! Listen here."

She came over to Jane, and she was laughing soundlessly in a way that moved her shoulders and head.

"Listen here!" said Grandma Mellish. "I mixed that bread at ten o'clock last night, and then it was never touched again till you come home at daylight. I told you it was all tarnation nonsense. I only mixed it up once the whole night long."



THE TOURISTS ARRIVE IN AUGUST

Gavarnie

BY AMY OAKLEY

THE quivering heat of Provence, whose dazzling, sunlit roads are white with dust even in May, had pursued us to Carcassonne. We arrived at Pau wilted and ready to relish even the rain and mists we found there. Our French friends shrugged their shoulders when they heard our destination. "The Pyrenees in May! How droll! Surely Madame will die of ennui. There will be no distraction, not even the *sports d'hiver*."

From the moment we left the town behind us our spirits rose, for dreams do come true, and for years this had been our dream—to return to Gavarnie. From the car windows we watched the peasants working. Here they were plowing with oxen, the white oxen of the South, docile, quiet-eyed, seeming not to notice the rumbling of the train. Here they were planting the maize. From time to time one would stop to gaze up stolidly as we passed. We wondered if they never lifted their eyes to the peaks, these lowland born, living in the shadow of the great range looming above them, now hidden, now revealed. Were they content with the life of plains?

At Lourdes a decrepit curé and a few premature pilgrims left the train with us, and we alone boarded the toy electric for Luz-St. Sauveur. It seemed to be running for our benefit and that of an elderly shepherd with blue beret pulled over one ear. Shall we ever forget the exhilaration we felt as the grade became steeper and steeper and we left the oaks behind us, then the beeches, and the broad Gave de Pau became before our very eyes a rushing mountain torrent. At Luz the fields were still bounded by poplars. We had not left the buckwheat nor the bees. This was the end of the line, and, knowing that the diligence was not yet running, we were relieved to find an antique landau waiting. From Luz the highway wound up-grade for fourteen miles. We skirted the *gave*, crossing and recrossing it. At every curve were boulders, pointed firs, cascades leaping down the mountains. Winds from the snow-fields whipped our faces, made us draw our cloaks and rugs about us.

The sun had set as we neared Gavarnie, and we hoped, yet dared not hope,

that as we had left the Cirque, so should we find it. We had traveled far in all those years, had tasted of the mysteries of the East, yet above all other earthly beauty had ever loomed our memory of the Cirque. And so, lavish of gifts to its lovers, though chary of revelation to the unheeding, the adored one, the elusive, burst upon us in unutterable beauty.

We were already drawing up before our inn, and our hosts were wreathed in welcome. We were taken to their hearts. That *M'sieu—Madame* had returned was to them the expected, the inevitable. Our host himself took us to our room, telling us the news of this one and of that, lingering while we warmed our hands at crackling fagots, introducing Cathérine, who appeared with *eau chaude*—"Yes, Thérèse is married." From now on we were living in our dream.

Our side-windows looked out upon the stony path leading upward to the pastures. On the front was the Cirque, in all majesty, apparently but a few minutes away, though it took all of an hour to walk there. It had been after much deliberation that we had, on our first visit, decided this matter of outlook, for to the back were the meadows, lush with grasses and Alpine flowers, while at the side the road tempted us with quaint vehicles and village life. We had this, too, from our window framing the Cirque, for the highway, crossing the *gave*, leads on past our wayside inn to the Presbytère and church. Here roadway ends and stony zigzag leads upward to the pass to Spain.

Gavarnie village, never greater than now with its three hundred souls, was once but a hospice of the Templars. A hundred years ago, in the rebuilding of the ruined church, a chest was found containing old coins of Philippe le Bel, gold trinkets, time-worn and thin, now, alas! in Tarbes. With the deeper digging for foundations were unearthed twelve skulls, which confront one on entering the gray church, a staring row against the wall. All the villagers tell of the Crânes des Templiers, and tales abound of escapes to Spain and flights to sanctuary. In the ancient side-chapel is treasured a rude Spanish statue of the Virgin. There is no record of its coming, but only a tradition that centuries ago it was brought over the pass from Aragon. The face is very subtle, with a high-born Spanish dignity, and the stiff wooden folds of drapery are the rich, mellowed reds and blues of the Far East, where, too, the people in their longings prostrate themselves before the Queen of Heaven. Rarely have I entered the church without finding a worshiper kneeling on the damp stone floor before this figure, where candles burn, where through the thick walls daylight comes but dimly. The custom still prevails of bringing on a Sunday a brass candlestick to be placed before the Virgin, brightly polished and tied with a bow of black in memory of a lost one.

In our *hôtellerie* stayed, in the early days, the Englishman Charles Packe, from Leicestershire, the pathfinder, whose books have opened up new fields for mountaineers. With him was Count Henry Russell, claimed by both France and England, whose name is more dear than any other to lovers of the Pyrenees. He expressed the charm of these mountains when he said of them, "The Alps are masculine, the Pyrenees feminine"—the charm which kept him faithful to the end. His annual arrival at Gavarnie, in landau drawn by four white horses, marked the opening of the season. He it was, with Mr. Packe, who trained the older generation of guides. It was he who leased, for ninety-nine years, the loveliest of the peaks, the Vignemale, from the Valley of Barèges. With the aid of miners, on its glaciers he built *refuges* which he was proud to call his villas, and which, since his death in 1909, have been given over to the Club Alpin. There is no end to the stories told of him over the camp-fire, or, of a stormy evening, *au coin du foyer*. How often have I heard our old guide Passet talk of the masses which Count Russell had had sung upon the summit of the Vignemale. The priest with glowing robes, the swinging censer, the adoring shepherds, were pictured for us many times. Passet in his youth had been a porter for the smugglers who in those days carried bales of silk by night over the pass to Spain. He can tell of stealthy



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

ABOVE US TOWERED THE CIRQUE IN ALL MAJESTY

night attacks and bullets whizzing in the dark beside which the adventures of Ramuntcho pale.

There came a time of stormy weather. We had been long shut in by beating rain, and no one save he who has been housed in a mountain inn can tell with what delight we greeted the morning that at last dawned clear and radiant. With the rolling away of the clouds from the peaks we saw that what had been rain with us had been snow upon the heights. Drifts lay upon the glaciers of the Cirque, and fresh *corniches* gleamed against the blue of the sky. Our one thought was to start out for the white plateau we could see from our window, its pointed fir-trees laden with soft, clinging snow. We pulled on hobnailed boots, clasped our packs, and set out, swinging our stout hazel batons.



WOMAN SPINNING

Early as it was, we were not alone, for all the village was astir. From the outlying barns were coming the shepherds with their flocks, returning through the village street to the upland pastures from which they had been so hastily driven by the unexpected storm. The crisp morning air was ringing with the tinkling of sheep-bells and the deeper tones of cow-bells. As we mounted the rough zigzag we looked back to see ourselves followed by milk-white Pyrenean cows. They were divided into herds, each with its leader wearing a painted wooden collar. The cowherds followed, carrying bulging, blue cotton umbrellas, with which they prodded the calves, some but a few days old. The cows came single-file, and after them the flocks of sheep. How glad they seemed at getting back to the maiden pastures where the rich grasses had but just been tasted when they were so rudely routed by the hail. With what a different air—no frisking then—had they wended their way through the village street, bleating, and driven against the gale. The shepherds, who before had been lost beneath their hooded capes and blue umbrellas, now walked, too, with the joy of the spring.

Soon we had come to where the rows of little firs stood inky-black against the dazzling Cirque. We could see the Brèche de Roland clear against the blue—the cleft struck by the sword in the hand of mighty Roland when the Cirque de Gavarnie barred his return to France, so runs the tale. Our way led over the fresh snow, already melting, so irresistible is the sun of the Midi. We felt our faces flushing in the glare. At noon we paused for luncheon, perched high on a boulder away from the melting world. At our feet the mountain dropped dizzily into depth of valley, across which rose the barrier of the Cirque.

Suddenly there came to us a rumbling as of thunder, and from the glittering

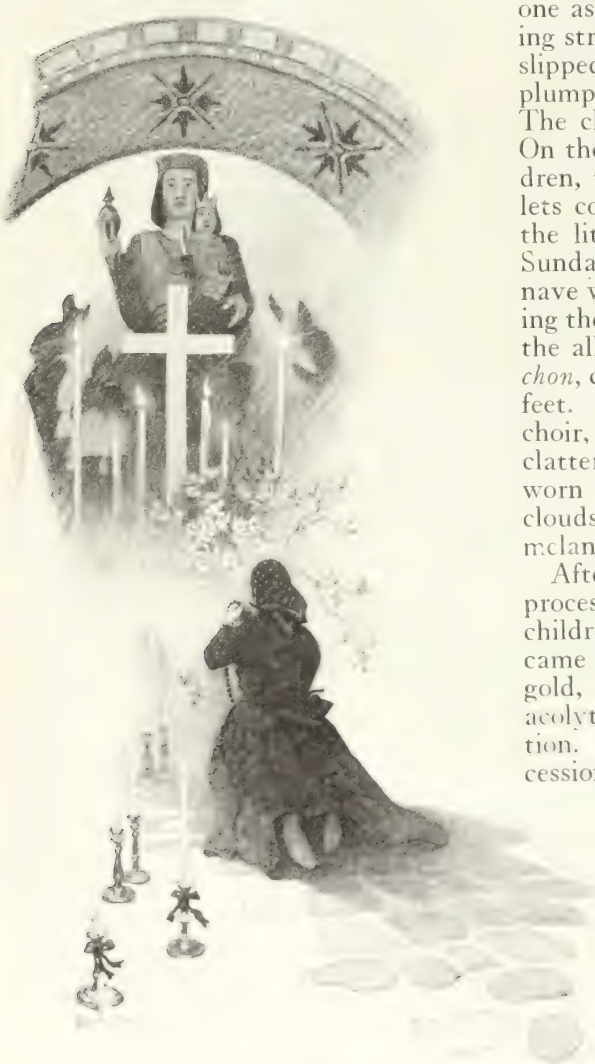


Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE VIGNEMALE IS THE LOVELIEST OF THE PEAKS

corniche an avalanche descended. For all of an hour, one after another fell, starting but a puff of snow, fleecy as the clouds, then roaring like a mighty cataract into the abyss.

We were awakened on the 14th of June by eager voices under our windows, and on looking out we saw that the peasants were bringing greens from the valley, branches of ash and poplar, for this was the Fête-Dieu, and there was, of course, to be a procession. The fresh, woody smell of twigs and boughs and the grassy fragrance of meadows come back to me with my memories of that morning. The children had been out since sunrise, and had gathered tall violets and buttercups and giant blue columbines, which they carried in tight nosegays. The houses and walls were being trimmed with branches, and the way strewn with field flowers. Two altars were being erected, one near the church, another outside our windows at the foot of the crucifix. We watched this one being draped, first with lace curtains, borrowed from our host, then with a canopy of branches and masses of *alpen-rosen*, a cross of which stood upon the altar between brass candlesticks.



IN THE ANCIENT CHAPEL IS TREASURED A RUDE SPANISH STATUE OF THE VIRGIN

When the hour for mass arrived every one assembled in the church. We, feeling strangely aloof as the only outsiders, slipped into the chairs offered us by the plump little dame in white frilled cap. The church was crowded to the doors. On the first row of chairs were the children, the little girls with gay red capulets covering their heads and shoulders, the little boys conscious of their tight Sunday homespun and best berets. The nave was filled with women, a few wearing the scarlet capulet, but most of them the all-enveloping medieval black *capuchon*, covering the head and falling to the feet. Some of the youths sat in the choir, but the rest of the males, with a clatter of sabots, mounted the winding, worn steps to the gallery. Through clouds of incense came high-pitched, melancholy chants.

After the elevation of the Host, the procession formed. It was led by the children with fluttering banners; next came the priest, splendid in orange and gold, accompanied by four red-robed acolytes; then the choir and congregation. While the deep bell tolled, the procession filed out from the cool church into the sunlight, where glowing red and orange flashed against the snowy Cirque, then passed into the shadows of walls and houses. At each wayside altar the Host was raised, a prayer was sung, while the peasants knelt, and the bell paused to renew its ringing as the procession wound back into the church for the benediction.

When the sun is hot and the clouds are low the peasants know that rain is not far away. On such a day in June every villager goes haymaking. The steep little patchwork fields are dotted with busy figures plying long-handled rakes. Whole families turn out, rosy-cheeked children, buxom mothers with much-gathered skirts and kerchiefs tied under chins, as well as men and boys and woolly sheep-dogs. All is breathless haste these late afternoons, while the clouds blow low on the Cirque and the shadows chase the sunlight over the fields. How restless are the magpies, flashing across the green. How the scarlet sashes of the men flame in the sunshine as they load their donkeys with the hay. Often, where the field is steep, the owner or his son is the beast of burden, and perhaps a promising son-in-law. On their shoulders they carry *portefoins*—home-made wooden implements like giant wish-bones—so heaped with hay that from a little distance they look like haycocks walking. The barns, where the hay is stored, like the low stone walls inclosing the fields, seem to spring from the very soil. Near by are the cottages.



PYRENESE MOUNTAINEER AND GUIDE

I remember the interior of one cottage where we visited the brother of the mayor. Our host greeted us in the doorway, and bade us welcome in a manner which made us rejoice for France. The family sabots stood in a neat row in the hall. We had been invited to the evening meal, which for our benefit had been augmented from the usual *soupe-au-lait* to a feast of home-made sausage, milk and cheese, coffee, rye bread, and red wine. We ate with wooden spoons and vicious-looking knives. I remember now our awkwardness in handling them. The meal was spread by the kitchen fireplace, hung with copper pots and pans. Across from the kitchen we were shown the only other room, the family bedroom. In three corners were square, wooden bedsteads, covered with crocheted spreads and draped with canopies of red-and-white-check gingham. In the other corner was an old, carved clothes-press, from which our hostess took her dresses. She showed us over twenty, holding up with pride those of her own trousseau. Some had been her mother's, some her grandmother's, all spun at home and made up with tight-sleeved basques and full, round skirts. Then, too, there were *capulets rouges* for herself and the little girls—flaming red, edged with black velvet, a joy to see and to handle. The clothes of our host were made from the wool of his own black sheep, the hooded shepherd cape, to match, so heavy that I could hardly lift it.

The shepherds rarely came down from the plateaus during the summer months, but on June 24th they celebrated their special fête-day, that of St. Jean-Baptiste, the patron of Gavarnie. On the eve they lighted beacons, which we could

see burning above us on the pastures. A bonfire of pine branches was kindled at the church. It was built at the foot of the crucifix and blessed by the priest. We watched it roar and crackle as the cones and needles caught, lighting up the faces of the villagers. As the blaze died down each householder rescued from the embers a charred stick. This he took home to throw on the fields, carrying with it a blessing for the coming year and the protection of his crops from hail.

The next day was the day for family gatherings, and many red capulets were seen winding up the highway. At night, at the *buvette*, there was dancing to the accordion, the shepherds feasting upon kid and singing Pyrenean songs.

The Gavarnie pastures are the richest in the Pyrenees, and toward the end of June not a day goes by without the arrival of sheep and cows from the valley. Some come all the way from Lourdes. A franc for a sheep, two francs for a cow, is the rate paid to the canton for the right of pasturage during July and August. We often heard bells far into the night, and saw flashes of light from swinging lanterns. These owners, with unseemly thrift, were trying to pass four cows for two, so we were told.

In the eighth century the Spaniards, finding their own pastures meager, formed the habit of bringing their cattle for the summer months over the pass to France. Although the watershed was established as the frontier in the seventeenth century, there have been border feuds without number down to the present day, and the Spaniards have not relinquished their privilege of pasturage in the Vallée d'Ossoue. With the melting of the snow on the pass the Aragonais arrive with herds of young mules, making an absurd din with their untried voices. Then woe betide the owner of any French cattle found in that valley, for he is promptly fined by the Spaniard.



PLYING LONG-HANDLED RAKES IN THE STEEP LITTLE PATCHWORK FIELDS

After the first harvest comes the flooding of the close-cropped fields, which otherwise would scorch in the mid-July sunshine. All the fields are traversed by runways. The peasants are out, barefooted, the women, with skirts tucked up over their gay striped petticoats, removing the flat stones which dam the little streams they have diverted from the torrents. Soon the fields are flooded with icy water, the steepest of them looking like waterfalls. After several days the stones are replaced, and the grass and flowers spring up as if by magic.

One of our joys at this season was to find the first iris, which seemed so much more exquisite than later when the plateaus would be blue with them. After the arrival of the tourists in August, who



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE HOUR OF MASS

carry away sheaves of iris, we never cared to have them on our dining-table, but would go higher for some less banal flower, gentians or edelweiss, some dainty *saxifrage* or *renoncule*, and, one happy day, the giant *Saxifraga longifolia*.

There were always a few men and women staying at our Hôtel des Voyageurs whom Taine would have called the "learned tourists," some collecting butterflies, many botanists, geologists, mapmakers (foremost among them Monsieur Schrader), as well as Pyreneists. The latter come year after year for a few weeks' climbing. Each has his favorite guide, who will scale with him, say, Mont Perdu, or, perhaps, make the dizzy descent from the Brèche de Roland into the Spanish valley of Arasas. When the weather is clear, one is awakened at 2 A.M. by the tapping of hobnailed shoes and knows that another party is off for the *haute montagne*. Madame told us that a table of food is left for climbers, and that she used to ask them to carry their hobnailed shoes to the dining-room, but, she said with a shrug, "*Ces messieurs* would always forget something, and—tap! tap!—we would be aroused as usual by a clattering up and down the stairs!"

In contrast to these mountaineers, sunburned, clad in corduroy or tweed knickerbockers, were the August tourists, the pilgrims from Lourdes. These trippers would arrive in huge touring-cars between the hours of nine and eleven, drawing up before our inn with snorting and tooting of horns, to depart with like clatter at the hour of four. Even in rain or fog they would mount horses and donkeys and wend their weary way to the base of the Cirque, whence, on the clearest days, there is no view. They would take their lunch with them, or perhaps an early one at our hotel, where there were always eggs and veal for the multitude, but they knew not the brook trout and *fraises des bois* upon which we feasted at a later hour. Our host's name for them was "*ces malheureux*." Belonging to the *bourgeoisie* of the Midi, marshaled by their jovial, red-faced priests, all wearing badges to show that they had spent their savings on their pilgrimage to Lourdes, they came by hundreds—women stout and thin, with hats askew, dust-laden; men of the black-bearded, Provençal type; and restless children. None of them appeared to have ever been on a horse before, and what changing of saddles and pulling down of skirts before they made off toward the Cirque, leaving us temporarily in peace!

And one fine day a party of sixteen English Protestant missionaries arrived, without a word of French—typical cockneys, as provincial as the Catholic pilgrims. They, too, started for what they called the "Cirk," some on foot and some on donkey-back. But fate did not smile upon them. It will be long before I forget that thunder-storm and the return of those sixteen drenched missionaries, the water running from their hats, the women's skirts clinging like wet bathing-suits.

We were first made aware of the arrival of autumn by the Spaniards who passed daily through the village. They were deserting their border towns, coming over into France before the pass was blocked by snow, to spend the winter months at work upon the roads and vineyards. Sometimes entire families appeared, laden with bundles. The men were swarthy, dressed in loose, salmon-colored corduroys and sombreros. A few still wore the velvet knee-breeches and purple sash of Aragon.

It was September, and the days were turning frosty. The time had come for our departure. Our last afternoon was cold, and there were flurries of snow. The peasants were out by the barns putting up the sheepfolds. Some were repairing the roofs, the patches of new rye gleaming in contrast to the moss-grown thatch which had borne the brunt of many winters. As we crossed the fields we feasted our eyes upon the berries of the mountain alder, masses of red, glowing in the late sunshine. We wandered up the stony zigzag leading to the pass, looking down upon the graveyard with its sad gay wreaths of bead flowers. And, as we watched, the glow of the sunset burst in glory upon the glaciers of the Cirque, but far below us the clouds were blowing up the valley, which, when they reached us, would blot out all the world.

An Incident in the Prefecture of Police

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

OF all his subordinates at the Prefecture, Inspector Joly preferred Pichon and Michel; Pichon for his courage and fidelity, Michel for—

When M. Joly endeavored to justify his preference for Michel he became meditative.

It was very easy to explain his partiality for Pichon. Pichon was not gifted with great intelligence, but he was sure. M. Joly did not despise the intelligence of his assistants, but he preferred his own. Pichon was the faithful hound at his heel.

Personally Pichon was not agreeable. Neither was he disagreeable. He resembled those inanimate objects whose utility is unquestioned, but which are incapable of inspiring affection. M. Joly leaned uponPichon as one leans upon a stout chair. But Michel—

One morning, passing by Michel's desk, always scrupulously neat, M. Joly observed a scrap of paper on which his alert eye detected some penciled scribblings. It was evident that they were not official notes—a reason for not meddling with them. A reason also for curiosity. If Pichon had used the official paper of the Prefecture for private purposes, M. Joly would have been annoyed. In the present instance he was only curious. It was one of the peculiarities of Michel that he never annoyed M. Joly.

Having nothing on his mind this morning, M. Joly opened the window by Michel's desk to the June air, and, sitting down before his own, began to indulge a favorite habit—that of speculation. When not occupied with official business it was his custom to exercise his imagination—to wonder, for example, what would have been the history of France if the knife of Ravaillac had missed its aim, or Drouet had failed to recognize Louis XVI. at St. Menehould. Idle, but fascinating problems, productive of innumerable solutions! On this June morning, the air being sultry, M. Joly's imagination refused long excursions in favor of the scribblings on Michel's desk. What was that little Michel scribbling on the Prefecture paper?

For Michel was small of stature, astonishingly slender for a man in his prime. M. Joly was not in the habit of shaking hands with his subordinates. But this had not prevented him from observing Michel's, terminating in long, tapering fingers. Compared with the short, blunt ones of Pichon— Ah well, thought M. Joly, what does it matter where Michel obtained his fingers? Heredity plays such strange tricks!

A little breeze from the river, coming in through the window and hovering over Michel's desk, caught up the sheet of paper, and, after toying with it for a moment in mid-air, deposited it, face upward, at M. Joly's feet. In replacing it he took the precaution to imprison it under a paper-weight in order that future indiscretions on the part of the June breeze should not tempt him to commit one himself. In so doing, however, it was impossible to avoid seeing that Michel had been indulging a fondness for verse. The short lines in groups of four admitted of no other interpretation. What a singular idea! thought M. Joly, to write poetry in the Prefecture of Police!

Following his practice of assigning causes to effects, he concluded Michel was in love. This led him to reflect that he knew nothing about Michel. Neither did he know anything about Pichon. It had never occurred to him to ask if Pichon had a family. Why should he be interested in the love-affairs ofMichel?—admitting that he had any.

M. Joly had arrived early at the Prefecture, for he dearly loved the freshness

of the morning. Presently reports would be submitted to him, and Pichon would arrive, at the stroke of the clock, with some irrelevant gossip. For Pichon was inclined to garrulity. It was a maxim of M. Joly's that garrulity, like feathers, laces, and jewels, was the special prerogative of woman—a natural right inherited from Eve, or, scientifically speaking, since Eve was only a fable, from the cave-dwellers whose prehistoric trinkets were to be seen in the Musée Carnavalet.

Michel, on the contrary, would salute his superior and seat himself at his desk without speaking. He could see him now, slim of figure, with brown hair inclined to curl at the neck.

M. Joly had an appointment with the Prefect at ten o'clock. To have an appointment with the Prefect meant that something unusual was on foot. In that case it was well to take his precautions. Going over to Michel's desk, he removed the weight from the sheet of paper and wrote rapidly a few words. After signing his name, he replaced the weight and went to the window. Evidently there could be nothing sacred about a bit of paper left carelessly on an open desk. Besides, poetry was impersonal. Even when inditing a sonnet to his mistress the poet thinks of the public. He, M. Joly, was not only that public—he was the superior officer. Was there ever a poet who did not crave notoriety for his verse!

He walked over to Michel's desk, removed the paper-weight, and began to read.

The miser has his money,
The sailor has the sea,
I have my Honey,
And she has me.

The eagle knows his eyrie,
The honey-bee his tree,
I know my Dearie,
And she knows me.

The meadow for the starling,
The wild gull for the sea,
I for my Darling,
And she for me.

M. Joly heaved a deep sigh, seeing Madame Joly where he had first seen her, by the Medici Fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens, lifting her face shyly to his as he passed by. Bringing back with an effort his wandering mind from the Luxembourg Gardens to the Prefecture of Police, M. Joly observed that the handwriting was not Michel's and that the paper was not that of the Prefecture. In these days of the emancipation of women, he thought, maidens compose verses to their lovers. I prefer the methods employed by Madame Joly.

He had flattered himself that because Madame Joly was unique among women his experience had been unique also. History repeats itself, he said to himself; it is absurd for any one to believe that he has experienced any new thing under the sun.

It was while making this reflection that Michel entered. Saluting, he went tranquilly to his desk, as M. Joly had foreseen.

"Michel," said M. Joly, "I see that you worship the muse." The color mounted furiously to the young man's face. "I ask your pardon for reading your verses, but—do you know the story of Susanna?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"I do not cite it by way of excusing myself still you will admit that if that lady had chosen the Prefecture instead of her own garden in which to display her charms, the case would have been different."

Michel laughed gaily. Never before had his teeth looked so white.

"Believe me, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, there is no harm done."

"Good," said M. Joly; "if there is none done in the reading, there is none in the writing. Many worthy people have written verses. You will find a little prose of mine after the third verse. Monsieur Michel," he said, taking up his hat.

"Why do I sometimes say 'Monsieur' Michel," he said to himself as he went out the door, "when 'Pichon' is always quite enough for Pichon?"

At half-past ten, when leaving the Prefect's office, the latter said, "If you need assistants you will choose them yourself."

M. Joly bowed. He made it a point never to betray his satisfaction at the Prefect's confidence. Besides, he had already provided for that contingency.



"IT IS A PITY YOU CANNOT SMOKE, MICHEL"

Strolling along the Quai toward the Pont Neuf, he sat down on the bench in the shadow of Henri IV. The tide of life was flowing noisily over the bridge. Below, under the arches, the river flowed silently. Nature goes about her business without fuss, he thought; mankind has no manners. Removing his hat and leaning back in his favorite attitude, his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, he abandoned himself to reflection.

"So Madame de Saint-Luc has had the imprudence to write letters! What a foolish mania! As if to feel were not enough, without wishing to proclaim it on the housetops. For, after all, to transfer one's feelings to paper is to incur the danger of publicity, to render permanent what is only fugitive.

"'The meadow for the starling.'

"A pretty line. I would gladly exchange his Majesty Henri IV. for the meadows where the starlings are singing."

At that moment he perceived Michel leaning against the parapet. If he had ordered Pichon to report to him on the Pont Neuf, Pichon would that moment be sitting beside him on the bench. Pichon was punctual, respectful, but gregarious by nature. There was about Michel a certain shy aloofness.

"Come here, Michel. I wish to speak to you. Sit down." Michel obeyed in silence. "Did you ever write compromising letters, Michel?"

"No, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"Poetry has its advantages. What a pity Madame de Saint-Luc preferred prose! Did you ever hear of Madame de Caraman?"

"No, monsieur."

"Of Bourg-la-Reine?"

"No, monsieur."

"It is a charming place. Would you like to go there?"

"You know that I am at your service."

M. Joly fixed his eyes upon his companion.

"I am going to impose upon you a disagreeable duty. You will have to go as a woman, Michel. Really, I think you would make a passably pretty woman."

This time the color rose to the roots of the brown hair.

"It is a question of certain letters which Madame de Saint-Luc has had the imprudence to write to Monsieur de Caraman."

For once Michel permitted himself an observation. "But surely, Monsieur de Caraman, being a gentleman, would not abuse the confidence of a woman," he exclaimed naïvely.

M. Joly looked again into Michel's candid eyes. Pichon's chivalry would never have risen to the height of such an observation. It was difficult to rebuke such innocence.

"That is as it may be. If I have invited you to a conference in the presence of Henri IV., it is because I know that gallant monarch would not be inquisitive. Let us confine ourselves to facts. Why Madame de Saint-Luc desires to recover her letters does not concern us. Doubtless her reasons are excellent. The human heart resembles Vesuvius—it has its periods of eruption—of writing letters. And since you undertake to defend Monsieur de Caraman—"

"Oh!" protested Michel.

"—it is necessary you should know that these letters are no longer in his keeping, but in Madame de Caraman's. Letters, Michel, are incorrigible. They have no sense of propriety. Like the verses of poets, they offer themselves unblushingly to any eye willing to read them. Were we in Madame de Caraman's place, you and I, being men, would read those letters to Monsieur de Caraman with appropriate comments. But women proceed differently. It would be very annoying to Madame de Saint-Luc if Madame de Caraman took it into her head to permit Monsieur de Saint-Luc to read what was destined only for Monsieur de Caraman. It is a strange fact that two passions so opposed as love and hate should have a common denominator—that Madame de Caraman should discover, in her anger against Madame de Saint-Luc, the measure of her love for her husband. I do not need to cite from history the many examples of women who defend a worthless lover with the same fury with which they tear a rival limb from limb."

"May I ask you a question, Monsieur l'Inspecteur?"

"Ask it, Michel."

"Pardon me, but what advantage will it be for Madame de Saint-Luc to recover her letters if Madame de Caraman has already read them."

"If you were a lawyer, Michel, you would know that when the proofs of the existence of anything disappear, it goes without saying that it never existed. But we are wasting our time. Tomorrow evening, at seven, you will find me at the Golden Sun in Bourg-la-Reine. Pay great attention to your toilette, Michel—sober black, a white collar, without ribbons. By the way, did I mention it? There are four—and here is a specimen of Madame de Saint-Luc's writing. Study it. Another thing—the Prefect is personally interested; he is the friend of both ladies—" And with this hint to Michel's zeal M. Joly resumed his stroll on the Quai.

Precisely at seven the following evening, while finishing his dinner, M. Joly heard mine host of the Golden Sun saying: "It is probably the gentleman in the arbor. He was expecting a young lady"; and, looking up, saw Michel framed in between the two box-trees guarding the entrance. In his rôle of expecting a lady, M. Joly removed his hat, and Michel, in his rôle of woman, blushed again.

Accustomed as he was to disguises, M. Joly was astonished. So much of Michel's throat as was visible above the white collar was admirable. He observed, too, as Michel was removing his gloves, far more of an arm than the close-fitting sleeve of the agent's tunic had ever disclosed.

"I had almost forgotten myself by saluting you," said Michel, in a low voice, laying his gloves beside the plate.

"Be seated," said M. Joly, in a tone of constrained politeness.

"Thank you, but I took the precaution to eat something at the buffet in the station."

Pichon would not have thought of that!

"Positively, Michel," said M. Joly, "you embarrass me. If I did not know you, and if there was no Madame Joly, I would order another bottle."

Michel smiled frankly, disclosing his white teeth. "Since you know me, Madame Joly would have no objection."

"*Dame!*" thought M. Joly, "what a difference results from merely changing one's clothes!" Then, lighting his cigar, "It is a pity you cannot smoke, Michel."

"That is no hardship. I do not smoke, Monsieur l'Inspecteur." At this reminder of his official character M. Joly resumed his professional manner.

"Michel, listen carefully to what I am about to say. This is no ordinary affair. Ordinarily we pursue criminals. In this case we shelter them. The proceeding is irregular. We are about to affront Justice, which demands that faults be paid for. Whether it is better to exact that payment or to rescue the guilty from the consequences of their folly is a moral question determined by our superiors. Our duty is to obey them."

"Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"For that reason you are now Susette, the cousin of Madame de Caraman's maid, the desperate illness of whose mother obliges her to leave Madame de Caraman's service for a few days. Fortunately she bethought herself of you, and has persuaded you to take her place in this emergency. Does the prospect of waiting upon Madame de Caraman alarm you, Michel?"

"I will do my best, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"I believe the ordeal will be a brief one," M. Joly said, encouragingly, "for I once had the occasion to examine Madame de Caraman's apartments when she had mislaid a diamond collar. There is a safe in the wall by the bed. Possibly Madame de Caraman is more careful than formerly of the key. It used to repose under some fine lace handkerchiefs in the third drawer of her chif-



SUSETTE BEGAN BRUSHING OUT THE LONG BRAIDS

fonnier. I leave you to discover its present whereabouts. Do not rely upon that foolish idea of the writers of romances that you will find those four letters among the loose papers on Madame de Caraman's writing-table. Such subtleties exist only in the brain of the novelist."

"This Rosalie, my cousin, has gone?" hazarded Michel.

"Just now, with a thousand-franc note of the Prefect's to pay the doctor attending her mother. Ah, Michel, I do not congratulate you on that cousin of yours. Such cupidity!"

"I begin to despise my rôle," murmured Michel.

"That sentiment does you honor," M. Joly made haste to say. "Personally I do not approve of the methods of the Jesuits, but in our profession, under certain circumstances— You have your portmanteau, Michel?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Presently, when Madame de Caraman's footman comes for you— I think I hear wheels now. Yes, yes, mademoiselle is ready," he called to the host.

Helping Michel into the two-wheeled cart, he imprinted a fatherly kiss on his cheek. "It is not the first time Mademoiselle goes out to service," he explained to the footman, "but her heart is so tender."

"We will take good care of her," said the footman, loftily.

As the cart disappeared in the gathering dusk M. Joly turned abruptly to the innkeeper: "The reckoning, if you please."

"Marie," said M. Joly that evening to his wife, "I have made a discovery."

Madame Joly looked up from her needle.

"That it is easier to pretend to be what you are not than to pretend to be what you are."

Accustomed to observations of this nature, and as her husband offered no further explanation, Madame Joly resumed her work.

In her chair before the mirror Madame de Caraman was watching Susette, who was opening the bed and spreading her night-dress ready for occupancy.

"Is that all, madame?"

"By no means. Take down my hair, Susette."

Removing the pins deftly, Susette began brushing out the long braids.

"You have a light hand, Susette."

"Thank you, madame."

"You have served an apprenticeship with a coiffeur, I imagine."

"No, madame; I taught myself."

"But your own hair is so thick—why do you wear it in that manner? Have you had a fever?"

"No, madame; it is less trouble."

"You have no vanity, then? No lovers?"

"Oh, madame!" said Susette, avoiding the eyes in the glass.

"With whom were you last in service?"

"With Madame de Saint-Luc, madame."

"Really! How interesting! She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Oh no, madame. You have been misinformed."

"But has she not many admirers?"

"Yes, madame, many."

"Why did you leave her service, Susette?"

"I have not left her service. Madame de Saint-Luc is very generous. She gives me every year a month's holiday."

"Then you return to her?"

"Yes, madame."

"That will do, Susette. To-morrow, when I ring, you will prepare my bath."

"What you said to me last night," said Madame de Caraman, as Susette was reversing the process of the previous evening, "interests me greatly. How does it happen that Madame de Saint-Luc, who you say has no beauty, should have so many admirers? She must be very clever."

"Madame is herself very clever to say so. Madame de Saint-Luc boasts that she accomplishes without beauty what others who possess it fail to do."

"What a horrid woman!" said Madame de Caraman, energetically. "How can you remain with such a person?"

"Ah, madame, when one's mother is bedridden and one has two young sisters, one cannot be too particular."

"Your father, then, is not living?"

"Alas, no, madame."



"SUSETTE, I AM GOING TO CONFIDE IN YOU—TO TRUST YOU"

"I suppose Madame de Saint-Luc, having so many admirers, pays you excellent wages," said Madame de Caraman, into whose voice had crept the shadow of scorn.

"Three hundred francs a month, madame, including my holiday."

"Heavens! How preposterous! You must be as clever as she is."

"Oh no. Madame is too good to think so. But, you see, I also act as madame's secretary. I write her letters."

"Not all, I presume," said Madame de Caraman, pointedly.

"And I assist her in her literary work," added Susette, ignoring the interruption.

"So Madame de Saint-Luc is literary as well as clever. What a remarkable woman! Is she writing a book?"

"She is not exactly writing one, but she is editing one—a collection of letters."

"Letters! What letters?"

"The letters of her admirers."

Madame de Caraman gave a sudden start.

"Pardon me, madame," said Susette. "Did I hurt you?"

"The wretch!" exclaimed Madame de Caraman, unable to restrain her indignation. "How perfectly atrocious! She will be prosecuted for slander!"

"Oh no, madame," replied Susette, demurely; "all these letters are genuine."

"But what perfidy! So to betray confidence!"

"Ah well, madame," said Susette, innocently, "you know when one has had so many admirers, one naturally gets tired of some of them."

"Susette!" cried Madame de Caraman, "that woman has perverted you."

Susette waited to put on the finishing touch before replying. "My father used to say that here below everything passes —even the love of woman."

"But not the love of an honest woman for her husband, Susette."

"No, that is what my mother used to say to my father. Perhaps," she added, touching here and there the finished coiffure with the tapering fingers M. Joly had noticed—"perhaps Madame de Saint-Luc would be as pleased to recover some of her letters as her admirers would be to recover theirs. Does madame require anything more?"

"No," said Madame de Caraman, shortly.

A half-hour later she rang for her maid. "Susette," she said, her face pale with determination, "you seem to me an excellent girl. What your mother said to your father was admirable."

"Thank you, madame."

"Come here, Susette. I wish to ask you a question. Do you think that if certain letters of Madame de Saint-Luc's were returned to her she would return those of the person to whom they were addressed?"

Susette's face wore the expression of one pondering a weighty problem. "I think so, madame. Old letters often stand in the way of writing new ones. If the admirer to whom you refer belongs to the past, a past one wishes to forget for the sake of the future, and if he values these letters too dearly to surrender them—if one could manage to secure them—yes, I think it quite possible. Madame de Saint-Luc is a business woman. For that reason she might desire first to assure herself—"

"She would recognize her own handwriting, I presume," said Madame de Caraman, ironically.

"Certainly. That, without doubt, madame."

Drawing a small key from her bosom, Madame de Caraman went to the safe in the wall by the bed. "Susette, I am going to confide in you—to trust you. Do you recognize this handwriting?"

Susette gave a gasp of dismay and astonishment. "Oh, madame, forgive me! If I had dreamed—"

"Be quiet, my child. Will you go to Madame de Saint-Luc and say—you understand." Susette hesitated. "Speak, Susette."

"Yes, I will go."

"Take them, Susette—and swear to me—"

"I swear to you, madame, that I will return them—or those you wish for."

"I believe you. Go, now, instantly."

"What, *now*, madame?"

"*Instantly*—this very moment," said Madame de Caraman, sinking into her chair and covering her face with her hands.

When, two hours later, Michel reentered the room in the Prefecture, M. Joly, at the window, seemed preoccupied solely by a fly buzzing on one of the panes. Never effusive in his greetings, M. Joly was always polite. Moreover, absentmindedness was not one of his characteristics. To be so ignored caused Michel an unpleasant surprise. Finally, the silence becoming intolerable, he advanced a few steps.

"Monsieur l'Inspecteur, I wish to offer my resignation."

Opening the window, M. Joly released the intruder, then sat down at his desk. "Because you have failed?"

"No; because I have succeeded—and because I find my duties inconsistent with my conscience."

M. Joly made a slight movement. "It will be accepted. You have Madame de Saint-Luc's letters?"

"They are here," said Michel, designating the third and fourth buttons of his tunic, "but I cannot give them to you."

"You have, then, in your mind some bargain?"

"No. But I have already made one with Madame de Caraman—either to return to her these letters or those of Monsieur de Caraman."

"That was imprudent," observed M. Joly.

"I am going now to Madame de Saint-Luc."

"It appears to me you wish me to compromise with duty."

"Pardon me, but it appears to me that you wish me to compromise with honor," said Michel, firmly.

M. Joly took out his watch. "Madame de Saint-Luc is probably at *déjeûner* at this hour. Do you wish me to accompany you?"

"That would be prudent, but it is not necessary."

M. Joly thought for a moment. "Do

you know Madame de Saint-Luc's address?"

"I can find it."

"Number 217, Boulevard Haussmann. Do not fail to obtain a receipt," said M. Joly, taking a sheet of official paper from a pigeon-hole and beginning to write.

Seeing that he was not disposed to further conversation, Michel tiptoed softly to the door.

"Ask Monsieur le Préfet," said M. Joly to the attendant answering the bell, "if he will do me the honor of receiving me."

Looking up from his desk, M. Levigne saw M. Joly, a paper in his hand. "Well?" he said.

"For your signature, Monsieur le Préfet," said M. Joly, respectfully.

"*It is by my authority that the bearer is in contravention of Article 327 of The Penal Code.*"

A blank space, followed by the words, "*Signed: Prefect of Police*," was below.

"What is article 327, Monsieur Joly?"

"It relates to the wearing by a person of one sex of the garments of the other."

"But this person, I presume, is one of our agents."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then this is quite unnecessary," said the Prefect, letting fall the paper in his hand.

"Monsieur le Préfet," replied M. Joly, "there was once a cardinal of France who was also, one might say, a Prefect of Police, who when he trusted his agents trusted them implicitly."

M. Levigne smiled. "You quote history to some purpose, Monsieur Joly," he said, writing his name in the vacant space.

On returning to the Prefecture, Michel observed that M. Joly had regained his good humor. He himself was radiant. Approaching with a light step, he placed an envelope before his chief. Opening it, M. Joly saw a few gray ashes.

"The letters of Madame de Saint-Luc," said Michel.

"And the receipt—"

"Here it is," said Michel, extracting it from between the buttons of his tunic.

"I presume now"—M. Joly looked up for the first time—"you are going to Bourg-la-Reine."

"If you permit me, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

M. Joly shrugged his shoulders. "Since you are no longer one of us you are free to go where you please. By the way, have you read recently Article 327 of the Penal Code?"

"Article 327?" stammered Michel.

"Read it. It will interest you. Also this order from the Prefect which bears on the subject. I am going to him now



"IT APPEARS TO ME YOU WISH ME TO COMPROMISE WITH DUTY"

with this receipt." At the door M. Joly turned, smiling. "Present my compliments to your mother and your two sisters—also to the author of your verses, mademoiselle."

"Marie," said M. Joly that evening after lighting his cigar, "I have an uneasy conscience."

As Madame Joly loved nothing better than to listen to her husband, she remained silent.

"Did I ever mention to you the name of Michel?"

"I think so. He is one of your agents, is he not?"

"She *was*."

"She? I thought—"

"So did I," interrupted M. Joly.

Madame Joly's needle dropped into her lap.

"It is one of those things one reads about but does not believe, Marie."

"How extraordinary! What induced her to attempt so dangerous a deceit!"

"Thank you, Marie, for not reminding me that for a whole year I have been its victim. Pichon would lose all respect for me. But, to answer your question, I discovered yesterday a bedridden mother and two hungry young mouths. When one carries on one's back three times the burden which Æneas carried from Troy, the salary of a man is a temptation. Ordinarily this inequality in the sexes is justified—but there are exceptions."

"How did you discover the deceit?" asked Madame Joly, resuming her needle.

"By a process called filtration—a laborious process from which the intelligence of your sex spares you. Monsieur Michel undertook to play the rôle of maid to a lady whose name I will not mention."

"I think," said Madame Joly, "that the process you call filtration must have been well advanced before you assigned such a rôle to a man."

"On that score my conscience is easy," replied M. Joly, taking from his pocket a copy of the Prefect's order. "Read this, if you please."

Once more Madame Joly laid down her needle. "Why, then, the Prefect pardons her!" she exclaimed, her face illuminated by a smile.

"How like you, Marie! You jump so quickly to a conclusion. Read more carefully. Do you observe any pronouns in the Prefect's order? When signing his name Monsieur Levigne was unquestionably under the impression that he was authorizing an agent to masquerade as a woman in the interests of morality, whereas in reality—"

"Oh, is that all?" said Madame Joly, tranquilly. "I have great confidence in both your judgment and your conscience."

"The conscience of a woman is a wonderful mechanism," thought M. Joly. "It responds to influences beyond the range of our limited intelligence." What he said aloud, however, as he relighted his cigar, was:

"Since *you* are my conscience, Marie, we will not discuss the question of judgment."

To My Children—Asleep

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

LIST to their gentle breathing in the night.
Flushed pink with slumber. Now their curious eyes
Pale-lidded, shine not, nor their glances bright
Welcome the new day with its new surprise.
How still the feet that raced—that leaped, as light
As the small cloud that loiters in the skies:
How rare the bud before its opening hour
With fragrance that we find not in the perfect flower.

And who am I to bring this rapture down,
Irradiant, to bless the arid earth?
For I have ventured to the high unknown
And grasped the Godhead in the hour of birth;
My clay has dared to wear a kingly crown,
And raid the heavens to appease my dearth:
So close the ways of finite mortals bend
To mysteries that round our fleeting lives extend.

Now, as the days pass, they will grow and make
A God of me—less worshipful than they:
Of my imperfect image they will take
Only the good, will talk of me at play,
Will weave me through their souls, so that to break
Their gentle vision is to take away
Their best delight. Ah, none but children see
Behind the world-worn man his lost divinity.

To them dim years will open: to their gaze
Will mystery and prophecy unfold,
Strange lights will shine upon them, and the rays
Of unborn knowledge be in flame outrolled;
No wonder will their wondrous eyes amaze:
But God will baffle as he did of old,
Till, on the steps of wisdom, it is given
That man, being wise, may climb—a child—to heaven.

And if, still tender, they shall think of me,
Keep green the spot and guard the springing grass,
Then I too shall remember, being free
From earthly duty: I shall hear them pass,
Catch even the word, and live on memory
Of small, fond things: My soul shall not harass
Those whom I dragged to earth. . . . See how they stir!
Put out the light! The gloom cloaks best a worshiper.

Financial Illusions of the War

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

THE war has been breaking down principles, overturning axioms, shattering theories, in every direction. We have seen this statement overwhelmingly proved in military, in naval affairs. No less is it true in finance. In the school of finance, as well as that of the army and navy, there were certain tenets that men had long clung to which have proved to be great illusions.

To begin with, there was the favorite theory that the great international bankers could prevent war. Upon that belief great stress was laid in 1909, when a group of leading American bankers was, at the urgent instance of President Taft and Secretary Knox, formed to join with similar powerful banking groups from England, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan, for the purpose of preserving China's integrity. President Taft considered (see President's message to Congress of December, 1909) the co-operation of these strong, international banking groups as the "indispensable instrumentality" needed "to carry out a practical and real application of the open-door policy."

Thus came into being the famous Six-Power Group. And over and above all desire to deal justly by China there was the idea that, with the leading bankers of the six greatest nations working closely together, in harmony and in sympathy for a common end, such an *entente cordiale* in great finance would be established as would absolutely prevent war. It was argued that if the Six-Power Group, in accord as to the distressing economic effect which any great war must have upon all the nations, declared together to their respective governments that they would finance no wars, the governments would find, perforce, that all their paths were paths of peace.

For the moment this principle, which many intelligent people pronounced to be sound, seemed actually to be in effect. When, in 1911, the Agadir, or Moroccan, incident arose, and the German Kaiser was described as being eager to declare war on France, he was flatly told by the great German bankers in Berlin and Frankfort that Germany was at that time in no condition to finance a great war. The accepted dictum of these German bankers was at once acclaimed as establishing the soundness of the general theory. When, however, the storm clouds of the present war were gathering, the opinion of the great groups of bankers counted apparently for nothing. Their judgment counted enormously in the steps that were taken by the different governments to maintain financial equilibrium, but on the main question of war or peace they were not even consulted. And so, on August 1, 1914, this interesting theory was disposed of promptly, and perhaps for all time.

The explanation is not far to seek: no one of the governments involved stopped to say: "Wait a bit. Before I spend the money let me first find out whether I can raise it." On the contrary, to these governments, all plunging headlong down the steep, the money cost was the least thing to think of—and quite properly, too, if one compare with it the matter of human lives, liberty, and national honor!

Another financial theory that has had to be discarded is that the cost of a world war, such as this, was bound to be so stupendous as to enforce an early peace. Even the richest nations would not be able (the theory ran) to stand the pace. But here we have had almost two years of war, and as yet there seems to be no indication of the war ending on account of financial exhaustion. Yet the expenditures of each nation have been on a scale far more stupendous

than the wildest prophet had ever dreamed. Statisticians for years had been wagging their heads and saying that the *per diem* cost of any great power at war would run up to the ruinous figure of $5,000,000. This belief was partially based on the figures of our own Civil War, when, in its final weeks, the daily cost to the Federal government was estimated at $3,000,000. At the outset of the Civil War such cost had been $1,000,000 a day, but in January, 1863, the statement was made in Congress that the war was then costing the United States $2,500,000 a day, Sundays included, and doubt was expressed "as to whether money could be had for its continuance."

But when the present war broke out the *per diem* cost of $5,000,000, as estimated by the financial philosophers, had to be altered in the case of Great Britain to $10,000,000. And the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer warned the British people that such a slow pace could not last. They were quite right. Each month, by leaps and bounds, the expenditure increased; and Mr. Asquith, in his last statement, confessed to $25,000,000 per day as the outgo. And the total daily expenditure of the belligerents is now estimated at over $100,000,000, made up as follows:

Great Britain	$25,000,000
Germany	22,000,000
France	15,500,000
Russia	16,000,000
Austria	12,000,000
Italy	8,000,000
Turkey	1,500,000
Servia	1,500,000
Belgium	1,500,000
Total	$103,000,000

Thus another fond theory, that of heavy expenditures forcing an early peace, is shattered. Here the explanation is fairly simple. It is this: while the present expenditures have no precedent in any previous war, the available resources have apparently increased at a still faster rate. Figures are frequently misleading, but these are not difficult to follow:

(*a*) In 1816 the United Kingdom's national debt was about $4,500,000,000. It is now, early in 1916, about $11,155,000,000, an increase of 145 per cent. In 1816 the income of the people of Great Britain was estimated at $1,500,000,000, and in 1916, it is estimated to be $12,500,000,000, an increase of *833* per cent.

(*b*) The existing British debt, including the recent American loan, is less than one year's income of the people of the United Kingdom, whereas the debt as it stood in 1816 was equal to three years' income. On the basis of its present income, it is thought that Great Britain could support, with no greater burden on the people than was successfully carried during the Napoleonic wars, a national debt of $40,000,000,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent.

(*c*) Still another way of putting it is that the present debt, which approximates $11,155,000,000, represents only *12 per cent.* of the estimated present wealth of the British people; whereas the national debt in 1816 amounted to *36 per cent.* of their estimated wealth at that time.

The foregoing figures are as to the wealthiest nation, in liquid resources, of them all—Great Britain. And France, Russia, Germany, and Italy are likewise so rich that it would appear that if the war ends within the next two years, the end will be due not primarily to the financial exhaustion of those countries. Of course, as to the lesser Allies the case is different. Normally, they would already be so exhausted financially as to be unable to proceed. But they are all little brothers of the rich, and constantly are being helped out with gold and credit. Great Britain, according to the *Round Table*, that illuminating quarterly review of the politics of the British Empire, has already loaned to her allies not less than $2,000,000,000.

There is still a third financial tradition that has had to be abandoned. This is the one that international trade and exchange, soundly built up for a series of generations, was so firmly established that nothing could wreck it. Another great illusion! For when the war came our exchanges broke down overnight. The whole structure, whereby the cattlemen in Argentine, the farmer in Dakota, the diamond-miner in Africa, the silk merchant in China, could get

their pay or could settle their bills, as the case might be, without serious loss in exchange, came toppling down like a house of cards. Coincident with, and following, this downfall were to be seen all the phenomena of a world topsy-turvy. All precedent, all traditions, went by the board. As Frederick Scott Oliver says, in his admirable *Ordeal by Battle*, there is no further use in declaring a thing unthinkable when we have only to look about us and see that the unthinkable has become true.

These unthinkable things at the war's outbreak fell so thick upon an unprepared world of commerce and finance that, for a time, the world was prostrate. But after a brief period of disorganization, finance, abandoning those great illusions that I have just described, and falling back upon the principles of serenity and common sense, reasserted itself and started in to adapt its world to the abnormal. None of us can ever forget those great protective measures put into effect on both sides of the Atlantic at the outbreak of the war. The action of three or four English financiers and statesmen on that fateful Sunday of August 2, 1914, was taken in desperate haste, yet was so far-sighted, in the declaration of moratoria and in the guaranteeing of bills of exchange, as to throw a mantle of protection over the British Empire's home industries and over her commerce, far flung on the bosom of the seven seas.

With these fond illusions lying fresh-shattered just behind them, economists, nothing daunted, are now laying down fresh theories. One favorite and rashly expressed belief is that all the warring nations, big as well as little, are about to plunge over the brink into repudiation and bankruptcy. The propagandists of this belief base it upon the undoubted strain which even the wealthiest nations are suffering. Certainly the increase of the various government debts has been staggering. England is the only government that has, as yet, made a determined effort to lessen her borrowing through the heavy increase of taxes. Take the chief belligerent powers as a whole, and we shall find that the national debts have increased about as shown by the following table. These figures are approximately correct, but complete statistics from the other side are not always available promptly, and the situation may have changed between the time this table was prepared and its publication:

	National Debt Prior to War	National Debt Jan. 1, 1916
Gt. Britain	$3,500,000,000	$11,155,000,000
France.....	6,600,000,000	13,197,000,000
Russia.....	4,500,000,000	8,655,000,000
Germany. .	5,200,000,000	11,613,000,000

For the comfort, or confusion, as the case may be, of the prophets who are just now predicting bankruptcy for all the belligerents, it may be well to recall that in Great Britain, at any rate, prophets of ill omen, even in high places, have always appeared during every period of financial stress. When the treaty of Ryswick was signed in 1697, after ten years of war with France, King William III., in grave fear as to the national finances which showed a debt of £14,500,000, wrote: "May God relieve us from our present embarrassment, for I cannot suppose it is His will to suffer a nation to perish which He has so miraculously saved." In 1749 Lord Bolingbroke, in even gloomier vein, wrote: "Our Parliamentary aids, from the year 1740 exclusively to the year 1748 inclusively, amounted to £55,522,159, a sum that will appear incredible to future generations, and is so, almost, to the present. Till we have paid a good part of our debts and restored our country, in some measure, to her former wealth, it will be difficult to maintain the dignity of Great Britain." And yet the debt which caused Bolingbroke such dismay amounted to but eleven days of his country's expenditure in the present war.

It is interesting to see how the situation which made Lord Bolingbroke so fearful compares with that to-day. The most authentic information which can be secured indicates that Great Britain's national wealth, at that time, was about £500,000,000. The debt was under £80,000,000, or about one-sixth of the wealth. To-day Great Britain's debt is calculated at between one-eighth and one-ninth of the national wealth, yet, in spite of the relatively heavier burden in those former days, the value of an obli-

gation of Great Britain was such that within about a decade from the time Lord Bolingbroke was making his sad predictions the government was able to convert the 4-per-cent. debt into 3-per-cents. Our new prophets of sweeping financial disaster would do well to recollect that, just as under bright skies it is hard to realize that a deluge can ever come upon us, so it is only human nature to think, when we are in the midst of dark days, that they are the darkest the world has ever seen, and that they can never end.

We also have with us to-day a set of theorists who declare that America will soon become the financial center of the world. They may be correct, but the phenomena upon which they base their theory have been in existence almost too short a time to warrant permanent deductions. The theory is one highly flattering to ourselves, but it is not unlikely to prove another great illusion. To be sure, for the moment the world seems to be financially at America's feet. One evidence of this is the heavy discount at which the currency equivalents of the different belligerents have been selling in this market. Even the pound sterling last August fell to $4.50—which means that whereas, ordinarily, to buy £1,000, one had to pay $4,865, one could then buy the same amount of sterling with only $4,500. And marks, francs, lire, kronen, and rubles have been at a far heavier discount.

Another evidence of financial ascendancy—and one more patent to the layman—lies in the considerable amount of foreign loans already taken by American investors. Following is a list of these principal loans, the total of which runs well over $1,000,000,000.

Anglo-French 5-yr. 5% External Loan	$500,000,000
British Bankers' credit	50,000,000
French Republic 1-yr. 5% Loan	30,000,000
French special credits	50,000,000
Government of the Dominion of Canada Notes and Bonds	120,000,000
Canadian provinces and municipalities	120,000,000
Italian Government 6% 1-yr. Convertible Gold Notes	25,000,000
Notes of the German Empire	25,000,000
Government of Switzerland 5% Gold Notes	$15,000,000
Swedish Government 2-yr. 6% Gold Treasury Notes	5,000,000
Kingdom of Norway 6% Bonds and Notes	8,000,000
Government of the Argentine Nation Bonds and Notes	74,000,000
Panama, Bolivia, and Costa Rica	4,500,000
Imperial Russian Government credits	32,000,000
Total	$1,058,500,000

Of all these loans, the issue, jointly by Great Britain and France, of $500,000,000 bonds, has been far and away the most important single financial episode of the war, from America's point of view. Not only is it the largest sum ever raised in America at any one time, but it has carried in its train much controversy, many features touching upon the political as well as the commercial life of the nation.

In the early days of the war France sounded American bankers as to whether they would make her a loan. The bankers sought the attitude of Secretary Bryan, who expressed the opinion that, upon the theory of strict neutrality in both word and action which had been urged upon the nation, a loan to belligerent France would be improper. This opinion was immediately challenged. Many persons argued, on the ground of sentiment, that such an attitude was ungrateful, coming from a people that had benefited so materially from loans which France made to us in the War of the Revolution. Others pointed out that money was merely a commodity, and that if the American people must refrain from letting a belligerent have this particular commodity of credit, then the corollary was that America should, on the same strained theory of neutrality, refuse longer to export food or munitions to a belligerent.

These protestants to Mr. Bryan's ideas of neutrality pointed out that for us to sell our wheat, corn, and beef to the belligerent nations was of far greater help to them than it was for us to give to them, as to our other customers, time in which to pay their bills—that is, granting them loans. Yet no one pro-

posed that we should decline to sell and export our foodstuffs to Great Britain and France. The logic of this argument must have come home to the State Department almost before its first attitude against making belligerent loans was well understood, for Washington soon modified its position. Within sixty days—namely, in October, 1914—the same group of bankers informed the State Department that, unless there was specific objection, it proposed to grant a credit of $10,000,000 to the French Republic. Mr. Bryan thereupon indicated that the question was of no concern to the State Department. Again, early in 1915, announcement was made of a proposed public offering in America of $50,000,000 of French notes, and on this question the Administration quietly let it be known that it did not care to be advised of such operations.

By the time, therefore, that the great Anglo-French loan of October, 1915, was under negotiation, the public was well aware that the Administration not only no longer held that belligerent loans were unneutral, but, in point of fact, looked favorably upon the proposed loan to Great Britain and France, as a means necessary to maintain America's export trade to those two countries—a trade the loss of which would have tended to slacken industry and possibly cause concern to the Administration. Accordingly, the Anglo-French loan met open opposition only from two classes of people: First, those, comparatively limited in number, who were sincerely, if mistakenly, convinced that the allied governments would become financially involved; and second, from that much larger number of German sympathizers who saw in the loan simply another measure to assist the Allies to defeat the Central Powers.

Many German bank depositors, for instance, held tenaciously to the theory that they were unwilling that their deposits should be employed in loans to the enemies of their native land. Of course, such depositors had a perfect right to offer objection, and it is manifest that, if a large proportion of them in any one institution entered protest, their attitude might conceivably influence the bank's policy materially. But on the whole (except in cities with large German-born population) such groups of protestants were small, constituting not over 5 or 10 per cent. of the bank's total deposits; yet this small minority did not seem to realize that, though they might be opposed to the loan, the other 90 or 95 per cent. of depositors might be strongly in favor of it. At any rate, this opposition was ineffective. Such, in brief, is the history of the unprecedented and quickly abandoned theory that for a neutral people to make loans to a belligerent constitutes an unneutral act.

Moreover, before war had been many months under way it had become apparent that for Americans, as individuals, to remain neutral in their thoughts and sympathies was beyond belief. Clear-thinking Americans were bound to become partisans for one side or for the other. As Professor Josiah Royce has recently said in his *The Duties of Americans in the Present War:* "It is as impossible for every reasonable man to be in his heart and mind neutral as it was for the good cherubs in heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy, glowing clouds and saw the angels fall." How could it have even been expected that an American business man, for instance, full of activity, ambitious for the upbuilding of his country's industry and commerce, could remain neutral? How could he ever forget that for a hundred and twenty-five years, up to the time of this war, France and England had given unlimited credit to commercial America, had lent us literally billions of dollars to help build our railways and factories, to aid in developing American industries? When the tables were turned and credit was sought from us, how could it be refused except on the theory that the American man of affairs is heartless as well as short-sighted? Of course, some parts of the country, more than others, were impressed with the importance of making the great loan to Great Britain and France. Of the total amount of $500,000,000, a little over $50,000,000 was underwritten in New England, almost $320,000,000 in New York State, and, of that amount, all but $8,000,000 in New York city alone. Pennsylvania did almost $60,000,000. The balance,

$70,000,000, was scattered throughout the country. Certain centers, notably Chicago, which underwrote only about $6,000,000, professed their belief in the importance of the loan to America's trade, yet manifestly failed to give it hearty support. But it is only fair to say that American investors have, until now, never had occasion to invest in foreign government securities. Ever since our existence as a nation we have been a borrowing, not a lending, people. It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that some should fail to realize that for countries of vast resource, like Great Britain, France, and Russia, the repudiation of an external debt is, in practice, out of the question.

Finally, as to the future, though evidence is still wanting that the end of the war is in sight, we find ourselves already contemplating more new theories, possibly fresh illusions, as to the conditions that will obtain when the war is over. Many economists are studying conditions as they appeared at the close of the Napoleonic conflicts, the War of the Rebellion, and the Franco-Prussian struggle, hoping from the study of such phenomena to be able to form sound, working theories for the coming post-bellum period.

In thus picturing the industrial situation subsequent to the war, there are two general schools. One holds to the belief that business prostration in the now warring countries will be complete and prolonged; that, owing to the terrific destruction of wealth and capital, and to the continued necessities of the governments to meet the interest on their huge war loans, money will be in heavy demand and rates of interest high; that this demand will make itself felt all over the world, and will tend to curtail new enterprises everywhere; that here in the United States an early effect will be seen, and once more the pinch of poverty will be felt and depression in business be long continued. This school holds, furthermore, that the wastage of human life will have been so great that abroad there will be a dearth of labor, both skilled and unskilled; and that almost a generation, in point of time, will pass before this wastage of life will have been replaced and normal conditions of life and industry brought back. The cost of living, these theorists declare, will be maintained at a distressingly high figure, owing to the high cost of labor and to the continued heavy government taxes. The same school points out, too, that the belligerent nations will suffer grievously from the loss of a whole generation of educated and trained young men, who naturally would have been the leaders in science and industrial progress over the next two decades.

The other school is much less pessimistic. It concedes a certain industrial languor and hesitation immediately following the war, but is confident that it will not be long continued. Its argument runs about as follows: The destruction of fixed capital (factories and equipment) will be found to have been greatly overestimated. To be sure, there has been destruction of villages by the wholesale, but, as compared with the total, the amount of fixed capital destroyed will be a small percentage. Of gold and securities there has been practically no loss. The process of industrial repair will begin at once, after the brief interval required for the returning soldier to beat his sword into a plowshare. Moreover, there will be ample capital to serve, and at reasonable rates of interest. The reason therefor is twofold: first, because of the enormous savings resulting from the economies of the people at large; and, second, because of the vastly increased effectiveness in production of these people. It is pointed out that in all the warring nations habits of extraordinary thrift have been practised and are being permanently cultivated. And when populations aggregating two or three hundred million people are saving as never before, they build up capital almost as fast as even such a world war can waste it.

Furthermore, this school reiterates, the qualities of organization, of applied energy, and of determination, which the war is steadily cultivating, will render industry abroad a much more skilled tool than ever before. Then, indeed, will "scientific management" come to its real fruition. We may or may not see socialization of industry continued on an even greater scale than to-day in

Germany and England. But in any event we shall see far better organization than ever before. And that means that American industry, labor, manufacture, will meet far more formidable competition than of old. Our markets will be flooded with products from an Old World made over, working at top speed, with an organization more aroused, skilled, and effective than ever before.

Who can say that either of these two schools of thought is right or wrong? Time alone will reveal which, if either, of them has produced theories of value. If neither of them, then we shall again establish the precedent that only the unprecedented is to be expected.

Whatever be the status after the war, it is plain that to-day, and for some years to come, there opens before the manufacturers and merchants of America unexampled opportunity for upbuilding. But those opportunities are not so easy as to be available without wise and generous vision. Great Britain and Germany have built up their overseas trade by methods both cautious and courageous. They have gained strong positions in new markets like South America and the Far East by first creating the demand for their wares and then by supplying and financing that demand. Most of the public utilities to-day in those markets are owned by British and German, sometimes French, Belgian, or Dutch investors. An English manufacturer will furnish electrical equipment for a street railway in the Argentine, will accept bonds in payment, and then an English securities company will buy the bonds and distribute them among English investors. The process is repeated over and over again; and so, in course of time, a great pioneer and trading nation like the English secures a solid foothold all over the world. Just now, however, owing to the war, neither England nor Germany is able to maintain its old-time policy of financing its great customers abroad. Already these customers are turning to America for help. Upon the liberality and wisdom with which America meets such demands will depend the extent to which this country builds up her trade in those foreign regions.

Great opportunities, too, are opening before us on the continent of Europe itself. Russia is beckoning to us with an insistent finger. Hitherto Germany has largely supplied industrial Russia with her equipment. Russia declares that after the war she will be slow to renew those trade relations. Whether or not that feeling will remain strong, Russia's men of affairs and her government officials are just now inviting America to come and open up new markets, to equip railroads, to establish branch banks. Similarly, we can see signs that for Belgium, even for northern France, American machinery and American capital may be required to rebuild bridges, roads, and factories. From London, mobilizing its holdings not alone of American, but of all foreign securities, may come the suggestion that American capital buy from the English holders securities representing the control of some important railway south of the equator, a link in a chain coupling up new and fertile regions.

And with any such developments as I picture, with America lending her aid, in safe and orderly fashion, to rebuild the world, one must hope for a great increase in scientific attainment over here, for a great development of technical education, for a greater revival of the useful arts—a precursor, perhaps, of a great revival of learning and of the fine arts in America. It is being asserted of Americans to-day that, despite their donations to the suffering millions across the Atlantic, they are not thrilled with a deep and abiding sympathy for the spirit of self-sacrifice and heroism that is animating those struggling nations; that they are exulting too much in their own abundant, material prosperity. It seems a trite thing to say that all this wealth will be of no real use to the nation unless it aids in developing America's institutions, in educating and broadening her citizens; that all this material success will have gone for naught unless it adds to the nation's enlightenment and progress. Yet, without a revival of science and learning to illumine, to inspirit, and make them wise, business and finance can never fulfil their work of contributing substantially to the arts of peace and of civilization.

Down On Their Knees

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

SI NICKERSON'S Lane! Had the ghost of that Old Harbor whaler come back to his native street, amazement must have moved his phantom features. The little houses scrambling up its length, once so drab and austere, seemed to have gone mad with their pinks and yellows and emeralds. The babies under the grape-vines were brown as shoes, and so were the old women, bright-kerchiefed, gossiping across the fences in a tongue he had heard, perhaps, when he used to put in at the Azores for water and green stuff, but never here. Manta's, Silva's, Cabral's, on the mail-boxes —and in the Nickerson house at the top, antique and white-pillared, lived now a Portuguese Peter — Peter Um Perna, as one would say—Peter One-leg. The ghostly visitant might have dropped a tear at all this, or, a philosopher, he might have turned his hollow eyes on Angel Avellar, making lace behind the pink palings of her grandmother's yard, and, murmuring, "For of such is the kingdom of the future," gone back to his grave.

Angel's grandmother had to walk with a stick, she was so old; an absurd, dried-up person with a topknot the size of a thimble, bad knees, arms like broom-handles and a hundred times as tough and never thoroughly dry. At almost any time of the day, or of the year, they might have been seen in the yard or the shed, stabbing in and out of the wash-tub, furious, uncontrollable, thrashing the suds about at one end and the thin old woman at the other. One wondered if she never rebelled at them. Perhaps she did. They washed for a good many people, among them Peter Um Perna; and the One-leg, since he had become so rich, changed his shirt every other day when he was ashore from his vessel.

At any rate, other folks rebelled; it made them nervous to see her work so long and so hard. But when they demanded across their fences why she would put none of it on that "lazy piece of an Angelina," she made no answer beyond tapping her nose reflectively with a dripping finger-bone. Or perhaps she might be hanging out one of Peter Um Perna's shirts, and pause to stare at it with an odd, preoccupied attention. Or again, if the vessels chanced to be coming in that day, she might hobble into the house and, finding Angel reading on the sofa, pet her lustrous hair, mumble and smile, and say, "Y'r lace, Pretty, out 'n the garden," or perhaps, "The flowe's needs pickin', Pretty."

Peter Um Perna made his men carry him ashore on their shoulders when his vessel came back from the fishing-grounds. Had a drop of water touched his single russet shoe there is no saying what would have happened. They hated him as no other skipper was hated; yet he was a lucky man to go with, a "dog" for knowing the fish, and it was a sight to see them coming up Nickerson's Lane after a "big trip," in their boots and hard, round rubber hats, loitering and shuffling so as to let him keep his wooden-legged lead of them, and bellowing across the yards of how many fish they had taken and how many dollars they had shared.

Um Perna said nothing; there was no need. He stumped along in front with his hat pulled down to hide the scar on his forehead, one thumb tucked over the gold watch-chain, the other preening his black mustache. One would think he had forgotten there were other people in the world, for he turned his eyes neither to the right nor to the left, not even when he passed the pink-fenced yard where Angel Avellar always chanced to be, picking flowers, perhaps, or reaching up her brown, well-rounded arms to tuck a vine-tendril in place, or perhaps sitting with her head bent over her lace-hooks,

the hair hiding her face except for an edge of cheek, deep-colored under the eyes of Um Perna's men—especially of Man'el Costa. For saying his name over to herself, or even thinking of Man'el, made Angel's cheeks hot this autumn of her seventeenth year.

Folks laughed at Angel for sitting out of doors when the flowers were all gone and the grass-plot dried up. But it was on one of these afternoons, with the sun as low as a man's head and a cold wind spattering sand among the roofs, that Man'el Costa leaned his ditty-bag on the palings and asked Angel to go to the St. Michels' dance with him.

"What y' say?" he urged. His soft, dark cheeks grew darker still at the snickers of his mates behind him.

Angel wanted to laugh and to weep at the same time. She could not have lifted her eyes if a hundred red-hot needles had pricked her. Man'el Costa! Man'el Costa! If she could only so much as nod her head. Her heart jumped up and choked her; Man'el was turning away, not understanding. She must, somehow, get to her feet.

"M-m-man'el!" she stammered, her face stricken with fire.

It was not Man'el there facing her, but Peter Um Perna himself, who had waved Man'el away. He looked her over at his leisure.

"What's y'r name?" he inquired, with a faint sneer. When he saw the girl trembling and quite unable to answer, the sneer broadened.

"I guess that's one o' my good shirts dryin' on the line there. Better bring it to my house after supper, whatever y'r name is, because I'll want to wear it to-morrow."

Angel got into the house somehow. At first, on the front-room sofa, even the tears refused to come, she was so bruised and robbed. Man'el had not understood, and he would never ask her again, and there were so many girls. By and by the world grew warmer and blacker, and she could sob till she was worn out to her finger-tips, and Avo Avellar's hand on hers in the gloom was something holding her up from the deep. The Avo began to croon after a time, a curious mumbling overtone of exultation.

"I hear 'im, Pretty. I was behind the curtain. Y' don't know men yit, or y' wouldn't take on so. 'Ain't he spoke to y'u, Pretty? He claims t' hate women, an' yit he's spoke t' my Pretty. Dry y'r tears, dearie. Didn't y' hear he wanted y' should bring the wash t'night? This Peter wants t' see my Pretty again, does he? Hee-hee-hee-hee!"

It was so hard for tired Angel to understand. What was the Avo talking about? Turning over, she stared at the shadowy ceiling, her eyes growing wider and wider, and her wrists cold, as if in an ice-pack.

"Who you mean?" she whispered. "Not—not the One-leg, Avo!"

"Yis, the One-leg, Pretty. The One-leg that lives in the big house up there and pays four dollars f'r a shirt, they tell, up to Boston. If more men was to git a leg catched into a jibin' boom—what a world—what a world! Mebby they'd all git mad then, an' proud, an' mebby own their three good vessels same's Peter. A touch o' gold that was, Pretty. He's the same's the rest of 'em afore that—remember? And to-day—to-day, he's spoke to Angel Avellar. Come, lay out y'r Sunday frock while I git the supper ready. Hee-hee—"

She hobbled off, bubbling over her stick, to rattle her supper pots in the kitchen. The illumination from the doorway lay across the carpet; Angel, turning on her side, watched the shadow crossing and re-crossing the bright patch, huge and misshapen and curiously agile.

"Was *that* the reason why she always sent me out into the yard then?" It was an astounding question, heavy and bitter and dark, made up, as it were, of all the questions of all the young girls standing on the thresholds of all the ages. It seemed impossible for her to go out into the light, but she had to when the Avo called.

"I don't want t'—t' take the wash," she pleaded, bending her head lower over the cod-cheek chowder. Abashed by the unexpected silence, she hazarded a peep through her lashes. The old woman began to laugh with a shrill, angry sarcasm, throwing one skinny arm over her head like a dancing-girl.

"Oh yis, yis! *I* go! That's what y' want? I'm so strong an' straight an'

pretty. I heave my stick in the pig-yard an' skip like Tony Button's goat—an' who knows if Peter One-leg won't ast me for his wife. Ahhh! Hee-hee-hee!" She dropped her irony in a wink for a kind of wrinkled tenderness. "Ah, my Pretty—I f'rgit my Pretty's a little girl yit. But you won't be nervous now, will you? I was same's that when I was young, too; I shivered and cried when I was lucky—same 's you, Pretty. It 'll be all right. You go 'long. Go 'long! Here, le'me fix y'r hair a second. Y'r dress is pretty. Pretty dress!"

When Angel went up the lane, carrying the bundle on her head, all the little houses with their bright eyes crowded close to watch her pass, and the moon sent a ramping, shameless shadow ahead to drag her slow feet along. The austere autumnal wind shamed her, making nothing of her Sunday frock and stinging her with its blast till she would have turned and run down again had it not been for a wisp of arm waving her on from the familiar shadows below.

Peter's sister Philomena opened the back door slightly, almost before Angel could knock. Philomena was a narrow-chested, niggardly, black-clothed creature, standing forever on the brink of disaster. Her brother's affluence, his three vessels, even this house, remained incredible to her, a golden spell to be shattered by a breath of skepticism. She never spent money without a haunting fear lest the shopman chance to bite the coin and find it dust. She gave Angel no time to speak.

"*I* know what y'r after," she challenged, squeezing her tall, chalky face in the crack. "Na-na—we don't want you snoopin' round here. Go way!" But when Angel, unspeakably relieved, turned to go, the woman was out, plucking at her elbow with frightened fingers. "Na-na—come in! I s'pose you got to come in. Oh, dear me—my brother Peter—"

Peter Um Perna sat in front of a base-burner in the living-room, his wooden peg side by side with his russet shoe, and both of a color in the glow from the door, his hands folded across his white waistcoat, and his head sunken forward in a pose of meditation or perhaps fatigue.

"Oh yes," he murmured, hearing Angel behind him. He kept her standing in a torment of uncertainty, neither offering to rise himself nor asking her to sit. "What's y'r name?" This was one of his finest thrusts, to seem not to know one's name.

"Angeline," the girl stammered, keeping her eyes on a dim Virgin and dimmer Child between the long windows, blue with the moon, so she would not have to look at him. "Angel—Angel Avellar, s-s-sir!"

"Angel, eh?" The scar on his forehead gathered up all the light and burned like a crooked beacon. "Not a bad name," he mused. "You must 've just come t' Old Harbor; I never seen you before t'-day."

His face did not change at this quite wanton lie, but the girl's did in a curious way. Perhaps, after all, there is as true a travail when the child gives birth to the woman as is the woman's giving birth to the child. Hitching his bad leg over the good, the man became engrossed in its shining metal tip.

"You'll hear folks talkin' about me before you been here long, Angel. That's the name, ain't it? All of 'em talks about me because I'm so good to 'em an' because I'm so handsome. It's my gold foot catches their eye. Look! Won't see another foot in Old Harbor shines like that in the light. Brass, eh? Might 's well be gold. Then they like the rose-mark on my forehead. The saints 've got halos, remember."

Half turning of a sudden, he clapped his hands together, crying, "Come, come! Stand over here where I can take a look at you. Mmm. That's better." He stared her over slowly from head to foot, one hand busy preening his mustache, the other slapping nervously on the chair-arm. "I'm thinkin' o' gittin' married one o' these days." He paused to watch the color sweeping the girl's face. There was a light in his eyes of an inexplicable glee. "Yes, I'm goin' t' git a woman when I can find the kind I want, or I won't have 'er. Her hair won't be black, either, but the color o' gold, and curly, and her eyes the color o' sky. She'll be lighter color all told 'n you are, an' not near so lean—and rich! She'll keep a girl t' do up her hair,

and a man jus' to black her shoes. An' she'll come crawlin' on her knees for me t' marry 'er, this woman!"

Angel could not understand. She had no way of defending herself against this singular and meaningless brutality. The man seemed amused at her horror and her pathetic, inarticulate passion. He carried on in a shrill mood.

"*You* oughtn't to have no trouble gettin' a man, now. You're good enough aplenty for some poor devil, like a young fellow in my vessel now; I forget his name—Man'el somethin'. Now why don't y' go to work an' get out 'n the yard when the vessels comes in. Mebby this boy might happen t' see you an' take a fancy. Who knows? He may like 'em lean an' black, an' he poor, too. . . . That's all! You c'n go now!" He shook his hands at her with an unaccountable ferocity. "D'y' hear? You c'n *go!* Mena! *Mena!* Where 'n the devil— Why don't y' let this girl out?"

Man'el Costa was waiting outside Peter Um Perna's gate, rather heroic in the moonlight, leaning against a tree-bole and wondering how he should hail Angel Avellar, for he had seen her going in with the wash. Man'el was not used to girls quite so timid as Angel; he found it rather exciting, and the feeling deepened the natural fire of his eyes and whipped his fine dark cheeks with red.

"Oh, hello there!" he called, suddenly, catching sight of a figure at the gate. "What's the hurry, Angel. What's—what's eatin' you?" he finished, bewildered to find his hands imprisoned, and Angel's eyes shining close with a light he could not fathom.

"Was you waitin' for me, Man'el?"

"Yeh!" He had planned to lie about that.

"Come, let's go. Quick, Man'el, let's go!"

She tugged at his hand, and he followed a few steps down the hill, peering sidewise. It was like a dream, with the weird illumination and the wind and the naked vine-stems shivering among the yards. And this was Angel Avellar! He felt foolish, never to have seen through her before, and at the same time filled with a wild chill of discovery.

"Look here!" he cried, suddenly, tugging her to stop. "What you laughin' for?" And then, still more uncertain, "What—what you cryin' for, or are you laughin', anyway?"

The girl's hands, pressed against her bosom, rose and fell as though she had been running.

"Will you kill that one-leg pig, Man'el?"

"Sure!" He concluded that she was laughing, after all.

"*Now?*"

Man'el's jaw gave way. It was more than ever like a dream; he began to wish he could wake up so as to be certain of it, and then go on dreaming again. The night below gave up a shape waving ecstatic arms and screeching: "Go way f'm here. Git away f'm my girl! Go way—go home!"

They paid her no more attention than they would have paid an unseasonable insect bumbling in the night or the faint surf on the beaches.

"*Now?* Will you *now?*" Angel's eyes held him inexorably.

"W - e - l - l — ugh! *Say*, look here, what's eatin' you t'-night? What's *he* done to you? *Say*, can't y' talk sensible?"

Angel's fingers plucked at his coat lapels.

"Listen! Did I ever ask him to talk about me? Did I? Did I ask him to say if I was pretty or ugly? An' if he likes yellow hair, what's that to *me?* Oh! *oh!* If I was rich and had yellow hair, then I c'd come crawlin' on my knees to 'im, could I? Oh! As if anybody 'd look at that cripple pig! Did I ask 'im if I was ugly? *Oh! Oh! Oh!*"

Man'el threw back his head to laugh at the stars, relieved.

"So you're ugly, eh? Ugly?" He put something out of the way with his strong arm, crying: "Leave us be, old woman. Can't y' see we're talkin'? . . . Ugly, eh? Well, I'm on'y a poor fellow, but if *you're* ugly, then I want a ugly one. You're good enough for me—plenty good enough for me! Well, I should guess!"

"Don't say it that way!" she protested, fiercely. "*Not that way!*"

"Any way y' like, then!" Man'el laughed triumphantly, taking her hands in his and swinging them back and forth.

Angel could not sleep that night. She



Drawn by Percy E. Cowen Engraved by Nelson Demarest

WHEN THEY WALKED HOME, IT WAS BETWEEN TWO LINES OF PEOPLE

lay wide-eyed awake and sometimes shivering in her bed under the windy shingles, wondering at the strange new face of the world. Her grandmother did not even go to bed, but sat in the kitchen, rocking very slowly back and forth, peering into the coals and sucking her gums. A little before dawn she killed and dressed a pair of pullets and carried them away with her down the lane, wrapped in an old shawl. She was back before Angel was up.

"Look 't this bottle, Pretty," she said. "I got it to the drug-store, an' folks says it 'll make y'r hair yellah. See. Avo got it for Pretty."

Sitting bolt up in bed, Angel stared at the bottle for a long time after the Avo had hobbled down-stairs again.

"Oh yes. I remember now."

Her anger with the Avo grew beyond bounds. She ran around the room in her bare feet, hunting for a place to break the bottle. In the end she let it drop down between the floor and the eaves, and then sat on the edge of the bed, staring at nothing.

Even the oldest crones in the neighborhood could see the difference in Angel after that, and wagged their heads and pursed their lips, for, though their eyes were dim, their wits were sharp for a thing of this kind.

What they saw in Angel was something hard, glittering, something purposeful. For a year she had been putting away nickels and pennies against the St. Michels' excursion to New Bedford in the spring, and now everybody knew, from Evelina Silva, who worked in Matheson's store, how she had spent it all in one morning for a piece of yellow silk and a pair of patent-leather pumps with French heels. She brushed her teeth, too, and the grocer-boy who caught her in the kitchen one morning rubbing her cheeks hard with a rough towel did not fail to tell of it.

She couldn't fool the old women. Perhaps they were a little disappointed when she did not try. Any one with eyes was free to see her, when Peter Um Perna came up the lane, standing slim and brazen in the doorway, "showing off" the waist she had made from the yellow silk, and those patent-leather pumps with the French heels. A spot of color like a rose-petal burned in either cheek, and the lights in the hair framing the lovely oval of her face were like blue sabers in a mist. She stared at Peter as he passed, looked him over with the bland incuriosity of a stranger till her eyes came to that brass-shod peg, when she smiled a little to herself. One could see the cords in Peter's cheeks tighten and stand out, that was all. He went on fingering his mustache and toying with the watch-chain as if he did not know she was there. How they hated each other, Angel Avellar and Peter Um Perna!

Man'el Costa wanted to laugh. He was delighted with Angel, and more and more with every passing week he wondered that he could have looked at any other girl. And yet, from time to time, a ripple of uneasiness passed across his simple soul. He spoke of it one evening in the Avo's front room, where he came to see Angel quite often now and sit on the sofa with his arm around her, oblivious to the old woman's vindictive screechings from the kitchen.

"You—you're sure y' like me, Angel? Y' ain't beginnin' t'—to—"

There was no need to finish the question; the answer was in the dark, reproachful eyes which seemed to be looking through him and beyond. She spoke after a moment in a musing tone.

"He told me I was ugly. Did I ask him? Did I ask him? Say!" She jumped up to straighten a corner of the carpet with a toe. "I tell you," she cried, wheeling on Man'el. "You want t' know what I wisht? I wisht that—that *thing* there—would come crawlin' on *his* knees—to *me*—*me*, Man'el. Just *once*, Man'el!"

Man'el stared at his finger-nails and laughed uncertainly. "I'd like t' see you *then*, Angel, old girl."

The Avo, hobbling in, held up her two shaking hands. "*Look* at 'em," she quavered. "All et up with the wash. An' who did I wash f'r—t' keep her soul 'n' body togither? Eh? What does *she* care? Eeee! Eeee! She'd be glad if I was dead 'n' gone! Wisht I was! I wisht I was."

Angel was not the only one changed by that early winter. People said that Peter Um Perna was going crazy with

his money. "'S if he didn't have enough a'ready," they said. "Don' use his head no more at all, at all."

It was quite true, he didn't use his head. For after the weathers came on and other skippers hauled up or lay snug in their houses on the watch for fine days, Peter went out in everything. An abiding anger dwelt in him. Driving his dories overboard in a northeaster, he lost all his gear; and his crew, coming home empty-handed for their pains, refused to go again, even when he came stamping through the lanes calling them out, but had their women-folks pull down the front shades and sat in their kitchens, grinning and ill at ease. Man'el Costa stopped in at the Avo's back shed with his bunk-tick over his shoulder.

"Ugh-ugh," he sniggered. "Home 'n' mother's good enough f'r me."

He had not counted on Angel, who met his announcement with blazing eyes.

"You'd let him scare y' out, would you? You would, would you?"

Peter Um Perna grinned in an odd way when Man'el came to say he would go. They went out the day before Christmas with four Lisbon "ginnies" harried out of a back-street boarding-house, not in the big schooner, of course, but in Peter's second craft, the *Mena*, which his uncle went dragging in through the summer. Angel went down to watch them go off from the beach in their dory. They looked tiny and shaky against the sky and water, both of a pitiless gray.

It began to snow about midnight—a soft, windless downfall, blinding at a dozen yards. The telephone-girl at the drug-store had the news before nine in the morning—the *Mena* on the bar at Plymouth, and breaking up fast with the flood tide. Yes, they had gotten the men ashore.

Word of shipwreck had run white-lipped through Old Harbor time out of number in the past. But this Christmas day there were no white lips or eyes aching for tears, unless they were up there at the top of Nickerson's Lane, where sister Philomena stood behind the long windows and watched the people clear away their snow, limping grotesquely, putting fingers to noses, and hallooing down the dazzling passage. Philomena knew what it meant. Fate could not fool Philomena. Had she not been waiting for this? Had she not been fondling the darling fear of this disaster in the bottom of her heart? The golden spell was beginning to fade.

Angel Avellar sat in the front room at her house, chin in hand, brooding over the unseasonable flowers in the carpet.

"I'm glad," she repeated over and over. "Glad! Glad! *Glad!*"

That night the festival of *Menin' Jesus* brightened all the windows along the lane, making a joyful, steep corridor, walled in, for once, from the hungry ocean and the ruthless sky. There was music, too, of mandolins and island lutes, and men chanting the "*Parcido im Belam!*"

Avo Avellar had been hard at her housework all day, dusting and scrubbing, making her tiny altar of boards, getting out the new wheat carefully sprouted in saucers, and the candles, the bizarre little Virgin and Child, saints and cows and asses, brought with her from the islands. The wine also, in the huge black bottle, was island wine.

Not many came to the Avo's—a few old gossips to mumble over the cake and wine, and three or four young fellows, shy of Angel at first till they found how the wind of her humor blew, when they all made fun of the One-leg louder and louder as the candle-fires danced in the girl's eyes, strummed their mandolins, and drank of the old woman's wine.

They fell silent of a sudden and wished they were somewhere else when Peter Um Perna stood in the doorway.

"*Bóm noite!*" he said to the company.

Convoyed by the ecstatic Avo, he entered and took a chair before the altar. He remained as the life-crew had taken him from his doomed vessel, one sleeve split, his collar gone, and his shirt laid open at the throat. They were astounded to see him so mild, as though his losing battle with the sea had somehow rested him. For a long time he sat staring into the candle-ranks. Once he murmured, "Good cake, Avo," and again, "Good wine, old woman!" He drank the wine eagerly, but seemed to forget the cake. Once he started and

looked about. "Where all the folks went to?" he wondered, vaguely.

The Avo got rid of the question with a wave of her skinny hands, and filled his glass again. One could not help wondering at the frail old woman all through that night. Now she was at Peter Um Perna's elbow, a pervading minister; now she was in the kitchen, where the company had crowded to wait and watch and whisper, crossing her lips with a savage finger, grinning and chuckling through her gums, or shaking her fists at Angel, who remained in the front room, sitting in an angle between the altar and one of the front windows.

There was something luxurious about Angel's attitude, leaning back at her ease, and something at the same time triumphant. One could think of her as having saved up precious moments against this night, moments of deep scorn or anger, and moments of especial beauty. Now and then her lips curled slightly with her contempt, but beyond this her face remained perfectly impassive, even when Peter Um Perna looked up at her once and down again quickly with a curious flush on his cheeks.

By and by, lulled by the wine and the candle-light, he seemed to forget where he was. His face grew oddly boyish, soft, and untired—he was remembering the red tiles and the rank, sweet gardens of Fayal.

Avo crooned a strange pæan over the kitchen fire! "Drunk in my house! Drunk in my house!" Some of the old women dozed; she hustled them awake. Others wanted to go home, it was so unearthly an hour, but she held them with incredible stratagems, even standing with her feeble back against the door. The cup was not to be snatched from her lips now.

Peter was looking at Angel as though he had never seen her before. "You're pretty," he mused. "My, my, but you're pretty."

She started ever so little in her chair, then lay back and covered a yawn. "Think so?" she murmured, gazing at the ceiling.

His face twitched and colored, as if for an instant he tried to pull himself together. He let himself go on again with a waving hand.

"I wished you liked me a—a little bit. If you—if you—"

"Who, *me?* Liked *you?*" The candle-light showed Angel's smooth, round neck trembling with pent laughter. It seemed incredible that this was the Angel Avellar of half a year ago. "Me like *you—you?*"

"Yeah-yeah!" He strained toward her. "God, if you c'd on'y like me enough t' get married with me! Couldn't you now—couldn't you?"

"Why don't y' get down onto your knees, then?"

"Yeah-yeah—wait a secon'. Yeah-yeah!"

He had forgotten that wooden peg of his; it caught between the chair-rungs and flung him down on one shoulder at Angel's feet.

The devils were loose in Angel Avellar. Leaning over the prostrate man, she seemed to drink of the gray, twitching horror on his face.

"What 'd I say?" he whispered, not yet moving.

"You crawled on your knees for me t' marry you, Peter Um Perna!"

She gazed into his eyes with a smile of sweet poison. But it was not enough; she was still thirsty. She had meant to spurn him now with a laugh, but the cornered look in his eyes gave her a far finer thrust. "And I *will* marry you, Peter One-leg. You hear? I *will!* I *will!*"

He scrambled up with his back to the wall. He seemed dazed to find curious, exultant faces packing the kitchen door, the Avo's witnesses.

"I never!" he mumbled his denial. "I never, either!"

Angel turned and blew out the candles on the altar, showing the room cold with dawn. She shivered a little with her triumph. "Oh, well!" She shrugged her shoulders. "If you don't—" She was making sport of him, Peter, before these people. *Him! Peter Duarte!* Devils were loose somewhere else now.

"All right!" he bawled. "Come on t' the priest, damn you, *right now!*"

They studied each other's eyes. The girl's lips scarcely moved.

"You—you think I wouldn't?"

"You think *I* wouldn't?" Peter whispered, too. Then they both repeated it, wondering, almost appealing.

"You—think—I—*wouldn't?*"

"You—think—*I*—wouldn't?"

Old Harbor will forget many things before it forgets that morning of passion. Angela Avellar and Peter Um Perna were married in the yellow chapel upstreet as soon as things could be gotten ready, still scarcely knowing that they did, driven helpless on an obscure tempest, becoming one flesh in hate. When they walked home to the Nickerson house it was between two lines of people who shouted, "Kill the cripple, old boy!" at sight of Man'el Costa, sleep and rage in his eyes, barring their path half-way up the hill. When he could not stand up before those two intolerable masks, the crowd jeered and hooted to see him ducking away from the Avo's triumphant stick.

It was after this that Man'el began to drift aimlessly from house to house, lowering and rumbling, stopping wherever they would give him the lees of last night's wine and listen to his threats.

"Like t' see 'im go fishin' t'-day. Ain't so anxious t' go t'-day, is he?"

They spurred him on; he grew wilder as the wine moved him more and more. "Go fishin'! *I'd* go with the bastard. Tell 'im Man'el Costa 'll go. Take the little *Sea Bird* now—jest the two of us—man an' man. Go fishin', eh? *I'd* go! Tell 'im Man'el Costa 'd go."

A blind man would not have known there were people in the Nickerson living-room that morning, even though he had sat there an hour. Sister Philomena huddled down in a far corner, clutching an ancient shawl about her frame with both hands, as if to say, "They can't take this away from me—*leastways* not *this!*"

Avo Avellar sat between the "children" with her chin propped on her stick. She was as motionless as the dead, except for her eyes, which went unceasingly from one to the other. She had spent herself in her one wild night, and now she was bankrupt, and content.

And all the while, for an hour, perhaps two hours, Peter and Angel stared at the same flower in the middle of the carpet.

Peter was the first to move. He got up to wander about the room at his halting gait, putting a hand on the wall here and there, standing for a long time in front of that dim Virgin between the windows.

"Make y'rself to home," he said, suddenly, with his hand on the door-latch. Angel met his eyes with a regard as colorless as his own.

"I will," she said.

Philomena's fire had gone out and the room grew very cold. The Avo roused herself, mumbling, "Avo go git some o' y' things, Pretty," and hobbled out by the back way. Presently Philomena vanished, too, noiseless as a scared mouse, leaving Angel alone with the flower in the carpet.

She was not to continue so long. The door swung open violently, discovering Philomena's face chalkier than ever and her hands clawing appeal.

"Don' let 'im go!" she screamed. "Aw, don' let 'im go. Please, girl—good, pretty girl—don' let 'im go in this! God sake!"

Angel found herself at a window with a giddy sense of having been wafted there by some mysterious violence.

"Wha-what you wa-wa-want?" she stammered.

"Don' let 'im go! Don'—" The woman's passionate drone filled her ears. She wondered with an odd detachment why the folks in the pallid sunshine outside were shrugging and grinning at the house.

"Don't keep saying that!" she cried. "Now what's the— O-oh!"

The world was leprous. Here and there on its gray skin a spot of pallor glowed and dimmed as the sun fought to keep it. A spot ran down to the Avo's palings, and another far out there at the Point lent to the Light and its outbuildings a momentary and unnatural radiance. Still farther beyond, the mainsail of a sloop slanted across the fugitive glory and passed out, as if a gray hand had reached to take it.

"Him? Mena—is that *him?*"

So this was why the people grinned. As though her ears could hear through walls and spaces, Angel caught up the

words from their lips: "Left 'er on his weddin'-day! Well, well, well, well, I never!" A spot of fire showed on her cheek, regular and clear-cut, like the mark of a slap.

For a time now she made no effort to control herself. Months of hate and wounds and bitterness had their hour of bloom. Once, in the half-gloom of the upper hall, she wheeled on Philomena, who followed her everywhere like a frightened dog. "Don't let 'im go, you say? Ha-ha-ha! You make me laugh. Don't let 'im come *back*—that's what I pray on my knees to the sweet Virgin of Pity."

Her sick fury drove her from room to room. She stood at an upper window and saw the storm getting itself together out of that vast gray yeast of the world. She saw the chimney-smudges topple for a moment and then lie down flat and thin, and she heard the first impact of the wind against the shingles overhead. And there came Avo Avellar, fighting with the wind for the bundle on her head, pathetic bits of finery done up in a pillow-case, Angel's trousseau. For the first time, seemingly, she realized that the thing was done, completed; that she could not somehow wake up and find it a nightmare.

The house became quite dark. She wanted to lie down somewhere and cover her head with blankets to keep out the sound of the wind. In a bedroom where she came there was a photograph of Peter standing on the bureau. She took it in her hands, tore it once across, and, sinking down in a rocker by the window, remained there for a long time, holding the pieces in her hands. Her sense of helplessness deepened when she glanced down by and by and discovered the futility of her anger; the face in the picture was not touched.

It had been taken, evidently, before Peter was hurt. It carried her back to the front room at the Avo's, and the altar and the candles and this face here in her hand dreaming into the light. For here was the same look of the boy in the man, the same air of an artless and delightful indecision, of expectancy, of human accessibility.

Angel lay down on the bed and began to cry. She was so utterly worn out that she wanted to die, or to sleep, but the wind would not let her die and it would not let her sleep. The house shivered with it; the bed shivered with it. She pulled a comfort over her head, but the wind came through that feeble barrier, carrying its voices, the singing sleet, the thunder of ocean flinging on its beaches; and other voices—voices insistent, remote, and ghostly. One crept into the room with her, wailing, "He's dead 'n' gone—dead 'n' gone—dead 'n' gone—"

It was so real that she flung off the comfort and stared about wildly. Philomena crouched in a corner, invisible save for the gray patch of her face. The burden of her wailing changed. "What 'd you make 'im go f'r? What 'd you make 'im go f'r?"

Angel lifted on her arms. "No, no, Mena! I never made him go. I never! Could *I* help it if he couldn't stand the sight o' me? *Could* I, Mena?"

"He went because *you* couldn't stan' the sight o' *him!* An' you know it, you—you terrible, wicked thing, you!"

The tempest seemed to withdraw for a moment and leave the bedroom with its two dim, gray faces hanging in a windless hush. Angel's voice seemed far off, as though there were another person speaking.

"What—you—talkin' about?"

"Dead 'n' gone, dead 'n' gone. Oh, dear, dear!" Philomena rocked from side to side. "You made 'im go in a gale o' wind. You made 'im crazy so long, so long, an' you wouldn't look at 'im because he's a cripple."

"What you talkin' about?"

"What a shame, a shame! If folks on'y knowed how good he was an' how sweet-tempered when he's alone an' nobody watchin' him. I've hear' 'im talk s' sweet it's a'most poetry. But when folks 's watchin' him, it's same's a crooked devil in Peter, an' he had t' make fun of 'em first before they made fun o' him. An' now he's dead 'n' gone, dead 'n' gone!"

Angel slid from the bed and shook the woman's arm, as she might have aroused a sleeper. "But what about *me?*" she demanded.

"About you?" Philomena's voice lifted wild and sore above the gale, like

a prayer for vengeance. "Why 'd you stan' in your yard f'r two long year, then? Two year ago he come home one night an' set in front o' the fire, sayin' to himself, 'That little girl!' over 'n' over till you'd want t' laugh. You wouldn' think t' see a growed-up man cry, would you? I've see my brother cry time aplenty, behind his four walls here. An' other times he wouldn' cry, but say: 'Na-na. She likes this here Costa boy, an' what is it t' me? F'rgit it, Peter!' An' then he'd set f'rgittin' it. What 'd you do it f'r, girl?"

"Answer *me* a question. Why 'd he call me ugly that night then?"

"Answer *me* a question. Why wouldn' he eat no supper that night? An' why 'd he act the way he done after you'd went, carryin' on same's a drunk man, spittin' onto his peg-leg, an' tryin' t' bust it off in the door, an cursin' God that 'd struck 'im a cripple for pretty Angel t' make sport of? Answer me *that* question, then!"

Angel cried for pity. "Mena, you're lyin' to me!"

"Ya-ya, an' mebby it's a lie he's went out in a forty-foot sloop-boat an' got drownded!" The finality of things seemed a tonic to the woman; disaster purged her of the old fear of disaster and gave her a shrewish malignance. "All right," she screeched. "All right! He ain't the on'y one, though. There's two went if there's one, an' now where's that pretty brown-face Man'el o' yourn? Ha-ha-ha! Ow-w! Don't do that!"

"Did Man'el go with him? Say! Quick!"

"He did. Ya-ya-ya! He did!"

Angel's face grew grayer still with a horrible misgiving. "But why? What's the reason he went?"

"Ya-ya, you can holler plenty now. There's two of us now. Hark! What's that — down-stairs, poundin' on the door?" she whispered.

Angel whispered, too. "The door's locked." They had an absurd sense of being conspirators.

"It—it can't be—"

"Oh, Mena, Meeena, it c-c-couldn't be—"

They clung to each other, forgetting the past.

"Why don't you go, Angel?"

"*You* go, Mena!"

"Na-na, please *you* go!"

Angel crept down the stairs and, while the summons still continued on the door-panels, brought the lamp out from the front room, set it on the marble-top table. Being distracted, she gave an illusion of almost grotesque self-control. She spoke to the door as if the boards had ears. "Wait! Wait! I hear you! Can't you wait a second?"

She had trouble with the bolt, and even when it was undone she seemed not to know enough to pull the door, but stood in the middle of the hallway with her hands pressed against her cheeks. A hungry color swept her face when Man'el Costa came in. He laughed to see it.

"Waitin', eh?" He took off his oil-skin hat and shook it, spattering on the floor. "Scared I wouldn't come back, eh, Angel, honey?"

"But—but where—is—he, Man'el?"

"Oh, that's all right. Needn't be a-scared o' that now, Angel, old girl." He ripped his jacket open, blowing and elated. "Needn't be scared the One-leg 'll bother you no more, no more."

"*Man'el!*"

Angel sat down suddenly on the bottom step of the stairs. Man'el confronted her, jubilant.

"Lucky girl—lucky, lucky girl! A swell house an' a pot o' money an' no harm done. Who'd 've believed it, Angel? My, my! An' t' think I was sorer 'n hell this mornin'! But it's all right now, ain't it, old girl?"

"But, Man'el, where—*is*—he?"

"'Ain't I told you it's all right? How d' *I* know where he is *now?* Las' I seen of 'im he's ridin' to an anchor between the Peaked Hill bars with the anchor draggin' all the time an' the inner bar dead astern. I come in on a freighter. They got a boat 'longside of us an' took me off. God! how it was breezin'! Seas comin' clean acrost us! No time to do no argyin' with *him*—no time f'r beggin' a man, I tell you *that!*"

"Argyin'? *Beggin'?*" Angel's hand groped and found a spindle of the banister, whitening with the grip. "Man'el, but I don't understand. Why didn't he come in with you?"

"Why? Why? How d' I know—



Drawn by Percy E. Cowen Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THEY WAITED, HOLDING ON AND FENDING OFF WITH THEIR BOAT-HOOKS

'less it's the reason he's went off his head—crazy 's a bedbug. Settin' there into the fo'c's'le with his head in his hands, bawlin' like a baby. Oh, that—that you, Mena?" A decent solemnity changed his voice at sight of Philomena's face hanging in the opening above, gray, quiet, and stricken. "It's too bad, Mena, but, Mena—I—I'm a-scared your brother—" His floundering made him nervous. "Angel," he protested, "you tell 'er!"

But Angel was gone.

From Si Nickerson's Lane it is three miles across the cape to the Peaked Hill life-saving station.

They could hardly believe their eyes in the station-house—Angel seemed more a wind-driven ghost than any human wanderer, with her white lips and her vague, pleading eyes and her back against the booming panels of the door by which she had entered. For the third time now she repeated her words, very slowly and distinctly, and with a kind of desperate patience and a child-like faith that if she could just make these stubborn men understand what she wanted it would be all right.

"You see—we got to hurry—quick. Because the reason my husband's on the bar out there. All alone in a sloop-boat, my husband is, and his anchor's draggin'. Don't you understand?"

The station captain, Ed Cook, banged his fists in growing exasperation. "You said that twict a'ready. I hear you. And I tell you your husband's all safe 'n' sound at home by this time. I tell you we got a telephone from a freighter, and he took 'im off a sloop-boat out here. Can't you hear? You deef? Took 'im off—brought 'im in—safe 'n' sound to home, now. Hear? Git me?"

"But you don't understand," she commenced all over again. "It's the other man's my husband. He's all alone in a sloop-boat—"

"God sake, be sensible. You don't think they'd go t' work and take one man off a boat and leave the other!"

No. 2 man, beyond the table, lowered an eyelid and put his knuckles on his forehead. The captain, nodding understanding, got up from his chair by the stove and laid a hand on Angel's arm. An odd, new kindness was in his voice.

"It's all right, girl. We'll go out in just a few minutes, but first you got to dry your clo'es and get rested up. Better lay down a spell, hadn't you?

"I can go along, too, though, can't I?"

"Sure thing—surest thing you know! Only first, now—"

It was curious to see the rough, literal fellows grow artful in double-dealing. They got her into the captain's office, and when she would not lie down on the sofa, but sat clinging to a seaward window-sill, they took turns sitting with her, coming out of the darkened room now and then like men relieved from a heavy wheel-watch to rub their hands over the stove and whisper about it.

"God alive!" muttered No. 5 once, "the way she talks in there you'd almost think 'twas so."

"But it ain't!" No. 3 shook the other fiercely by the wrist. "Good God! it ain't, you know."

It began to do queer things to them as the night wore on; that ceaseless, boring reiteration in the darkened room. The watches changed, the beach patrols came in blowing and flapping their "oilers," heard the tale, and stared curiously at the tellers. The reliefs went out, north and south, and still the clock ticked the night away, and the yeast of a strange unrest worked on in them. It was Captain Cook himself, coming out of the office with sweat standing on his forehead, who struck his fist on the table and swore defensively: "Hell!—we couldn't la'nch the boat in this—anyhow!"

He had failed to latch the door and it swung open behind him, giving up a voice, husky, quivering with an eagerness that would not dim: "Please—I'm dry now, ain't I? I'm rested up! Can't we go now? Because the reason we got to hurry—hurry! He'll be onto the bar in—in half an hour, I think. Oh, please—"

"For God's sake, shut that door!" The captain combed his beard violently. Somewhere in the back of the room one of the men hazarded:

"It's moderatin' a trifle, by the sound, ain't it?"

The captain bawled at him, "Modcratin' *hell!*" He was gone next minute, climbing the stairs to the lookout's cupola. "Hey, Tom!" he shouted up the dark ascent, "what d' y' make?"

The steady tramping overhead ceased and a voice came down very thin against the background of the gale. "She's haulin' a bit now. Moderatin' a bit, cap'n. She'll come clear with the sun, I wouldn't wonder."

"Yeh, but that there craft offshore? Make 'er out any, Tom?"

"Mast's away. Don't make no life aboard. They took that fellow off, y' know. She'll hit the inner bar 'n half an hour, I should—"

"Half-hour!" What makes you say a half-hour?" The captain's feet were dancing on the stair. "Gull-damn it! You heard her."

They got out of the house on tiptoe, like a band of conspirators. They had to fight the surf-boat down the bluff against a wall of wind and spray, gray-pink with the coming dawn. They caught their breath, waiting for the break of the wave, yelled all together, ran the boat out through the white smother, up to their shoulders, scrambled aboard, hauling at one another, tugging—and one that they tugged at was Angel Avellar.

"I'm rested now," she cried in triumph.

They thrust her down between two thwarts, bawling: "Shut up! Shut up!" and, catching half the crest of the coming wave, slid strongly into the trough.

When they came up with the *Sea Bird*, beyond the lather of the inner bar, they found a dead thing, ready for her grave—a log, lifting and subsiding sluggishly with the swells, her decks swept clean of gear, her mast lying over the port board with the rigging swathed about it like a hank of seaweed. They rested on their oars a couple of fathoms from her side, just keeping their head up to the seas, and set up a desultory hailing. They began to feel more than ever idiotic; the inevitable revulsion set in. One shouted, "Hell's fire! le's get out o' this!" and others, "That's right! Damn fools, the lot of us!" The captain feathered the stern-sweep, waiting for the break to swing the boat inshore. He tried to avoid Angel's eyes, two thwarts away, and when he failed he scowled glumly at her, grumbling:

"Look what y' done!"

It made no impression on her. She turned her eyes across the little strip of water and back to him, smiling, half wistful, half joyous. "He's waitin' for us."

Swinging the boat's head in with an angry jerk, he cried: "God's sake! climb aboard then, an' get it off your mind and over with. Heave 'er aboard there, boys! God's sake! the bother of 'er!"

Very cautiously she disappeared within the companionway of the tiny forecastle. They waited, holding on and fending off with their boat-hooks, afraid to meet one another's eyes, grumbling, "'S too bad—too damn bad."

The wrack over the water grew lighter and changed imperceptibly from pink to a pale lemon, and still they waited, not knowing what to do, till Ed Cook protested, "By Heaven! that's about enough o' *this*," and got himself over the sloop's taffrail. He teetered forward and bent down to peer into the black hole, and then, turning half around, he sat down in a heap on the house and took off his hat. "And jus' to *think!*" he wondered, "jus' to *think!*"

Angel's voice came out to him, insistent and faintly querulous, as though she tried to wake a sleeper. "Peter, Peter—look at me, Peter! Didn't you know I liked you always—ever since—ever since— Oh, Peter, Peter!—not to know *that!* Peter, look at me!"

Another voice was shallow and bewildered, like the sleeper awakened.

"Wh' why—Angel! That little girl!" He must have been touching her with his incredulous hands, down there in the gloomy place, for the next words were: "Why, you—you're *really!* But—but what you doin' down here, An-angel?"

"Can't you see, Peter? Can't you see?" There was an inexpressible triumph in the cry. "I'm down on my knees, Peter!"

The dawn came with a rush now, striking through the mists with its keen, level blades, cutting them away in vast, high-curling slices, letting in the blue sky.



Concerning Salt-marshes

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ALL of us, or at least those of us who have more than a passing picture-postcard acquaintance with natural scenery, have, I imagine, a spiritual affinity with one type of landscape more than all others. That landscape, whatever it may be, answers to our inner selves, our prevailing temper, or our varying moods, as none other. With it we feel spiritually at home. Other landscapes may impress or delight us, but with this alone we can satisfyingly live. It is as though we were born for it. Our eyes are at peace in it, our beings, as it were, a part of it.

For some, it is mountains; for some, meadow-lands; for some, a Northern austerity; for others, a Southern softness. For some, the palm; for others, the pine. Some affect a landscape of strongly marked features, snow-clad peaks, rocky gorges; others, the bizarre contrasts, the fantastic vegetation, of the tropics. Many—though these hardly count in these present considerations—see beauty only where others have seen it before and have given to it the official stamp of conventional artistic expression. They admire Niagara or the Grand Cañon as ignorantly as they admire the Venus de Milo. Set them down, however, say, in the Lincolnshire fens, and they are as uncomfortable as in the presence of a Monet. They always need a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to give them their cue. If they have no one to quote, they have nothing to say, or even to feel.

Now it is just the opposite with those who are in vital relation with natural scenes. The more they have been painted or praised, the more difficult it is for them to get into any personal *rapport* with them. The life seems to have been painted or written out of them. They suffer in the same way as certain overquoted literary masterpieces, like Poe's "Raven," or Tennyson's "Come into the Garden, Maud." It seems impossible to see them with a fresh eye.

A friend and I were recently sitting in a beautiful tropic garden, giant palms, immense banana fronds all around us—a scene, indeed, very lovely.

"But," said my friend, "in spite of all the beauty, don't you feel as though it is rather like a scene out of a comic opera?"

There is just what I mean. He might have said much the same thing had we been seated on a terrace overhung by the Swiss mountains. Alas! such scenes have come to seem too much like Nature's stage-properties.

But no one could make a remark like that in front of a salt-marsh. Whatever it may lack for some eyes—and its beau-



NATURE SEEMS UNDER THE SPELL OF A VAST, HUSHING FINGER

ty is by no means for all—it has one advantage over the profiles and permanently featured landscape, the characteristic of perpetual change. It can never grow hackneyed, for it is never twice the same. Outside a few regular channels, capriciously dividing the amphibious flats into map-like silver intersections, it has nothing one can call features, and these are constantly mobile. Its whole life is in its subtly modulated expressiveness. With each incoming and outgoing tide, it is a new creation of pure effect, a picture that is a musical composition made visible, from moment to moment growing through unforeseen rhythms and tones, at the will and accident of water and light and wind and cloud. Or it might be compared to a vast, uncouth musical instrument, on which the great performers of sea and sky execute elemental symphonies. At dead low-tide, under a leaden sky, drained of its gleaming life-currents, deserted of its quickening downpour of golden light, it lies dumb and blind. It is impossible to conceive what a thing of glory, what a miracle of color, what a soul of tenderness, what a quivering enchantment it can become under the wand of returning radiance, with the brimming back of the tide.

The salt-marsh, as I said, is not for all. Perhaps, indeed, it is for the comparatively few among nature-lovers. Many it merely bores—those who like their nature to be spectacular or pretty or cozy. Others it depresses, or even frightens. They feel only its melancholy, its loneliness, its beyond-the-worldness. It threatens to draw them across the familiar frontiers of humanity out among the spirits of the waste. But this haunted elementalism is the very quality the lover of salt-marshes goes to nature for. Nature, for him, is not a sort of green arm-chair. Its very homelessness is the home for something in him that is loneliest under a roof and finds its kindred only where the blue heron finds his—out "where the loneliest wave meets the loneliest star," where water

talks to itself among the sedges, and the eel-grass lifts with the rising ripple, and the burnished ooze whispers and crawls with tiny, traveling shells and various life-business, infinitesimal and infinite.

Wilderness, horizon, and water. The salt-marsh, as nothing else in nature, brings these together in a satisfying unity. Water, somewhere, is, perhaps, the indispensable constituent of any landscape which gives us that sense of escape into infinitude which, consciously or unconsciously, is what most of us are seeking in all beauty—escape, and the happiness, still and deep, on the other side. A landscape without water is like a face without the beautiful mystery of eyes. And the salt-marsh combines all the modes of the beauty of water—that wonderful versatility of water!—found but singly elsewhere. It is at once the sea, a lake, and many rivers: the sea with its energy, its murmur, its huge invasion of freshness; a lake, mirror-like, a glittering plain, with soft, eyelashed fringes; rivers brimming and stealing, as to some secret tryst, through the greenest of green meadows.

Water, and the lives that, like the marsh itself, have their being in the love alike of land and water, the amphibious children of both, the jungles of shining grasses, glossy rush and sedge, that, no less than the fish—the snappers, and smelt, and humble flatfish, that dart and nibble about their roots—need the sea, like a mother's breast, to feed on, and wait on her coming and going as the barnacle waits on the sun-smitten rock, half afraid that the long, sweeping kiss of the mother may not reach it, this day or that.

On the higher levels of the marsh, submerged only at perigee tides, when the moon bends lowest to the earth, the crunching of one's shoes on the springing peat-like earth tells of the crusted sea-shells at the roots of the sturdy sea-lavender, its feet in beds of tiny mussels, its flowering head making a mist of faery blue cups that, for all their love of the sun, will laugh no less blue and safe, asway, throat-deep, plunged to their very eyes in the rough tide. Here, even, shall you find nests of tiny blue eggs that have as little fear of the sea. And here shall you come upon thousands of tiny holes, symmetrically drilled in the clearer spaces, wherein, as you look close, you will spy little furtive watchers that,



FROM OUT AT SEA COMES THE GLEAM OF AN ADVANCING LINE

sometimes caught out of doors, scurry across in clever panic from one hole to another, carrying one immense claw, like a bass-viol tucked under the arm—those "fiddler-crabs" which the fisherman pursues with a trowel to make bait for blackfish or striped bass.

Perhaps nowhere else in nature is to be found silence so profound and brooding as under the spell of a vast, hushing finger, and combined at the same time with so much furtive activity, so many eyes under this apparent somnolence, the watcher and the watched, tensely on guard against a hasty movement of tiny leg or wing, or even that unwary turning of an eyeball that may mean instant death, sailing up there on the wings of the fish-hawk, patroling the blue spaces, aware of every flash and flicker in the shallow reaches fathoms beneath him, or the smart little kingfisher with his visor-cap on, looking as though he had a telescope tucked under his wing, perched on an oyster-stake a few yards over the water, with eyes indescribably keen and wild, as though the whole horizon was concentrated in them, an embodied vigilance, pitiless, and yet wistful, with the look of the wilderness, a little care-worn, so to say, and storm-tossed. For hunter and hunted, alike, existence is hard, an infinite, unsleeping struggle, the battle ever to the swift and the strong, not a moment in which to draw a careless breath, the whole creation travailing together, terribly feared, terribly afraid.

And there, on the very edge of the mud-flats, the lurking shadow, too, very still, poised over the rising or the falling ripple, on slim, reed-like legs, with telescopic neck, witch-like shapes, like tiny old women, hags bending over garbage, the mud-hens strung in a line, a few yards apart, entirely uncomradely one with the other, hoarsely croaking and uncouthly flapping off to some other fishing-station if disturbed. A swift elongation of their serpentine necks, a dig of their keen beaks, a quivering morsel of silver, an ungainly gobble, and distension of their throats, and that watching immobility again. While up from the sea, or outward from the inland reeds, come gliding "the finny tribes," terror



AN EARTH OF MUD AND SHELLS AND MISANTHROPIC GROWTHS



WITH EACH INCOMING AND OUTGOING TIDE IT IS A NEW CREATION

above, below, and behind them; the hawk over their heads, the blue snapper at their heels, making a sudden, silvery scurry in the silence, flying fish for the nonce on the still surface of the current.

In the stillness of the afternoon, as the tide recedes, and the marshes spread out in stretches of pure emerald, as you lie still as all the rest in your boat, you will suddenly become aware that certain gray-blue shapes have come up, unseen, about you, and stand about the shallows on one leg, or walk gravely to and fro like philosophers in meditation, sometimes moving on a wide, flapping sweep of wings, and trailing legs, and hoarse, ill-tempered cry, as though resenting intrusion. It is, of course, the blue crane, whose nest is in the treetops of the neighboring woodland. Sometimes one can count a dozen of them standing about, as moveless as in a Japanese print — suddenly there, in the sun-steeped silence, and then as suddenly vanished. For the afternoon sun on a salt-marsh hides more than it reveals, and seems to beat down everything into immobility and silence. So that the eye realizes, with a start, anything that moves, as though it saw a ghost. You never noticed yonder clam-digger enter the cove, yet there he has been for some time, moving about, much like the cranes, up to his knees in the deep ooze, sometimes pushing a board ahead of him on the shining mud as a precaution against sudden holes which, like quicksands, lurk here and there to engulf him beyond reach of human hearing. Noiseless as a mud-turtle, he would disappear in that sun-steeped solitude, and his body be seen no more of men. You who had been watching him a moment ago would never hear his cry, would only think that he had silently glided off in his boat, as he had come. Suddenly, perhaps, you will hear his oars near by you, emerging startlingly out of a channel of reeds. You give him a match for his pipe, talk clams a minute or two, and then you are each lost to the other again, swallowed up in the gleaming silence. One sometimes speaks lightly of clam-digging, as though it were a form of gentle exercise, an idler's occupation, and of the clam as though it were to be had for the picking



JUNGLES OF SHINING GRASSES EDGE THE STAGNANT TIDE



IN THE SILENCE AND IMMOBILITY THE LEAST MOVEMENT ANYWHERE IS INSTANTLY DETECTED

up, a helpless, easy prey—instead of being an exceedingly spirited and elusive creature, skilled to escape down a spiral of mud, with an insulting squirt of water in the eye of the pursuer, who needs a strong back and infinite patience if he is to bring home any sized "mess" for a long day's labor.

Man, like the other animals haunting the salt-marsh—the musk-rat and the mink that will some day go to the opera round the throats of beautiful ladies—takes on an amphibious character, half-farmer, half-sailor. The tides bring the fish a-feeding to the very edge of the door-yard where the chickens pick and scratch in the sun, and the pigeons coo on the roof of the old barns, and plows and reaping-machines rust in comradeship with anchors and coils of rope and rowboats used as corn-bins; and up among the apple-blossoms in the old orchard rears the white sail of a catboat, seeming strangely under way through the pastures, and cork-buoyed fishing-nets lie drying side by side with the hay, and lobster-pots are piled up against the cow-sheds, and the pigs root and grunt in mounds of old clam-shells, and fishy smells rise from the mussel-beds at the bottom of the garden and mingle with the fragrance of flowers and the breath of cattle and stables. That instinctive smell of a salt-marsh at low tide! How good it is in the nostrils of him who loves both land and sea, how rich in its suggestion of alluvial fatness, life seething and teeming in the many-rooted mud, and calling the heart with "murmurs and hints of the infinite sea." The very horses in the stables lie down on beds that were once swept by the sea, and swum over by glittering fish, for the salt-grass makes excellent "bedding," and it is a good sight in autumn to see the reaping-machine passing over meadows that flash and gleam, and the haycocks lie drying half in the rising tide.

The salt-marsh is most wonderful in those seasons of the high spring and autumn tides, when the wind blows wild from the northeast and the sea floods up over the roads, and makes shining water plains in triumphant elemental invasion of woodland nook and corner, and sets wood-piles afloat, and brims over

the garden-beds, and laughs and threatens and murmurs defiance up land-locked creeks, and withdraws again like a sea-raider freighted with all the flotsam and jetsam of farm-yards, carrying hen-coops and barrel-staves and wagon-wheels, and such like, far out into the moonlit waste of waters, and floats old, forgotten boats once more, and brings up the wild ducks to swim on the pond with their domestic kindred; and all manner of wild-eyed things come in, seeking shelter by the winter fire. Then the farmer takes down his old gun, and, lying in his boat among the reeds, forgets the game warden and the law that prescribes his shooting after sunset, and you hear the quacking of little fleets of duck and the report of his gun in the darkness. Or you come upon him with the gleam of lantern, patient and silent, by the piles of the old bridge, where the frostfish—"tomcods"—are coming up with the tide, or wielding the long eel-spears in the dark pools.



THE WORLD BECOMES A DREAM OF BLACK AND SILVER

And suddenly the young moon looks out from her cave in the sky, "half veiled with a shining veil, thinking d e l i c a t e thoughts," and the world becomes a dream of black and silver, while the quiet oars, as they dip in the shallow stream, stir up glories of subaqueous phosphorescence, and, as you step ashore among the eel-grass on the barnacled rocks, your rubber boots scatter sparks like glow-worms all about your feet, for the soul of the night that sleeps not is awake and shining everywhere, and on the gleaming mud, forgotten by the t i d e, stranded flat-fish flap and struggle, and you may gather a bushel of them, if you have a mind to, as they lie g a s p i n g under the moon. Forgotten and mysterious, haunted and full of echoes, lies the marsh, and the loneliness is a marvel of listening darkness and gleams as of no-man's land at the wistful boundaries of the world. Wild squawks go up here and there, and fall to silence once more, and you come up again to the shining square of your open door as one who has been out riding with the night-witches and the spirits of the waste, the hand of the infinite upon you, a lonely look on your brows, and a strange, lost look in your eyes. A little longer, and the waste had taken you, and your fireside

had seen you no more. For the nixies are out among the reeds, singing low, and the daughters of the moon lie in wait for you among the rocks. Unearthy whispers call your name out of the shadows, and golden arms take hold of your oars, and radiance would climb up to you out of the water and sit by you there, with strange eyes, in your lonely boat. The goblins and the fairies of the marsh swarm about you, and would draw away your soul into the glimmer, and, as you lie under the shingled roof in the sleeping house, they crowd up at the windows, and look in, and call you away and away—faces and voices of the wilderness, fairer and sweeter than daylight and home.

But with the morning what a change! Who would have dreamed that all this frank, open-hearted innocence of dawn could replace those witch-revels of the night, so blue-eyed and maidenly is the world, with all its doors and windows thrown open to the sun—no hint of sinister trysts or moonstruck mysteries in all this flooding freshness:

Maiden still the moon is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

The clarions of morning are calling across the world, and the ghosts are fleeing before the wide clamor of cockcrow. The fresh white sail is moving like a white butterfly through the pastures, and the crows are off in a great, noisy company to the shore after their breakfast of clams. High overhead the hawk, a writhing, silver shape in his talons, sails toward some secret spot in the woods where he can tear and gorge his unhappy prey, and far out, a mote in the gleaming sea, a lonely boatman already toils with his long clam-forks, he, too, seeking his breakfast of clams. The clam has need, indeed, of all his wariness, and all his numbers, to survive this morning pursuit of him, for all creation seems to be gone a-clamming, and the wonder is that a clam survives to tell the tale. And from every side the bob-white is calling with clear whistle, across the radiant length and breadth of the world, while infinite freshness brims every nook and cranny and creek of the shining grasses, and the mists go smoking out to sea across the level mirrors of still sleepy water.

How the heart expands in the gleaming immensity, and goes up in prayer to the infinite spaces, a tiny, transparent shell of being, flooded and thankful for its cupful of glory—

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
O like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

Then indeed is the eye satisfied with seeing, for what joy has the soul like all this lucent joy of sight, these sheets of liquid light, these mirrors of ineffable clearness, framed in shadowy eyelashes of sedge and reed, exquisitely lowered and magically reflected in deeps that hold the vast of the sky in a breathless enchantment. Here is a beauty, spellbound, incredible, which the reason cannot credit, a miracle asserted by the eyes which passes the understanding and leaves the senses in a dream. Lying in one's boat, one seems hung suspended between water and sky, as by a thread of gossamer over radiant abysses below and above. Let it but snap, and we should fall through fathomless crystal, like a star through space, or Lucifer "all a summer day," for all sense of distance or dimension is lost in light, the walls of space broken down by the dazzling effulgence of innumerable mirrors. And lovely to tears are the pictures in all this fairy water, delicate beyond the telling of words, exquisite beyond all cunning of artistry—patterns beyond weaver, shimmer and rustle beyond moonlit silk, tender trellises of light and shade, damascenings and diaperings intricately simple, keen as etchings, softly glowing as the cheek of a rose.

Or maybe you were out and astir

while the dawn was still gray—while "the breaths of kissing night and day were mingled in the eastern heaven"—and the marsh still lay, haggard and empty, a disenchanted desolation, "vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world," abhorred of the still, shining moon, and waiting for the quickening urge of the sea. Dread hour of utter loneliness, forgotten of God and man, inspiring in the awfulness of its shuddering blankness—will life return to this, will day begin again for this songless, smitten waste? But lo! out to sea the gleam of an advancing line, the stir of leaden light as on dead eyeballs among yonder sighing reeds, a vast heaving as of a dark monster moving wearily through miles of his rough hide, a secret seething and whispering, a furtive rustling, an unquiet, fearful half-wakefulness of melancholy, prowling wind, a shiver, a chuckle, a moan, a cry, a ripple, a sparkle, a flash, a sudden song. And the marsh is already threading with silver through a myriad veins, and pools are filling with glory, and the sky has thrown open a dazzling window, and the wilderness is looking up from the floor of darkness, and hope is fluttering in her morning gossamers—and the tide is running in with a great "good morning."

O beauty without feature, O music without notes, O tenderness that hath no lover, O passion without speech, O glory without end! The marsh is alive again, and waits in wonder for the sun. He has drunk the last kisses of the fading stars, and the golden trumpets of the hills clarioned his coming. Now the sea takes him in her arms, and now to the marsh at last he comes, and the long tresses of the grass gleam beneath his hand, and every ripple laves his face in a million mirrors. With feet of gold he walks in this wilderness as in a garden, a might of fire and flowers, and fluttered about by innumerable happy beings. All day shall he deck his dusky love with marvels, and warm her strange heart with his glowing hands, and feed her with honey and low singing. His servants shall run about her with jewels, and at noontide he shall lie asleep on her gleaming breast. His bride that waited for him in darkness holds his shining head in her lap, and not till the opening of the western gates shall he turn from her again. Blessed resurrection of the dead, deep peace of the never-ending day of blue and silver! White sails shall flit by them like floating lilies, and the light be a tent stretched above their heads. And the crisping sea shall kiss their feet all day and glimmer in dreams about them. For this is the transfiguration of the beauty without form and comeliness, whose very being is born only in the eyes of love.

And so with the salt-marsh, one ends as one began, with the propounding of a paradox, the assertion of a beauty that lies in the expressiveness of a formless chaos charmed into form, stricken into cosmos with the wand of light. These oblong plains and hummocks and dunes, intersected with miry ditches, slashed and trenched as with glacial plows, channeled with slime as by the passage of obscene primeval larvæ; these heathy and reedy and peaty miles, rude, unflowering, with nothing of the warm wealth of the sweet-colored world behind them, small grace of trees or gentleness of grass, no gloss of ferns, no homespun beauty of brambles, or affection of vines, or comfort of shrub, or any pretty kindness of herb or flower whatsoever; no flattering fragrance, no soft nothings of bird or blossom; an earth of mud and shells and harsh, misanthropic growths; lean, austere, Dantesque, the anatomy of melancholy—surely these are not the materials of which the beauty that pleases is made, the beauty that is hung in frames, that courts and courtesies to the eye, offering her sunlit cheek to kiss, flattering and reassuringly gay. Here is no "pathetic fallacy," no mortal sympathy, no pleasant meanings, no "all's right with the world." This beauty knows nothing of you or yours; nothing of your moving story, your joy or sorrow. It heeds not your laughter, and your tears are but so much salt the sun shall dry. No flowers of the narcissus shall spring up where they fell. The sea-slug that moves dimly in the ooze is as much to it as you are, poet or lover though you be, and the trampling of cloven hoofs that crush the sea-lavender dear to it as the white feet of Aphrodite risen from the sea. Yea, though an army with cannon shall thunder through its

morasses, and flounder and sink in its flight with wild eyes and strong words of perishing men, it shall be to it but as though the crane trailed by with flail-like wing and startled, melancholy cry. And to the passing of both the comment shall be the same. The silence that went before shall be the silence that comes after. For the planets pass over the face of the marsh even so, and it is as though they were a flitting of bats. It will swallow leviathan as though it were a gnat in the twilight, and the stars shall fall down into it and be forgotten.

Here the absolute broods, forever communing, wordless, with itself. Here dwells Eternity and her children, and none less than they; the giants of the elder darkness, to whom the gods are as bright bells of foam. Here only is the earth with its roots in darkness, the sea with her feet in fathomless crystal. Here are but height and depth and distance that know no bound, and nearness massive as hills of basalt. Here is the abyss that hath no bottom, and the height that hath no ladder, no topmost star. Here is All and here is Nothing. But Beauty is here, alone, like a lost girl, like a candle a-flutter in the breath of the midnight sea. She will take your heart in her hand and fill it with sorrow, she will take the horizon like a gleaming pearl and give it to you for love, and as a lake fills with starlight she will flood your eyes with wonder and lead you with her afar and away from all the uses of the world.

The Choice

BY OSCAR C. A. CHILD

I WHO have walked with wary, timid feet,
Unto this point along the well-worn way,
Content to keep my conscience smugly neat,
A trifle to the credit side each day,

Find myself now where swift decision runs
To lead me to a height or turn me back
Down deep defile, untrod by Honor's sons—
No longer may I keep the beaten track.

The height is steep and stark, and icy winds
Storm ever o'er its glittering snow-clad crest,
Where burns a light so pitiless it blinds,
And one must climb alone nor pause for rest.

The dark defile lies velvet to the feet
That dance adown it to a place of bliss
Where no light is, where whispered love words sweet
Urge ardently unseen soft lips to kiss.

Which, then, to choose—the narrow path and steep,
The long ascent—the icy, storm-swept peak?
The honeyed lips, the love-lulled languorous sleep
That wakes again still eager lips to seek?

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART III

Synopsis of Parts I and II.—The scene of the story is a village in the heart of Austria about the year 1590. Three boys in one of their rambles are approached by the Stranger—a youth of winning face and friendly demeanor. He startles them by lighting a pipeful of tobacco by breathing upon it, and by doing other miraculous things, which he says are natural, for he is an angel—a relative of the fallen archangel, Satan, and named after him. The boys are held spellbound while he suddenly creates a multitude of midget people who set about building for themselves a castle. Satan presently evokes a miniature lightning storm which overwhelms the castle and sets it on fire. An earthquake completes the ruin and the castle and its midget people are swallowed up. Satan talks further with the boys and then vanishes. Father Peter, the village priest, approaches hunting for his pocket-book which he has lost. It is found on the spot where Satan vanished. To the astonishment of Father Peter and the boys the pocket-book is discovered to be filled with gold.

ON the fourth day comes the astrologer from his crumbling old tower up the valley, where he had heard the news, I reckon. He had a private talk with us, and we told him what we could, for we were mightily in dread of him. He sat there studying and studying awhile to himself, then he asked:

"How many ducats did you say?"

"Eleven hundred and seven, sir."

Then he said, as if he were talking to himself: "It is ver-y singular. Yes . . . very strange. A curious coincidence." Then he began to ask questions, and went over the whole ground, from the beginning, we answering. By and by he said: "Eleven hundred and six ducats. It is a large sum."

"Seven," said Seppi, correcting him.

"Oh, seven, was it? Of course a ducat more or less isn't of consequence, but you said eleven hundred and six before."

It would not have been safe for us to say he was mistaken, but we knew he was. Nikolaus said, "We ask pardon for the mistake, but we meant to say seven."

"Oh, it is no matter, lad; it was merely that I noticed the discrepancy. It is several days, and you cannot be expected to remember precisely. One is apt to be inexact when there is no particular circumstance to impress the count upon the memory."

"But there was one, sir," said Seppi, eagerly.

"What was it, my son?" asked Father Adolf, indifferently.

"First, we all counted the piles of coin, each in turn, and all made it the same—eleven hundred and six. But I had slipped one out, for fun, when the count began, and now I slipped it back and said, 'I think there is a mistake—there are eleven hundred and seven; let us count again.' We did, and of course I was right. They were astonished; then I told how it came about."

The astrologer asked us if this was so, and we said it was.

"That settles it," he said. "I know the thief now. Lads, the money was stolen."

Then he went away, leaving us very much troubled, and wondering what he could mean. In about an hour we found out, for by that time it was all over the village that Father Peter had been arrested for stealing a great sum of money from the astrologer. Everybody's tongue was loose and going. Many said it was not in Father Peter's character and must be a mistake; but the others shook their heads and said misery and want could drive a suffering man to almost anything. About one detail there were no differences; all agreed

that Father Peter's account of how the money came into his hands was just about unbelievable—it had such an impossible look. They said it might have come into the astrologer's hands in some such way, but into Father Peter's, never! Our characters began to suffer now. We were Father Peter's only witnesses; how much did he probably pay us to back up his fantastic tale? People talked that kind of talk to us pretty freely and frankly, and were full of scoffings when we begged them to believe really we had told only the truth. Our parents were harder on us than any one else. Our fathers said we were disgracing our families, and they commanded us to purge ourselves of our lie, and there was no limit to their anger when we continued to say we had spoken true. Our mothers cried over us and begged us to give back our bribe and get back our honest names and save our families from shame, and come out and honorably confess. And at last we were so worried and harassed that we tried to tell the whole thing, Satan and all—but no, it wouldn't come out. We were hoping and longing all the time that Satan would come and help us out of our trouble, but there was no sign of him.

Within an hour after the astrologer's talk with us, Father Peter was in prison and the money sealed up and in the hands of the officers of the law. The money was in a bag, and Solomon Isaacs said he had not touched it since he had counted it; his oath was taken that it was the same money, and that the amount was eleven hundred and seven ducats. Father Peter claimed trial by the ecclesiastical court, but our other priest, Father Adolf, said an ecclesiastical court hadn't jurisdiction over a suspended priest. The bishop upheld him. That settled it; the case would go to trial in the civil court. The court would not sit for some time to come. Wilhelm Meidling would be Father Peter's lawyer and do the best he could, of course, but he told us privately that a weak case on his side and all the power and prejudice on the other made the outlook bad.

So Marget's new happiness died a quick death. No friends came to condole with her, and none were expected; an unsigned note withdrew her invitation to the party. There would be no scholars to take lessons. How could she support herself? She could remain in the house, for the mortgage was paid off, though the government and not poor Solomon Isaacs had the mortgage-money in its grip for the present. Old Ursula, who was cook, chambermaid, housekeeper, laundress, and everything else for Father Peter, and had been Marget's nurse in earlier years, said God would provide. But she said that from habit, for she was a good Christian. She meant to help in the providing, to make sure, if she could find a way.

We boys wanted to go and see Marget and show friendliness for her, but our parents were afraid of offending the community and wouldn't let us. The astrologer was going around inflaming everybody against Father Peter, and saying he was an abandoned thief and had stolen eleven hundred and seven gold ducats from him. He said he knew he was a thief from that fact, for it was exactly the sum which he had lost and which Father Peter pretended he had "found."

In the afternoon of the fourth day after the catastrophe old Ursula appeared at our house and asked for some washing to do, and begged my mother to keep this secret, to save Marget's pride, who would stop this project if she found it out, yet Marget had not enough to eat and was growing weak. Ursula was growing weak herself, and showed it; and she ate of the food that was offered her like a starving person, but could not be persuaded to carry any home, for Marget would not eat charity food. She took some clothes down to the stream to wash them, but we saw from the window that handling the bat was too much for her strength; so she was called back and a trifle of money offered her, which she was afraid to take lest Marget should suspect; then she took it, saying she would explain that she found it in the road. To keep it from being a lie and damning her soul, she got me to drop it while she watched; then she went along by there and found it, and exclaimed with surprise and joy, and picked it up and went her way. Like

the rest of the village, she could tell every-day lies fast enough and without taking any precautions against fire and brimstone on their account; but this was a new kind of lie, and it had a dangerous look because she hadn't had any practice in it. After a week's practice it wouldn't have given her any trouble. It is the way we are made.

I was in trouble, for how would Marget live? Ursula could not find a coin in the road every day—perhaps not even a second one. And I was ashamed, too, for not having been near Marget, and she so in need of friends; but that was my parents' fault, not mine, and I couldn't help it.

I was walking along the path, feeling very down-hearted, when a most cheery and tingling freshening-up sensation went rippling through me, and I was too glad for any words, for I knew by that sign that Satan was by. I had noticed it before. Next moment he was alongside of me and I was telling him all my trouble and what had been happening to Marget and her uncle. While we were talking we turned a curve and saw old Ursula resting in the shade of a tree, and she had a lean stray kitten in her lap and was petting it. I asked her where she got it, and she said it came out of the woods and followed her; and she said it probably hadn't any mother or any friends and she was going to take it home and take care of it. Satan said:

"I understand you are very poor. Why do you want to add another mouth to feed? Why don't you give it to some rich person?"

Ursula bridled at this and said: "Perhaps you would like to have it. You must be rich, with your fine clothes and quality airs." Then she sniffed and said: "Give it to the rich—the idea! The rich don't care for anybody but themselves; it's only the poor that have feeling for the poor, and help them. The poor and God. God will provide for this kitten."

"What makes you think so?"

Ursula's eyes snapped with anger. "Because I know it!" she said. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His seeing it."

"But it falls, just the same. What good is seeing it fall?"

Old Ursula's jaws worked, but she could not get any word out for the moment, she was so horrified. When she got her tongue she stormed out, "Go about your business, you puppy, or I will take a stick to you!"

I could not speak, I was so scared. I knew that with his notions about the human race Satan would consider it a matter of no consequence to strike her dead, there being "plenty more"; but my tongue stood still, I could give her no warning. But nothing happened; Satan remained tranquil—tranquil and indifferent. I suppose he could not be insulted by Ursula any more than the king could be insulted by a tumble-bug. The old woman jumped to her feet when she made her remark, and did it as briskly as a young girl. It had been many years since she had done the like of that. That was Satan's influence; he was a fresh breeze to the weak and the sick, wherever he came. His presence affected even the lean kitten, and it skipped to the ground and began to chase a leaf. This surprised Ursula, and she stood looking at the creature and nodding her head wonderingly, her anger quite forgotten.

"What's come over it?" she said. "Awhile ago it could hardly walk."

"You have not seen a kitten of that breed before," said Satan.

Ursula was not proposing to be friendly with the mocking stranger, and she gave him an ungentle look and retorted: "Who asked you to come here and pester me, I'd like to know? And what do you know about what I've seen and what I haven't seen?"

"You haven't seen a kitten with the hair-spines on its tongue pointing to the front, have you?"

"No—nor you, either."

"Well, examine this one and see."

Ursula was become pretty spry, but the kitten was spryer, and she could not catch it, and had to give it up. Then Satan said:

"Give it a name, and maybe it will come."

Ursula tried several names, but the kitten was not interested.

"Call it Agnes. Try that."

The creature answered to the name and came. Ursula examined its tongue.

"Upon my word, it's true!" she said. "I have not seen this kind of a cat before. Is it yours?"

"No."

"Then how did you know its name so pat?"

"Because all cats of that breed are named Agnes; they will not answer to any other."

Ursula was impressed. "It is the most wonderful thing!" Then a shadow of trouble came into her face, for her superstitions were aroused, and she reluctantly put the creature down, saying: "I suppose I must let it go; I am not afraid—no, not exactly that, though the priest—well, I've heard people—indeed, many people . . . And, besides, it is quite well now, and can take care of itself." She sighed, and turned to go, murmuring: "It is such a pretty one, too, and would be such company—and the house is so sad and lonesome these troubled days. . . . Miss Marget so mournful and just a shadow, and the old master shut up in jail."

"It seems a pity not to keep it," said Satan.

Ursula turned quickly—just as if she were hoping some one would encourage her.

"Why?" she asked, wistfully.

"Because this breed brings luck."

"Does it? Is it true? Young man, do you know it to be true? How does it bring luck?"

"Well, it brings money, anyway."

Ursula looked disappointed. "Money? A cat bring money? The idea! You could never sell it here; people do not buy cats here; one can't even give them away." She turned to go.

"I don't mean sell it. I mean have an income from it. This kind is called the Lucky Cat. Its owner finds four silver groschen in his pocket every morning."

I saw the indignation rising in the old woman's face. She was insulted. This boy was making fun of her. That was her thought. She thrust her hands into her pockets and straightened up to give him a piece of her mind. Her temper was all up, and hot. Her mouth came open and let out three words of a bitter sentence, . . . then it fell silent, and the anger in her face turned to surprise or wonder or fear, or something, and she slowly brought out her hands from her pockets and opened them and held them so. In one was my piece of money, in the other lay four silver groschen. She gazed a little while, perhaps to see if the groschen would vanish away, then she said, fervently:

"It's true — it's true — and I'm ashamed and beg forgiveness, O dear master and benefactor!" And she ran to Satan and kissed his hand, over and over again, according to the Austrian custom.

In her heart she probably believed it was a witch-cat and an agent of the Devil; but no matter, it was all the more certain to be able to keep its contract and furnish a daily good living for the family, for in matters of finance even the piousest of our peasants would have more confidence in an arrangement with the Devil than with an archangel. Ursula started homeward, with Agnes in her arms, and I said I wished I had her privilege of seeing Marget.

Then I caught my breath, for we were there. There in the parlor, and Marget standing looking at us, astonished. She was feeble and pale, but I knew that those conditions would not last in Satan's atmosphere, and it turned out so. I introduced Satan—that is, Philip Traum—and we sat down and talked. There was no constraint. We were simple folk, in our village, and when a stranger was a pleasant person we were soon friends. Marget wondered how we got in without her hearing us. Traum said the door was open, and we walked in and waited until she should turn around and greet us. This was not true; no door was open; we entered through the walls or the roof or down the chimney, or somehow; but no matter, what Satan wished a person to believe, the person was sure to believe, and so Marget was quite satisfied with that explanation. And then the main part of her mind was on Traum, anyway; she couldn't keep her eyes off him, he was so beautiful. That gratified me, and made me proud. I hoped he would show off some, but he didn't. He seemed only interested in being friendly and telling lies. He said he was an orphan. That made Marget pity him. The water

came into her eyes. He said he had never known his mamma; she passed away while he was a young thing; and said his papa was in shattered health, and had no property to speak of—in fact, none of any earthly value—but he had an uncle in business down in the tropics, and he was very well off and had a monopoly, and it was from this uncle that he drew his support. The very mention of a kind uncle was enough to remind Marget of her own, and her eyes filled again. She said she hoped their two uncles would meet, some day. It made me shudder. Philip said he hoped so, too; and that made me shudder again.

"Maybe they will," said Marget. "Does your uncle travel much?"

"Oh yes, he goes all about; he has business everywhere."

And so they went on chatting, and poor Marget forgot her sorrows for one little while, anyway. It was probably the only really bright and cheery hour she had known lately. I saw she liked Philip, and I knew she would. And when he told her he was studying for the ministry I could see that she liked him better than ever. And then, when he promised to get her admitted to the jail so that she could see her uncle, that was the capstone. He said he would give the guards a little present, and she must always go in the evening after dark, and say nothing, "but just show this paper and pass in, and show it again when you come out"—and he scribbled some queer marks on the paper and gave it to her, and she was ever so thankful, and right away was in a fever for the sun to go down, for in that old, cruel time prisoners were not allowed to see their friends, and sometimes they spent years in the jails without ever seeing a friendly face. I judged that the marks on the paper were an enchantment, and that the guards would not know what they were doing, nor have any memory of it afterward; and that was indeed the way of it. Ursula put her head in at the door now and said:

"Supper's ready, miss." Then she saw us and looked frightened, and motioned me to come to her, which I did, and she asked if we had told about the cat. I said no, and she was relieved, and said please don't, for if Miss Marget knew, she would think it was an unholy cat and would send for a priest and have its gifts all purified out of it, and then there wouldn't be any more dividends. So I said we wouldn't tell, and she was satisfied. Then I was beginning to say good-by to Marget, but Satan interrupted and said, ever so politely—well, I don't remember just the words, but anyway he as good as invited himself to supper, and me, too. Of course Marget was miserably embarrassed, for she had no reason to suppose there would be half enough for a sick bird. Ursula heard him, and she came straight into the room, not a bit pleased. At first she was astonished to see Marget looking so fresh and rosy, and said so; then she spoke up in her native tongue, which was Bohemian, and said—as I learned afterward—"Send him away, Miss Marget; there's not victuals enough."

Before Marget could speak, Satan had the word, and was talking back at Ursula in her own language—which was a surprise to her, and for her mistress, too. He said, "Didn't I see you down the road awhile ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, that pleases me; I see you remember me." He stepped to her and whispered: "I told you it is a Lucky Cat. Don't be troubled; it will provide."

That sponged the slate of Ursula's feelings clean of its anxieties, and a deep, financial joy shone in her eyes. The cat's value was augmenting. It was getting full time for Marget to take some sort of notice of Satan's invitation, and she did it in the best way, the honest way that was natural to her. She said she had little to offer, but that we were welcome if we would share it with her.

We had supper in the kitchen, and Ursula waited at table. A small fish was in the frying-pan, crisp and brown and tempting, and one could see that Marget was not expecting such respectable food as this. Ursula brought it, and Marget divided it between Satan and me, declining to take any of it herself, and was beginning to say she did not care for fish to-day, but she did not finish the remark. It was because she noticed that another fish had appeared in the pan. She looked surprised, but

did not say anything. She probably meant to inquire of Ursula about this later. There were other surprises: flesh and game and wines and fruits—things which had been strangers in that house lately; but Marget made no exclamations, and now even looked unsurprised, which was Satan's influence, of course. Satan talked right along, and was entertaining, and made the time pass pleasantly and cheerfully; and although he told a good many lies, it was no harm in him, for he was only an angel and did not know any better. They do not know right from wrong; I knew this, because I remembered what he had said about it. He got on the good side of Ursula. He praised her to Marget, confidentially, but speaking just loud enough for Ursula to hear. He said she was a fine woman, and he hoped some day to bring her and his uncle together. Very soon Ursula was mincing and simpering around in a ridiculous, girly way, and smoothing out her gown and prinking at herself like a foolish old hen, and all the time pretending she was not hearing what Satan was saying. I was ashamed, for it showed us to be what Satan considered us, a silly race and trivial. Satan said it was time his uncle was married, for he entertained a great deal, and to have a clever woman presiding over the festivities would double the attractions of the place.

"But your uncle is a gentleman, isn't he?" asked Marget.

"Yes," said Satan, indifferently; "some even call him a Prince, out of compliment, but he is not bigoted; to him personal merit is everything, rank nothing."

My hand was hanging down by my chair; Agnes came along and licked it; by this act a secret was revealed. I started to say, "It is all a mistake; this is just a common, ordinary cat; the hair-needles on her tongue point inward, not outward." But the words did not come, because they couldn't. Satan smiled upon me, and I understood.

When it was dark Marget took food and wine and fruit, in a basket, and hurried away to the jail, and Satan and I walked toward my home. I was thinking to myself that I should like to see what the inside of the jail was like. Satan overheard the thought, and the next moment we were in the jail. We were in the torture-chamber, Satan said. The rack was there, and the other instruments, and there was a smoky lantern or two hanging on the walls and helping to make the place look dim and dreadful. There were people there—and executioners—but as they took no notice of us, it meant that we were invisible. A young man lay bound, and Satan said he was suspected of being a heretic, and the executioners were about to inquire into it. They asked the man to confess to the charge, and he said he could not, for it was not true. Then they drove splinter after splinter under his nails, and he shrieked with the pain. Satan was not disturbed, but I could not endure it, and had to be whisked out of there. I was faint and sick, but the fresh air revived me, and we walked toward my home. I said it was a brutal thing.

"No, it was a human thing. You should not insult the brutes by such a misuse of that word; they have not deserved it," and he went on talking like that. "It is like your paltry race—always lying, always claiming virtues which it hasn't got, always denying them to the higher animals, which alone possess them. No brute ever does a cruel thing—that is the monopoly of those with the Moral Sense. When a brute inflicts pain he does it innocently; it is not wrong; for him there is no such thing as wrong. And he does not inflict pain for the pleasure of inflicting it—only man does that. Inspired by that mongrel Moral Sense of his! A sense whose function is to distinguish between right and wrong, with liberty to choose which of them he will do. Now what advantage can he get out of that? He is always choosing, and in nine cases out of ten he prefers the wrong. There shouldn't be any wrong; and without the Moral Sense there couldn't be any. And yet he is such an unreasoning creature that he is not able to perceive that the Moral Sense degrades him to the bottom layer of animated beings and is a shameful possession. Are you feeling better? Let me show you something."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Reason

BY SOPHIE KERR

THE Honorable Peter J. Webster squeezed himself out of the rickety station cab and slowly undid the kinks that the size of the vehicle had necessitated. At last he stood on the sidewalk, a fat giant in his fur coat, looming colossal in the winter night. The driver pointed with his whip across the sidewalk and through the iron gates at a dark and silent mansion outlined against the sky.

"That's Judge Kincaird's house," he announced. "They don't let nobody drive in there after dark. Dun'no' why. Thanky, sir. Gid*dup!*"

He drove away, and the Honorable Peter marched through the iron gates and up to the front door, where, after some fumbling and profane mutterings, he located a bell and rang vigorously.

A light flared up in the hall, and presently the door was opened by a somewhat untidy maid with the air of being a casual relative or friend rather than a servant.

"Come right in," she said, hospitably. "Take off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out. I guess you better set in the lib'ry—that's where the judge sees his friends mostly."

The Honorable Peter followed directions and found himself in the library—a library to dream of. Books scaled the walls from floor to ceiling, and overflowed on to the mantelpiece, hewn in Caen stone. Books sprawled comfortably on tables, and lamps were lit so as to entice one to the deeply cushioned chairs and seats. One picture only—a Gari Melchers—lit the somber, book-lined walls; and there was one orderly table, but only one, and that was cleared for writing, with everything plain and serviceable and worn with use; but books elbowed it, impudently, in little special turning cases. The fire leaped up in welcome to the Honorable Peter, and a window-box of crimson tulips received him with a drift of silken petals.

"What a wonderful room!" said the Honorable Peter, half aloud. "The old rascal does himself well." He walked over to the shelves and looked at the books. At his hand he found an ingenious system of little electric lights that could be turned here and there by any one searching for any particular volume. The Honorable Peter played it about on the titles, amused at its simplicity and cleverness. "Greek, Greek, Greek!" he muttered. "He ought to be able to talk it by this time. And what have we here? Ah! this is where his law library begins—and, by George! Ab's gone in for first editions, too—"

He dropped the light, for the judge was upon him, shaking his hands—both his hands—shouting, "Peter, you old pirate!" at him, thumping him on the back and being thumped in return.

"Gosh! how gray you are, Ab!" bawled the Honorable Peter.

"Gray yourself, Ironjaw!" retorted the judge, fending him off. "Here, sit down, you old ruffian. What are you doing in a respectable town, anyway? Stick to Washington, Peter—"

They leaped at each other pantingly, and then fell apart, grinning like two eight-year-old boys.

"You everlasting old thief!" said Peter, affectionately; "that's the kind of a welcome I get when I drop off the Limited and drive for hours around this moth-eaten burg, in a one-horse shay that's a relic of the Dark Ages, just to call on an old friend—"

"Have you had dinner?" asked the judge, hastily. "I was so surprised and glad to see you I forgot all about asking you."

"Just about what I'd expect from you," said Peter, tauntingly. "Fortunately I knew the sort of a man I was going to see, and got my dinner on the

train." His heavy face, with its lines of heady power and dominance that the encroaching flesh could not conceal, was broken into a thousand jovial wrinkles. His deep-set eyes were lit with affection. Of all the friendships that the Honorable Peter had ever had, the one that had not changed from its youthful beginning was the one with Abner Kincaird.

"Since you don't want to eat," said the judge, "you might as well sit down. I suppose I've got to put up with you for a day or two." With pretended misery he returned the Honorable Peter's affectionate glance, but with the difference that kindness and affection seemed a more natural relaxation to his austere and disciplined countenance than it did to Peter's grosser features.

"God bless 'im!" Peter was thinking. "He looks like Andrew Jackson crossed with Franciscan friar. The Chief's made no mistake this time."

He stretched himself in a deep chair before the fire and went on with the conversation, while the judge put fresh wood on the flames and heaped up the coals between the gleaming andirons. "Oh no, Ab," he said, "I'm not going to exile myself for that length of time. I must catch the midnight train; I've got to go on to California, and lose no time. By the way, what's the idea in not letting a carriage drive in after dark? My cab stopped out in the street and left me to grope my way to the house any way I could."

"It's Janey's idea," explained Kincaird, restrainedly. "It makes her nervous to have people driving in, unless the porte-cochère lights are lit. She thinks we might be going out in the car, and— Well, the drive's narrow and of course there *might* be an accident, if people were careless—or not able to see well—"

Webster choked back an impatient snort. It seemed to him a very silly explanation. But he didn't say so. Instead, "I have no manners at all," he said. "How *is* Janey? I haven't seen her for Lord knows how long."

"She's very well," said Kincaird, putting the poker aside at last and dusting his hands together. "She'll be delighted to see you. Let me call her."

"I'll be delighted to see her, too," said the Honorable Peter, promptly, "but maybe we'll both enjoy it more if you and I have our talk first. Sit down, Ab. I've got something mighty important to say to you."

"I know that prelude," began the judge, in mock mournfulness, shaking his head and gazing solemnly into the fire. "I've heard it many a time. 'Something important to tell you'—that's the man who wants to borrow money. And I thought he was doing pretty well down in Washington, too, though he never gave much promise as a boy. Confidential friend of the President—at the White House every day, or over in New York conferring with financiers. Why, every day the newspapers cartoon him as the power behind the throne—biggest man of his party— Well, well, you never know. This is said to be an honest administration—maybe party pickings are getting scarce. Speak up, Peter. Anything up to fifty thousand is yours."

"This isn't a touch," observed the Honorable Peter, delightedly, "so you needn't begin to button up your pockets. Fifty thousand! It makes pretty listening, but I know your grandfather was a Scotchman. I'd have as much chance to borrow fifty thousand dollars from you as a tallow-legged cat with an asbestos dog chasing her through hell would have of not getting caught. You listen to me, Ab Kincaird, for a minute or two without getting fresh, if you can." His boyish grin harmonized with his boyish vernacular. But now both dropped away from him. He pulled his shaggy brows together and looked at the judge with piercing gravity. "Trensham's going," he said.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the judge, startled. "Why—what was it—the Russian treaty?"

"Oh, that and a lot of other fool things," answered Peter. "He's been wagging his jaw pretty freely to the newspaper boys, and though most of 'em have had sense enough not to print what he said, two or three things have leaked into the papers—you probably know."

The judge nodded affirmation. "I do know," he said, "and, of course, that Russian treaty mess was inexcusable."

"He's an idiot," returned Peter. "His

jaw's the only thing in his head that works. But, anyway, he's going. His resignation went over to the White House yesterday, and it 'll be accepted, and everything will be given to the papers to-morrow afternoon. Now, of course, we're looking about for another Secretary of State. Not that there aren't plenty of people who think they could hold down the job. Do you know, Ab, the reason I eat and sleep so much is because at meal-times and when I'm in bed office-seekers can't get at me. This flesh of mine is a tribute to the persistence and omnipresence of the American office-seeker."

The two men laughed. Then the Honorable Peter leaned forward and put his hand gently on his old friend's knee. "Ab," he asked, "how would you like to be Secretary of State?"

"Why—Peter—man, are you crazy?"

"Wait a minute. No, I'm not crazy. I'm here this evening at the request of the President to offer the portfolio of State to Abner Kincaird—"

"Pete!—you Warwick, you—you suggested it!" broke in the judge, accusingly.

"I did not," answered Peter, indignantly. "It was his own idea. I'm not saying it didn't receive my approval, Ab. You see, he's been reading your book on international law and he wants somebody there who thinks, as he does, that it's high time for this country to abandon her naïve, provincial diplomacy and take her place as a world power—that he doesn't intend that she shall sit anywhere but at the head, or mighty near the head, of the council-table. By God! Ab, that man has a vision—"

"It's not just a vision, Peter. He's got the thrust to put the thing through—"

"Yes, he has. And think, Ab—you've dreamed and written and lectured and taught this thing for years and years—now would be your chance to give it concrete form, to develop a great doctrine of patriotic statecraft—a doctrine you've always believed in and hoped for, to give our democracy a voice among the powers—a voice speaking always for greater social justice, for fairer humanity, a voice that may not be disregarded. The time has come for it, Ab—"

"Yes, Peter, the time has come for it—"

"And if we let this opportunity go by, we're going to decline as a nation. We'll fatten in materialism; we'll lose everything that the old days of Washington and Lincoln gave us by their noble privations, their sacrifices, and their heart-searching struggles. Our involved party systems will grow in unwieldy corruption, and politics will be more than ever a dirty business instead of a privilege of citizenship." His voice rose to a climax of earnestness.

The judge smiled very tenderly. "You ought to be a Secretary of State, Peter," he said.

Peter drew back in embarrassment. "Oh, come," he said, "I'm not a politician, not a statesman. It's a statesman we want, Ab—and you're the man. You've made a great name for yourself by your books and your law-school work and the big cases you've handled before the Supreme Court. But now you've got a new client—bigger than any you've had. Your country wants to retain you, Ab. And think, Ab, think of the everlasting kudos, my boy. That may mean nothing to you, but it 'll mean a lot to your children and your children's children. Think of some of the men who've sat in that chair—no, don't think of all of em; but think of Jefferson, of John Marshall, of Clay, of old Dan'l Webster, of Seward and Hay and Elihu Root—why, Ab, your opportunity is more wonderful than all of 'em put together. And I'm glad you've got it, Ab. You're the only man in the world in whose success I can rejoice as full-heartedly as if it was my own. I—I asked the President to let me come and tell you myself—" He had to stop and cough huskily. "And you know," he went on, in a firmer voice, "because you've been there often enough to see it, that Washington's the most delightful place in America to live if you have something big to do. It's close enough to New York so that you can make agreeable connections there, and not so close that New York's rush and mass rides you down. Every one worth while comes to Washington at some time or other, and you can pick and choose. Of course, it's not like London, where everything and every

one worth knowing is in a radius of a few miles, but, under this administration at least, official society has brains and culture—I hate the word, but it 'll serve —to offer. Just think of the men in the Cabinet, Ab—they're men of parts, and not little picayune party squirts, like some of their immediate predecessors. Why, we *talk* in Washington now, and it's good talk, too—better I never heard outside of London and Dublin. You'll enjoy that—and take your part. How you will entertain, Ab! Janey can have a *salon*, if she wishes."

The judge had been sitting quite still while Peter talked, looking into the fire. The back log had caught and was flaming, but a little uncertainly, and now the judge rose and drew the coals nearer to the wood. The tongues of fire shot up merrily and a shower of tiny, golden sparks, like a burst of fairy sky-rockets, flew up the black chimney throat. Then the judge sat down again and leaned his head on his hand, as though to shield his eyes from the blaze.

"But I can't take it, Peter," he said.

For a whole minute, ticked slowly away by the Willard clock that hung against one of the bookshelf partitions, there was silence as the Honorable Peter stared at the weary figure sitting so near to him. Wild expostulations came to his tongue, but he checked them.

"What is it, Ab?" he began at last, persuasively. "You're not pressed for money, are you? The Cabinet salaries are ridiculously low. You couldn't live on what you'd get, of course. But I always thought you'd laid away plenty, though I *have* wondered—for it seemed as if there couldn't be any reason for your staying in this dead little hole unless you wanted to live economically—you don't mind my frankness. But, Ab —good Lord, anything I've got's yours! Don't let want of a little money keep you from this—"

"It isn't money, Peter," said the judge, taking his hand from his eyes and turning to face his friend. "I've got enough money to live anywhere, even if I never write another brief. It's something else—and it's something that can't be changed."

"But, Ab—damn it! look here," said Peter, growing alarmed. "You're not ill, are you? Of course, we've all got incipient arteriosclerosis — all we old chaps—but what's that? But there's nothing else, is there? You've got to tell me that."

"No," said the judge, bitterly; "I'm as well and as sound as any man of sixty-two has any right to be. It's something— Well, I've got to ask you to take my refusal without a reason, Peter. And I will tell you this," he added, slowly and distinctly, "I would rather be Secretary of State through this administration than be Saint Peter himself, with all the archangels thrown in. And to have you come and offer it to me, Peter, and offer it to me in the way you have done—has meant—has meant more to me—" He paused.

"Oh, rot!" growled the Honorable Peter. "Now, Ab, I'm not going to let you turn me down in this mysterious way. Come, play fair. You know you can trust me. Damned if it doesn't make me feel somehow as if you *didn't* trust me, Ab."

The judge looked across at his old friend wearily. "You don't mean that, Peter," he said. "Come—you aren't trusting *me*. I can't tell you why I'm refusing. I would if I could, but I can't. Good Lord! man, don't you think I want to take it? Don't I realize all it offers? Wouldn't any sane man jump at it? It's so much bigger and greater than anything I'd ever hoped for—I've never even dreamed of such a thing. I've done my work because it seemed right to me, Peter, not for the money or the honor it would bring. I've never

Crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.

I've never coveted things for myself. I've never sought things for myself. Oh —what's the use talking! Take your golden apple, Peter; it's not for me."

The Honorable Peter threw up his hands. "You're the biggest damn fool I ever knew," he declaimed. "You're the—" The words died on his lips, for the door behind him opened and a woman came in.

"What's keeping you, dear?" she asked. Then: "Oh, I didn't know there was any one here. Well, if it's not Peter

Webster! I do declare! And looking just the same, only maybe a little mite fleshier! I'd have known you anywhere, Peter, even if it has been such a length of time since I've seen you. Why, it must be almost twenty years. I'm *real* glad to see you!"

"And I'm glad to see you, Janey," said Peter, heartily. "By George! time seems to stand still with *you*."

It was the truth. She had been little and plump and rosy when Abner Kincaird married her, and she was little and plump and rosy still. Her softly graying hair was parted in the middle and drawn into a plain knot, as she had worn it when a girl. Her black-silk dress and modest lace collar had somehow an air of a former generation's "best," and the big white apron that she wore over it was silent evidence of unfashionable thrift.

"You always were a great hand to say pretty things," said Janey. "I see you haven't changed. Why didn't you tell me Peter was here, Abner? I hope he's going to stay a spell, now he *is* here."

"I wish I could," said Peter, "but I've got to go on to California on the midnight train, Janey."

"Oh, for goodness' sakes, that *is* a shame!" she exclaimed. "Well, you come right out of this barn of a lib'ry and into my settin'-room, an' let me get you up a snack of something—some sandwiches and coffee; and I made doughnuts to-day, too. You ought to have a bite before you go out into all this cold."

She turned, with eager hospitality, and led the way out across the hall into a room which seemed part of another house, it was so utterly different from the library they had left. Gaudy green-and-gold paper in big figures covered the walls, and against this background hung steel engravings: "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," "Lincoln's Funeral Train," "William Penn Dealing with the American Indians," and "Marmion's Defiance to Earl Douglass." A high, gilded chandelier dispensed an unbecoming light over furniture upholstered in red rep, with innumerable tight buttons. Flat bouquet-vases stood at either end of the mantel-shelf, flanking a black marble clock with a prancing gold steed atop. A what-not filled with shells and worthless curios, spotless of dust, stood at one side. There was a round center-table with a fringed, red cover, and on it a work-basket piled high with sewing. This Janey removed.

"You two boys set down," she commanded. "Here, Peter, take that patent rocker and get some solid comfort after Abner's old leather chairs. He would have that lib'ry furnished the way he wanted it, but I'm ashamed to have anybody go in it, it's so queer. Now I'm going right out in the kitchen, and I'll have something in three shakes of a lamb's tail." She laughed comfortably.

"Let one of the maids do it, Janey," suggested the judge.

"Both the girls have gone to bed," replied Janey. "And, anyway, I'd ruther get it myself."

The two men sat silent as she bustled out. Honorable Peter, looking about the room, discovered a photograph of a young man.

"Hello!" he said. "Is that Abner junior? What a magnificent chap he is! What's he doing now?"

"He's the chief construction engineer for a big New York firm—Smith & Hollis," the judge said, his eyes lighting with pride. "He's been in South America for a year and a half now—railroad work. He's done well, Peter. I wanted him to study law, but he hated it, and finally I let him follow his bent."

"That's fine!" said Peter. "And your daughter, Ab—little Janey? Where is she now?"

"She married Randall, the Labor M.P. They met when she was at school in Switzerland," answered the judge.

Peter nodded. "I knew that," he said.

"They're in London most of the year, of course, and they have a country place in Kent. They have three beautiful children, Peter. I've never seen them. I can't persuade Janey to go over, and she doesn't want me to go alone. Next year, though, little Janey's coming over to visit us and bring the children. Randall's a fine young chap—a little too earnest at times, but that's a good fault of youth. Little Janey's got a rich life



Drawn by W. B. King

"HE'S THE BEST HUSBAND IN THE WORLD, PETER"

before her, and she'll get everything out of it. I'm glad of that."

"Please open the door," came in Janey's muffled tones outside. They both sprang to do her bidding, and she came in with a mighty tray.

"Oh, Janey, why didn't you call me?" said the judge, taking it from her hands.

He turned and set it on the table. There were roast-beef sandwiches, a great pile of them, mustard and horse-radish, a coffee-pot, cups and saucers, sugar, and a silver pitcher of cream—and a plate of doughnuts, round, brown, and sugary. At sight of these Peter set up a wild shout.

"Honest-to-goodness doughnuts!" he exclaimed. "I thought the species was extinct."

Janey beamed at him. But the judge frowned. "Janey," he said, "you know it's bad for you to be around the hot stove frying doughnuts. Why will you do it? Why don't you teach Caroline, or Susan?"

"Pshaw, Abner!" she returned, "they never get 'em right. I guess I'm going to fry my own doughnuts as long as I have the strength. You'd never believe, Peter," she went on, turning to him, "how Abner goes on at me about the housework. Why, he'd clutter up the whole place with servants if I'd let 'im, and leave me nothing to do but sit and hold my hands all day long. It 'd just about kill me to do that. Here, help yourself." She poured the coffee and returned to her subject. "This big house is an awful lot of work," she went on, "and the help you get nowadays is so trifling! Susan would never touch a duster to the chandeliers, or wipe the backs of the pictures, unless I kept right after her. And yet, with all the work, I near about die of lonesomeness when the judge goes away on his cases or to give his lecture courses."

"Why don't you go with him, then?" asked Peter, taking another sandwich.

She threw up both hands in dismay, and her round face drew itself into lines of such scared timidity that it was at once ludicrous and pitiful.

"I did try it, Peter," she wailed, "but traveling scares me to death. I never have an easy minute on the train, thinking about accidents, and I'm so lonesome in the hotels, and the waiters and bell-boys and everybody seems so smarty and impudent, and the things you get to eat I wouldn't feed to a stray cat. Abner could order 'em around, but I guess they knew I wasn't used to 'em. And when we was asked out places everybody was so grand, and so educated—why, we used to go to dinners where I didn't understand a single word they was talking about during the whole meal, and there wasn't a neighborly woman in the lot. They'd look at me so queer and speak so rude when I tried to talk to any of 'em. And dress! Why, I used to be ashamed for 'em. Peter, maybe you won't believe it, but some of those women—respectable ones that you see their names in the paper for charities and church work—used to wear dresses cut so low, it was just scandalous! And some of 'em *painted their faces!*" She brought out this last in a horrified whisper.

"You have to get used to that," said Peter, reasonably. "Everybody does it."

The color mounted into Janey's cheeks, and she set her lips primly and folded her hands over her white apron. "I can't get used to it, and I'm not going to," she announced. "It makes me kinda sick even to think about it. I'd never have a comfortable minute amongst such goings-on. I'm a great home body, only it pretty nigh kills me to have Abner away. I get so low in my mind I'm almost bedsick. Abner's all I've got, you know, Peter." She turned and looked at the judge with such love and devotion in her eyes that the Honorable Peter turned his gaze away.

"So you see, Peter," said the judge, slowly, "why I have decided to devote my life to writing and give up my active practice and my lecture courses."

"But you know, Abner," cried Janey, "I don't want you to. I'd ruther die than be a stumbling-block to you." The little woman's eyes filled with fond tears. She turned to Peter impulsively. "He's the best husband in the world, Peter," she said. "He's been like this ever since the day we was married. You know we married young, but all the first years, when we had such a struggle to get along, why he helped me with the housework and the childern, even with the wash,

whilst he was working and studying and trying so hard to get ahead. He used to read me the things he was workin' at, but, shucks! I'd drop off to sleep in the middle of it, I was so tired. The childern was such active little tykes, seemed like they wore me out. And you know our first baby died when he was three years old. And he was always sickly; sometimes I'd have to be up day and night with him—" Her eyes filled with tears again and she pressed her handkerchief to them openly.

The judge had risen and was walking back and forth about the room. "And you know, too, Peter," he said, "that all the time I was working through my law course and waiting for cases, Janey, with all her other work, took in sewing and did baking for the neighbors. It was she who paid the rent and bought the food we ate. Well, there, there—we're becoming emotional. Come, Peter, try one of these famous doughnuts. You never ate anything half so good in all your life, I'll warrant."

"They're simply *bully!*" declared the Honorable Peter, following the judge's lead. "Janey, you've got to promise to send me a dozen of these every time you make 'em."

"Oh, would you like me to?" she asked, wistfully. "I'd love to do it. Seems 's if there was so little I c'n do for anybody nowadays—except Abner. I don't mind saying it before an old friend like you, Peter, though I wouldn't tell everybody I feel this-a-way; but, truly, sometimes seems if the childern never belonged to me since they got out of pinafores. It was school and college and special studies, and traveling here and traveling there—I couldn't pretend to keep up with 'em. And when they come home they're grown so they don't look natural to me, and they don't do my way. Not but that they're both splendid childern and I miss them cruel, but—well, we're out of touch, somehow. But Abner — I tell you I c'n always count on *him.*" She turned toward her husband again with that look of perfect trust and adoration. Then she put her hand to her head. "I believe if you'll excuse me," she went on, "I'll retire. I did get a little headachy to-day. I'm not so young as I used to be, Peter. Good night. It's been grand to see you again and have 'a dish o' discourse,' as my grammaw used to say."

"You can't look in the mirror and slander your youth, Janey," said Peter, rising and taking her outstretched hands.

They bowed her gallantly to the stairs, the two of them. Then they went back into the ugly sitting-room. The judge looked around uncomfortably.

"I'll just carry the tray into the library," he said. "We can be more com— We won't be so likely to disturb Janey there."

The judge carried in the tray and revived the smoldering fire.

"Those doughnuts surely are the best I ever ate," said Peter, breaking a lengthy silence. "By the way, Ab, how will I get down to the station? Can I telephone for a cab?"

"I'll run you down in the car," said the judge, promptly. "It's all ready, and it 'll only take ten minutes. Perhaps we'd better be moving."

They hurried into their coats, and Peter waited until the judge brought round the car, then stepped in beside him. The night air was stingingly cold, but neither of them knew it. On the station platform, at the train steps, the judge held out his hand.

"You understand now, Peter," he said.

"I understand perfectly," said Peter, leaning down to wring the judge's hand. "Good - by — you — you darned old —*saint.*"

The Break-up of the Family

BY W. L. GEORGE

AS with the home, so with the family. It would be strange indeed if a stained shell were to hold a sound nut. All the events of the last century—the development of the factory system, the Married Women's Property Act, the birth of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the entry of woman into professions, the discovery of co-education and of education itself, eugenics, Christian Science, new music-halls and halfpenny papers, the Russian ballet, cheap travel, woman suffrage, apartment-houses—all this change and stress has lowered the status of one whom Pliny admired—the father of a family. The family itself tends to disappear, and it is many years since letters appeared in *The Times* over the signature, "Mother of Six." The family is smaller, and, strangely enough, it is sweeter tempered: would it be fair to conclude, as might an Irishman, that it would agree perfectly if it disappeared?

I do not think that the family will completely disappear any more than scarlet-fever or the tax-collector. But certainly it will change in character, and its evolution already points toward its new form. The old-fashioned family sickened because it was a compulsory grouping. The wife cleaved unto her husband because he paid the bills; the children cleaved unto their parents because they must cleave unto something. There was no chance of getting out, for there was nothing to get out to. For the girl, especially, some fifty years ago, to escape from the family into the world was much the same thing as burgling a penitentiary; so she stayed, compulsorily grouped. Personally, I think all kinds of compulsory groupings bad. If one is compelled to do a thing, one hates it; possibly the dead warriors in the Elysian Fields have by this time taken a violent dislike to compulsory chariot-races, and absolutely detest their endless rest on moss-grown banks and their diet of honey. I do not want to stress the idea too far, but I doubt whether the denizens of the Elysian Fields, after so many centuries, can tolerate one another any more, for they are compelled to live all together in this Paradise, and nothing conceivable will ever get them out.

Some groupings are worse than others, and I incline to think that difference of age has most to do with the chafe of family life. For man is a sociable animal; he loves his fellows, and so one wonders why he should so generally detest his relations. There are minor reasons. Relationship amounts to a license to be rude, to the right to exact respect from the young and service from the old; there is the fact that, however high you may rise in the world, your aunt will never see it. There is also the fact that if your aunt does see it, she brags of it behind your back and insults you about it to your face. There is all that, but still I believe that one could to a certain extent agree with one's relations if one met only those who are of one's own age, for compulsory groupings of people of the same age are not always unpleasant; boys are happiest at school, and there is fine fellowship and much merriment in armies. On the other hand, there often reigns a peculiar dislike in offices. I do not want to conclude too rashly, but I cannot help being struck by the fact that in a school or in an army the differences of age are very small, while in an office or a family they are considerable. Add on to the difference of age compulsory intercourse, and you have the seeds of hatred.

This applies particularly where the units of a family are adult. The child loves the grown-ups because he admires them; a little later he finds them out; still a little later, he lets them see that he has found them out, and then family

life begins. In many cases it is a quite terrible life, and the more united the family is the more it resembles the union between the shirt of Nessus and Hercules's back. But it must be endured because we have no alternative. I think of cases: of such a one as that of a father and mother, respectively sixty-five and sixty, who have two sons, one of whom ran away to Australia with a barmaid, while the other lived on his sisters' patrimony and regrettably stayed at home; they have four daughters, two of whom have revolted to the extent of earning their living, but spend the whole of their holidays with the old people; the other two are unmarried because the father, imbued with the view that *his* daughters were too good for any man, refused to have any man in the house. There is another couple in my mind, who have five children, four of whom live at home. I think I will describe this family by quoting one of the father's pronouncements: "There's only one opinion in this house, and that's mine!" I think of other cases, of three sisters who have each an income of two hundred dollars a year on which they would, of course, find it very difficult to live separately. The total income of six hundred dollars a year enables them to live—but together. The eldest loves cats; the next hates cats, but loves dogs; this zoological quarrel is the chief occupation of the household; the third sister's duty is to keep the cats and dogs apart. Here we have the compulsory grouping; I believe that this lies at the root of disunion in that united family.

The age problem is twofold. It must not be thought that I hold a brief against old age, though, being myself young, I tend to dislike old age as I shall probably dislike youth by and by. On the whole, the attitude of old age is tyrannical. I have heard dicta as interesting as the one which I quote a few lines above. I have heard say a mother to a young man, "You *ought* to feel affection for me"; another, "It should be enough for you that this is my wish." That is natural enough. It is the tradition of the elders, the Biblical, Greek, Roman, savage hierarchies which, in their time, were sound because, lacking education of any kind, communities could resort only to the experience of the aged. But a thing that is natural is not always convenient, and, after all, the chief mission of the civilizer is to bottle up Nature until she is wanted. This tyranny breeds in youth a quite horrible hatred, while it hardens the old, makes them incapable of seeing the point of view of youth because it is too long since they held it. They insist upon the society of the young; they take them out to call on old people; they drive them round and round the park in broughams, and then round again; they deprive them of entertainments because they themselves cannot bear noise and late hours, or because they have come to fear expense, or because they feel weak and are ill. It is tragic to think that so few of us can hope to die gracefully.

The trouble does not lie entirely with the old; indeed, I think it lies more with the young, who, crossed and irritated, are given to badgering the old people because they are slow, because they do not understand the problems of Lord Kitchener and are still thinking of the problems of Mr. Gladstone. They are harsh because the old are forgetful, because their faded memories are sweet, because they will always prefer the late Sir Henry Irving to Mr. Charles Hawtrey. The young are cruel when the old people refuse to send a letter without sealing it, or when they insist upon buying their hats from the milliner who made them in 1890 and makes them still in the same fashion. They are even harsh to them when they are deaf or short-sighted and fumbling; they come to think that a wise child should learn from his sire's errors.

It is a pity, but thus it is; so what is the use of thinking that the modern family must endure? It is no use to say that the old are right or that the young are right; they disagree. It is nobody's fault and it is everybody's misfortune. They disagree largely because there is too much propinquity. It is propinquity that brings one to think there is something rather repulsive in blood relations. It is propinquity that brings one to love and then later to dislike. Mr. George Moore has put the case ideally in his *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, where Doris,

the girl who has escaped from her family with the hero says: "This is the first time I have ever lived alone, that I have ever been free from questions. It was a pleasure to remember suddenly, as I was dressing, that no one would ask me where I was going; that I was just like a bird myself, free to spring off the branch and to fly. At home there are always people round one; somebody is in the dining-room, somebody is in the drawing-room; and if one goes down the passage with one's hat on, there is always somebody to ask where one is going, and if you say you don't know, they say: "Are you going to the right or to the left? Because, if you are going to the left, I should like you to stop at the apothecary's and to ask . . ." Yes, that is what happens. That is the tragedy of the family; it lives on top of itself. The daughters go too much with their mothers to shop; there are too many joint holidays, too many compulsory rejoicings at Christmas or on birthdays. There are not enough private places in the house. I have heard one young suffragist, sentenced to fourteen days for breaking windows, say that, quite apart from having struck a blow for the Cause, it was the first peaceful fortnight she had ever known. This should not be confounded with the misunderstood offer of a well-known leader of the suffrage cause who offered a pound to the funds of the movement for every day that his wife was kept in jail.

In a family, friendships are difficult, for Maude does not always like Arabella's dearest friend; or, which is worse, Maude will stand Arabella's dearest friend whom she detests, so that next day, she may have the privilege of forcing upon Arabella her own whom Arabella cannot bear. That sort of thing is called tolerance and self-sacrifice; in reality it is mutual tyranny, and amounts to the passing on of pinches, as it were, from boy to boy on the benches of schools. In a developing generation this cannot endure; youthful egotism will not forever tolerate youthful arrogance. As for the old, they cannot indefinitely remain with the young, for, after all, there are only two things to talk of with any intensity—the future and the past; they are the topics of different generations.

Still, for various reasons, this condition is endured. It is cheaper to live together; it is more convenient socially; it is customary, which, especially in England, is most important. But it demands an impossible and unwilling tolerance, sometimes fraudulent exhibitions of love, sometimes sham charity. It is not pleasant to hear Arabella, returning from a walk with her father, say to Maude: "Thank Heaven, that's over! Your turn to-morrow." Perhaps it would not be so if the father did not by threat or by prayer practically compel his daughters to "take duty." There are alleviations—games, small social pleasures, dances—but there is no freedom. A little for the sons, perhaps, but even they are limited in their comings and goings if they live in their father's house. As for the girls, they are driven to find the illusion of freedom in wage labor, unless they marry and develop, as they grow older, the same problem.

Fortunately, and this may save something of the family spirit, times are changing. It must not be imagined from the foregoing that I am a resolute enemy of any grouping between men and women, that I view with hatred the family in a box at the theater or round the Sunday joint. I am not attracted by the idea of family; a large family collected together makes me think a little of a rabbit-hutch. But I recognize that couples will to the end want to live together, that they will be fond of their children, and that their children will be fond of them; also that it is not socially convenient for husband and wife to live in separate blocks of flats and to hand over their children to the county council. There are a great many children to-day who would be happier in the workhouse than in their homes, but there exists in the human mind a prejudice against the workhouse, and social psychology must take it into account. All I ask is that members of a family should not scourge one another with whips and occasionally with scorpions, and I conceive that nothing could be more delightful than a group of people, not too far removed from one another by age, banded together for mutual recreation and support. So anything that tends to liberalize the family,

to exorcise the ghost of the old patriarch, is agreeable.

Patriarch! What a word—the father as master! He will not be master very long, and I do not think that he will want to remain master, for his attitude is changing, not as swiftly as that of his children, but still changing. He is not so sure of himself now when he doubts the advisability of pulling down the shed at the back of the garden, and his youngest daughter quotes from Nietzsche that to build a sanctuary you must first destroy a sanctuary. And, though he is rather uncomfortable, he does not say much when in the evening his wife appears dressed in a Russian ballet frock or even a little less. He is growing used to education, and he fears it less than he did. In fact, he is beginning to appreciate it.

His wife is more suspicious, for she belongs to a generation of women that was ignorant and reveled in its ignorance and called it charm, a generation when all women were fools except the spitfires and the wits. She tends to think that she was "finished" as a lady; her daughters consider that she was done for. The grandmother is a little jealous, but the mother of to-day, the formed woman of about thirty-five, has made a great leap and resembles her children much more than she does her mother. Her offspring do not say: "What is home without a mother? Peace, perfect peace." She is a little too conscientious, perhaps; she has turned her back rather rudely upon her mother's pursuits, such as tea and scandal, and has taken too virulently to lectures on evolution and proteid. She is too vivid, like a newly painted railing, but, like the railing, she will tone down. She pretends to be very socialistic or very fast; on the whole she affects rather the fast style. We must not complain. Is not brown paint in the dining-room worse than pink paint on the face?

Whatever may be said about revolting daughters, I suspect that the change in the parent has been greater than that in the child, because the child in 1830 did not differ so much from the child of to-day as might appear. Youth then was restless and insurgent, just as it is to-day; only it was more effectively kept down. If to-day it is less kept down, this is partly for reasons I will indicate, but largely because the adult has changed. The patriarch is nearly dead; he is no longer the polygamous brute who ruled his wives with rods, murdered his infant sons, and sold his infant daughters; his successor, the knight of the Middle Ages, who locked up his wife in a tower for seven years while he crusaded in the Holy Land—he, too, has gone. And the merchant in broadcloth of Victorian days, who slept vigorously in the dining-room on Sunday afternoon, has been replaced by a man who says he is sorry if told he snores. He is more liberal; he believes in reason now rather than in force, and generally would not contradict Milton's lines—

> Who overcomes by force
> Hath overcome but half his foe.

He has come to desire love rather than power, and, little by little—thanks mainly to the "yellow" press—has acquired a chastened liking for new ideas. The spread of pleasure all round him, the vaudeville, the theaters, moving-picture shows, excursions to the seaside—all these have taught him that gaiety may not clash with respectability. Especially, he is more ready to argue, for a peaceful century has taught him that a word is better than a blow. There may be a change in his psychology after this war, for he is being educated by the million in the point of view that a loaded rifle is worth half a dozen scraps of paper; it is quite possible that he will carry this view into his social life. There may, therefore, be a reaction for thirty years or so, but thirty years is a trifle in questions such as these.

Naturally, women have in this direction developed further than men, for they had more leeway to make up. Man has so long been the educated animal that he did not need so much liberalizing. I do not refer to the Middle Ages, when learning was entirely pre-empted by the male (with the exception of poetry and music), for in those days there was no education save among the priests. I mean rather that the great development of elementary learning, which took place in the middle of the nineteenth century, affected men for

about a generation before it affected women. In England, at least, university education for women is very recent, for Girton was opened only in 1873, Newnham, at Cambridge, in 1875; Miss Beale made Cheltenham College a power only a little later, and indeed it may be said that formal education developed only about 1890. Both in England and in the United States women have not had much more than a generation to make up the leeway of sixty centuries. It has benefited them as mothers because they did not start with the prejudices left in the male mind by the slow evolution from one form of learning to another; women did not have to live down Plato, Descartes, or Adam Smith; they began on Haeckel and H. G. Wells. The mothers of to-day have been flung neck and crop into Paradise; they came in for the new times, which are always better than the old times and inferior only to to-morrow. They were made to understand a possible democracy in the nursery because all round them, even in Russia, even in Turkey, democracy was growing, some say as a rose, some say as a weed, but anyhow irrepressibly. Who could be a queen by the cradle when more august thrones were tottering? So woman quite suddenly became more than a pretty foil to the educated man, she became something like his superior and his elder; little by little she has begun to teach him who once was her master and still in fond delusion believes he is.

It cannot be said that the mother has until very recently liked education. She has suffered from the prejudice that afflicted her own mother, who thought that because she had worked samplers all girls must work samplers; the "old" woman's daughter, because she went to Cheltenham, tends to think that her little girl ought to go to Cheltenham. It is human rather than feminine, for generations follow one another at Eton and at Harvard. But more than feminine, I think it is masculine because, until very recently, woman has disliked education, while man has treated it with respect; he has not loved it for its own sake, but because he thought that *nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.* Not a very high motive, but still the future will preoccupy itself very little with the reasons for which we did things; it will be glad enough if we do them. Perhaps we may yet turn the edges of swords on the blasts of rhetoric.

An immediate consequence of the growth of education has been a change in the status of the child. It is no longer property, for how can one prevent a child from pulling down the window-sash at night when it knows something of ventilation? Or give it an iron tonic when it realizes that full-blooded people cannot take iron? The child has changed; it is no longer the creature that, pointing to an animal in the field, said, "What's that?" and the reply being, "A cow," asked "Why?" The child is perilously close to asking whether the animal is carnivorous or herbivorous. That makes coercion very difficult. But I do not think that the modern parent desires to coerce as much as did his forebear. Rather he desires to develop the child's personality, and in its early years this leads to horrid results, to children being "taught to see the beautiful" or "being made to realize the duties of a citizen." We are in for a generation made up half of bulbous-headed, bespectacled precocities, and half of barbarians who are "realizing their personality" by the continual use of "shall" and "sha'n't." This will pass as all things pass, the old child and the rude child, just like the weak parent after the brute parent, and it is enough that the new generation points to another generation, for there seldom was a time that was not better than its father and the herald of a finer son.

Generally the parent will help, for his new attitude can be expressed in a phrase. He does not say, "I am master," but, "I am responsible." He has begun to realize that the child is not a regrettable accident or a little present from Providence; he is beginning to look upon the care of the child as a duty. He has extended the ideal of citizenship, born in the middle of the nineteenth century, which was "to leave the world a little better than he found it"; he has passed on to wanting his son to be a little richer than he was, and a little more learned; he is coming to want his son to be a finer and bolder man; he

will come in time to want his daughter to be a finer and bolder woman, which just now he bears pretty well. His wife is helping him a great deal because she is escaping from her home ties to the open trades and professions, to the entertainments of psychic, political, and artistic lectures which make of her head a waste-paper basket of intellect, but still create in that head a disturbance far better than the ancient and cow-like placidity. The modern mother is often too much inclined to weigh the baby four times a day, to feed it on ozoneid, or something equally funny, to expose as much of its person as possible, to make it gaze at Botticelli prints when in its bath. She will no doubt want it to mate eugenically, in which she will probably be disappointed, for love laughs at Galtons; but still, in her struggle against disease and wooden thinking, she will have helped the child by giving it something to discard better than the old respects and fears. The modern mother has begun to consider herself as a human being as well as a mother; she no longer thinks that

> A mother is a mother still,
> The holiest thing alive.

She is coming to look upon herself as a sort of esthetic school inspector. She lives round her children rather than in them; she is less animal. Above all, she is more critical. Having more opportunity of mixing with people, she ceases to see her child as marvelous because it is her child. She is losing something of her conceit and has learned to say, "*the* baby" instead of "*my* baby." It is a revolutionary atmosphere, and the developing child has something to push against when it wants to earn its parents' approval, for modern parents are fair judges of excellence; they are educated. The old-time father was nonplussed by his son, and could not help him in his *delectus*, but the modern father is not so puzzled when his son wishes to converse of railway finance. The parent, more capable of comradeship, has come to want to be a comrade. He is no longer addressed as "sir"; he is often addressed as "old chap." That is fine, but it is in dead opposition to the close, hard family idea.

Likewise, man and wife have come to look upon each other rather differently; not differently enough, but then humanity never does anything enough; when it comes near to anything drastic it grows afraid. Man still thinks that "whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing," but he is no longer finding the one he sought not so long ago. She is no longer his property, and it would not occur to the roughest among us to offer a wife for sale for five shillings in Smithfield market, as was done now and then as late as the early nineteenth century. Woman is no longer property; she has been freed; in England she has even been allowed, by the Married Women's Property Act, to hold that which was her own. The Married Women's Property Act has modified the attitude of the mother to her child and to her husband. She is less linked when she has property, for she can go. If every woman had means, or a trade of her own, we should have achieved something like free alliance; woman would be in the position of the woman in "Pygmalion," whom her man could not beat because, she not being married to him, if he beat her she might leave him—in its way a very strong argument against marriage.

But most women have no property, and yet, somehow, by the slow loosening of family links, they have gained some independence. I am not talking of America, where men have deposited their liberty and their fortunes into the prettiest, the greediest, the most ruthless hands in the world; but rather of England, where for a long time a man set up in life with a dog as a friend, a wife to exercise it, and a cat to catch the mice. Until recently the householder kept a tight hand upon domestic expenditure; he paid all the bills, inspected the weekly accounts with a fierce air and an internal hope that he understood them; rent, taxes, heat, light, furniture, repairs, servants' wages, school fees—he saw to it that every penny was accounted for and then, when pleased, gave his wife a tip to go and buy herself a ribbon with. (There are still a great many men who cannot think of anything a woman may want except a ribbon; in 1860 it was a shawl.) When a woman had property, even for some time after the Act, she

was not considered fit to administer it. She was not fit, but she should have been allowed to administer it so as to learn from experience how not to be swindled. Anyhow, the money was taken from her, and I know of three cases in a single large family where the wife meekly indorses her dividend warrant so that the husband may pay it into his banking account. That spirit survives, but every day it decays; man, finding his wife competent, tends to make her an allowance, to let her have her own banking account, and never to ask for the pass-book. He has thrown upon her the responsibility for all the household and its finance; by realizing that she was capable he has made her capable. Though she be educated, he loves her not less; perhaps he loves her more. It is no longer true to say with Lord Lyttleton that "the lover in the husband may be lost." Formerly the lover was generally lost, for after she had had six children before she was thirty the mother used to put on a cap and retire. Now she does not retire; indeed, she hides his bedroom-slippers and puts out his pumps, for life is more vivid and exterior now; this is the cinema age.

Finding her responsible, amusing, capable of looking after herself, man is developing a still stranger liberalism; he has recognized that he may not be enough to fill a woman's life, that she may care for pleasures other than his society, and indeed for that of other men. He has not abandoned his physical jealousy and will not so long as he is a man, but he is slowly beginning to view without dismay his wife's companionship with other men. She may be seen with them; she may lunch with them; she may not, as a rule, dine with them, but that is an evolution to come. This springs from the deep realization that there are between men and women relations other than the passionate. It is still true that between every man and every woman there is a flicker of love, just a shadow, perhaps; but not so long ago between men and women there was only "yes" or "no," and to-day there are also common tastes and common interests. This is fine, this is necessary, but it is not good for the old British household where husband and wife must cleave unto each other alone; where, as in the story-books, they lived happy ever after. As with the home, so with the family; neither can survive when it suffers comparison, for it derives all its strength from its exclusivism. As soon as a woman begins to realize that there is charm in the society of men other than her uncles, her brothers, and her cousins, the solid, four-square attitude of the family is menaced. Welcome the stranger, and legal hymen is abashed.

All this springs from woman's new estate—that of human being. She must be considered almost as much as a man. Where there is wealth her tastes must be consulted, and more than one man has been sentenced by a tyrannous wife to wear blue coats and blue ties all his life. She is coming to consider that the husband who dresses in his wife's bedroom should be flogged, while the one who shaves there should be electrocuted. And she defends her view with entirely one-sided logic and an extended vocabulary. Here again is a good, a necessary thing; but where is the old family where a husband could in safety, when slightly overcome, retire to bed with his boots on? He is no longer king of the castle, but a menaced viceroy in an insurgent land.

All through society this loosening of the marriage bond is operative. By being freer within matrimony men and women view more tolerantly breaches of the matrimonial code. There was a time when a male co-respondent was not received: that is over. In those days a divorcée was not received, either, even when the divorce was pronounced in her favor. Nowadays, in most social circles, the decree absolute is coming to be looked upon as an absolution. I do not refer to the United States, where (I judge only from your novels) divorce outlaws nobody, but to steady old England, who still pretends that she frowns on the rebels and finally takes them back with a sigh and wonders what she is coming to. What England is coming to is to a lesser regard for the marriage bond, to a recognition that people have the right to rebel against their yoke. There totters the family, for marriage is its base, and the more English society receives in its ranks those

who have flouted it, the more it will be shaken by the new spirit which bids human creatures live together, but also with the rest of the world. Woman was kept within the family by threats, by banishment, by ostracism, but now she easily earns forgiveness. At least English society is deciding to forget if it cannot forgive the guilt—a truly British expedient. At the root is a decaying respect for the marriage bond, a growing respect for rebellion. That tendency is everywhere, and it is becoming more and more common for husband and wife to take separate holidays; there are even some who leave behind them merely a slip: "Gone away, address unknown." They are cutting the wire entanglements behind which lie dangers and freedoms. All this again comes from mutual respect with mutual realization, from education, and especially from late marriages. Late marriages are one of the most potent causes of the break-up of the family, for now women are no longer caught and crushed young; they are no longer burdened matrons at thirty. The whole point of view has changed. I remember reading in an early-Victorian novel this phrase: "She was past the first bloom of her youth; she was twenty-three." The phrase is not without its meaning; it meant that the male was seeking not a wife, but a courtesan who, her courtesanship done, could become a perfect housekeeper. Now men prefer women of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, forsake the *bachfisch* for her mother, because the mother has personality, experience, can stimulate, amuse, and accompany. Only the older and more formed woman is no longer willing to enter the family as a jail; she will enter it only as a hotel.

Meanwhile, from child to parent erosion also operates. I do not think that the modern child honors its father and its mother unless it thinks them worthy of honor. There is a slump in respect, as outside the family there is a slump in reverence. As in the outer world a man began by being a worthy, then a member of Parliament, then a minister, finally was granted a pension and later a statue; and as now a man is first a journalist, then a member of Parliament, a minister, and in due course a scoundrel, so inside the family does a father become an equal instead of a tyrant, and a good sort instead of an old fogy. For respect, I believe, was mainly fear and greed. The respect of the child for its father was very like the respect that Riquet, the little dog, felt for Monsieur Bergeret. Anatole France has expressed it ideally:

> Oh, my master, Bergeret, God of Slaughter, I worship thee! Hail, oh God of wrath! Hail, oh bountiful God! I lie at thy feet, I lick thy hand. Thou art great and beautiful when at the laden board thou devourest abundant meats. Thou art great and beautiful when, from a thin strip of wood causing flame to spring, thou dost of night make day. . . .

That was a little the child's cosmogony. Then the child became educated, capable of argument. In contact with more reasonable parents it grew more reasonable. The parent, confronted with the question, "Why must I do what you order?" ceased to say, "Because I say so." That reply did not seem good enough to the parent, and it ceased to be good enough for the child. If the child rebelled, the only thing to do was to strike it, and striking is no longer done; the parent prefers argument because the child is capable of understanding argument. The child is more lawful, more sensitive; it is unready to obey blindly, and it is no longer required to obey blindly, because, while the parent has begun to doubt his own infallibility, the child has been doing so, too. The child is more ready and more able to criticize its parents; indeed, the whole generation is critical, has acquired the habit of introspection. The child is a little like the supersoul of Mr. Stephen Leacock, and is developing thoughts like, "Why am I? Why am I what I am? How? and why how?" Obviously, such questions, when directed at one's father and mother, are a little shattering. It is true that once upon a time the child readily obeyed; now and then it criticized, but still it obeyed, for it had been told that its duty was to execute, as was its parents' to command. But duty is in a bad way, and I, for one, think that we should be well rid of duty, for it appears to me to be merely an

excuse for acting without considering whether the deed is worthy. The man who dies for his country because he loves it is an idealist and a hero; the man who does that because he thinks it his duty is a fool. The conception of duty has suffered; from the child's point of view, it is almost extinct; it has been turned upside down, and there is a growth of opinion that the parent should have the duties and the child the privileges. It is the theory of *La Course du Flambeau*, where Hervieu shows us each generation using and bleeding the elder generation. Or perhaps it is a more subtle conception. It may be that the eugenic idea is vaguely forming in the young generation, and that, in an unperceived return to nature, they are deciding to eat their grandfathers, a primitive taste which I have never been able to understand. Youth, feeling that the world is its orange to suck, is inclined to consider that the elder generation, being responsible for its presence, should look after it and serve it. That is not at all illogical; it is borne out by Chinese law, where, if you save a man from suicide, you must feed him for the rest of his life.

Or perhaps it is a broader view, a more socialized one. Very young, the child is acquiring a vague sense of its responsibility to the race, is very early becoming a citizen. It is directed that way; it hears that liberty consists in doing what you like, providing you injure no other man. Its personality being encouraged to develop, the child acquires a higher opinion of itself, considers that it owes something to itself, that it has rights. Sacrifice is still inculcated in the child, but not so much because it is a moral duty as because it is mental discipline. The little boy is not told to give the chocolates to his little sister because she is a dear little thing, and he must not be cruel to her and make her cry; he is told that he must give her the chocolates because it is good for him to learn to give up something. That impulse is the impulse of Polycrates, who threw his ring into the sea. But, then, Polycrates had no luck. The child, more fortunate, is tending to realize itself as a person, and so, as it becomes more responsible, acquires tolerance; it makes allowances for its parents, it is kind, it realizes that its parents have not had its advantages. All that is very swollen-headed and unpleasant, but still I prefer it to the old attitude, to the time when voices were hushed and footsteps slowed when father's latch-key was heard in the lock. To the child the parent is becoming a person instead of the God of Wrath; a person with rights, but not a person to whom everything must be given up. Sacrifice is out of date, and in the child as well as in the elders there is a denial of the dream of Ellen Sturges Cooper, for few wake up and find that life is duty. *My* life, *my* personality—all that has sprung from Stirner, from Nietzsche, from the great modern reaction against socialism and uniformity; it is the assertion of the individual. It is often harsh; the daughter who used to take her father for a walk now sends the dog. But still it is necessary; old hens make good soup. I do not think that this has killed love, for love can coexist with mutual forbearance, however much Dr. Johnson may have doubted it. Dr. Johnson was the bad old man of the English family, and I do not suppose that anybody will agree that

> If the man who turnips cries
> Cry not when his father dies,
> 'Tis a proof that he had rather
> Have a turnip than his father.

A possible sentiment in an older generation, but sentiments, like generations, grow out of date; they are swept out by new ideas and new rejections—rejection of religion, rejection of morals. We tend toward an agnostic world, with a high philosophical morality; we have attained as yet neither agnosticism nor high morality, but the child is shaking off the ready-made precepts of the faiths and the Smilesian theories. It is unwillingly bound by the ordinances of a forgotten alien race; as a puling child, carried in a basket by an eagle, like the tiny builders of Ecbatana, it calls for bricks and mortar with which to build the airy castle of the future.

As a house divided against itself, the family falls. It protests, it hugs that from which it suffered; it protests in

speech, in the newspapers, that still it is united. The clan is dead and blood is not as thick as marmalade. There are countries where the link is strong, as in France, for instance. I quote from a recent and realistic novel the words of a mother speaking of her young married daughter:

"Every Tuesday we dine at my mother's, and every Thursday at my mother-in-law's. Of course, now, at least once a week we go to Madame de Castelac; later on I shall expect Pauline and her husband every Wednesday."

"That is a pity," said Sorel. "That leaves three days."

"Oh, there are other calls. Every week my mother comes to us the same evening as does my father-in-law, but that is quite informal."

Family dinners are rare in England. They flourish only at weddings and at funerals, especially at funerals, for mankind collected enjoys woe. But other occasions—birthdays, Christmas—are shunned; Christmas especially, in spite of Dickens and Mr. Chesterton, is not what it was, for its quondam victims, having fewer children, and being less bound to their aunts' apron-strings, go away to the seaside, or stay at home and hide. That is a general change, and many modern factors, such as travel, intercourse with strangers, emigration, have shown the family that there are other places than home, until some of them have begun to think that "East or West, home's worst." There is a frigidity among the relations in the home, a disinclination to call one's mother-in-law "Mother." Indeed, relations-in-law are no longer relatives; the two families do not immediately after the wedding call one another Kitty or Tom. The acquired family is merely a sub-family, and often the grouping resembles that of the Montagues and the Capulets, if Romeo and Juliet had married. Mrs. Herbert said, charmingly, in *Garden Oats*, "Our in-laws are our strained relations."

With the closeness of the family goes the regard for the name, once so strong. I feel sure that in all seriousness, round about 1850, a father may have said to his son that he was disgracing the name of Smith. Now he may almost disgrace the name of FitzArundel for all anybody cares. There was a time when it was thought criminal that a man should become a bankrupt, but few families will now mortgage their estate to prevent a distant member's appearance before the official receiver. The name of the family is now merely generic, and the bold young girl of to-morrow will say, "My father began life as a forger and was ultimately hanged, but that shouldn't bother you, should it?" Much of that deliquescence is due to the factory system, for it opened opportunities to all, which many took, raised men high in the scale of wealth; one brother might be a millionaire in Manchester, while another tended a bar in Liverpool. Sometimes the rich member of the family came back, such as the uncle who returned from America with a fortune in a state of sentimental generosity, but most of the time it has meant that the family split into those who keep their carriage and those who take the tram. Perhaps Cervantes did not exaggerate when saying that there are only two families: Have-Much and Have-Little.

What the future reserves I disincline to prophesy. It is enough to point to tendencies, and to say, "Along this road we go, we know not whither." But of one thing I feel certain: the family will not become closer, for the individualistic tendency of man leads to instinctive rebellion; his latent anarchism to isolate him from his fellows. There is a growing rebellion among women against the thrall of motherhood, which, however delightful it may be, is a thrall—the velvet-coated yoke is a yoke still. I do not suppose that the mothers of the future will unanimously deposit their babies in the municipal crèche. But I do believe that with the growth of co-operative households, and especially of that quite new class, the skilled Princess Christian or Norland nurses, there will be a delegation of responsibility from the mother to the expert. It will go down to the poor as well as to the rich. Already we have district nurses for the poor, and I do not see why, as we realize more and more the value of young life, there should not

be district kindergartens. They would remove the child still more from its home; they would throw it in contact with creatures of its own age in its very earliest years, prepare it for school, place it in an atmosphere where it must stand by itself among others who will praise or blame without special consideration, for they are strangers to it and do not bear its name.

I suspect, too, that marriage will be freer; it will not be made more easy or more difficult, but greater facilities will be given for divorce so that human beings may no longer be bound together in dislike because they once committed the crime of loving unwisely. This, too, must loosen the family link, to-day still strong because people know that it is so hard to break it. It will be a conditional link when it can easily be done away with, a link that will be maintained only on terms of good behavior on both sides. The marriage service will need a new clause; we shall have to swear to be agreeable. The relation between husband and wife must change more. Conjugal tyranny still exists in a country such as England where the wife is not co-guardian of the child, for during his wife's lifetime a husband may remove her child into another country, refuse her access save at the price of a costly and uncertain legal action. The child itself must have rights. At present, all the rights it has are to such food as its parents will give it; it needs very gross cruelty before a man can be convicted of starving or neglecting his child. And when that child is what they call grown up—that is to say, sixteen—in practice it loses all its rights, must come out and fend for itself. I suspect that that will not last indefinitely, and that the new race will have upon the old race the claim that owing to the old race it was born. A socialized life is coming where there will be less freedom for those who are unfit to be free, those who do not feel categorical impulses, the impulse to treat wife and child gently and procure their happiness. Men will not indefinitely draw their pay on a Friday and drink half of it by Sunday night. Their wages will be subject to liens corresponding to the number of their children. These liens may not be light, and may extend long beyond the nominal majority of the child. I suspect that after sixteen, or some other early age, children will, if they choose, be entitled to leave home for some municipal hostel where for a while their parents will be compelled to pay for their support. It will be asked, "Why should a parent pay for the support of a child who will not live in his house?" It seems to me that the chief reply is, "Why did you have that child?" There is another, too: "By what right should this creature for whom you are responsible be tied to a house into which it has been called unconsulted? Why should it submit to your moral and religious views? to your friends? to your wall-paper?" It is a strong case, and I believe that, as time goes on and the law is strengthened, the young will more and more tend to leave their homes. In good, liberal homes they will stay, but the others they will abandon, and I believe that no social philosopher will regret that children should leave homes where they stay only because they are fed and not because they love.

So, flying apart by a sort of centrifugal force, the family will become looser and looser, until it exists only for those who care for one another enough to maintain the association. It cannot remain as it is, with its right of insult, its claim to society; we can have no more slave daughters and slave wives, nor shall we chain together people who spy out one another's loves and crush one another's youth. The family is immortal, but the immortals have many incarnations—from Pan and Bacchus sprang Lucifer, Son of the Morning. There is a time to come—better than this because it is to come—when the family, humanized, will be human.

The Troubadour of Little Poison

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

THERE it lay in the dust —a shining something, fortuitously dropped as a prize for a lucky rider of the Two Moons road. The gleam of sunlight on metal caught Original Bill's eye; he checked Nigger Boy to a walk, and, with the free swoop of a trapeze performer swung down from the saddle to catch up the thing marked by the sun. Knocking it against his saddle-horn to rid the silver-white surfaces of dust, the boy surveyed his find in high satisfaction. It was a French harp—a wonderful, music-making thing of triple vents, and with a bell attachment upon which your little finger could sound tinkling emphasis of whatever musical flight attempted. So new and untried was the instrument that the red stain on the vents was undimmed, the German-silver sound-box mirror-like in its splendor of satin polish.

Tentatively the boy blew a few chords, and, finding the harp sweetly responsive, he cupped his fists over the sound-box to insure that mellow, resonant note artists demand of the French harp, and gave his soul to music. Old proficiency came back to him. Once he had possessed such a treasure, but that was before his mouth was wide enough to span an octave. Forgotten trills and tremolos fluttered, unbidden, from the hidden metal spines; fetching shadings of sound were wrought, unconsciously, by the waggling of his cupped hands. With one yellow boot-leg cocked over the saddle-horn and his body swaying easily to the pacing of his little horse, Original Bill, of the Hashknife outfit, fared over the illimitable face of the Big Country, a troubadour enthralled.

Of three cardinal days, this last was marked the heaviest by the acquisition of the French harp. That saucy magpie who balanced on the horn of a whitened buffalo-skull and squawked at the hunched figure on the buckskin could have told Original, had he cared to reveal divination, that a circumstance even more momentous was to set this day apart in the storehouse of memories. The ride from the Hashknife range camp forty miles in to Two Moons, that, with its promise of the town's strange excitements, had been the first brave day of the three. Two thrills overtopped the many of the day in town: when he deposited one hundred dollars—his first savings, won by five months with the longhorns—in the Cattlemen's Bank, and when he stood in the Wide West Emporium and looked down at the new, canary-colored boots gracing feet and legs. His first yaller-legged boots! They had made a wreck of a ten-dollar bill, to be sure; but weren't they of the best Ogalally last and leather, hand-sewn, and with heels that lifted you a clean three inches off the ground? So then, the day in town, with its one drink gulped in bravado and rued in secret, its three meals taken sitting down on real chairs, and its restless night spent between sheets over springs. Now, on this third day, the road back through the Big Country, and in its dust the key to unlock an enchanted garden of music. Yes, and still to befall what the magpie seer could have told.

Fate moved across the trail of Original Bill in this wise: In those days of the unfenced empire before the railroad came, midway between the town of Two Moons—metropolis for two hundred miles of out-country—and the Hashknife range on Crazy Squaw, the road forked, one prong crossing the divide of the Powder to follow up that stream to its confluence with the Crazy Squaw, the second swinging through Little Poison cañon in a short cut too rough for the bull teams and freight-wagons. On his townward journey Original had followed the Crazy Squaw wagon-ruts; re-

turning, he chose the Little Poison branch, for he had never ridden over it, and undiscovered country roused in him an eagerness to explore. He swung over billowy divides and through sagy draws, careless of passing time, the lengthening of shadows in the fantastic mazes of the coulees—everything but the wizardry of the French harp. Just beyond the abrupt turn of a bald knob he came upon a ranch—long, sod-roofed, and log-walled house and lean-to sheds behind the corral. The clutter of buildings, dun-colored and squatting low against the hillside, might have appeared to one less literal than the rider a coyote brood crouching timorously in the scrub to dodge the striding feet of wilderness winds. This was the only ranch encountered out of Two Moons. Original had not been long enough on the Crazy Squaw range to know, offhand, the name of the ranch or its owner. He stopped his harping as he rode into the dooryard. A girl came to the opened door.

The sunlight cut her little shape cleanly from the dark background; rough-hewn timbers of sill and lintel framed her as a portrait. Just red, black, and tan—those three tones against the black of the interior; red of the limp, many-pleated dress, close clinging to curves and roundnesses of mysterious girl-womanhood; black of falling hair, over shoulders and under chin; berry-black were the eyes; tan the bare feet and slim calves below the scant skirt, and rose-tan her cheeks. Original stared until the dusky red in her cheeks deepened to sunset glow; then he remembered his manners and snatched off his hat.

"I wasn't lookin' to meet up with women-folks," he stammered. "You sorta had me goin' south an' "—was that sudden, sidewise skipping only Nigger Boy's playful tribute to beauty—or did a cunning hand manœuver the horse to bring a new yellow-legged boot into view?—"an' I was just reckonin' to ask for a goord of water to cut the alkali in my throat before passin' on my way."

Original was not a free-handed liar. When the black eyes drooped to Nigger Boy's hocks, still wet from the recent fording of the Little Poison, and back to his own eyes there was a dancing spirit of mischief in them that brought a tingling to the boy's cheeks. "Leastwise," he added, in rash access of boldness, "that was my aim afore I saw you."

She giggled, and one bare foot crossed to its fellow to search it with wiggling toes. Shyness grappled with the imp of adventure in her black eyes; it conquered her tongue even though it could not fetter the more unruly members.

"My name's Bill Blunt—Original Bill, of the Hashknife outfit, is the name I mostly trails under." He was tapping one boot-leg with his quirt, as a newly engaged finds precious employments for her ring finger. "An' I'm just up from Two Moons after a little business trip. You don't make out to live at this ranch all alone, Miss—Miss—"

"No, but Dad and Sis, they've rid down to Two Moons to-day for to buy Sis's wedding outfit, which she is going to marry with one of your Hashknife punchers. His name is Mister Shinnery Luke Strayhorn." Pride in the impending family event could not be denied assertion in her voice.

Original's eyes widened in pleased surprise. "Sho! You don't tell me your sister's the one who's goin' to marry with Ole Shinnery Luke, which was my podner in the trail drive up from Texas an' range foreman to the outfit over on Crazy Squaw, now? Why, then you must be Little Black-eyes—excusin' the same, which is what I've heard Luke call you. 'Little Black-eyes,' he says, 'is my gal's sister, an' the rip-snortin'est'—" Original stopped, appalled. This passing of compliments to one just met and before her own door-step—with no Dad around to ride herd on a fresh cowpuncher's line of talk—was not fitting. His embarrassment was hers, too. She felt, vaguely, that she ought to scutter into the house and shut the door on this nimble-tongued stranger who wore man's boots but laughed a boy's laugh. Yet—here was Youth met with Youth in the wide, clean Big Country, and could Youth mean wrong?

Original sensed with Little Black-eyes the requirements of the proprieties—this appreciation was instinctive with him, for he had never known the society of girls in his crude life of range and trail. Nevertheless, he rebelled against

leaving the sunset vision of loveliness in the doorway. The boy in him suddenly shouldered aside callow adolescence.

"I can play the French harp," he announced, abruptly. "And I got one, too—a new one, with a jiggery bell."

He brought the gleaming treasure from his jacket pocket, made a shell of his hands over the rows of vents, and launched into the plaintive minor strain of "The Old Chisholm Trail." His eyes closed, his cheeks bellowsed, his meager boy's body swayed rapturously in the saddle. All his soul was lost in the task of paying tribute, through music, to a new and wonderful charm that day first revealed to him—to black eyes that laughed, and red lips parted eagerly for speech daring not to be voiced; to the twist of a black curl under a sharp chin, the wild rose flush on a neck. Nor was the subtle message in the French harp's pleading unheard of the girl. She stood in the shadowed doorway, her face all aglow in the splendor of sunset; her eyes wide, deep, dark; across her cheeks speeding, now and again, swift pulses of emotion. Not only did she drink in the music, but her eyes strayed often to the face of the minstrel. They noted the thin, high-bridged nose, competent chin a little out-thrust and pugnacious, a stray lock of hair, long and black as a raven's wing, which had slipped down beneath the up-tilted hat-brim. Unconscious, maybe, this appraisement of a strange lad's features, but who shall say not naïve and delightfully feminine?

Original passed from the trail melody into the romping measures of "The Arkansas Traveler." Then the mood of the music came back unerringly to the somber *motif* underlying all ballads of the plains, and the French harp wailed the dirge of "The Dying Cowboy." The sun slipped into the blue sack of the Big Horns, held wide between snow-peak and snow-peak to catch it, and a trailing glory of umber and orange and amethyst lighted all the stained glass of the western sky. The troubadour finished a quavering tremolo, noted the changed light on the girl's face, and so was brought to realization of flitting time. He pocketed the instrument with a quick half-smile of apology.

"When I'm performin' my music," he said, with gravity, "I gets so plumb fired up I don't keep no count of time."

"It—it's wonderful," Little Black-eyes applauded, in a voice so small it sounded like a sigh.

"Then, maybe, if you like it I can mosey over this way again some time an' play some more for you?" There was no hardihood in Original's eyes; all was wistfulness.

"Perhaps," she whispered, and with a quick backward bound she was in the house and swallowed up by shadows.

Original, a little perplexed by this abrupt dismissal, sat staring for a minute at the place where she had stood, then clucked to Nigger Boy. He rode out into the dimming glory of the spent day, along the Little Poison trail toward the purple beyond, and a strange lightness of head and tightness of heart seemed to call for a balm of music. So he sang to the winking stars and he flung tunes from the French harp to the pricking ears of coyotes, night skulkers in the waste places. Not in all his eighteen years of life had Original felt such an exaltation of spirit—rapturous, sweetly painful, a little solemn. For the first time this waif of the Big Country, grown to adolescence as a lithe antelope grows, was brought to a little knowledge of that great mystery whose key lies in a chronicle of ten words, " . . . made He a woman, and brought her unto the man."

Next day Original found opportunity to ride with Shinnery Luke on the horse round-up. The gaunt, sun-tanned Texan cow-puncher with the trail herd-up from the Rio Grande, and now foreman of the Hashknife outfit on Crazy Squaw range, had been the boy's partner on night guard through the rain and heat of nearly two thousand miles of trail, and his big heart had admitted this stray of the wilderness to its innermost niche of confidence. Even though Shinnery Luke was now elevated to the dignity of command, the bond between them knew no relaxing. Now as they rode through the sweet winds, Original began to tell the other of yesterday's meeting with the little girl of the black eyes. Before he had more than mentioned the ranch on Little Poison, Shinnery Luke smote his thigh resoundingly.

"Set my head out for a rain-bar'l, Original, if I 'ain't plumb forgot to ready you up for your job at the weddin'. Lordee! An' it less'n a month away, too."

The boy looked up quickly to the man's face, expecting to read there the signs of one of Luke's ever-ready witticisms; instead, deep seriousness was graven about the eyes and on thin cheeks. Luke twisted the end of a cigarette and explained:

"I've cut you out of the herd to be my best man, Original, an' I sure oughta have warned you proper before this, so's you'd know what was comin' to you."

"Best man?" The boy echoed the strange word after the bifurcated pattern set by his companion, his voice deep in awe of the unknown adventure. "Best man, Luke? What in time is it?"

"Well, sir"—Luke's eyes roved dazedly, and he seemed to be roping his words like fractious steers—"well sir, I don't prezactly *sabe* myself, Original, excusin' what I've been told by Lily, which is Little Black-eyes' sister an' which is goin' to be Mrs. Luke Strayhorn. It's her doin's, not mine. She says I got to have a best man 'longside of a hair-cut an' b'ar's oil on my head, an' store shirt, an' such extrys counted fittin' for the occasion. So, there you are! You're best man." Luke fondly hoped he had been sufficiently obscure to defy probing, but the sly look he shot at the quizzical face near his shoulder carried warning of the inevitable.

"But this best-man cuss—what's he got to do for to make a showin'?"

"Didn't I tell you that? Sho! Original, all this weddin' fixin's got me loco. You asks me what the best man does? Well, sir, as I get it from Lily—she's got all these practices concernin' the givin' and takin' in wedlock roped an' tied—the best man's sort of hoss-wrangler for the groom, which is what Lily says I am—a groom. Soon as he sees the preacher comin' down the trail with his brandirons the best man just rounds up this here groom an' rides him into the corral on a short halter. Then he ranges right 'longside the pen until the iron's smokin', ready to nib up the groom an' belt him across the eyes with a rope's short end if he starts for to kick over or r'ar up. Which it 'll be an easy job for you, Original, me bein' the halter-brokenest groom in the territory of Wyoming. An' besides"—Luke's elbow shot out to the boy's ribs in playful innuendo—"Little Black-eyes, she'll be buildin' right up 'longside you all the time, she bein' the bride's gal, as the sayin' is."

Original pondered these specifications of a best-man's contract for several minutes. Then, with a quick look, half furtive, up to his companion. "Answer me true, Luke; when me an' her—little Black-eyes—are standin' 'round there so close to the preacher, mightn't there be a back-fire? Any chance of us gettin' hit by mistake?"

Shinnery Luke's laugh came crackling like summer thunder. He flung an arm affectionately over Original's shoulder. "Son," he boomed, "if there's any loose matrimonial gun-work done there, I don't look for to see you takin' cover nowhere."

The blood that flooded the boy's cheeks made headlights of each freckle. But a wonderfully comfortable glow was in his heart; he and Shinnery Luke understood each other—with a man's understanding.

Original saw Little Black-eyes but once before the wedding, with its crucial test of a best man's nerve. That was a week before the event, when he was riding back from Two Moons with a most portentous bundle—store clothes—tied to his cantel. The choice of the Little Poison trail for the return the rider noisily blamed upon Nigger Boy; indeed, the issue at the forks had been decided by an uncompromising pressure of the knee, made with elaborate show of absent-mindedness.

At the ranch Original had recourse to a hastily contrived stratagem to cover his excuse for stopping. Shinnery Luke, knowing he would be passing on his return from a business trip to Two Moons, had given strict orders that he stop and inquire "if everything was all right." Gravely, and as if the ranch harbored a plague case upon which the life interest of Shinnery Luke hung, Original repeated his rote to Miss Lily, the buxom bride-in-waiting, and to the tall, slow-spoken man with a prophet's beard, Little Black-eyes' father. As elected

best man he was cordially welcomed. Miss Lily pressed him to stay to supper —made an ordeal by the boy's shyness. Every time he looked up from his plate he thought he saw the imp of mischief dancing in black eyes, as on that day of meeting in the door-yard; then his knife and fork suddenly would become big and clumsy as tepee-poles and he could feel his ears burning.

It was not until he went out to the lean-to to saddle his buckskin that Original had a chance for a word alone with the adored one. She stepped out of a square of light which was the kitchen door, bound for the well—admirable coincidence—and they met by the sweep. Her little gasp of surprise would honor Columbine.

"Say"—Original blurted out unthinkingly that which bore heaviest on his mind—"Shinnery Luke says you an' me got to range right up 'longside an' close to 'em that day of—you know."

"Yes, I'm to be bridesmaid and you're best man," she answered, in a strange little thrill of anticipation.

"Well—well, being right up close that-a-way an' with the preacher just ding-dongin' away—" Original was floundering, but her near presence, the very feel of her little figure so close, yet untouchable, drove him on: "Say, you're willin' to take the risk?"

"Risk? Yes, with a best man like you!" She flung this over her shoulder with a rippling laugh that plashed with falling water from the well bucket, and she was back through the open door before the boy could catch his breath. Original mounted, said his farewells, and rode through the dark of Little Poison, pondering in his heart the age-old enigma that is speech of woman.

The Strayhorn-Baggs nuptials at high noon of a crystal-bright day were an event of consequence. Not too long to be wearisome to the wedding guests were the trails over the Big Country converging at the Little Poison ranch. They came by horse and by wagon from fifty miles roundabout, stiffly conscious in strange raiment. Parson Holingshed drove out from Two Moons in a rented buggy—a fetching red spider of a buggy, slim and dapper-bodied—it was the only buggy in all the Big Country north of Cheyenne. Its glory of glistening spokes and slender shafts drew about it an admiring group of plainsmen, even threatened for a time to shift the center of interest to the wagon-shed where it stood.

Original, riding in from the Crazy Squaw camp with the sober and stiffly starched groom, almost forgot the burden of the day's responsibilities in admiration of this gem of the wagoner's art. He had never seen a buggy. But the fetter of strange linen about his neck and the flapping of trousers legs—worn outside his yellow-legged boots only after long argument with Shinnery Luke—recalled him to his duties, and doggedly he followed one step behind the groom in all the latter's aimless wanderings from group to group of guests.

Shinnery Luke was conscious of this guard-mounting — painfully conscious; but the foreman of the Hashknife outfit found in it something for prideful reflection. He and Original both were living the rules for weddings. "Original," he had commanded, during the ride through the clear morning, "remember your job is to ride herd on the groom until the parson gets the brand on him, fair and clean. The groom's supposed to get sorta rollicky an' show the whites of his eyes an' shy at a sage-bush 'long about the last hour of his freedom. When he does, you just h'ists your spurs an' creases him for fair."

However expectantly Shinnery Luke himself may have awaited any of these detached and untoward manifestations of panic, none came. All at once Original found himself pushed through a crowded room and steadied in position just back of the two brass buttons above the groom's coat-tails. More unexpectedly still, a little body, all in white, was standing by him, and he felt a sly hand slipping under his left arm. He dared not turn his head to look when he caught a very faint whisper, "Hullo, Mister Best Man!" By way of answer he squeezed the clinging hand by pressure of his arm. Parson Holingshed was in full voice now—Original could just glimpse a patch of his wagging whisker between the shoulders of bride and groom—and what he said had a Biblical sound. It did not strike the best man

as pertinent to the occasion, however, until this question suddenly was plumped at Luke: "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Luke gulped, and uttered a falsetto "Yes."

That instant a thought burned through the best man's brain: When Parson Holingshed was through asking Luke and Miss Lily questions, supposing he fired one over Luke's shoulder at the best man and the bride's gal! Supposing he'd say—and why shouldn't he, since he was questioning all 'round?—supposing he'd say, "Mr. Best Man, would you like to take this woman hanging on your arm to be your wedded wife, now that I'm on the ranch and right handy?" Original's spontaneous "Yes" was at his lips and spoken aloud before he could check it. His ears caught a gasp from Little Black-eyes before they filled with a great roaring; mortification was sharp as a wasp's sting. To save himself from stampede he kept his eyes glued to the shining black locks of the groom. When he saw Luke turn, take Miss Lily in his arms, and warily peck her on the forehead with his lips, Original, believing the eyes of jealous custom to be on him, did likewise by Little Black-eyes.

"Crazy!" she sputtered, and angrily pushed him from her, while a wave of titters, breaking into laughter, sped about the room.

Suddenly there was Ole Mis' Sturdee, the clatter-tongued gossip of Big Charley Butte, mincing and grinning in front of Original and saying something like "Congratulations!" Others crowded in with mock eagerness to shake his hand and that of Little Black-eyes. For a brief moment Original thought he'd been married—that something had backfired. Then when he saw tears of anger spring to the eyes of the bride's gal, saw her turn and fly to the kitchen, her cheeks crimson, knew the bitterness of the joke, also the genesis of it—his clumsiness. Miserable to the heels of his yellow-legged boots, he pushed through the crowd to the door and so to outdoor freedom and the isolation of the wagon-shed, where the fascinating buggy was. There he sat on an empty nail-keg and yielded his soul to bitterness.

An eternity passed over his head while he pleasured himself with martyr contemplations. From open windows of the house came sound of feasting, noise of dishes, bursts of laughter. But Original felt himself divorced forever from all joys of earth. He was a coyote. He was a slit-eared mule. Never again would there be a special look in black eyes for him; for him no more laughter sounding like little bells. Somewhere up in the Big Horns he would find a cave, preferably occupied by a family of bears, who would all have to be despatched with a knife at close quarters; there he would live and eventually become a wild man.

Once he saw Shinnery Luke—good Ole Shinnery Luke—come out into the door-yard and look anxiously about. The boy flattened himself against the side of the shed, and Luke returned to the feasting. Finally a humble spirit of atonement came to comfort him, especially at sight of a black head passing and repassing the kitchen windows. Original dodged from his retreat across to an ingle formed by the mud-and-fagot chimney against the wall of the kitchen lean-to, and there, beneath an open window, he hunkered down on his boot-heels, cowman style. Out from an inner pocket of his new jacket came a silk handkerchief, wadded tightly; the unwrapped folds disclosed a precious French harp. Original put the instrument to his lips and blew with a zephyr's touch the mournful numbers of "The Dying Cowboy":

It matters not, so I've been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows
co-o-old—

Oh, the heart-throb in that ultimate tremolo! Lute of Provence never cried more piteously. Nor did ever a troubadour's love yield her favor more sweetly than did the little body with the black eyes. She came on light foot, and stood before Original where he squatted in the chimney ingle, eyes tight shut under the spell of his pleading. When he had finished his melody and awoke to realities, the chief of them he saw was one cloaked from chin to toe in a checkered apron, above that a little, flushed face framed in tumbled curls, eyes misty as marsh pools at morning.

"Original," she breathed. He stum-

bled to his feet, his eyes all alight. "Original, I—I'm sorry I was mad. There!" One flaming cheek was turned to him and held invitingly. The boy leaned forward a little blindly, and kissed it. She turned for flight, but his hand closed tightly on her arm.

"Little Black-eyes—Little Black-eyes you heard me when I says 'Yes' right out loud in the middle of that marryin' business. You didn't reckon I was a plumb idjit for sayin' that! You knew what it was in my mind I ripped out that 'Yes' to."

Her free arm was covering her eyes now to hide tears; above it showed a little crescent of cheek—oh, so rose-red and desirable! At the boy's questions her head nodded slowly. A black curl slipped down to caress his hand.

"An'—say, Little Black-eyes, if that there preacher had th'owed that same question at you which I thought he was firin' at me, what would you have said?" Original drew her close to him with a pressure hesitant, reverential, and as he waited for her answer he looked down at the bent nest of curls so near his lips. He was boy no longer, but man, gently masterful.

"What would you have said, Little Black-eyes?"

"Yes," she whispered, and one of her small hands stole up to find and clasp his. His lips sought her hot forehead unbidden. His voice broke under infinite tenderness.

"Right soon now, Little Black-eyes—just so soon as I can make to put another hundred dollars in the bank, you'll stand up an' say that word to the preacher."

To One In Hospital Pent

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LITTLE sister, everywhere
There is sorrow: here—where men
Greet the day-beam often when
They the lagging moments measure
By the suffering they bear—
Just as there!

Earth-born children all are due
At one goal, and none is free:
Nay; not I, who seem to be
Privileged at large to wander
Where no walls obstruct the blue,
More than you!

But where tears have wet the sod,
Beautiful may flowers spring,
And in cages birds may sing;
For there's love, too, little sister,
Everywhere that grief hath trod;
And there's God!

A Benvenuto of the Backwoods

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

THIS is the story of a picturesque American—Chester Harding, an American artist who achieved astonishing success. And I call him a Benvenuto of the Backwoods because he came literally from the backwoods, yet singularly resembled Benvenuto Cellini in characteristics and career.

Each won success and fame; each was frankly and joyously boastful, with a boastfulness based on genuine and ingenuous self-esteem. Each had admirable skill; each was a man of verve, of insouciance, full of the very gladness of being alive. Each was adventurous, brave, ardent, enterprising. One painted portraits, whereas the other made statues and was a goldsmith. Harding is almost forgotten, whereas Benvenuto Cellini is remembered.

In impetuosity of decision, in the whimsicality which makes for the unexpected word or act, in the traveling from country to country, the American and the Florentine were alike. In the making of friends with the great and the titled, in the setting down of thoughts and triumphs with frank, bold, naïve egotism—in such things also the two men were alike.

Yet—and herein lies a vast wonder—the genius of Benvenuto the Florentine was developed in an age of beauty and in a country full of things most beautiful, whereas the skill of Harding was developed in an age when beauty was almost forgotten and in an environment most crude.

Chester Harding was born in tiny Conway, in the Eastern Berkshires, on September 1, 1792. His father was an impractical sort of man, an inventor who spent most of his time in seeking to solve perpetual motion, and who filled his garret with machines that brought no bread and butter to his starving children, as Chester himself expresses it.

Chester's chief occupation as a boy was work, of the hard and varied kind that comes to the boys of a poor household in a poor little town; and his dearest diversion was fishing. When in full manhood, he loved to remember his boyish delight in catching little fish with a pin; and with what passionate happiness, when a penny or so gave him a real hook, he would go out and catch trout.

When he was fourteen years old his parents moved from the meager hill country of his birth into the then unbroken wilderness of Madison County, in New York. A house was built with logs chopped by the father and the boys—Chester having two brothers older than himself. A clearing was rudely made by chopping and burning, and some corn and potatoes were planted among the blackened stumps.

In that pioneer home it was hard to get food to eat, and it was hard to keep warm. Chills and fever seized the whole family, but somehow they managed to exist and to get a foothold in that wild country, and a few years uneventfully passed.

Chester Harding early developed great strength. In fact, as he writes: "I grew strong, and was distinguished for my skill in using the ax. I could lift a larger log than any one else, and, in short, at eighteen was considered a prodigy of strength"—all of which is delightfully remindful of the Florentine's account of his own wonderful physical skill as a youth. For each of these men—Benvenuto of Florence and the Benvenuto of the Backwoods—wrote an autobiography, and each did it with the frankest of egotism, and that of the Florentine became one of the dearly loved classics of the world. But although the Florentine never saw anything humorous in his boastfulness, the Amer-

ican, though boasting just as easily and as naturally and as entertainingly, did now and then realize that there was something funny in being so frank about it, and when he came to put a title on his book he called it his *Egotistography*.

Benvenuto admits that if he had wished he might have become the best musician in the universe. The drum was Harding's simple instrument; but his proficiency was great, for when the War of 1812 broke out he had become a distinguished drummer—we have his own word for it—and as a drummer he entered the ranks. But in contrast with such delightful experiences as being present whenever the most brilliant military events were taking place and personally killing the opposing leaders, as the Florentine killed the Duke of Bourbon and the Prince of Orange, the American never saw the pomp and circumstance of war.

The force to which he was attached marched to Sackett's Harbor, and the snow was very deep, and the weather fiercely cold. Plundering was so common that the line of march could be followed by the feathers. A series of inglorious night alarms took the men from their tents out into the cold and darkness. Terrible sickness thinned the ranks. "Away goes the merryman home to his grave" was drummed and fifed unceasingly, at burial after burial, to the deadly depression of the survivors. And Chester Harding himself was taken ill and barely managed to survive, and then was so weak that he was ordered home. But to get home was not a sick man's task, for the intensity of cold continued, and Harding was thinly clad and had neither overcoat nor gloves, and he barely escaped, in turn, drowning and freezing and starving on his dreadful home journey.

Arriving home, he and one of his brothers secured a little contract for making drums for the government, and thus he won the distinction of being both a drum-beater and a drum-maker for his country.

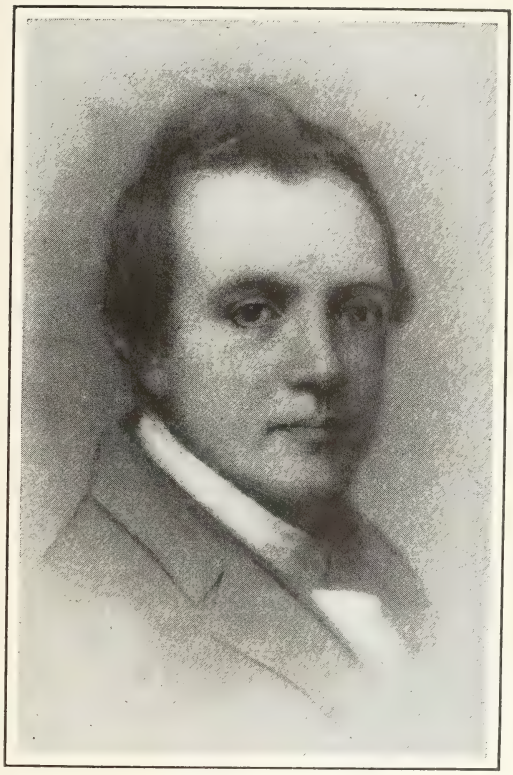
Then followed a period during which he drove about the country selling essences of peppermint and tansy and wintergreen, and he also itinerantly peddled a patent—not one of his father's! —and when he finished his wandering salesmanship he had not only made a little money above expenses, but had several watches that he had secured in trade, and was also the possessor—what thoughts this arouses in the mind of the antique collector!—of more than half a hundred wooden clocks. One helplessly wonders what was his idea in buying those clocks. His narrative throws no light on what impelled him to their possession, and tells nothing of what he did with them. Those fifty clocks—what charming old clocks they would now be deemed!—drift into the light of fame for part of a single sentence and then melt out of sight, while the narrative goes cheerfully on to tell of how, with one of his brothers, Harding went to Caledonia, a New York village, and began to make chairs.

In such varied experiences Harding learned a great deal of the early American world, and in his nature was the same belligerence that used to take the Florentine into personal conflicts. "I firmly believe that if I had gone back," writes Harding, "I should have killed one at least of the men with my loaded whip"—a line as if from Benvenuto!

But I shall not call attention to many of the similarities. That the two men, separated so widely by time and environment, should be so strangely and temperamentally alike is curious, and similarities will constantly present themselves to those who know and love the boastful Florentine; but Chester Harding was in himself a man of fascinating interest, and his rise and success were almost incredible.

But though I shall not point out many of the resemblances between the Florentine and the New-Englander, I ought to mention that there were certain differences, such as came from different environment and from the fact that one lived in the days of the Medici and the other was born in a Puritan region and lived far into the time of Victoria. Whereas Benvenuto readily makes the reader acquainted with his dissolute life, Harding has nothing to say of dissoluteness, but tells how his parents would sometimes read the Bible to the children—"the only book we had in the house." And he writes of falling in love

at first sight with pretty Caroline Woodruff and marrying her. "I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting," he writes with charming enthusiasm, going backward through the long years to that romantic time—"I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting; it was a dark-crimson woolen dress, with a neat little frill about the neck." Doesn't he make us all love pretty Caroline, with her dark-crimson woolen dress, with its neat little neck-frill? The earlier writer loves to tell of his mistresses rather than his wife, of his illegitimate children rather than his legitimate. But Harding loved only his Caroline from the day of his marriage, in 1815, to the time, thirty years later, when she died after an illness of only three days.



CHESTER HARDING
From a portrait painted by himself

The early married life of Harding was marred by financial trouble and actual debt; and even a resort to tavern-keeping by this man of many occupations was of no avail. And into the heart of Harding came the deadly fear of prison, the fear of a living death in a debtor's jail—for his liabilities had mounted to almost five hundred dollars. He has left on record a few words in which, with vivid simplicity, he pictures the horror of it, and to escape a debtor's fate he fled, making his way somehow to Pittsburg. There he found work as a house-painter, and as soon as a few dollars were saved he started back on foot to get his wife and child. Briefly he mentions the wild mountains and the forests, the bear and the deer and the wolves; and in a few simple words pictures the moonlight night on which he stealthily crept to his home; and of how, with his wife and child, he started back for the West. The little party struggled to the head-waters of the Allegheny, "with many hardships," as he briefly says, and then floated on a raft to Pittsburg. There he rented a tiny home of two rooms—and his little money soon disappeared as he sought in vain for work.

One day, when the family were on the very verge of starvation and there was literally not a single cent, the desperation of the plight nerved him to ask for a beefsteak on credit, and to his amazement the credit was given! Half starved, and nearly frantic with joy, he supplemented this with half a loaf of bread that he borrowed from a barber, and the family feasted royally. And that barber was a royal friend, for he found for Harding a customer who wanted a sign painted!

Here at once was potential prosperity, for the sign was to be a gorgeous thing, gold-lettered on both sides, for it was to project into the street. But how was Harding to get the necessary board and gold and paint? Half a dozen times he went to the barber to ask for further help, and each time went away without asking. Then he mustered all his strength and went in again and asked outright for a loan of twenty dollars. And he got it! "Why, certainly!" said

the barber. Whereupon, with the money in his hands, Harding ran home and told the marvelous news to his wife, and he hurried to the butcher and paid for the beefsteak, and he bought some vegetables and tea and sugar—what a pitiful picture his brief narrative presents!—and then he bought gold-leaf and paint and a board, and joyously made the sign. And for a year he had prosperity as a sign-painter.

Then came the great event of his life—his becoming acquainted with a man who came to Pittsburg and put out the sign of: "Sign, ornamental, and portrait painting, executed on the shortest notice, with neatness and despatch."

That portraits of people could actually be painted—that was the discovery that Harding made. And from that moment all the strength of his nature was turned on the method and the mystery of it. The painter himself would not give him the slightest help or information; he would only let him look at the finished marvels. But Harding determined to make similar marvels.

"I thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night, until I was stimulated to make an attempt at painting myself. I got a board, and with such colors as I had for use in my trade I began a portrait of my wife. I made a thing that looked like her. The moment I saw the likeness I became frantic with delight; it was like the discovery of a new sense; I could think of nothing else."

He had the dogged genius that would not be balked, and from now on was an artist. He worked and practised till he thought that he could really do something, and then for five dollars made a portrait for a man who wanted one to send to his mother in England. He next painted a man and his wife, and received twelve dollars for each. And he sets down such triumphs with the pride of his prototype in setting down the receipt of thousands of gold crowns from kings and popes.

The sign-and-portrait-painter was envious, and cruelly gibed at him; but balm came from a seller of drugs and paints, who added to cordial words of appreciation such a proof of sincerity as to let Harding buy on credit such painting material as he needed.

But art was not enough to keep the wolf from the door, and Harding was not too proud to do other things. He sometimes played the clarionet for a tight-rope dancer, and on market-days would play to attract people to a little museum. "For each of these performances I would get a dollar," he writes simply.

At Pittsburg, Harding saw his first play. He had with him just one dollar, a borrowed dollar, with which he was to buy food for the next day—but the artistic longing sent him in. "It was a temporary building, loosely boarded; and I looked through the cracks of the covering and I saw such a sight as I had never dreamed of. I went instantly to the door, got a ticket, and crowded my way in. It was Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' I was overwhelmed by the brilliant lights and heavenly music, and stood in perfect amazement at the lords and ladies." How little he suspected that within a few years he was to meet the greatest of lords and ladies and be an honored guest in the noblest of English homes!

Further to understand the infinite difficulties that he faced and surmounted, it need only be remarked that up to this time he had never read any book but the Bible, and could only read that with difficulty.

And now comes what was the most picturesque single fact in Harding's picturesque career, and it was that he went to Paris. But it was not the famous Paris, the great Paris, the Paris known to the world and to painters.

For Harding discovered that there was another Paris! Down in Kentucky, on a branch of the Licking, is an old Paris that is the county-seat of Bourbon County; and it was toward this backwoods Paris that Chester Harding directed his artistic way. And how artistically he went! He joined with a neighbor in the purchase of a flat-bottomed scow, and the two men put upon it their few belongings, and their wives and children, and, fitting a sort of awning, started down the Ohio. Nothing could be more idyllic. "Sometimes we rowed our craft, but oftener we let her float as she pleased while we gave ourselves up to music. My friend, as well as I,

played on the clarionet, and we had much enjoyment on the voyage." Each night they fastened their craft to the river's bank, and all usually slept on shore, and often in the wigwam of some Indian, with their feet toward the fire that smoldered in the center. Never was there a more romantic going forth to seek artistic fortune.

In Paris he began his career as a professional artist, so he writes. And luck was on his side. "I painted the portrait of a very popular young man, and made a decided hit." Thereupon came almost overwhelming prosperity. "In six months from that time I had painted nearly one hundred portraits, at twenty-five dollars a head!"

Yet with this wonderful prosperity he preserved good sense and humor. "The first twenty-five I took rather disturbed the equanimity of my conscience. It did not seem to me that the portrait was intrinsically worth that money." And then comes the delightfully naïve addendum, "Now I know it was not."

This Kentucky Paris is still a pleasant, old-fashioned place, giving no indication, however, of having had a really distant past, and holding only the most shadowy memories of Chester Harding; but it pleased me to find, in one of the older homes, two of his portraits, and to learn definitely of three more that had gone from Paris to Cincinnati.

With the coming of prosperity, he generously helped his parents and his brothers, though this is something he does not himself set down; but he does tell of paying in full the debts that had made him flee like a criminal from his old home.

He spent money, too, on a trip to Philadelphia, to study the work of artists of standing, and he went to the Academy exhibition—the same Academy which still gives its distinguished exhibitions, as it has annually for a century or so, and which, throughout all this time, has been such a noble inspiration to American artists.



HANNAH ADAMS

Portrait by Chester Harding

(Copyright, 1903, by the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum.)

Hard times in Kentucky stopped the demand for portraits, whereupon to move was necessary. But to move never troubled Harding; in fact, his father's fancy for perpetual motion seems to have had an unexpected development in the temperament of the son. Like Benvenuto, Harding was a roamer throughout his life.

He turned his face still farther to the westward, aiming for Cincinnati and thence to St. Louis, which places were far indeed to the westward a century ago; and for traveling-money he pawned a dozen silver spoons and a gold watch and chain that he had bought for his wife in the time of Parisian prosperity.

At St. Louis he met Governor Clarke; and it was one man of romance meeting another man of romance, for this was the Clarke who, with Lewis, had taken that immortal journey that secured for the United States the great Northwest. Clarke recognized a fellow-adventurer, and, to help him, at once offered himself as a sitter. Whereupon Harding's egotism comes irresistibly bubbling: "I was decidedly happy in my likeness of him." As Clarke was the social leader of the territory as well as its governor, his encouragement gave Harding vogue, and for fifteen months he was kept constantly at work.

Harding portraits of Governor Clarke and his wife are in the possession of descendants of Clarke, in New York City. They are small portraits, the face of Clarke being strong and full of character, and his wife a beautiful, dark-eyed lady, in a low-cut crimson gown, and wearing jewels which are still treasured as family heirlooms.

Out there in the Missouri country, Harding, romanticist as he was, decided upon painting Daniel Boone in the place to which the great pioneer had retreated before the advance of civilization. He traveled one hundred miles to find him, and "found that the nearer he got to his dwelling the less was known of him."

"I found the object of my search engaged in cooking his dinner. He had a long strip of venison wound around his ramrod, and was busy turning it before a brisk blaze. I told him the object of my visit, and found that he hardly knew what I meant. I explained, and he agreed to sit. He was ninety years old and rather infirm."

While in the Far West, Harding painted not only Daniel Boone, but some Indian chiefs; but from wigwams he was soon to go to palaces. For the backwoods painter, familiar with forests and blazed trees, with pioneers and rude settlements, with wild animals and Indians, and unfamiliar with books and civilization and art, now felt insistently the call of Europe. He had saved over a thousand dollars, and decided to start; and he tells how, returning to New England on his way, his grandfather gravely talked to him, saying: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling to charge forty dollars for one of these effigies. Now I want you to give up this course of living, and settle down on a farm, and become a respectable man."

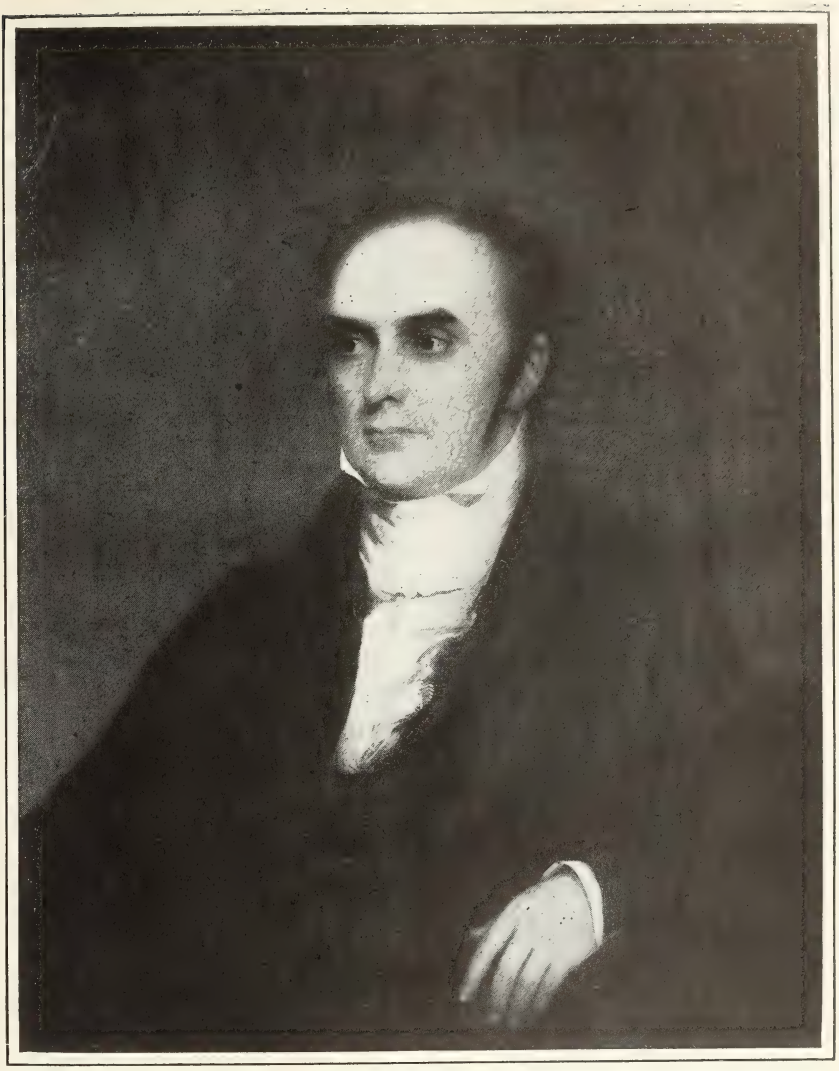
The night before he was to leave, his mother sat down with him for a quiet talk, and showed him that if anything were to happen to him abroad his wife and children were not sufficiently provided for, and she advised him to buy a farm.

With his usual likable suddenness, he instantly decided to postpone the European visit, and, starting the next morning to get a farm, made his bargain before night for one hundred and fifty acres. He ordered the building of a house, and then went to Washington for six months, making enough money in that time to pay for the new house. And it is curious that he writes very briefly of this period; he neither explains what led him to go to Washington nor gives details of his experiences there.

On returning again to New England he painted for a while in Northampton, encouraged by a United States Senator who knew of his work in Washington. And he adds a delicious touch:

"While I was there, the annual cattle show came off. I allowed my pictures to be exhibited among the mechanical arts. They elicited great admiration and formed one of the chief attractions. I went into the room one day when there was a great crowd, and was soon pointed out as the artist. Conversation ceased, and all eyes were turned upon me." Irresistibly there comes the description of how the statue of Perseus was first seen by the admiring Florentines, and of how the people showed the sculptor to one another as a sort of prodigy. Odd, this, to find the Loggia dei Lanzi and the cattle show at Northampton thus in a sort of juxtaposition.

While in Northampton Harding re-



DANIEL WEBSTER
Portrait by Chester Harding
Owned by Mrs. Abbot Lawrence

ceived an invitation to an evening party, and at once sat down on the side of his bed in a panic of fear. He had "never been to a fashionable lady's party. My heart grew faint at the thought of my ignorance and awkwardness." But with a great effort he made himself go, and "passed through the trial better than I had anticipated."

Soon he went to Boston, and his success was swift and astonishing. "For six months I rode triumphantly on the top wave of fortune. I took a large room, arranged my pictures, and fixed upon one o'clock as my hour for exhibition. As soon as the clock struck, my bell would begin to ring; and people would flock in, sometimes to the number of fifty. Now, too, orders were constantly given me." And, in short, "I do not think any artist in this country ever enjoyed more popularity than I did. Mr. Stuart, the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced, was at that time in his manhood's strength as a painter; yet he was idle half the winter. He would ask his friends, 'How rages the Chester Harding fever?'"

By means of all this success Harding fully paid for his farm, and found that he had some sixteen hundred dollars left, whereupon he arranged once more for the delayed trip to Europe. But on the very eve of starting a friend pointed out to him that he ought not to leave his family on a wild farm, for his wife would be retrograding in loneliness while he himself would be advancing. Whereupon he for the second time put off the journey to Europe, and "started at once for my wild home, and brought my family, now numbering four children, to Northampton."

But in August, 1823, he actually sailed, having at that time barely passed his thirtieth birthday. In the course of the voyage there was a great storm, and "while others slumbered in fearless security, I was busily occupied on deck in seeing that all was rightly managed." One wonders what he tried to do.

Arrived in London, he promptly sets about seeing pictures, and, although frankly ready to admire, he always retains honesty and a breezy backwoodsism. He admires the Vandykes and Rembrandts; he admires the portraits of Reynolds; he admires the women of Lawrence, but not his men; he admires Titian; he sees a Rubens which is "vastly overrated"; and of some of the other pictures he remarks, casually, "I daily behold worse paintings than I ever painted, even in Pittsburg."

With delightful inconsequence, and without explanation of how a matter of such vast importance to him came about, we suddenly find him telling of painting a duke; and not just an ordinary duke, but one at the very head of the peerage, a royal duke!

"*January 14, 1824.*—Began the portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This is the first time I ever had the honor of seeing one of the royal family."

And it was but a few weeks since he was in the backwoods. None other but Benvenuto could have taken it with such calm or written of it with such brevity: "Began a portrait of His Royal Highness."

And he was far from being altogether dazzled. Coming from the backwoods, he measures a man as a man. "The Duke is a prodigiously fat man, above six feet high, of very uncommon features, but not intellectual."

In a few days: "Finished the portrait of the Duke. All who have seen it think it the best that ever was taken of His Royal Highness." One can only gasp at his success and the way of referring to it; and one can think only of the description, some three hundred years earlier, of the king who cried out, "This is one of the finest productions of art that ever was beheld!"

Everywhere Harding makes friends. He sets off for a visit to a great place in Norfolk, the home of a Mr. Coke, a man of seventy-two, an ardent admirer of America, and "the first to propose our independence in the House of Commons."

That Mr. Coke owned seventy thousand acres of land, that there were about seventy domestics in the house, that the bed-curtains of one of the beds cost eight guineas a yard, that the steward was directed to give two guineas to some strolling jugglers, that there were dishes of silver and knives of gold, that the guests numbered more than a score—such are some of the observations set down by the sharp-eyed and sharp-eared American. And, of course, comes the entry: "Finished the portrait of Mr. Coke. The family are highly pleased with it."

Harding's experiences increased in variety. And there comes the utterly astonishing entry, "Went to the House of Lords, and, through the kindness of the Duke of Sussex, was fortunate enough to get a front seat on the foot of the throne."

Environment and success are aiding him. "I feel myself improving in every picture I paint." And then comes the following memorandum, set down with a casualness that is more astounding than the fact itself, "Had a call from Mr. Coke, the Duke of Norfolk, and General Fitzroy." And the best of it is that it is not the call of Norfolk and the general that most pleased him, but the kindness of the untitled Mr. Coke, for he says, "This attention on the part of Mr. Coke is most gratifying."

And in a very few weeks, for wonders do not cease, he is on his way to the



MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER
Portrait by Chester Harding
Owned by Mrs. C. H. Joy

palace of the Duke of Hamilton to paint his portrait.

"The palace is two hundred and sixty-five feet long by two hundred feet broad," writes this mathematical-minded artist. "The picture-gallery is one hundred and thirty-five feet long." And then comes the expected phrase, "I think I shall succeed very well."

And he is himself struck by the marvel of it all. "What a freak of fortune is this which has raised me from the hut in my native wilds to the table of a duke of the realm of Great Britain! By another freak I may be sent back to the hovel again."

After doing the Duke of Hamilton for the Duke of Sussex, he is commissioned to paint the Duke of Sussex for the Duke of Hamilton. It is seesawing in wonderland.

This backwoods Benvenuto charmed not only dukes, but duchesses; and he wrote of the duchesses as naturally as if he had mingled in such society all his life. "The duchess was very agreeable"; "The duchess is pretty, witty, and sociable"; "The duchess wished me every

success." Long after this time the famous Duchess of Gordon, speaking with an American visitor of Chester Harding, referred to him as the "prairie nobleman."

His paintings were shown in the exhibition at Somerset House, and he frankly says he looked at them "with the same kind of pride a mother feels in looking at her beautiful daughter on her presentation at court."

And he holds strongly to Americanism. He is filled with admiration of the noble view from Stirling Castle, yet thinks more highly of the Connecticut Valley as seen from Mount Holyoke. He is awed by the organ-playing in Canterbury Cathedral, for it is like the wind moaning through a pine forest at home. He measures the Duke of Hamilton's palace in terms of America, for it is four times the size of the Boston State House.

In a little while we find him setting out for one of the country seats of the Duke of Norfolk. Another duke to paint! He spends two weeks there, and then comes the inevitable: "Finished the head of the Duke. It is said by the company present to be the best portrait that has been painted of him."

Not until after all this does the man of Paris in Kentucky go to the Paris in France. He spends a month there, but France does not appeal to him as England does.

From time to time he has mentioned that he is studying French, and now he is determined to show his proficiency. So, going to a reception on a day of rain and mud, he said to the porter, "Il fait mauvais temps." It is only guessable how he pronounced these words, but he records that the porter respectfully replied, "Oui, monsieur," and that immediately the name "Monsieur Mauvais Temps" went resounding up the stairway from one servant to another.

He returns to Great Britain; and he paints not only dukes, but commoners; for in Glasgow, in 1825, he realizes within six weeks the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds, apparently for thirteen pictures, which would mean not much over a hundred and thirty dollars a picture. His charges to the more prominent folk must have been somewhat higher, for he was paid, for even Mr. Coke's steward, in kit-cat size, thirty guineas.

Toward the close of 1826 he sailed back to America, with the loving regrets of a host of English friends, among them James Sheridan Knowles, who wrote some lines in which he called him "one of the budding boughs of Art's green tree." And he settled himself in Boston, buying a home on Beacon Street, diagonally across from the State House, for something over seventy-five hundred dollars, for he wrote of the outstanding debt and mortgage amounting to this sum. The house, with its front somewhat altered since Harding's day, is still standing, one of the few remaining Boston homes that stood before the Revolution. It is a really attractive home, hemmed in though it is among great business buildings and hotels. It has unexpectedly large and beautiful rooms, and the present owner told me that there was a tradition that in Harding's time the two upper floors were one, which would bear out Harding's own statement that his splendidly lighted studio was the "finest in the world for his trade."

Here he set one hundred dollars as his price instead of his former fifty, as he expressed it, and in three months seems to have made fourteen hundred dollars.

He fully expected to make this house his permanent home, but something—he does not say what—so changed his plans that before very long he moved to Springfield, and that Massachusetts city was his home for the rest of his life. But this does not mean that he remained stationary in Springfield, for he was by nature a wanderer, and was now in Montreal, now in Baltimore or Richmond or Washington.

The easy brevity with which he refers to painting all the justices of the Supreme Court, including a full-length of Chief Justice Marshall, really out-Benvenutos Benvenuto! And among the fascinating reminiscences in his narrative is that in which he tells of seeing the chief justice playing quoits and getting down on his knees to measure a contested distance with a straw, and making the woods ring with a triumphant shout.

He painted himself, too; and his own portrait at sixty-eight shows a curious similarity to that of Benvenuto Cellini at sixty. There are the same full eyes, rather deep-set, with the same high and rounding curve above them, as if to give a clear outlook upon the world. Each man had a long, grayish beard, and each had his hair rather long over the ears. There is the same long nose, with that of Benvenuto the more pointed. There is the same general contour of cheek and brow. Each, one sees, is a man who will never grow old, for he will always retain the enthusiasm of youth.

At the request of the Boston Athenæum, Harding painted the portrait of the first literary woman of America, dear old Hannah Adams, and it hangs in an honored place in the beautiful oval room of the Athenæum trustees. Her head-dress of white is folded about her face with almost nunlike effect, and she is gowned in gray; and she sits in an Empire chair upholstered in dull red; and she is a peaceful, sweet old lady, with cheeks of delicate suggested pinkness.

And it greatly pleased me to come upon a Chester Harding among the priceless portraits in the great memorial dining-hall at Harvard, for this Harding is one of his English ones; how or why it crossed the ocean is forgotten, but there it is, the portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Gordon, Ambassador to Vienna and Prime Minister of Great Britain. And it would serve to show, if any one doubted the seeming fairy tales of Harding's triumphs, that the fairy tales were true.

He painted a well-known portrait of Daniel Webster; he painted Henry Clay; he painted John C. Calhoun; and on Calhoun's personal invitation he was one of those privileged to listen to Hayne's tremendous attack on Webster. Harding felt that speech unanswerable, as did other friends of Webster, but, going to see Webster that evening — for his daughter was visiting Webster's daughter at the time—he found the mighty orator cheerful, and even playful, with the two little girls upon his knees. And when Harding suggested that he had expected to find him in his library, Webster cheerfully responded that there would be time enough for that in the morning. And Harding tells of how, when the Senate again met, Webster came in, "elegantly dressed" and quite calm, and of how superbly he delivered his triumphant oration in reply.

Harding not only painted great Americans, but was a welcome visitor at their homes; he and Daniel Webster and others dined intimately and frequently together, for his manly comradeship carried him freely into hearts and homes.

I think that he gradually began to discern that, after all, his work, excellent as it was, was not of the very highest order. The death of his wife was a tremendous blow, and after that he restlessly went back to England for a while, and met Carlyle and Lockhart and Scott's granddaughter, and painted the poet Rogers and the historian Alison, and then restlessly returned to America.

The shadow of our coming Civil War saddened him; and the war itself was a personal tragedy, for he had two sons in the army of the North and two in that of the South.

His last work was a painting of General Sherman, made in St. Louis early in 1866, and now in one of the great club-houses on Fifth Avenue in New York; and in one of his letters there comes a final flash of his lovable boastfulness, "I have painted a capital likeness of General Sherman!"

And shortly afterward, back in the Boston that he loved, Chester Harding suddenly dies, and Sherman writes, telling of the pain and sorrow with which he learned the news, and saying, "I beg you will consider me one of his best friends." And thus, to the very last, Chester Harding won the admiration and friendship of the great.

Flannigan

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

"GOD save you," said Flannigan, as the nurses passed his bed.

"God save you kindly," replied Miss Larkins, having learned this form of salutation from one Irish patient and another. "But you don't believe in God, do you, Mr. Flannigan?"

"I do not," said Flannigan, lowering his voice, that the ward might not be led astray by any remark of his. "But 'tis a civil way of spakin,' miss dear, and I've said it since I was a bit av a gossoon, and me mother before me. Sure, there's no meanin' in the pleasant things that are said the wor'rld over. They're just the iron that smoothes the creases out—blessed be them that makes them!"

"It's a very pretty way of saying good morning, at any rate," said Miss Larkins. "There's only one way better."

"Sure, there's no way betther, in anny counthry," said Mr. Flannigan, "barrin' it's in your own, dear, wheriver that may be," he added, tactfully. "What like is it?"

"It's 'God save all here.' That includes everybody," said Miss Larkins, nodding toward the beds beyond them.

"Sure, that's good Irish!" said Flannigan, delighted. "Now, did I tache ye that, miss dear?"

"No, not you. I heard that, once, when I stayed in a French county called Cork."

"French enough for annywan!" said Flannigan, twinkling. "And barrin' County Galway, 'tis as good a county as anny, and betther! So ye wint across to Ireland, miss dear?"

"Of course I did, and heard 'God save all here' just once, and thought I had forgotten it—and now here you are, Mr. Flannigan, with your nice Irish r-r-r, bringing it all back to me, when I ought to be thinking of what I'm doing, and not of what's over and done. But I've been there, of course. Doesn't everybody go who can?"

"Ye've seen a turf fire then, belike," said Flannigan, wistfully, "and the piles av it along the bogs?"

"Yes. And I watched one fire burn to ashes, and saved the peat ash in a little round box. That was just to remind myself of the fun we had round the fire. And I've heard a curlew whistle, and I've seen the bogs change color—"

"Sure they blush like a gir'rl whin the light's on thim," said Flannigan, poetically.

"And turn gold and purple as it fades," said Miss Larkins, seeing a bog instead of a row of beds, "and I would have put the color in the box, too, and brought *that* home, if I could, Mr. Flannigan."

"Did ye like it as well as that, thin?" asked Flannigan, in a whisper, as if he feared his voice might bring her back to the ward again, and hurry her off to the next cot.

"Why wouldn't I?" said Miss Larkins, answering him in his own way, and picking up her thermometer.

"Och, there must have been an Irishman there that put the comether on ye!" said Mr. Flannigan, to keep her standing.

"It would take more than an Irishman to do that," said Miss Larkins. "It was the country itself I liked. How's the pain this morning?"

"Oh, it's betther. 'Tis gone. Don't mind it," said Flannigan, hastily. "So ye liked the ould counthry, thin? Well, 'tis a good counthry for all."

"God save all there!" said Miss Larkins, and smiled at him over her shoulder as she put the thermometer in the mouth of the man in the next bed.

"Now, there's a gir'rl for ye!" said Flannigan, presently. "There she is, with an Irish heart in her breast, and no right to it whativer, for she says she's

Norman French, though she calls herself Larkins. Names mane nothin' in this counthry, Mr. Cadogan. They give them round without anny thought to whether they fit or not. Look at her, catchin' the probationer cornerin' the bed wrong, and the probationer trimblin' before her! Look at her, goin' on like a queen, and the probationer makin' faces unbeknownst at her! Sure she carries that therometer like a specter, as if she was royal, for all."

"Scepter is what you mean," said Mr. Cadogan, sourly. "And there's no need of her taking temperatures. That's probationers' and junior nurses' work, not head nurses' and seniors'. I've been here often enough to know. She does that for effect. She thinks the doctors are seeing her."

"Couldn't they see her unless she carried a therometer?" demanded Flannigan. "'Tis a bitther tongue ye have in your head, Cadogan, and no eyes at all."

"I wouldn't call her a beauty, if I had as many eyes as a potato," said Mr. Cadogan, shortly.

"A potato would think shame to be as blind as you to many a thing that passes ye. She has a face that would make ye do without your brekquest, night or day, and so has all the other wans."

"Don't say nurses to me!" said Mr. Cadogan, bitterly. "I hate the lot. All they can do is corner the bed, and put a glass tube in your mouth when you begin to speak, and then write on the chart that they've done it."

"'Tis your symptoms they write on the chart. 'Tis yourself that knows that," said Flannigan, slyly, "for wasn't it you that was caught readin' yours when you thought they weren't lookin'?"

It was because Mr. Flannigan had been known to do the same thing the day before that his chart now stood on the window-sill, where he could not reach it. The morning light was bright on his face, his last dose had dulled his pain, and no one could have read in his cheerful eye that he knew the strange thing the doctor had written.

"A ward's a bare place, when all's said. I like a bit av color," said Flannigan. "And there they go, blue and white, wheriver ye look, with the hair av each wan different, and the cap niver lookin' the same on two av thim! And they go like a flash, and come back like the wind, and they're on duty next day as fresh as iver, God bless thim!"

"And they yank a piece of adhesive plaster off your skin as if you were made of leather," snapped Cadogan, "and put a corner in your bed every time you kick it out, and bandage your arm so tight you can't breathe. That's what I know of them."

"Sure, if ye breathe with your ar'rm, and that's all the bandage I see on ye, you'd betther be havin' an operation to put your lungs back in your chist," said Flannigan.

"There's no wit in the Irish, except what's in the funny column, and that's made by American editors," said Mr. Cadogan, putting his right ear on his pillow and drawing the blanket over his left. "All an Irishman has is impudence."

"If ye begin to know impidence whin ye hear it, you're gettin' betther, and we'll worry no more about ye," said Flannigan. "Maybe whin ye get a bether temper, ye'll be makin' a little fun yourself for all."

The sun had slipped to the foot of Flannigan's bed by the time the doctor made his rounds.

"How's the weather, old man?" asked Dr. Barnes, breezily, noting with solicitude the rise of Flannigan's pulse.

"Sure, the sun's bright on me!" said Flannigan, buoyantly. "There's only wan thing wrong, barrin' the fact that I'm not up on me legs yet."

"Nurses not good to you?" asked Dr. Barnes, facetiously.

"Now, Mr. Flannigan, don't report us, whatever we've done!" implored Miss Larkins, passing the doctor his chart.

"Speak out, Flannigan. Don't shield them," said the doctor.

"Sure they mean no har'rm, even whin they do it," said Flannigan, loyally. "'Tis not the like av thim I'd complain av, and thim with barely time for their meals, God help thim."

"But you're worrying about something." And Dr. Barnes looked at him keenly. "You're not bothering your head about what you read on your chart the day you slipped it off the hook when

Miss Larkins's back was turned, are you?"

"Whist! Spake low. Cadogan doesn't know I done that, and I've just been tellin' him what I think av him for doin' the same."

"You know, Flannigan," said Dr. Barnes, lowering his voice to a confidential level, "nobody pays much attention to what nurses write on charts, or what we doctors put there, either. The rule is to write something, so we put—well, anything interesting. But it means little or nothing. It's merely to show the superintendent that we're paying attention to business, that's all."

"Sure, 'tis not the like av that that's troublin' me," said Flannigan. "'Tis what ye don't put in the chart at all that I'm wishin' for."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Well, ye take your pincil, and ye write on wan av the pages 'Flude and Fernayshus Diet,'" said Flannigan from memory, "and that's very milk-and-watery food for a man like me. Thin ye put the black physic, grains tin, which tastes bad and does no good, and a nurse adds, 'Slightly deeleerious,' whin I've only been havin' wor'rds with the man in the next bed, by way of passin' the time f'r him and me; and God knows what else ye put! But there's wan thing I've niver known ye have in, and that's 'Give Flannigan a Yarmouth bloater.'"

"Now, look here, Flannigan," said Dr. Barnes, reproachfully, "I wish you'd give up saying bloater to me every time I come near you. You can't keep your meals down as it is, and if I allowed you a Yarmouth bloater—well, you know as well as I do what would happen."

"Sure, if whativer goes down comes up, why shouldn't it be a bloater?" pleaded Flannigan. "'Tis not a joke I'm makin'. There's a hunger on me for that, and for no other fish, flesh, nor fowl. There's times I drame I'm atin' it. But whin I wake an' ask ye for it, there's no makin' the drame come true."

"I can't let you have it. I'm sorry," said the doctor, with decision.

"I do be seein' thim go by on thrays to some av the other beds," said Flannigan, resentfully.

"To convalescents and people without stomach trouble," said Dr. Barnes. "Nobody would give you a bloater or anything else you want quicker than we would, if we could. It's your stomach that won't let you have it, remember that. Fluid and farinaceous was the best I could allow you before, and fluid is what I have to order now."

"I've been here for weeks!" said Flannigan, darkly.

"And we've done the best we could for you."

"And the messes I've had would have left a baby hungry yit," concluded Flannigan. "Beefsteak and bloaters and fowls goes by; and all the sloppy food, the flude and fernayshus, comes to *me*. And all this to be blamed to my stomach, whin 'tis you that orders it!"

"You're not so hungry as you think," said the doctor. "That bloater's just a sick fancy, old boy. You wouldn't eat it if you had it. Why, you refuse half your food now, and the other half you can't keep down. That's what I read on this page."

"Miss dear," said Flannigan, reproachfully, to Miss Larkins, "if I could keep you from tellin' on me in the chart, I'd be let have a few things I want. There's Cadogan in the next bed had a bloater for his brekquest—not that I grudge it to him. But if ye won't give me even a taste av a bloater, sure ye needn't be so ginerous with the smell av it. He waved a bit av it on his fork, bad cess to him, and I got the whiffs and he got the bites—and me not able to throttle him!"

"When you begin to get better, you can have one, can't he, Doctor?" said Miss Larkins.

"Of course," said the doctor, writing on the chart.

"Would ye ask him, yourself, if I could have a bit av fish av anny sort, just now, miss?" asked Flannigan.

"For me to ask for fish would be officious," said Miss Larkins, making a poor joke to brighten him up. "I'd get myself in trouble, wouldn't I, Doctor?"

"Rather," said the doctor, frowning terribly. "Queer case that," he added, as they moved to the next bed.

"Will he ever have that ridiculous bloater? I mean will he ever pick up enough for that?" asked Miss Larkins.

"He won't pick up at all," said Dr. Barnes. "He'll drag along like that, then drop out some day when nobody's expecting it."

"And that's the only thing he asks for!"

"And the very thing he can't have," said Dr. Barnes, decidedly, and stood looking on while Miss Larkins unwound the bandage from Mr. Cadogan's arm.

A disappointed, hungry voice followed them from the bed they had just left.

"Lay a stethescope to Cadogan's ar'rm; he keeps his lungs in it. Put that in his chart. And a man that hasn't room in his chist for his lungs ought to have plenty av room for his meals, so order him siven at wance, and let thim all be bloaters—and put that in his chart," added Mr. Flannigan, bitterly.

"Mr. Flannigan," said Miss Biggins, coming to his bed with noiseless step and admonitory finger, "you must *not* talk while rounds are being made."

"Who's to stop me?" asked Flannigan, cocking his head sideways.

"Mr. Flannigan," said Miss Biggins, hesitatingly, in a voice very low and wistful, "if you would only look upon this sickness as a discipline sent to teach you that your soul—"

"Go 'way wid ye," said Flannigan, raising himself on his elbow. "This is the thir'rd time ye've come preachin' to me bed, and me not able to stand up for meself. Go 'way at wance, and tip over the carbolic and wipe it up ag'in, or whativer it is that 'll keep ye out av mischief. But don't come tellin' me what me soul is like, for how can you know, that niver saw it?"

"Are—are you an atheist?" asked the junior nurse, in horror.

"I'm a man that likes silence," said Flannigan, grandly. "And let that do."

"Come back," he called, more gently, as Miss Biggins retreated in trepidation. "You're only a slip av a gir'rl. What do ye know av souls, dear? Go an' play."

He shut his eyes on the sight of her, but saw her again on his eyelids, and it came over him that Miss Biggins, with her hair bright in the sun and her gown blue, was like the statue of the Blessed Virgin in a chapel in a far country. "If ye'd stand still, and not spake," he said, opening one eye, "ye'd remind me of things I thought I'd forgotten. What religion do ye call yourself, miss?"

"I'm a Baptist," said Miss Biggins, nervously.

Mr. Flannigan looked upon her with compassion.

"Ah, well, it can't be helped," he said at last. "And there's no rale har'rm in a Baptist, nor yet a Methodist, nor yet an Episcopal, if they keep quiet about it, an' don't talk."

"It doesn't matter what religion we profess," began Miss Biggins, broad-mindedly, "it really doesn't, if we only—"

"Sure, doesn't it?" Flannigan was much surprised. "All av thim believin' a different thing, and yit sayin' it doesn't matther what they think at all! Och, go off wid yourself, and I'll sleep a little."

"Let's hope you do," said Mr. Cadogan, "or I'll ask to be moved out of this ward!"

"They'll put ye out as soon as they can, wid no coaxin', poor crathurs," said Flannigan, "and God help the home that takes ye!"

Mr. Cadogan turned to answer, twisted his sore arm, and, with a wry face, held his peace.

"'Tis a bad ar'rm ye have," added Flannigan, in a different voice. "Sure, 'tis you that can bear the pain, and niver a groan out av ye. Is it betther?"

"'Tis well enough," replied Cadogan, ungraciously.

"You'll be goin' out in a few days, belike?"

"As soon as I can stand on me two legs."

"Now, is it a leg too that's hur'rt? But 'twill be over. 'Twill be over, wan day soon."

"None too soon," growled Cadogan, looking at the offending arm with an impatient eye.

"The wor'rld must look grand to the man that goes out," said Flannigan, wistfully. "Sure even a small thing like the sound av the wind must be like a fri'nd at your elbow, an' the feel av the sidewalks undher your feet would make a new man av ye. Och, Cadogan, ye have it all. Bloaters, and wor'rld before ye. What more do ye want?"

He raised himself on his elbow, and, turning, tried to see out of the window. An oblong piece of sky, with two clouds that had never crossed it before, looked blankly back at him, but underneath were the roofs he knew. "It must be quare to lose the sight and sound av things at last," he thought—"the trams goin' by, an' the wheels rattlin', all av it gettin' fainter an' fainter, till it's gone! An' whin ye know the daylight is goin', an' niver comin' back, sure, it must be quare!" He dropped back on his pillow, and into a light sleep.

"Mr. Flannigan dozes half the day and talks in his sleep," said Miss Biggins, as Miss Larkins entered the medicine-room after an hour off duty.

"Well, we'll put that on his chart," replied Miss Larkins, looking for a bottle. "I'm glad he's doing that. The night nurse says he doesn't get much sleep."

"But he talks in the strangest way," Miss Biggins went on, uneasily, "about 'swag,' and 'makin' no noise,' and 'swipe just enough to carry aisy.'"

Miss Larkins turned from her medicines in amazement for a moment; then, with her back to Miss Biggins, looked again for her bottle. "It's not a nurse's duty to repeat what a patient says in his sleep," she said. "Write, 'Drowsy, muttering,' in his chart; or I'll do it myself. Wait a minute. I haven't finished. We are supposed to have queer memories here, long for some things, short for others. Let yours be short as to what Mr. Flannigan says when he doesn't know he's saying it."

"But I'm sure he must have b-been a—a—" Miss Biggins looked behind her, as if a detective might be summoned any minute by her horrified whisper.

"Listen to me," said Miss Larkins, shaking the bottle. "Grocers, butchers, lawyers, chimney-sweeps, burglars—yes, and even missionaries, Miss Biggins, are on a level in that ward. It's not a place for respectable people only. It's for everybody."

"But some of them pay," objected Miss Biggins.

"Those who can, pay, but that has nothing to do with us. All we have to do is to remember that they're just a number of people, sick and fretful, like children. We're here to nurse them, ask no questions, and keep their secrets—particularly if they tell them by accident," said Miss Larkins.

"B-but respectable people *do* come into that ward, and when they pay for their beds, it doesn't seem right to put the honest ones next to—to— Does it? A ward's a place—"

Miss Larkins interrupted her. "A ward's a place where every sick man has a pillow for his head and some one to see that he's covered. It's the only home some of them ever knew. Don't you remember how quick Mr. Flannigan was to offer his pillow to the man with heart trouble who wanted two? So I think he must have been a discriminating sort of criminal. Don't bother him about religion, Miss Biggins. I meant to tell you that this morning, but I forgot."

"I c-can't help it. I read Mr. Flannigan's chart," said Miss Biggins. "Oh, Miss Larkins, he's going to die! I f-feel I ought to say something. He's an atheist!"

"When Flannigan dies—" said Miss Larkins, looking out of the window at the men hoisting stones for the new cathedral. It was among these men Flannigan had worked, and had often smoked a pipe at the end of the day, and watched the lights of the big hospital shine down on him. He had told her about it.

"Well?" said Miss Biggins, anxiously.

"When he dies," said Miss Larkins, more clearly, "he'll remember more things than you have ever thought of, and it will be those things that will help him."

"I w-want him to repent. I w-want God to forgive him," persisted Miss Biggins.

"Laura Biggins," said Miss Larkins, with some impatience, "does it never occur to you that God may know more about the men in the ward than you do? The world's a hard road for some of us, and Flannigan's come a long way."

"God won't save him unless he asks Him to," said Miss Biggins, with sad stubbornness.

"I think better of God than that," said Miss Larkins.

The afternoon sun slipped from bed to

bed, but Flannigan's face on the shadowy side was like a sun itself as Miss Larkins approached him.

"That wan was tellin' me about me sowl," he said, jerking his thumb in Miss Biggins's direction. Miss Larkins looked down the ward to where Miss Biggins, having shut a man's mouth with a thermometer, was saying a word in season.

"She means no harm," said the nurse.

"And has done none," said Mr. Flannigan, generously. "Not but what she'd dr'rive me to dr'rink if I was up on me feet. Still, I'll say this for her. She has principles. I tried to bribe her to sneak me in a bloater unbeknownst, by sayin' I'd let her pray by me bed if she did, but she wouldn't hear av it."

"I think she will let you alone after this," said Miss Larkins. "She's just young. Not nineteen yet, Mr. Flannigan."

"She's her wisdom teeth yet to cut," agreed Mr. Flannigan. "And they'll come har'rd. But don't be stoppin' her. Sure, it passes the time to be shooin' her off like a fly, and her a joke unbeknownst to herself. When I see her comin' I start makin' what I'll say to her, and, whiles when I'm tired, I set her on Cadogan, and jist lie still and harken to him swear. Sure, I'd rather have her come than go. But that's not spakin' for Cadogan."

Miss Larkins laughed. It seemed to her, as she looked down at Flannigan, gray, battered, and soon to die, that she saw in his face a glimpse of the child he used to be. Something innocent and gay smiled in his wicked old eyes, and lilted in his rollicking voice. "Miss Biggins is like a play then, is she?" she said, and turned his pillow for him.

"Miss dear, 'tis you that's like a play, bringin' a laugh an' no prachin'. But you've a look of a mother in your eyes betimes, and so has the others. I've noticed it of late."

Miss Larkins looked along the row of cots and back again at Flannigan and nodded. "Whenever a woman comes among sick people or people in trouble, they always seem like children to her," she said. "Women are like that. But some of them don't find it out till they come to a place like this. Tell me exactly how you have felt since that last dose," she added, professionally, with her finger on his pulse. But Mr. Flannigan did not hear her.

"The mothers, God bless them!" he said. "Sure, I had wan, once. She looked at me out av your own eyes, just now, miss dear—Hiven rest her soul."

Miss Larkins swallowed a lump in her throat.

"An' 'tis not her alone—'tis everybody's mother that looks out av your face, and out av the faces av all good women. There's not wan among ye—barrin' the little missionary, and she's young yet—that hasn't the look. There's not a man that doesn't know he can be as fractious as a bit av a gossoon wid ye, and not be scolded—sure, 'tis a childr'ren's ward you're in, and not the min's at all."

Mr. Flannigan winked facetiously, and Miss Larkins smiled back. "Bad children, who want bloaters when they can't have them," she said, shaking her head at him.

"'Tis no joke about the bloater. I want it more than my sleep at night, and that's God's truth. But I don't be gettin' aither av thim," added Mr. Flannigan, wistfully. "Call it sick fancy, if ye will—'tis what the young man in the tinnis suit was afther callin' it. But 'tis a bloater I want."

"Wait till you're better," began Miss Larkins, cheerfully.

"Miss dear," said Flannigan, stopping her, and said no more, but looked down the ward at the men who were getting better, and up at his nurse's face, and they understood each other.

"Ye'll be thinkin' of me whin ye see the probationers—bad luck to thim!—bringin' Cadogan his bloater, an' me not here to get even a whiff of it. Ah, now," said Flannigan, with pride and wonder in his face, "is it me that's makin' ye look the way ye'd like to cry?"

"You say you don't believe in anything," said Miss Larkins, hurriedly, "but if you ever want a priest, don't forget to ask me for him. I'll get him at once."

"'Tis you I'd ask, if I wanted him. But I lost what belief I had a long time back, whin I lost what meant most to me. Not by death, miss dear. Worse. But whin I say 'Hiven rest the sowl av

me mother,' sure I'm not meanin' there's anny hiven or anny sowl. 'Tis but a fashion av spakin'."

"I like it," said Miss Larkins; "it sounds friendly."

"Fri'ndly, is it?" asked Mr. Flannigan, doubtfully.

"Why, yes," said Miss Larkins. "If a prayer can follow people where they've gone, and help them still, we haven't lost them after all, and we needn't grieve so much."

"But they've gone nowhere at all, miss," said Flannigan. "They're not here, and they're not there. Sure, they just wint out like the candle-flame. Ye can't say, 'Where's the flame now?' 'Tis just gone out on ye, and there's no lightin' up ag'in. Just sind wan av thim probationers, God help thim, wid a little milk. 'Tis like I'll keep down what I ate, now, for I'm feelin' more like meself ag'in."

It was on the following day that Mr. Cadogan, as fate and the diet-kitchen decreed, had a bloater. With a wave of his fork he beckoned Miss Biggins to his bed at the very moment when Miss Larkins was shutting the window behind him.

"Give that to Flannigan," he said, gruffly. "All of it. I've enough things on the tray for myself."

"I'm sorry. It's against rules," said Miss Biggins, regretfully. "The chart says fluid diet."

"It can't hurt him," said Cadogan, impatiently. "Great Scott, if a man's going to die, can't he have what he wants before he goes?"

"I can't break rules." Miss Biggins was gentle, but firm.

"Then I'll break them for you," said Cadogan, fiercely. "I'll get out and give it to him myself, and you be off down the ward with your rules and your preaching. I'll stand none of it."

"Mr. Cadogan—" Miss Larkins came round the head of his bed. "I think you had better go, Miss Biggins. Show the new probationer how to make one-to-twenty.—Mr. Cadogan, I'll tell you a secret, though I might be dismissed for doing so. If I didn't know that that bloater would give Mr. Flannigan dreadful pain, I'd pass it across to him in a second, rules or no rules. But it would put him in agony. So you wouldn't like him to have it, yourself. . . . But it won't be long now."

"Then take it away," said Cadogan, "and bring me no more of them."

"Ye've watched the hills whin the rain falls on thim, have ye?" asked Flannigan, on Miss Larkins's last duty of the day.

"Yes, and the mist along them, too," she said. "Our hills are sharp and clear, but yours just melt at the top, so you can't tell where the hill ends and the sky begins. I've seen poppy-fields, too."

"They're a blight on the counthry," said Flannigan.

"They run up the hills, all red, like flame," said Miss Larkins.

"They sp'ile the crops," said Flannigan.

"But they're good to look at," said Miss Larkins.

"Like many another thing that's wrong, miss dear," said Flannigan.

"Some wrong things are not as wrong as they look," she said. There was a moment's silence.

"Ye've seen the empty cottages here and there, wid the dures swingin' on wan hinge, and the windies br'roke," he said, "an' nothin' but the bats and owls goin' in an' out?"

"Yes, and the other kind, too, all tidy and cozy. I didn't see so very many ruined ones. But of course there were some. Wouldn't it be fine if we could put new hinges on every door, and a pane in every window, and a fire in every grate?" said Miss Larkins. "Wouldn't it be splendid if we could go through those hills on a jaunting-car to-night—just me on it, and you driving it—and see all the cottages lighted up and the doors wide open?"

"Ye can put a hinge on the dure and a fire on the hearth," said Flannigan, "but ye can't call back the folk that's gone."

"Is there no one you would like me to write to, over there?" asked his nurse.

"There's no wan. Me ould mother was the last, an' I left her, like the other byes. I came away, like thim, seekin' me fortune, miss dear. An' sure, I've looked for it in quare places, an' some av what I found didn't belong to me, though I niver was caught."

"I'm glad you weren't. But never mind that," said Miss Larkins, hastily. "*She* never knew, did she?"

"She did not," said Mr. Flannigan, "an' wouldn't have believed it if she had, thanks be to God!"

The day before Flannigan died, the day nurses had him moved into a little room by himself. He did not know of the change till he found himself there at night, with Miss Larkins on duty beside him.

"Shure, I'd got used to all the faces in the ward," he said, querulously. "What for am I put off alone?"

"You'll sleep better here than there."

"I'll sleep far from here or there before the night's gone. Whin the time comes, miss dear, will ye give me your hand to hould?"

"I'll give you both of them," said Miss Larkins, with voice professionally cheerful, but eyes that lost sight of his face for a moment. "It's not far, Mr. Flannigan. I'm sure it's not. And I think it's friendly."

"Now, what do you know about it, dear?" asked Flannigan, kindly but skeptically.

"Not much. But I know you felt friendly to the men in the ward, and to us, and that we did to you, and I think the feeling we have for one another is just part of a great Friendliness that includes us all. Do you understand, Mr. Flannigan?"

"It sounds grand," said Mr. Flannigan, vaguely. "Put up the blinds, miss dear, an' let the daylight in."

Miss Larkins put up the blinds, with a noisy hand, that he might hear them going, and stood looking into the darkness.

"He can't see the light in the room," said Miss Biggins, in a frightened whisper, as she stole to Miss Larkins's side for company. "He says he's not sure whether it's night or day, but that, if it's night, will I please light a candle till the day breaks."

"Tell him you will. Pretend to be looking for a candle," said Miss Larkins, turning from the window. "Stay with him while I have a look at the ward."

It was at four o'clock that Flannigan woke, with sharp hearing, clear sight, and a false strength that let him raise himself on his elbow and look behind his bed. A little table, draped in white, stood there, with one glass filled with water, another empty, and a cross between two candles. As he stared, amazed, Miss Biggins, golden-haired and blue-gowned, rose suddenly beside it and stood smiling.

"'Tis the Blessed Virgin herself!" said Flannigan, hoarsely.

"It's—it's just me," said Miss Biggins.

"Oh, it's just you, is it?" said Flannigan, in a voice oddly broken. "Sure, if ye'd keep still, ye'd look like what you're not. Where's herself?"

"Miss Larkins is in the ward. She'll come soon," said Miss Biggins.

"The sooner the betther," said Mr. Flannigan.

"Can I get you anything?" asked Miss Biggins.

"A bloater, miss dear," said Flannigan, with a crooked smile.

It was ten minutes afterward that he moved his hand feebly over the coverlet till he found Miss Larkins's warm one.

"Will ye send for a priest, miss dear?" whispered Flannigan.

"I've sent already. I've just sent. He'll be here soon."

"'Tis what me ould mother would have liked for me," said Flannigan, apologetically, and slept.

Miss Larkins looked down at the rough hand she held. It had lost its grip on her fingers. This was Mr. Flannigan, going out into silence. This was Flannigan, who liked a friendly word with all who passed. "*God save you.*" "*God save you kindly.*" Nobody else had ever said that to her in the ward. . . . Poor Flannigan, how he had loved to see the day break on his bed! Soon it would break, and it would not matter to him. . . . If only some one belonging to him would come. Somebody ought to say something for Flannigan, who loved a good word, but never had one for himself. Then she remembered a part of a service she had read and liked in a patient's prayer-book:

"To these, O Lord, and to all that sleep, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace."

Light. That was what he had asked for. "And make it friendly for Mr. Flannigan, who was always friendly to

everybody else," prayed Miss Larkins, with unaccustomed lips.

"It will be like drifting off to sleep," she said to Miss Biggins. "Sometimes they go like that. Will you be afraid to stay alone with him, while I go and see if the priest has come?"

"N-no," said Miss Biggins, doubtfully.

The light fell strangely on Flannigan's face. How stern and still he looked now! She tried to think of the verses she had planned to quote to one dying. "For it's wrong to let him go without even any one to pray with him," thought Miss Biggins. "I'm here, and I ought to do it. He may be able to hear me."

Miss Biggins crossed the floor. But as she drew near the bed she seemed to see, not a dying man in a lonely room, with no one to pray by him, but a living man in the ward, asking for food that no one would give. Her lips began to form the first word of the verse she had planned to say, but, quite unexpectedly to herself, it was her heart that spoke. "Oh, Mr. Flannigan," said Miss Biggins, with a sob, "I w-wish you could have had the b-bloater!"

The ghost of his old, whimsical smile flitted across Flannigan's face. His eyes opened, looked with perfect understanding and kindliness at Miss Biggins, and closed again.

"What did she say?" asked the night superintendent, coming in with Miss Larkins.

Miss Larkins's eyes stung with something like tears. "It's just little Miss Biggins," she said.

"But what did she *say?*" asked the night superintendent, persistently, making a mental note of the fact that an interne ought to be on duty at a time like this.

"It was something about a bloater," said Miss Larkins, unwillingly.

"But what did she mean?" demanded the night superintendent, looking disapprovingly at Miss Biggins's tears. Miss Larkins looked too, but differently, before she answered.

"She planned, before she came to train, that she would pray at the bedsides of the dying," Miss Larkins said, "but now that her first death has come, all she can do is to remember that Mr. Flannigan couldn't have the only thing he wanted."

"An odd girl," said the night superintendent. "Better tell her to practise self-control."

The priest, with quick step and kind face, came in at the door.

It was just at daybreak that Flannigan went.

"Oh, Miss Larkins," said Miss Biggins, anxiously, "do you think he is s-saved?"

"I think God saved him kindly," said Miss Larkins, and folded the hands that had done mischief, and closed the eyes that had seen too much, and the lips that had been quick to speak the words the warm heart had prompted.

Age

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I DID not know that you were old till you had died;
I thought that you were young—so great your great soul's pride.
Then I remembered all—your sometime slowing pace,
Your shoulders' little stoop, the look withdrawn upon a smiling, weary face.

I did not know that you were old till you had died.
Then I perceived. . . . I took the load you cast aside,
And suddenly was old. I have for this no tears—
I shall be young enough when I have found you past the counting of the years.

The Master Weavers of the Desert Empire

BY M. D. C. CRAWFORD

Research Associate in Textiles, American Museum of Natural History

IF perfection in textile art were the measure of a people's culture, ancient Peru would rank with the great civilizations of antiquity. For, whether we judge by fineness of texture, purity of design, or harmony of color, her great art is rivaled only by the highest standards of Asia. And her technique of fabric construction, comprising as it does every method elsewhere known and certain crafts apparently unique, is in advance of the textile science of any single people.

Two years ago, at the suggestion of Dr. Clarke Wissler, Curator of the Department of Anthropology, and Mr. C. W. Mead, Curator in charge of Peruvian Collections of the American Museum of Natural History, the writer commenced a technical examination of Peruvian fabrics along lines pursued in the evaluation of modern textiles. The first results have already appeared as a number of the Museum's anthropological series. But the proximity and richness of the Museum collection—incidentally, the finest in the world—prompted us to introduce these treasures to a wider public than could be reached in a scientific monograph.

There has been comparatively little scientific excavation in Peru. With a few notable exceptions, the fabrics so far collected may be regarded as mere by-products of "huaqueando" or "mummy-mining." The graves of Peru have been rifled for treasure since the legendary gold of the Incas first dazzled the eyes of the conquerors. But no extensive operations, such as gave us our knowledge of the civilizations of the Nile, have as yet been undertaken. A change, however, is taking place. A museum has been founded in Lima, and the exportation of the ancient relics is now prohibited by law.

The Spanish commentaries describe the Inca civilization at the time of the Conquest with satisfactory completeness; But of the more ancient and highly developed culture of coastal Peru only a few unreliable traditions have come down to our day. This land, like Egypt, is one vast burial-ground. But, unlike her sister empire of the desert, no hieroglyphics aid the student of her history. He finds his text-book in the ruins of marvelous temples, remains of vast and intricate irrigation systems, objects of gold, silver, and bronze, and most of all in the perfect fabrics taken from her sandy sepulchers.

Coastal Peru from the Pacific to the Cordillera Mountains is one vast desert. The only arable soil is in the valleys of her few snow-fed rivers. An intensive agriculture, aided by the most marvelous system of irrigation which the ingenuity of man ever devised, was barely sufficient to support the great population of ancient times. Every foot of ground on which the scantiest crops could be raised was used. The dead were seldom buried in tillable soil. They are found in stone-heaps, or in the deserts surrounding the ancient centers of population. In these regions rain falls scarcely once in a man's lifetime. To this condition and to the presence of certain nitrous substances in the soil we owe the preservation of these matchless fabrics. Some have been discolored by copper stains; the exhalations from the bodies have destroyed the dyes and rotted the fibers in others; but the great majority come from the graves as fresh and beautiful as when they were first taken from the looms.

It was a custom, common to Peru with many other nations, to bury with the dead all implements and unfinished work, together with a supply of raw material and food for the journey to the other world. We find in the old work-baskets bits of beautifully colored yarns,

delicately carved and painted spindles and whorls, and bunches of raw fiber which have waited in vain through ages to be fashioned by cunning fingers into threads; and beside them bits of lace and fragments of cloth left unfinished, with here, perhaps, a loom containing a half-woven web as ancient as the pyramids.

This ancient people used four kinds of fiber—cotton, wool, human hair, and a species of hemp known as maguey. They carried spinning to the highest perfection the world has ever seen.

Their fabrics range from rough cotton sleeping-mats to gossamer veils and exquisite tapestry; their technique, from simple embroidery and painting to the complex gauzes and brocades. All these methods, carried to varying degrees of perfection, occur in Peru, together with a species of fancy weave somewhat like modern Jacquard work. Perhaps the most astonishing discovery of all is a few fragments of pile-knot fabric, oddly reminiscent in its surface appearance of the same class of work in the Orient.

Some of the rough, heavy fabrics may have required the strength of men to weave, but the vast majority were the work of women. In the grave of almost every woman are found the simple implements of her craft. The very finest cloths were woven in the great female institutions of a semi-religious character. The inmates of these convents were supposed to furnish the garments of the priests and rulers. They resemble the great weaver families of Persia and India in that the state removed them from the necessity of other labor. They were great weaver guilds, devoting their lives to the perfection of an art at once the admiration and despair of our commercial age.

The exact age of these textiles is a matter of conjecture, but modern knowledge assigns them to an antiquity commensurate with their development. It must be obvious that such a degree of skill could not be the result of merely a few centuries, but must represent a culture as ancient as anything we find in Asia or Egypt. Considering the high standard reached in Peru, at least an equal period for the craft development must be allowed, on the most conservative estimate, as to the weavers of the Old World. Nor are there lacking other proofs of antiquity. Their immense shell-heaps at the mouths of the rivers must have been the accumulations of ages. And botanists tell us that the evolution from a wild state of cotton, maize, potato, and bean plants could not have taken place in less than five thousand years.

For purposes of comparison let us consider briefly the evolution of textiles in Europe and Asia.

The origin of our own textile art is purely Oriental. Such common words as muslin, shawl, gauze, cotton, chintz, and calico indicate the extent of our debt. Our marvelous automatic looms and spinning-machines duplicate with great fidelity the movements and basic principles of the old treadle loom of China and the rough spinning-wheels of China and India. The textile problems solved by European peoples are almost entirely mechanical, the philosophy is as purely Asiatic. We have not added a single fundamental idea to textile science. With all our unbounded facilities, we have not created a single new method for decorating a web of cloth. Year after year our great mills turn out fabrics differing in principle or ornamentation not at all from cloths woven in India and China for untold centuries, while our forebears still clothed themselves in the pelts of animals and the roughest of woolens and linens.

In considering the textile development of Asia we must bear in mind that it is the product of many different peoples and races. The intercourse between these nations has existed for countless centuries. Conquest and trade, commercial, intellectual, and religious relations, must have tended to make certain methods of weaving, originating in widely separated districts, in a large measure universal. Ideas are as much a matter of exchange as the commodities springing from them. We may therefore say with truth that the textile science of Asia is the sifted harvest of knowledge garnered by many peoples through ages of development. Centuries of experiment and interchange of thought were necessary to achieve the final results.

So far as we know, the culture of Peru

was indigenous. Her isolation from all outside influence was complete up to the time of the Spanish Conquest. If any cultural contact with another people ever occurred, it is shrouded in the mists of a remote antiquity. It is the more amazing, therefore, to find that the textiles of Asia and Peru are very similar, in both artistic form and technical detail. This resemblance is as evident as is the difficulty of accounting for it. It is interesting to note that the two great textile centers of antiquity had so much in common, even if the facts have no special significance.



AN UNWRAPPED PERUVIAN MUMMY

The head is false, the entire body being enveloped. The triangular and square emblems are charms to allay the evil spirits

Before passing to a closer study of the textiles proper, a word about dyes will not come amiss. Great age has oxidized the colors so that all that can be safely said is that the dyes were mainly vegetable. Perhaps the beautiful purple may have been derived from the same shellfish used to dye the Tyrian purple so famous in history. Certainly the shades are very similar and we know that the ancient Mexicans used these little mollusks before the Spanish era. It is curious to note that brown was the only color they could not make fast. They had a very strong penchant for this shade, induced, possibly, by a superstitious regard for a form of naturally reddish-brown cotton, sometimes occurring in the harvest of the white species. There is reason to believe that this species is allied to the reddish wild cotton of Yucatan. It is said that this cotton was reserved for the use of the rulers, and attempts to produce the shade by artificial means may have led to the employment of mineral dyes. However, the craft of dyeing probably was a specialized industry, as it is in each weaving center of Asia. The uniformity of color and shade indicates this, and it is also suggested by the fact that as yet no dyevats have been found with the other textile implements in the graves.

The designs of Peru may be divided into three classes. The first may be styled mechanical, since they necessarily originated in the crossing of colored warps and wefts in weaving. Stripes, checks, and plaids may be considered as illustrative of this class. There is reason to believe that this is a very early form of ornamentation. It is interesting to observe how closely some of these fabrics resemble our modern ginghams.

The second class of designs is concerned with what we call conventional figures. The first impulse toward realistic design is directed not by love of beauty, but by terror. The savage strives to represent that which he fears, hoping by this honor to appease the dreaded object. The limitation of textile expression forces on these delineations a certain rectilinear outline, or, as we have

learned to say, conventionalizes them. The jaguar, the human form, the fish, and the bird are the commonest Peruvian figures of this class. Human figures are often represented as holding a weapon in one hand and the head of an enemy in the other. The jaguar was sufficiently dangerous to a people armed only with spears and slings to inspire fear, while the bird and the fish are perhaps symbolical of the powers of air and water, ever-constant dangers to a coastal people.

Eventually the original meanings of these conventionalized figures were lost as one distinguishing mark after another was omitted by successive generations of weavers. From these debased realisms arose the third class, an arrangement of figures chosen purely as vehicles for the harmonious grouping of colors. The ease with which these figures can be separated into squares has led to this style being called geometric, a name somewhat misleading and not as significant as might be desired. It is in reality a very high form of art and allows the artist great freedom of expression. The mind has ceased to be governed by superstition or bound by the narrow limits of symbolism. We owe to these emancipated textile designers such graceful conceptions as the steplike figures, stars, the numerous forms of crosses, and the beautiful and improperly termed Greek fret and meander. This form of art reached a very high development among the old weavers. In it we expect to find, and are not disappointed, their finest textiles. The old colorists reveled in this freedom, and immortalized their dreams of beauty in fabrics, the perfection of the spinners' and weavers' craft.

The similarity of so-called geometric art in Peru and Asia is so great that it cannot be passed over without comment. Eminent judges of Oriental textiles have been amazed at the resemblances. Indeed, many have declared it possible to design rugs purely Asiatic in appearance and feeling, using only colors and figures taken from the old Peruvian fabrics. And nowhere is this similarity so marked as among Eastern weavers who have been least affected by European influences. Perhaps the most striking example occurs in the old rugs of Bokhara and Beluchistan and in the older Sehna Ghilems of Asia Minor.

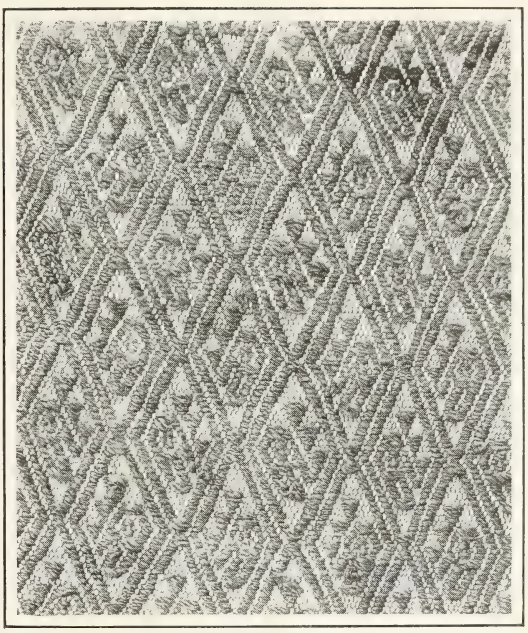
This relationship of design is further emphasized by an even more marked similarity in the method of design production. Terms originally intended to describe the Oriental crafts may with equal clearness be applied to Peruvian technique. It may be that these resemblances merely indicate that if weaving be carried on for great periods of time and under conditions favorable to development, certain artistic as well as mechanical results must be achieved. The force of this argument is much stronger as applied to design. The limitations of expression in weaving are so manifest that a certain number of simple figures tend to universal and spontaneous expression. But that processes, some of them both intricate and original, should be governed by the same



ANCIENT PERUVIAN WORK-BASKET CONTAINING TEXTILE IMPLEMENTS

law of chance is not quite so evident. We are aware that this opinion is supported by sound argument and has the indorsement of many distinguished scholars, and suggestions which tend to cast doubt upon its soundness are advanced with diffidence. But if the rule is shown not to have operated under what appear to have been ideal conditions, the doubt may not be unjustified.

Let us use Egypt as an illustration. The antiquity of her civilization is beyond question. Weaving of wool and linen was among her most ancient crafts. Her artistic sense is expressed in a thousand beautiful objects, her originality in numerous devices; but her textile art only reached great fineness in simple fabrics, and her other arts show little influence of textile ornamentation. Her loom was the same in principle as those of ancient Asia and Peru, yet she never developed a technique even remotely approaching these masters. Even the range of the later Coptic fabrics is very limited, although they used the inductile flax with great skill. Their art appears more like copies in woven cloth of some more facile mode of expression; and, lovely as these webs are, they take their beauty, as do modern European tapestries, from sources other than textile.



BROCADE WITH CONVENTIONALIZED BIRD DESIGN

Exact similarity of all figures between Peru and Asia is by no means implied. All that can be safely asserted is that the differences between textile art in Asia and Peru can be explained in a scientific manner, but the points of similarity cannot be so satisfactorily accounted for.

To sum the matter up, there is no great class of fabric known to-day but has its prototype with the old Peruvian masters. The question therefore resolves itself to this: Could wonderfully intricate processes of spinning and weaving, applied to the production of designs of great similarity, be twice independently produced? Against this assumption we have the positive evidence that an equally ancient civilization produced no such likeness either in technique or in design. The second theory is one which has received considerable attention from archæologists within recent years. It suggests a strong cultural relationship between Asia and Peru at some remote period of the world's history. If this theory is correct, it is in the textile art that we should expect the greatest relationship, since this craft reached a high degree of development at a very early date.

However, we must leave this question in the fascinating realms of speculation and return to the more certain ground of probable fact.

Among the most valuable specimens in the Museum collection are a number of tapestry ponchos. These garments resemble the tunics of classic times. Their beauty and wonderful degree of preservation have made them famous the world over to archæologists. The two selected for illustration are typical of distinct peoples and degrees of artistic merit. The first is an example of Inca workmanship, dating from a period shortly before or after the Spanish Conquest. The dyeing, spinning, and weaving are excellent—judged by European or Asiatic standards, extremely fine.

The design, however, is a medley of barbarous symbolisms. The main ground is covered with panels containing the conventionalized figures of certain animals and human forms. The border contains chiefly a series of martial figures. A very interesting yarn of silver tinsel appears here. This tinsel is apparently the same as that used in the famous Polonaise rugs. The colors are red, black, blue, and green, and in spite of excellent dyeing the tones are a trifle strong for our eyes. There are some Inca ponchos in which a much more pleasing use of colors appears. But this one was selected chiefly for the contrast it afforded.



A TAPESTRY PONCHO OF INCA WORKMANSHIP
Dating from a period shortly before or after the Spanish Conquest

The second poncho is a masterpiece of artistic weaving. It comes from old Tiahuanaco and is typical of pre-Inca textile art. The design is simple, graceful, and beautifully balanced, the color harmony the creation of a highly trained sense of tone values. It might have been the costume of an Olympian god, so perfect is its loveliness. Old gold, black, white, and an inimitable shade of red are the colors used. The mechanical perfection of spinning and weaving is quite in proportion to its artistic merit. Some weaver in the dawn of history, striving toward the highest in his chosen art, expressed his dream of beauty in the matchless web. There are some pieces in the collection perhaps mechanically finer; there are others with an almost equal claim to artistic worth, but none which combines these two to such a degree.

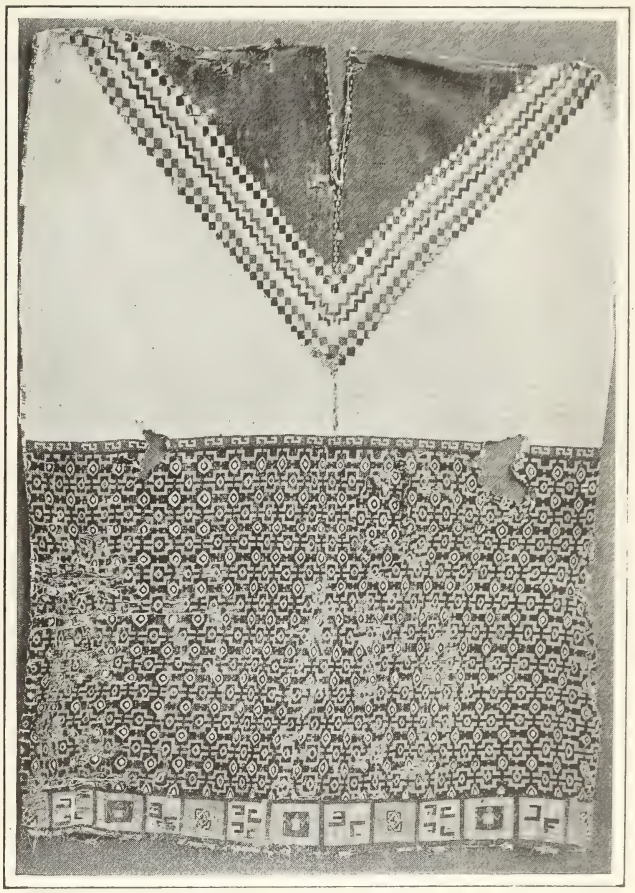
It is very difficult to convey an adequate idea of the fineness of Peruvian tapestry without the use of technical terms. To say that a fabric is perfect may mean much or little, according as the writer is more or less familiar with other forms of textile excellence. When the term is here used, it means a degree not only in excess of practical standards, but also equal to theoretical perfection. Too often superlatives are used to describe handcrafts as opposed to machine products. The popular sympathy, in its own despite, is always on the side of the more homely craft. It is a grave error to suppose that all hand-woven fabrics are superior to the products of power weaving. Quite the reverse is the general rule. The modern mill has not only immensely increased quantity, but has also improved average quality. There are, however, certain fabrics woven by the patient labor of the old artists

which deserve all the praise lavished on the entire class of hand-woven cloths.

In this class we may specify as the most important the ancient muslins of Dacca, the pile-knot rugs of Persia, and the tapestries of Peru. Of this trio the South American type is certainly not the least remarkable. The dyes are still of undiminished brilliance. The yarns used have been referred to by a distinguished technical expert as the "unapproached standard of the ages."

Weaving in these finest pieces was an apparently flawless operation. Sometimes as many as three hundred weft yarns were interlaced with forty-four warp yarns in the space of a single square inch. The exquisite skill necessary to this task will be indicated when it is understood that not a single extra yarn could be introduced without puckering the fabric. The many forms of tapestry design and technique would require a separate article to describe. As a method of textile expression it is the most advanced in Peru, and no other weavers ever produced this class of fabrics in such exquisite perfection.

The only examples of pile-knot fabric yet found in Peru are a few fragments of narrow bands. They may have been belts or ornamental head-straps. One of these contains two shades of brown knots forming a rather obscure design. The other contains five colors arranged in such an order as to produce a conventionalized human form. Each piece has a slightly different method of securing the knots, and both methods are distinct from Asiatic technique. But the philosophy of design is the same in both lands. Knots of different colors are attached to a basic fabric in such an order that contrast of color produces design. The skilful workmanship of these fragments suggests a much more general knowledge of this class of weave than the paucity of specimens indicates. Perhaps later excavations may reveal a very extensive craft in pile-knot. Certainly the value of such a mode of decoration could not have been lost upon such skilful weavers. Indeed, an interesting ornamental rope is made from pile-knots. Its use is unknown. Perhaps it may have been used as a ceremonial llama harness.



A TAPESTRY PONCHO FROM ANCIENT TIAHUANACO

A typical example of pre-Inca textile art

How far certain fabrics were advanced from mere utility is well illustrated in a beautifully embroidered veil taken from a grave near Pachacamac. This temple was the most sacred spot in old Peru. Many of the wealthy dead were brought from afar to be buried in the consecrated soil under the shadow of its walls. For this reason the graves are very rich

in fine textiles. Of these, none conveys so complete an expression of weaving and spinning skill as this gossamer web. The basic fabric is a brown cotton voile of ethereal lightness, the threads of which are four times as fine as anything we spin to-day from the same grade of fiber. The principal figures are composed of red, light blue, yellow, and white yarns of vicuña and cotton, inserted in the web so skilfully as to leave no sign of pulling. The design is reminiscent of the Eastern figure signifying a prayer for life eternal. Salome danced before Herod in no more lovely draperies. Alas, that we may not call to the reader's mind the picture of some dusky beauty of old Peru who graced this lovely gossamer, and so weave among its dainty filaments a thread of appropriate romance! But it is extremely doubtful that any woman ever wore it. In old Peru fine raiment was for the lordly males.

The old blue-and-white double-cloth blankets of our grandmothers' day are familiar objects to most of us. They were the product of treadle-looms quite intricate in mechanism, and were the last fabric, perhaps, to resist the competition of the power looms. These fabrics have two sets of warps and wefts. One set is blue, the other white. By crossing these two sets in weaving, not only were the separate fabrics joined, but the contrast of the colors produced design. Many of the figures in our old blankets are probably Oriental, and indeed the method of weaving was one of the many things we have borrowed from Asia.

In Peru, this method was very freely and skilfully used. Perhaps the little woven charms so often found in the graves are the commonest form. These always contain double-cloth squares ornamented with the conventionalized figures of the titular deities—a kind of textile prayer. This may have been a very early method of producing woven design, or perhaps some superstitious value may have inhered in the particular style.

Besides these charms there are many bags and shawls. Some of these are very fine. The illustration is a coca-leaf bag. The fiber is cotton, the figures geometric, the colors white and brown. In each square inch of cloth there are one hundred and ninety-two threads. It must have required great skill to manipulate so many threads in so small a space so as to produce this class of fabric.

One curious feature of the cloths of this country is the abrupt change from one style of weave to another in the same web. Most hand-loom weavers in other parts of the world were content to be proficient in a single technique. But many Peruvian fabrics contain two, and often three, distinct weaves. This shows how slight was the influence of the type of loom on fabrics, and also how extensive was the knowledge of the craft.

One style of weave, carried to a degree of perfection little less remarkable than in tapestry, was a species of Jacquard design. It is not necessary to enter into a technical description of this class of fabrics other than to mention that the design requires a carefully prearranged plan. The relation of each thread to the rest of the fabric has to be determined in advance. Any mistake in the order of the interlacing warp and weft would cause a defect in the fabric. Out of a large number of these cloths examined, not a single example of such an error was observed. Many of these fabrics contain a repeated design; that is, the same figure occurs over the entire fabric. In this way only one arrangement of warps had to be learned, and repeated over and over again until the fabric was finished. We have always assumed that this class of weave was the product of the treadle-loom as surely as pile-knot and tapestry belonged to the true hand-loom. That great numbers of weft yarns, sometimes over two hundred and fifty to an inch, could be controlled so as to produce design is sufficiently remarkable; but certain of these webs have the same figures on both sides, the color proportion being reversed. Such a refinement simply expresses their pride in their art, as there is no evidence of turning these fabrics so as to expose the under side.

Laces, strictly speaking, are not textile. Their origin is to be sought in the making of nets, not in basketry which was the forerunner of true textile art. Yet in an article descriptive of the



EMBROIDERED SHAWL FROM THE DESERT OF ICA—PUMA GOD FIGURES

fabrics of a people, some mention of them cannot be amiss.

This dainty craft did not reach the development achieved by the true textiles of Peru. Yet the skill shown was remarkable. Their plain nets were made exactly like those of to-day and must have been most serviceable. Of the artistic examples of this craft, only one specimen a few inches long has been examined by the writer, except a number of fine lace bags of maguey fiber. These are effectively decorated with conventional figures exactly the same as found in cloth. Just how they were made is not quite plain, unless a few implements of bone resembling the wooden sticks used by hand-net makers to-day were for this purpose. From the fact that the thread used was quite different from the yarns used in weaving, and from the skill exhibited in these bags, it seems a fair assumption that when a more extensive collection of these fabrics is brought together they will show a much higher knowledge of this art than we can at the present postulate.

Brocade and embroidery, so easily distinguished in modern fabrics, are very difficult to separate in Peruvian webs. Both styles appear in every grade of skill. The decorative embroidery yarn is added to an already woven fabric, and may therefore be inserted at any desired angle. The brocade yarn is added during the actual weaving, and can be inserted only at right angles to the warp. Yet so great an influence had textile figures on the weavers that many of the former cloths follow the limitations of the latter in design. This may give a hint as to the priority of method of design. The simplicity of embroidery naturally leads to the conclusion that this must have been a very early method. We are strengthened in this view by comparing the complex weaving of to-day with the simplicity of hand embroidery. But to a savage, one method was no more difficult than another. He naturally used the one most easily suggested by some previous technique. We know that woven designs and technique originated in basketry and that few embroidered baskets exist. And if in connection with this fact we find embroidery simulating the limitations of woven design, we may safely assume that the latter was the first to be practised. However, there are not wanting examples of embroidery in which full advantage of the freedom of movement is taken. Certain webs from

the desert of Ica are completely covered with embroidered figures in which the stitches run at all angles in producing design.

One of the most striking examples of similarity between Peru and Asia is found in the gauzes of both countries.



COCA-BAG HAS MADE OF COTTON DOUBLE CLOTH
One hundred and ninety-two threads to the square inch.

In this fabric warps are half twisted about one another and the turns made permanent by the insertion of weft. It takes its name from a city in Asia Minor, and is familiar to us to-day as the foundation for many light curtain and dress fabrics. This rather difficult method of weave was carried to remarkable diversity in Peru. Many fancy designs that would tax our mills to duplicate prove its popularity among the old desert weavers. Curiously enough, certain shawls recently acquired by the Museum through the generosity of Mr. A. D. Juillard are decorated with figures embroidered on a foundation of gauze. These specimens are perfectly preserved, and were taken from a little-known burial-ground in the desert of Ica. What we know as burratto is a species of embroidery practised among the Italians of to-day, having gauze as a foundation fabric. It might as truthfully be called Peruvian gauze.

The rarest thing to find in a collection from this wonderful country is an undecorated web of cloth. Excepting the rough sleeping-mats and coarse outside mummy-wrappings, every fabric bears evidence of their inherent love of color. Most webs have tapestry or woven borders. Some have metal or shell ornaments sewed on them. Often fringes or crochet have been attached to the edges of garments. And if other ways were lacking, the fabrics were decorated with painted figures.

Decorating a fabric by tying rows of colored feathers to it was carried to a greater degree of perfection in Peru than in any other part of the world. Only the natural colors were used, and even the wonderful feather capes of the Polynesian Islands lack something of the beauty of these webs. These feather ponchos appear to belong to the later portion of the textile age, since they copy the designs of the old fabrics without any variation. Perhaps a discussion of them belongs elsewhere than in an article on textiles, but their great beauty deserves at least a passing tribute.

Pile-knot and gauze are found outside of Peru only in Asia. There is, however, still a third method, displaying even greater originality, which is common to both lands. This method is a kind of resist dyeing known as tie-dyeing. This apparently unique method of decorating a web of cloth is still practised in India. The common, gaudy bandana handkerchief takes its name from this process. The art is very ancient and, like all primitive crafts, simple only in theory. A block of wood is covered with nails in such a way as to form a design. Over these nails a piece of dampened cloth is pressed. The operator, or handkerchief, then takes up the little tufts of cloth raised by the nails and about each

ties a string, often coated with a clay to resist dye. The fabric thus tied is then dipped into a pot of color, and after the cloth is dry the string is removed. The design will then appear marked out in rough squares or circles, made by the strings preventing the penetration of the dye. Many complicated figures were thus produced, sometimes as many as five colors appearing in a single fabric.

In every other class of textile design there is plain evidence of intellectual evolution. The transition from the simple to the complex can sometimes be traced step by step, but this method has all the originality of the creation of a single mind. Subsequent artisans introduced modifications and carried the original principle into great detail, but the first idea permeated the last fabric so decorated. Wherever this method was practised, the influence of India is easily traced. The one striking exception again is Peru. Can we accept the well-worn theory of intellectual accident for this occurrence?

Weaving is the most ancient of all the arts. Seek its origin in the history or tradition of any people, and we end in the haze of myth. Some god or goddess came to each tribe and taught them this intricate craft. We must rely on the geologist rather than the historian for the actual time. Even here there is little certainty, for amid the earliest geological records of neolithic Swiss lake villages, among the stone celts and flint arrow-points, before the knowledge of bronze appears, there are found fragments of cloth which indicate an advanced textile knowledge contemporaneous with the mastodon and the cave-bear.

The standard of textile excellence is not to seek in the future. It has been handed down to us from the past, a priceless heritage. The intricate fabric of modern culture is woven from the thoughts and inventions of geniuses so long forgotten that we regard the fruits of their intellects as the spontaneous gift of nature. Who first twisted the delicate fiber into strong, continuous thread? What master intelligence first devised a rude loom? The race has yet to build a monument to him whose genius first guided the pliant thread into warp and weft, and to the silent myriad millions who added to his original conception. Through them Asia has made the world her heir. In the wealth of our inheritance let us pause awhile to contemplate the fate of old Peru, where a great civilization died intestate.

The Blind

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE blind man fumbled down the street,
(How far, for him, the street must wind!)
I heard the click of his wretched stick,
His thin, "Please help the blind!"

I hurried past him, till his voice
Was lost, like gulls' cries far at sea.
I had two eyes, but saw him not:
If he was blind, oh, what of me!

Breaking Out of Society

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

RANNY wandered about in the back yard in the late winter afternoon and held himself in low esteem. He was despondent because there were no Indians to shoot and no weapons to shoot them with, because he did not wear khaki clothes with leggings, and because there were no maidens requiring rescue. He also had some twinges of pain because he was not a colored cook in a dining-car—always traveling and adjacent to food. In short, he had been to a moving-picture show.

He tried to play over a few of these glories upon the home grounds, but either because the light was too good or his imagination too poor, nothing whatever happened. The back yard remained a back yard and the woodshed obstinately refused to become a mountain cave from which a maiden could be carried away to the disgust of low, dark characters. Entering the house, he contemplated his baby sister, the only maiden he knew well enough to rescue, but she was safe in her crib and seemed hopelessly permanent. She only bubbled a little as if from the unexpected pleasure of his company. His life was drab and commonplace, and had it not been for a rather tasteful supper his evening would have been a total loss.

After a night's rest he was somewhat reconciled to his lot—because it was morning and Saturday, and the world was young. Besides, shortly after breakfast Tom Rucker made a joyful noise in front of the house and threw stones at a fence-post until Ranny could come out and learn what, if anything, was on his mind.

"The lake is awful solid and slick," Tom reported. "Git your sled."

"I don't know if my mother 'll let me," replied Ranny.

But mother, after some hesitation, yielded to Tom's superior knowledge. Although not an untruthful boy, Tom somehow managed to convey the impression that all parents were giving three cheers for the ice, and that thousands of people were already at the lake. So presently a spirited team dragged the sled over the snowless ground. The ice proved to be all that its warm admirer had said of it; a succession of snowless, zero days had left the lake a miracle of "slickness." The beauty and chivalry of Lakeville, and Ranny's intimates who belonged to neither of these classes, were falling here and there with pleasing cries of pain. The boys and girls of Ranny's age were keeping meticulously apart, but those shameless characters of high-school and vicinity—youths who wore high collars on week-days and sometimes carried books for girls—did not scruple to skate openly with the fair sex. To Ranny and his contemporaries this was one of the penalties of living to an advanced age.

Soon there was a commotion at the edge of the ice, and some large boys were seen rigging up an ice-boat which was at once surrounded by spectators and volunteer advisers. Presently came an ominous sound underfoot like the croaking of some gigantic frog. As a matter of fact, there was no real danger—this was only one of nature's practical jokes—but in the first moment of panic nobody stopped to recall that fact. Ranny and Tom, like everybody else, preserved their lives vigorously, but Ranny's conception of the short cut to safety intersected that of Josie Kendal, a girl who sat in front of him at school. She did not sit in front of him now, but upon him. In the instant while his own face was pressed close to the ice and Josie was poking him unnecessarily with the sharp point of a skate, it occurred to Ranny that in the hour of peril he had not done anything to save Josie's life, as was the best form in the motion-picture

world, but had thought selfishly of his own. In his shame he forgot public opinion and tried to make amends by helping Josie to her feet. She returned the compliment when he fell down immediately afterward. It is possible that Ranny might have withdrawn from the affair at this point with an untarnished name. But some evil fate that had nothing better to do prompted him to say:

"Git on the sled an' I'll haul ya outa this."

Josie did so, aiding progress with the heels of her skates, and laughing amiably whenever Ranny, in accordance with his custom, informally sat down. Before long it appeared that Tom Rucker was being scandalized by this philandering, and that the general public was beginning to make remarks. In his anger at the way Ranny had deserted him for a mere girl, Tom turned to the drama to express his feelings. He and "Fatty" Hartman locked arms and strutted about appallingly. In that falsetto which he fondly imagined was a perfect imitation of the girlish voice—though it resembled nothing in nature—"Fatty" exclaimed:

"Oh, mercy! Isn't it slippery!"

The laughter over this lack-witted sally was one of the most mortifying things that Ranny had ever endured. He felt his ears growing hot and he knew that he was turning red all over.

"Now you're all right," he said to Josie politely, meaning that the incident was closed and that her absence was cordially requested.

But Josie, though a skater, was in no hurry to skate; far from being embarrassed, she seemed to be enjoying the situation of which she was the center. The giggles of her girl friends she took as an ovation instead of an insult. Ranny had a strong impulse to pick up the end of the sled and dump his lady friend out upon the ice, but in the society in which he moved girls could not be treated with disrespect any more than with deference. They must not be treated at all.

Finally Josie wearied of the game and decided to skate. "Thank you, Ranny," she said, sweetly.



THE GENERAL PUBLIC WAS BEGINNING TO MAKE REMARKS

"Y'r welcome." He had to say that, but there was no law compelling him to shout it at the top of his voice.

Josie's thanks probably pertained to the ride, but Tug Wiltshire advanced the theory that girls always did that when their lives were saved. "She's your girl," said Tug. "I seen it in a book. If you save 'em they're your girl." It was not the first time that Tug's passion for reading had caused trouble.

"I didn't save 'er. I knocked 'er down—that's what I done. They hadn't aughta let girls come out on the ice, anyway, always gittin' in the way an' fallin' down an' ever'thing."

But this harsh judgment deceived nobody. Tug maintained that she was his girl, whether he liked it or not, and cited instances. His bookish theory was promptly accepted by the rabble, and Ranny had the guilty secret knowledge that the moving-picture show had borne out Tug's contention. Unable to make headway against this ridicule, he left his companions and started home. This move proved to be a mistake, for it afterward laid him open to the charge that he had carried Josie's skates home for her, as was the custom of the senile.

Ranny wasted the glorious afternoon in being kind to his family. When he was building houses of blocks in order that his young sister might exercise her natural talent for destruction, the house was suddenly attacked by afternoon callers. He was trapped. He had to endure the gushes of two ladies over the baby—who was nothing much, so far as he could see—and their pats upon his head.

"Ranny looked just like her when he was a baby," said mother. "I'll show you his picture."

The victim dropped his construction-work and fled. That picture in the family album was the skeleton in his closet. The clothing of the infant Ranny had not been suited to the requirements of a decent and temperate zone. It strongly suggested some pictures in his book, *The Life of Henry M. Stanley*. From his hiding-place under the dining-room table he heard one of the ladies say:

"Oh, isn't he sweet!"

All this suffering because in a moment of melodrama he had asked Josie Kendal to ride on his sled.

Neither did the Sabbath bring forgetfulness. On Monday morning in school Josie persisted in being friendly.

"Better look out," said Ranny, gruffly. "She'll see ya."

"You were *nice* to me on Saturday," Josie replied, with a reproachful smile.

The watchful waiters of the neighborhood saw these amenities; their pleasure was made perfect by Miss Mills's sharp command:

"Josie, turn around, please!"

Other girls in the class now seemed to take a friendly interest in Ranny's existence. Thus Monday revealed Ranny treated with kindness by the girls and disrespect by the boys—a thing to blast a promising career. At dismissal in the afternoon he was pushed toward a group of gigglers containing Josie. He went home and stayed there, preferring to let splendid ice go to waste rather than to run the risk of being thrown—perhaps literally—into Josie's society. But Josie for some reason did not appear at the lake that afternoon, either. The boys next day entertained a theory that Ranny had been at her house playing with dolls. He was in that desperate position where everything he said or didn't say, everything he did or failed to do, was used against him.

When the week had succeeded in getting as far as Wednesday, there came the horrible news that Josie Kendal was going to give a Valentine-party. When Ranny's invitation came, father made some humorous reference to "a prominent society man," but mother spoke thoughtfully of the need for a new necktie. Ranny went to school with a seal of silence upon his lips. The secret would have been easier to keep but for the fact that nearly everybody of his acquaintance had also received an invitation. There were delighted whisperings among the girls, and Josie was constantly giving and receiving messages in the sign language. At recess the boys took their disgust to the pump, and all vowed that they would not go to such a function for a million dollars. Ranny, seeing a possibility here, put the price of his attendance at two millions.

"You *gotta* go," said Tom, the unforgiving. "I guess it was got up for you. It's your own fault they's goin' to be a party."

"'Tain't, either, my fault," said Ranny. "Nobody could make me go—the marshal or anybody." This seemed a safe boast, for the police force, Lon Higgins by name, though he wore a star, had never been known to compel people to go to parties.

"I betcha," said "Fatty" Hartman, "you'll send 'er one of them purty valentines an' spend away three cents."

Ranny denied this charge with all earnestness, but the valentine idea sent him home at noontime filled with vague anxieties. What if Josie should choose that public occasion to hand him one of those damaging lacy affairs of flowers and hearts and shameless little naked boys!

"Mother," he said, "don't spend no money for that there necktie. I ain't—I guess I can't—I don't like parties very much."

"Why, what do you mean?" Mother chose this time for quibbles. "You've scarcely ever been to a party. Of course you're going."

Curiously enough, there was very little boasting in the afternoon about the flattering offers all would refuse to attend Josie's function. By the next day it was tacitly understood that a party was one of those visitations which are inevitable. It was such a change of heart as is not uncommon in governmental circles where it is known as "hearing from home." The blustering was now done exclusively by "Sausage" Buckly, of "Frogtown," who lived in a social stratum several layers below Josie's. "Sausage" blustered and swaggered and ridiculed all of Josie's victims and made himself a public pest. His former crony, Ted Blake, unable to deny his charges, had to deal with "him" in a physical way.



MATERNAL LAKEVILLE FORCED ITS SONS INTO POLITE GARMENTS

On the fateful Friday morning Ranny arose and, like the condemned man of tradition, ate a hearty breakfast. But just as this meal was drawing to a close the young bookkeeper came over from father's factory, as was his recent custom, bringing the family letters.

"Why, here's one for Ranny," said father. "My goodness! the mail that fellow gets."

Ranny's heart bounded joyfully, then stopped and refused to do any more work. This was clearly not a regular letter; neither was it one of those cheap yellow envelopes in which one sends insulting valentines to one's friends.

"I—I guess I won't open it now," he said. "I'm kinda late."

Mother gave him a searching look as if she feared that he had suddenly become another kind of boy.

"Oh yes, open it," she said. "Maybe it's a valentine."

In a moment his worst fears were realized. To be sure, he was spared the naked boy, but here were the time-worn forget-me-nots and the heart pierced and bleeding in the old reliable way. There were also two lines of tender sentiment, which father seemed to think it necessary to read, and, scrawled at the bottom, the mortifying, ear-heating name, "Josie."

Now one of the best things Ranny had noticed about his parents was that they never committed or encouraged foolish jests about sweethearts. They now held true to form, unconscious, in their virtue, that the rest of the world was conducting itself differently.

"On the way to the party this afternoon," mother said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "you may stop at Mrs. Leonard's store and spend five cents for a valentine to give to Josie."

Mother's idea probably was that everybody else would come to the party thus equipped. What she was proposing was utter ruin, yet, so great was his burden of shame, he could not tell her of his week of trouble. He escaped to his room with a vague idea of destroying the valentine, but decided instead to put it in a secret place where he could occasionally look at it and be ashamed, safe from the eyes of the world. While doing so he matured a deliberate and lawless plan. He would submit to Sunday clothes and a new necktie; he would buy the valentine and find some sneaking, underhand way of getting it to Josie; but he would *not* go to the party.

At school the boys were hopeless, the girls excited and nervous. Josie's wireless was working constantly, but she found time to pin Ranny down and watch him squirm. He grudgingly admitted that he had received the valentine.

"I'll tell you a secret, if you promise not to tell." Her confidences could not have been placed in safer hands. "We're going to have cocoa."

"That's good," said Ranny, uneasily. He was fond of cocoa.

As the alleged merrymaking was to begin right after school, maternal Lakeville forced its sons and daughters into polite garments at the noon hour. Ranny suffered the common penalty and came back in the afternoon disguised as a lily of the field adorned with a shameless bow-tie of blue. Of course there were persons without social responsibilities who were not disguised at all, but the sartorial batting average was high. The general impression was as of impending Washington's Birthday exercises. "Fatty" Hartman had the elegant appearance and dejected air of one who is expected to speak a piece. Bud Hicks had a sickly, washed-out look, and Tom Rucker's freckled face peered over



THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE GLOOM WAS THE FACT THAT THE OTHER BOYS ALSO WERE COMPELLED TO ESCORT GIRLS TO SUPPER



IT WAS THE KIND OF CUP WHICH WOULD EASILY UPSET AND SHOOT A SUDDEN BROWN AND CREAMY STREAM INTO THE LAP OF THE BEST-DRESSED LADY IN THE ROOM

a high, white collar. "Sausage" arose to new heights of arrogance; he flaunted a hole in his stocking as if it had been awarded to him for taking a city.

Of the girls, the less said the better. Fresh-ribboned hair, flaring skirts, sashes and white stockings met the startled eye on every hand. Josie herself was in sober garb. A stranger might have thought that she had not been invited to the party, but the girls knew that a fluffy and creamy confection, too delicate for the dusty school-room, was awaiting her return.

After school Ranny hurried off homeward as if to add further indignities to his toilet. At Mrs. Leonard's store he faithfully invested his nickel in a valentine which expressed a high quality of friendship, but did not commit itself further. He now betook himself by ways that were dark to Tom Rucker's barn and climbed into the haymow by an exclusive private entrance. Here he settled down, safe from adults, girls, scoffers, parties, cocoa—he wished he had not thought of cocoa. To put away temptation he considered schemes to get the valentine off his hands. He would slip around after dark and stick it in the box in which the boy puts the evening paper. Nobody would notice him; they would be playing silly games and suffering and drinking cocoa— He jerked his mind away with an effort. Anyway, his future was now secure. He would ridicule everybody who had been so weak as to go to the party; he would make them wish they had never been born. If anybody ever said "Josie" to him again he would reply:

"Yes, who went to Josie's party, and played games with girls, and drank—" This time he got a recollection of something a little bitter and at the same time sweet, surmounted by whipped cream, tasteful and fragrant, and strongly suggesting another cupful. Ranny was not the first to discover that it is one thing to hide from the world and another to escape from one's memories.

In the dim and dusty haymow of the Rucker barn, Ranny fought his hopeless fight with temptation. The fumes of

imaginary cocoa weakened his moral fiber and made his mouth water. His interior bore false witness that it had not known food since the middle of the previous week. It was a thoroughly beaten boy who presently climbed down the ladder and took his desperate and hungry way toward the Kendal home. Cake alone he could have resisted, or ice-cream—on this winter day—but of all the delicacies of a fruitful world, it had to be cocoa!



"GOO'-BY, JOSIE," HE SAID. "I HAD A AWFUL NICE TIME."

He dragged his unwilling feet up the steps and was admitted by Mrs. Kendal herself.

"Well, Ranny, you are late," she said, brightly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ranny. "I had to— I been some place."

If social affairs were conducted upon a frank system of give and take, Ranny would have exchanged his five-cent valentine for two cups of cocoa—to be consumed in the hall—and would have gone his joyful way. As it was, he let his hand linger unconsciously upon the envelope half protruding from his overcoat pocket, and became in Mrs. Kendal's eyes the embarrassed bearer of gifts.

"What's this, Ranny?" she inquired, helpfully.

"A valentine—for Josie." This was in the tone of one breaking sad news.

"Oh, how nice!" said Mrs. Kendal, and as she opened the door which led to scenes of gaiety she called out: "Here's Ranny, dear. He's brought you a lovely valentine. Now you must let him take you out to supper."

A vision of creaminess and fluffiness came forward and gave Ranny a warm welcome. "Fatty" Hartman, who had seated himself near the dining-room door against possible emergencies, lost all control of himself and snickered into his hand. Tom Rucker almost ceased to look unhappy, and girls beamed maddeningly. Probably in all social history nobody had ever paid such a high price for a cup of cocoa. The only light in the gloom was the fact that the other boys also were compelled to escort girls to supper. This was managed by Mrs. Kendal in a masterful way that stopped just short of physical force. Ted Blake wore a frozen and mirthless smile and allowed a great deal of daylight to intervene between himself and his escortée. Bud Hicks walked as one alone in a vast plain with night coming on.

The cocoa came in as per contract, steaming and covered with whipped cream, but in cups that were built more for looks than for capacity—not particularly wide at the top and tapering fraudulently toward the bottom. It was the kind of cup which, touched upon the rim by the unwontedly stiff cuff of an embarrassed person, would easily upset,

overflow the saucer, and shoot a sudden brown and creamy stream over the table-cloth and into the lap of the best-dressed lady in the room, hostess, schoolmate, and—up to this moment—friend. All this abomination Ranny achieved within the shortest possible time after the cocoa had been placed at his mercy.

There is a kindly provision of nature which draws a curtain of unreality over our worst sufferings. Through such an anesthetic haze Ranny heard the cry of the stricken Josie, and saw Mrs. Kendal coming with napkins and words of tact and cheer. He dimly realized that girls were looking upon him as a loathsome thing, and that even the boys were no longer laughing. Presently he knew that Josie was being led weeping from the room; he had a vague sense that the collation was passing into a new phase and that in the excitement nobody had thought to refill his cocoa-cup. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, only to be cheated out of the pottage.

The next picture that came out of the fog was of Josie, subdued and sorrowful in the garments of anti-climax. She took no notice of his existence, but left him free to enjoy a kind of day nightmare in which white islands kept floating down a turbid stream.

At last the refreshments gave out and Ranny was allowed to do his suffering in the sitting-room. "Fatty," nourished and cheerful, went in for pantomime and strolled about, knocking over imaginary cups. He had spilled gallons of cocoa over hundreds of ladies, when Ranny came to the conclusion that he could do better for himself elsewhere. He slipped out into the hall and was half-way into his overcoat when Josie appeared, the open door behind her framing eager young faces. Since he was cornered, Ranny thought he might as well live up to mother's idea of a farewell address. "Goo'-by, Josie," he said. "I had a *awful* nice time."

It is a social error to tell a lady that you enjoyed pouring beverages upon her best gown. Josie's reply could not have been found in any standard work on etiquette:

"Ranny Dukes, I'll never speak to you again—if I live to be forty years old!"

There was only one retort which a perfect gentleman could make, so Ranny made it: "I don't care if you *never* do."

In the front row of the delighted audience was Tom Rucker; to him Josie, in her ignorance of human nature—or semi-human—appealed for moral support.

"I believe he did it a-purpose. He's mad at me or something. He never acts nice."

Ranny's future hung suspended upon Tom's reply.

"C'm'on, Dukes," said Tom; "le's git outa this. These here girls makes me tired."

Into this social crisis sprang Ted Blake in search of his cap. "You don't ketch me comin' to no party again," he muttered.

"They cry over ev'ry little thing," was Bud's indictment as he struggled with the torn lining of his overcoat sleeve.

The last of the insurgents was "Fatty" Hartman, his face slightly disguised with cake-crumbs. The main business of the meeting being finished, "Fatty" was willing to adjourn.

Josie's mother arrived belatedly, but was powerless to prevent the walk-out—though perhaps her heart was not in her work.

"I had a *awful* nice time," repeated Ranny, mechanically.

Mrs. Kendal went to look for Josie, who was probably under a bed by now, and compel her to bid her guests good-by. Through the front door, thus unguarded, all the best people leaked out of high society, leaving behind them only girls and such drawing-room favorites as Arthur Wilson and Clarence Raleigh.

"He done it a-purpose!" exclaimed Tom, when they were safe outside. "Josie said so her ownself. I guess he was a-foolin' us all the time."

Ranny had suffered so unjustly from false charges that he felt himself entitled to this excessive praise. He neither affirmed nor denied, but in his bearing there was a distinct suggestion of a rough and dangerous character. Nobody would ever accuse him of being polite to girls again; his name had been washed spotless in a bath of cocoa and cream.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE spring comes so slowly up this way that the returner from a winter sojourn, say in Florida, if he takes any of the express trains northward, can easily beat the Ethereal Mildness to New York. When he arrives he will indeed find that Gentle Spring has been provided with a carpet of dense green for her airy feet such as he has nowhere noticed in the farther South, and if after his home-coming one of his first walks shall take him into Central Park, he will see some tentative effects of decoration in mid-April such as lilac buds and yellow forsythia flowers, and a livelier iris on the burnished dove than he remembers seeing since the vernal season of last year. The winter may be still weeping a few last regretful tears over the faces of the boulders beside the paths, and there will be no great show of birds or butterflies; but there will be divers evidences of the coming of spring which we need not specify, and yet the fact will remain that she has not actually come. That is, she will not have come in that warm and flattering effect which we all expect of her, when we mention her; and the returner from the South who poises shivering on a bench beside some drive not yet thronged with automobiles or infested with their poisonous breath will feel himself akin to the robins and blackbirds in their disappointment with the tardy season.

He will wonder, perhaps, if they share his sense of having not so much escaped the winter as lost three months out of life. He will seem to have lived those three months since Christmas on the usual terms of summer, but now, since the months are gone the time will be as if it had not been. In the returner who has beaten the spring northward, and is sorry for it, there is a feeling of vacancy, of temporal bankruptcy almost, and if he happens to be one of those sages whom we parted with in the last weeks of last autumn, he will be in the sort of daze which follows waking from a dream. In this condition there will be an unconscious striving to bridge the interval which has elapsed and to piece the broken strands of association left dangling from the past toward those vaguely striving to lift themselves from the present.

Such at least was the fact (or the fiction; in these matters it is really all one) with the elder of those sages, who as he raised his bleared eyes from the lilac buds and the forsythia blossoms, and fixed them on that supposititious bridge, seemed to behold the younger sage capering (not too nimbly capering) over it toward him, and finally arriving on the walk before him.

"Hello!" the younger will then have said. "You here?"

"Hello, yourself! Why not?"

"Well, I don't know. I didn't suppose you had got back yet."

He took his seat beside the elder, who with his hands folded on the crook of his stick slowly turned his face so as to focus his companion in better recognition. "Will you answer me one simple question? Have I been away?"

"You ought to know."

"I don't see why. I seem to have passed the last eighty years in accumulating ignorance of everything that has happened. If I have been away, what was I doing here when you last intruded upon me?"

"Looking at the heels of the ladies' shoes as they passed."

"Well, I am doing that now, and the fact proves that I have not been away."

"You don't see any difference between now and then?"

"I don't admit yet that there is any such thing as now and then. Or, yes, I see a certain difference. At first the

heels seemed to touch the ground in the circumference of a quarter; now they do it in the circumference of a dime."

"Well, that is something. Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough? It shows that the ideas of women have changed."

"I should say, contracted. But are they women's ideas, the ideas that control the fashions? I incline to the belief that they are the ideas of the mendressmakers, and that they are inspired by a misconception of other men's nature and women's nature. Instead of believing that men and women jointly wish women to look beautiful, they believe that they jointly wish women to look pretty."

"And very high, very small, narrow heels are pretty?"

"That seems to be what the authors of fashion think."

The elder sage passed his hand over his chin. "It doesn't seem very important what they think."

"It isn't. I would rather have you explain what you mean by there being no now and then. There was a psychological suggestion in that which rather took my fancy."

"You are welcome to it. I meant that I had the sense of having been lost away from time as well as away from winter. I have rather a guilty feeling in my experience: the feeling of having been recreant to the terms of my creation, or to the terms of my climatic predicament. I've felt it before now after being away from the summer. I suppose it's for some wise purpose that a man is born an American instead of a German-American, or the inhabitant of a mild climate instead of a harsh one, though I don't know that I can make out what the purpose is. But if I shirk our summer by going to the seashore, or our winter by going South, I feel like a sort of traitor. The only thing that can excuse me is my age and my often infirmities. You hear people saying that it adds three years to your life if you go South from New Year's Day till All Fools' Day, but I think it takes three months from it."

"Prove it!"

"I'm not obliged to do that. But what I mean is that if I were intended to have a Southern winter I should have been born South, born to the palms and live-oaks and Spanish moss and perpetual blossoms and mocking-birds and strawberries and rattlesnakes which I've been nefariously enjoying since the beginning of the year, instead of taking my share of the blizzards, the sleet and snow and the warm and wet rain, and the grippe and rheumatism and the pneumonia which you've been meeting here like a man."

"Oh, I don't brag of it. Though I took my share—what I couldn't help."

"You mustn't be too modest. A conscript may be as brave in battle as a volunteer; I suppose they are both afraid at times. But neither one is a traitor, and I feel as if I had betrayed my native climate. You *had* to stay, and you ought to have the merit of staying. But what came to me at times as a consolation amidst my enjoyment of the inverted winter, down there, was the possibility that life in the winterlands was all a mistake, and that life in the summerlands was the real thing. The antique civilizations were of the South. They had no blizzards in Assyria or Persia, and none in Egypt—"

"Sand ones," the younger sage interpolated. "In the desert, you know."

"—no extremes of cold in Greece or Italy," the older continued without regarding him. "The hearts and heads of people were not worn out in withstanding the weather. They had force to develop religion and morality. I suppose that during the past winter you've been on the point of swearing, more than once, at the ice and snow, and those particularly nasty warm, wet rains?"

"Once or twice," the other admitted.

"Well, I have not sworn at the weather once, down there."

"Then what are you complaining of?"

"That I was not a native, that I hadn't an innate right to my good behavior. I complain of my ancestry. Why should they have come to the North and stayed there instead of going to the South? Why build up a great industrial and financial empire here, with the vast prosperity and adversity of its capitals?"

"If your ancestry had gone South they would have had slavery to contend

with, and you would be in the romantic delusion that slavery was a divinely beautiful thing."

"Not necessarily. If I were a woman I might, because my sex had suffered so much from it. Besides, if all the northern emigration had been southward the South would have been civilized even beyond the North, for there would have been no waste of force in merely resisting the weather. There would have been no expenditure of vital strength in the effort not to swear at the weather."

"Oh, then," the younger sage commented rather convincingly, as offering an inacceptable challenge, "you had no bad weather at all?"

"No, none! We had sharp little stimulating turns frostward whenever you had a three-foot snow here or a zero temperature, but nothing that you wouldn't have exulted in if you hadn't a bad conscience about it!"

"Couldn't you have got over that difficulty by staying South through the summer? Your suffering then would have atoned for all your stolen winter joys, wouldn't it?"

"Not if you could believe the natives. The summer down there has no fault but its length."

"Oh, but why believe the natives?"

"Tell me," the elder sage demanded, "have you ever passed a summer in New York?"

"Not since I could help it."

"Well, that's another grievance I have with our climate. I can't even stay here in the summer. I am forced to go up to the North Shore of Massachusetts and grab the delicious coolness from the natives which they have suffered through nine months of winter to put by for June, July, and August. I've no sooner got my bad conscience appeased for enjoying a Florida winter than I have it roused to its worst activity by the delight of the New England summer."

"I see," the younger sage admitted.

"I am a double-dyed traitor, a renegade to my whole native year, except a few weeks of May and October, or the beginning of June and the ending of September."

"And have you no compensations for your sins?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," the elder sighed. "There is the guilty pleasure of the place here, which I don't deny; the chances of talk which you get nowhere else; the fell charm of all the metropolitan facilities—a good play, an unexpectedly beautiful picture, a surprise in sculpture; the whole stir and movement of the great life of the largest city which goes near to make up to one the loss of one's soul; the flutter of the voluminously empty newspapers, the latest books, the freshest scandal: they all go a great way to help one forget one's sins."

"Yes, I see what you mean. It's a great thing, forgetting, even for the average whity-brown spirit, let alone a dead-black soul."

"You needn't put on airs," the older sage retorted with some asperity.

"Oh, I didn't mean to be personal. I don't think you're as bad as you've painted yourself; though there's truth in what you've been saying. But is it too late to do anything about our meteorology on the general scale?"

"Oh, there's the poor, confound them! We couldn't get *them* to Florida in the winter, or to the Massachusetts North Shore in the summer."

"Well, not all of them, or not all at once. But we could think about them when we were there, and that would be some consolation for them. I suppose that you thought about them in the South?"

"Not for an instant!" the sage replied with a wild laugh of self-scorn. "No more than if I hadn't left a single cold or hungry person in New York; no more than I shall think in my North Shore coolness, this summer, of the wretches I shall have left sizzling here."

"It does seem rather hard on you."

"Oh, I can bear it, I suppose. I'm pretty well used to leaving them for the summer. It's leaving them for the winter that I object to."

"Yes; and it's so easy getting back and forth, now."

"Oh, *is* it? Did you ever make a thirty hours' pull in a Pullman compartment? Crumpled rose-leaves are nothing to it! No matter where your compartment is in the car, it's always directly over the wheels."

"Yes, I've noticed that. The Pull-

man car is apparently built, as to its wheels, on the model of the centipede. But that's merely provisional, I think. It will be ultimated in a sort of biped."

"I doubt it. In the watches of a night which I estimated at forty-eight hours long I decided that the comforts of land travel had been ultimated now. It takes you from twenty-eight to thirty-eight hours to go South, according to the point you want to reach. You have your own railroad bedroom if you can pay for it, and you have your dining-room, where you stand up from ten minutes to thirty until you can get a seat at a table and begin locking arms with your neighbor. The last word has been reached in land travel."

"Well, and what's the next word?"

"The first word in air travel. We've seen what can be done with aeroplanes of all sorts in war, killing and being killed, and as soon as this war is over we shall begin to see what can be done with them in peace. The first thing must be speed. We must get to or from Florida in five or six hours; it's ridiculous to take thirty or forty in this age of the world, when time is getting so scarce. Then we sha'n't need bedrooms or dining-rooms, *en route;* they will be bad enough at the journey's end. We shall step out and stamp off among the rattlesnakes or the taxicabs, as the case may be, gay as larks, and sha'n't know that we've been going till we've stopped. Why, it's ridiculous taking five hours to go to Washington or Boston; you ought to do it in an hour. Consider that the earth has only a few eons longer, and here we go on, throwing away the precious minutes as if they were instants. Every hour we waste—"

"I feel as young as ever," the junior sage interrupted. "And," he added, "all my friends tell me I look it."

The elder crowed derisively. "So do mine tell me. The thing is not to believe them. They want to kill you with kindness. You try once to *act* as young as ever, and you'll feel as *old* as ever."

"I see," the other said. "You've come home too soon. You ought to have stayed South till May, and kept on enjoying a climate that didn't belong to you. Then when you came North you wouldn't have had to see April writhing in the vernal colic which expresses her joy in life, and you wouldn't have had to stay so long till you went away in June and began robbing the people on the Massachusetts North Shore of their hard-earned summer weather."

The sages laughed together in mutual enjoyment of their sardonic humor. Then the elder seemed to sour in it. "When was it we met last?" he asked.

"Last fall."

"Well, I'm sorry you've learned so little wisdom. Dr. Holmes never did a more mischievous thing than when he got off that guff about being eighty years *young*. Eighty years! He might have said it at seventy. I can remember how I felt at seventy. I was a mere boy. But I'm not a boy at eighty, and I don't stump off, as you call it. How old did you say *you* were?"

"Seventy-nine."

"Wait till you come eighty. Then you won't stump off, or want to. You'll be glad to sit still and think of the sins of your youth, your *real* youth. Instead of bragging of your good conscience and your active legs, you'll want to think of some way to pay back the Southerners for the beautiful climate you've enjoyed at their expense—the climate that rightfully belongs to the natives of it. We ought either to live South the year round or stay through the winter here!"

"But you were just prophesying how to get there by a shorter method!"

"That has nothing to do with it. That represents my total depravity. That shows what a lost and hopeless sinner I am. Certainly I shall be off to the North Shore of Massachusetts at the first hint of a heated term here; and next fall I shall not wait for Christmas, I shall be off at Thanksgiving, aeroplane or no aeroplane. A Pullman compartment will be good enough for me, yet awhile. I will leave you here to stump off in your perennial youth. Stump off! I should like to see you do it."

"Well, look!" The younger sage rose vigorously with very little help from his hands by pressure on the bench.

He strode off at a fairly good gait, while the other watched him through the slits of his narrowed eyes. At a certain hesitation expressed in the other's back he called to him, "Don't stop; keep going."

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE publishing house since 1833 known as Harper & Brothers was established under the firm-name of "J. & J. Harper" in March, 1817. Next year it will be the only American publishing house engaged in the general publishing business that has ever completed a centenary in continuous existence upon its original foundation.

The house may well take note of its forthcoming centennial anniversary—as it has done by its announcements in previous numbers of this magazine—though, it will be observed, it proposes to have no monopoly of the affair. No one associated with the house has a memory of its beginnings; nor has any living American reader. From the character of its publications the whole record of the house is inseparably bound up with American life and literature during the past century. This could not be so truly said if its publications had followed special lines or if they had been exclusively of American authorship. Rather, they have appealed, on general grounds, to American sensibility, which, in the field of literature, has never been quite provincial.

When the house was established less than half a century had elapsed since the American colonies had declared their independence of British rule. But the severance of political relations only emphasized the continuity of English culture and tradition. It was almost simultaneously with the beginnings of the Harper enterprise that Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" Though Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist, had acquired a European reputation, and Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* had been published in 1809, the challenge was, in the main, justified. Cooper was as yet unknown; Poe, a boy of eight was at school in England; and Bryant's "Thanatopsis"—which Richard Henry Stoddard notes as "the commencement of American poetry"—was published in *The North American Review* in 1817, the third year of that periodical. But while there were then so few American men of letters, in the polite sense, there was no lack of relish for current English literature.

It was the day of small things in publishing, as in every other kind of enterprise. But the time chosen by the Harpers was auspicious for the success of their undertaking. It was just after the Napoleonic wars in Europe and the War of 1812 in America, at the dawn of a new era for the people of both continents. The United States was reaping the first fruits of the Louisiana Purchase in the growing development of the Mississippi Valley. The westward migration from the Atlantic seaboard was fairly on its way, though at so slow a pace as hardly to presage the momentum of its later course; the scattered settlements on the near frontier not even dimly foreshadowed the new empire then being born or its relation to the political destinies of the nation.

But it required no uncommon sagacity at that time to forecast the future commercial primacy of New York City. The Erie Canal, soon to be completed and which seemed so promising, was but one of the favoring winds of destiny. The swift packet sailing-ships meant very much more. Whatever should enhance the progress of the country must inevitably favor its most fortunately situated seaboard metropolis, and this favor was sure to be shared by a publishing house embarking upon its career at this point of vantage, and having but the simple wisdom to see the drift of things and especially to note and to meet the intellectual and spiritual aspirations of a whole people.

The period from 1817 to 1850, when *Harper's Magazine* was established—one full human generation—was notable in the annals of American progress. During this period the population of the country had more than doubled, increasing from about nine millions to more than twenty-three millions; that of New York City had grown from less than one hundred thousand to more than half a million, having since 1830 far outdistanced Philadelphia, thus becoming the great metropolis of America. Before the close of the period Harper & Brothers had become the foremost publishing house in the country, not merely availing itself of the new inventions of this remarkable generation as applied to the processes of printing, but putting itself into close touch with the people through the advancement of their education and the satisfaction of their intellectual and religious interests.

It was through the participation of the house in the educational movement that the Magazine had its matriculation, and that is our reason for considering it here with some particularity. For it is to the readers of this magazine that the centennial of the house is most interesting and significant; and those who have followed its course from the start the present management has invited to an intimate participation in the event by briefly recording and transmitting to Franklin Square their early impressions of this monthly visitor to their homes. The editor, whose connection with the Magazine in that relation dates back to 1869, and as assistant editor to 1863, feels a deep personal interest in these solicited communications, which themselves will be a matter of feeling and familiar association rather than of literary criticism. They will form a most important part, along with the editor's own historical summary, of a published brochure commemorative of the occasion. Altogether the affair should be a remarkable old-time "home coming."

As we have said, the memories of none now living, not even those of the oldest readers of the Magazine, reach back to the beginnings of the publishing establishment; and only comparatively few have read J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper*—a most interesting record of its earlier as well as of its later undertakings, brought down to within five years of the completion of its first century. We shall here confine ourselves to a partial glimpse of its early educational work, as showing its intimate association with the progressive life of the people, and as finally making the publication of the Magazine an imperative necessity.

Before the destruction of the whole establishment by fire, in 1853, the Harpers had published 1549 works, of which 722 were of American authorship. As so little American fiction had been written up to that time, nearly all of these original works were of an educational character, including important histories, like those of Prescott, Motley, Hildreth, and Macaulay. Special libraries—sets of books uniform in binding and price—were an important feature. One of the best known of these was Harper's Family Library, mostly of foreign authorship, begun in 1830, consisting of history, biography, and books of travel. In its whole career it contained one hundred and eighty-seven volumes, issued so regularly that it constituted a serial publication. Harper's Boys' and Girls' Library, as a rule by American authors, was started in 1831. Harper's Select Library of Novels, almost entirely English, in its second and lower-priced series, began in 1842, and in its course reached six hundred and fifteen volumes. To these must be added other libraries: the Selected Library of Standard Literature, the New Classical Library, the Student Series, and Story Books.

Of more direct use in schools and colleges were Harper's District School Library, Anthon's Classical Series, and the best Greek and Latin lexicons of the time.

These seem to-day dry-as-dust details, but in the forties of the last century, when the lyceum movement flourished, and when the chief interest and enthusiasm of the people, even in what we now call the Middle West, were concentrated upon educational material and methods, they stood for the spirit that vitalized the whole texture of American life—for Americanism itself against invasive foreign influences. It was as representative of this intensely American feeling that James Harper, the senior

member of the house, was elected Mayor of New York City in 1844.

What is most interesting to readers of the Magazine in this brief review of the Harper undertakings prior to 1850 is the fact that, exclusive of religious publications, the principle of selection that determined the lines of diversification, following precisely the same lines, determined the character of the new periodical, with only this difference—that in the latter greater prominence was given to the literature of power, as distinguished from that of knowledge—to the stimulation and satisfaction of esthetic sensibility as even more important than the diffusion of information.

The time was ripe for this change in the perspective of values. The eagerness of American readers for new and useful information was, indeed, rapidly increasing, but there had been awakened in them an ardent desire for humane literature, for esthetic entertainment and not merely strict edification. Fiction was beginning to be generally tolerated. Information was best welcomed when conveyed with taste, geniality, and humor. The revival of wood-engraving, which the Harpers had especially stimulated, in such exemplars as Joseph A. Adams and his pupil, Benson J. Lossing, gave promise of an additional allurement. The former had recently produced sixteen hundred engravings for the illustration of Harper's Family Bible, and the latter in 1848 had begun work on his *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, which was to be an important feature in the early volumes of *Harper's Magazine*.

The plan for such a magazine, covering the whole field of informing and creative literature, was already laid out for the Harpers—in their books of Travel and Exploration, of History and Biography, of Essays and Fiction, and generally in those for the popular diffusion of knowledge—before the idea of its publication had occurred to them; and it was the manifest destiny of this type of periodical that it should be pictorially illustrated. The immediate prompting of the actual undertaking was a recognition of the fact that the best European literature of every kind found its way into European periodicals. Hence this magazine was at first made up mainly of selections from these—the principle of selection following the plan adopted for the conduct of the new periodical. The catholicity of this plan boldly distinguished the Magazine from all those previously undertaken in this country. The American popular demand for it was imperative, but could not then have been more than partially met from the meager resources of American literature, though these were drawn upon as fully as possible.

The development of the new type to its maturity was to depend upon American writers and artists not then known, who were in good part tempted to the exercise of their powers by the stimulus and opportunity afforded by the Magazine itself. The English literature so abundantly offered, and with wiser selection than was otherwise possible in the early volumes, while it helped to mold the form of our writers' contributions, did not determine their content as to spirit, character, or humor, which were thoroughly American. The only field which maintained a distinctively English character for a longer period—and even, to some extent and by reason of greater compelling excellence, to the present time—was that of serial fiction. Creative Art, like Science, is, on its highest plane, cosmopolitan. The Travel Sketch, from the days of Porte Crayon, has borne the purely American stamp. It was this feature—the articles of Travel and Exploration—that early excited the envy of the publishers of *Blackwood*. The Short Story, especially cultivated by Harpers from the beginning, is the most original product of American literature.

Harper's Magazine remained the only exemplar of its type for a score of years, holding an undivided kingdom in the hearts of the American people. In the period of its divided realm it has attained its greatest excellence and prosperity; but in that earlier day it was in a peculiar sense a familiar household guest in the homes of a country growing into its own maturity. It was the day of small but significant things, cherished in steadfast remembrance—some echo of which will be gratefully appreciated by its publishers and by all of its readers.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Mrs. Tumulty's Hat

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

AS Mrs. Tumulty rounded the cape at Seventy-third Street and Broadway the gust caught her, and in the same instant she felt her hat and her head parting company. She grabbed wildly.

"Oh, my hat! My new hat! Oh, catch it for me, somebody, ple-e-ase!"

Mrs. Tumulty's voice shrilled with agony, for it was, indeed, her new hat—a very large and expensive hat, which only the day before Mr. Tumulty, with very excellent taste in such matters, had really selected, as well as paid for, in celebration of his having won the Clayton Will case, which meant a pretty nice fee and new clients. Mrs. Tumulty swiftly remembered these things, now, as she ran, her gaze directed to the sky, which seemed to be her hat's general destination.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Mrs. Tumulty, "I'm going to lose my new hat that Roscoe bought me, and he'll blame me so! He says I *never* pin my hats on well, and I suppose I don't. Oh, just *look* at the crazy thing, *now!*"

Mrs. Tumulty had a following, by this time, of two small boys, a fat man, and a red-haired delivery clerk. The hat had suddenly abandoned its eccentric skyward flight, and made a straight dive downward, as if determined to perish under flying wheels. The bereft lady and her panting brigade pulled up suddenly to face the worst. Another instant, and that beautiful creation of flowers and feathers would be a maimed and blighted thing. The street was fairly full of motor-cars, and the hat seemed aimed at the very



"OH, MY HAT! MY NEW HAT! OH, CATCH IT FOR ME, SOMEBODY, PLE-E-ASE!"



PN.

"OH," SHE SAID, "CAN'T YOU HAVE YOUR CAR COME BACK? MY—MY HAT'S IN IT! MY HAT THAT ROSCOE GAVE ME!"

center of the flying mass. But then Mrs. Tumulty gave a little cry, and her body-guard a sort of general whoop. Something quite different had happened. At the very instant of its final plunge an open touring-car, with two men in the front seat and nobody in the back, was timed by fate to be exactly under it. Instead of plunging to the ruin of the street, Mrs. Tumulty's hat seemed to right itself and settle very gently, even if suddenly, to the floor of the empty tonneau, and so went gliding away, the two gentlemen in the front seat quite unsuspicious of any trouble behind—that is to say, ahead.

"*Six-eight-three-one-six!* I got the number!" yelled one of the small boys; "six-eight-three-one-six! You'll get it, all right. All you've got to do is—"

But Mrs. Tumulty was running again, as if she had some notion that she could overhaul a car that was at least doubling the speed limit for motor vehicles. Her following fell away from her, but, by some inspiration, Mrs. Tumulty kept on. A traffic policeman waved and called to the flying, bare headed lady, but she did not heed him. Her eyes were glued to the gray open car, now swiftly dwindling into the perspective, two blocks away. And then, oh, joy! one of the men held out an arm, the gray car slackened and rounded into the curb. Mrs. Tumulty, who ten years before had been on the track-team of her school, threw herself into top gear, and persons stepped aside to let her pass. The speeding lady did not notice them. She saw only that a man got out of the gray car and that an instant later, when she was still half a block away, the said car wheeled back into the traffic, turned a corner, and was gone.

The slender and rather anemic-looking gentleman who had descended from the gray car was about to pass through the entrance of a tall office-building when a bareheaded, panting lady, with a very red face and flying hair, laid her hand on his arm. He took one look, and would have disappeared very suddenly if the excited person had held him a bit less firmly.

"Oh," she said, "can't you have your car come back? My—my hat's in it! My hat that Roscoe gave me!"

The slender gentleman answered rather nervously, but with decision.

"Madam," he said, "there—there is s-some mistake. There was no hat—that is to say—no—no lady's hat in the car I was in. Try to—to calm yourself, madam."

"Oh, but my hat *is* in it. I saw it go in myself. I didn't have it pinned on well and the wind blew it off, and it fell right in the back of your car. I know it was yours, for I kept up and never lost sight of it. Oh, *please* telephone, or something."

The anemic gentleman reflected.

"You are a—a good runner, madam, to have kept up. Jack Nettleton has been fined twice for speeding. It is *his* car, not mine. He will be home presently, I judge, and I will telephone to see if he has—that is—what he *may* have in the back of his car, and if you will leave your address, madam, I am sure he will return your—that is—any strange apparel he may find there."

"But it is just a hat—a large, new hat, and can't you telephone *right away?* I'm *so* anxious! Or, give me the number and I'll do it."

The nervous gentleman hesitated.

"But—but I think Mr. Nettleton is hardly there yet, and you see, if Mrs. Nettleton should answer—well—I—you—explanations by telephone, you know—and Mrs. Nettleton is—is inclined to be a—a little, that is to say, quick in her conclusions, don't you see,

and—and Jack is a good deal of a favorite—and a—lady's hat in the back of the car, and the—apparent—improbability of the—"

"Oh, yes, of course—I never thought of that. I wouldn't telephone myself for the world, but you could call up, and, if she answered, ask to have Mr. Nettleton call you when he comes, couldn't you?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so. I—I'll consider that. I will consider what seems best to do under the—I may say—rather peculiar circumstances, and I am sure—that is, I think, you will get your—eh—property, madam, in due time. I am a—a mining engineer, and accustomed to—to—hazardous undertakings. Now—the—the address, if you please, madam."

Mrs. Tumulty hastily dug from the depths of a small hand-bag a bit of pasteboard, thanked him, and, signaling a taxi, was presently on her way home.

"If I can only get it again before Roscoe comes home," she groaned, as she settled back in the seat. "He would be *so* cross about it!"

But fate had arranged the matter in its own way. At that very moment Mr. Roscoe Tumulty was sitting in Mrs. Jack Nettleton's drawing-room, only waiting for Mr. Nettleton's return to discuss the terms of a joint will which Mr. Tumulty was to draw for the Nettletons prior to their departure on a West-Indian and South-American cruise.

"Mr. Nettleton and myself have decided to make a joint will," she was saying, "and to have you draw it. Of course, whatever belongs to one of us belongs to both. We are as one in everything, and always shall be; but if anything should happen, you know, and one never can tell on a voyage, these days, with submarines and drifting mines, and if anything *should* happen—to me, of course—I should want Jack—Mr. Nettleton, I mean—to have everything, you know."

Mr. Tumulty nodded.

"A will is the proper protection," he said, "a good will—correctly drawn, I mean. Mrs. Tumulty and myself are, as you say, also one in everything—one in thought, effort, earthly possessions—for which reason we have long since made a joint will."

"Yes," epigrammed Mrs. Nettleton, walking to the window, "the more people belong the more their belongings belong. My husband should be here by this time. He had some business in Yonkers, but was to be back by eleven. He—" Mrs. Nettleton was here interrupted by a muffled ring from an adjoining room. "Excuse me," she said—"the telephone."

The one-sided conversation that came through the door to Mr. Tumulty did not, at the moment, seem important.

"Hello! Yes—yes, *this* is Mr. Nettleton's house. No—*Mrs.* Nettleton. *Mr.* Nettleton is not here. Yes, we expect him soon, but he will be quite busy when he comes; can you give me a message for him? Oh, I see; rather important and *private*. Well, I'm his wife, and can take *any* message. You prefer to have him call you. Oh, *very* well; and who is this? I *see;* his *friend, Mr. Lawson*—one-six-two-five Columbus. *Thank* you!"

To Mr. Tumulty it seemed that Mrs. Nettleton hung up the receiver with rather a jerky motion, and she may have appeared just the least bit ruffled as she entered the room and walked to the window. But an instant later she turned, quite cheerfully.

"Mr. Nettleton is just coming; I am sorry we have kept you waiting, Mr. Tumulty."

Declaring that the slight delay was of no consequence, Mr. Tumulty himself stepped to the window in time to see a gray open car draw up to the curb. A moment later the single occupant had jumped out and run diagonally across the street.

"Oh, dear!" fussed Mrs. Nettleton, "now he has gone over to the drug-store after cigars. He always forgets them until he gets right to the door, and it takes forever to get waited on over there. I'll just step out and hurry him in."

She went, in spite of Mr. Tumulty's protest, and a moment later he saw her standing by the car. He politely left the window, then, and took a turn down the room. Ten seconds later Mrs. Nettleton burst in, alone. She held one hand behind her, and was visibly excited. The reader will recall that Mrs. Nettleton was inclined to be rather quick in her conclusions.

"Mr. Tumulty," she demanded, with forced calm, "are you a divorce lawyer, too?"

"Why—madam—I—yes, madam; but why?"

"Well, I think it's very likely we'll change that joint will into divorce papers."

"But, my dear Mrs. Nettleton—I am at a loss. I don't grasp the idea."

"You will, in a minute. I went out to meet my husband, as you know. While waiting, I stepped to the side of the car, thinking no evil, and looked in. What do you suppose I found there, Mr. Tumulty? What do you *suppose?*"

But Mr. Tumulty's legal mind was not given to supposing. He shook his head, dazed.

"I found a hat, Mr. Tumulty—a *woman's* hat—in my *husband's car*—a costly hat—such as I have never felt able to wear myself; left in there by mistake, no doubt—and by *whom?* That's what you must find out, Mr. Tumulty, and draw the papers."



STARED ONLY AT THE HAT, WHILE HIS EYES TOOK ON A FIXED, GLAZED EXPRESSION, AS IF HE WERE LOSING HIS MIND

"But, my dear madam, he may be quite innocent. Perhaps it is a hat he has brought home to you, as a present. Only a day or two ago I bought, and, indeed, selected, a hat for my wife—quite an imposing hat, I may say; and this, also, may be a present from—"

"From Jack Nettleton? Never! He doesn't know the first thing about hats, and wouldn't dare. Besides, he always has said he liked small hats—and look at *that!*"

Mrs. Nettleton snatched forth the hand she had been holding behind her, and so brought to view a splendid big creation of flowers and feathers, apparently not the least the worse for its adventure. Mr. Tumulty took one look, then himself seized the offending head-gear.

"Well," he snorted, "I like *that*—I do, indeed! That? Why, that's my *wife's* hat. Her new one—the one I mentioned—the very one I bought for her two days ago. I *like that*—I do, *indeed!*" And to show how much he liked it, Mr. Tumulty repeated his statement several times, with steadily increasing emphasis. The door opened just then, and Mr. Jack Nettleton entered.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be late," he began, gaily, then paused. Something told him that all was not as it should be, and the figure of a gentleman whom he took to be the legal Mr. Tumulty, holding a large and sumptuous hat, was for some reason, oppressive. He stood staring from one to the other, until his wife's voice brought him to himself with a sudden jerk.

"John Nettleton," she said, and there was a fearful menace in her tones, "Mr. Tumulty and I wish you to explain by what means you came by that hat."

Mr. Nettleton again turned from his wife to Mr. Tumulty and the hat, then back to his wife, and, getting no light, stared only at the hat, while his eyes took on a fixed, glazed expression, as if he were losing his mind.

"Yes, of course," proceeded Mrs. Nettleton, "you can't speak, confronted by your duplicity. Oh, to think—"

Mr. Nettleton found his voice.

"Say," he said, "what *is* this, anyhow—an April fool, or a bad dream? What do I know about that hat? I never saw it before in my life. What about it, anyhow?"

Mr. Tumulty "took the word," as the French say, replying calmly and judicially, as became one who might one day reasonably nope to occupy the bench of justice.

"Mr. Nettleton," he said, "some few moments since, your wife, Mrs. Nettleton, upon going out to welcome you, chanced to look into the back of the car which stands outside, and has presumably been occupied by yourself during the forenoon. What was her astonishment to discover there, carefully placed on the floor of the tonneau, this rather expensive and, I may say, handsome hat. Furthermore, it is a hat not strange to me. It is, in fact, the identical millinery that two days ago I purchased as a gift to my wife. You will understand, therefore, Mr. Nettleton, why Mrs. Nettleton and myself are naturally disturbed, and consider that an explanation is in order."

Mr. Nettleton made no immediate reply, but reached out as if to take the hat, and then dropping into a chair, sat gazing at it in a fascinated way.

"Somebody's playing it on me," he said at last—"that's the size of it. But who is it, and what's it for? That's what I want to know."

Mrs. Nettleton said in frozen accents: "Possibly you *might* learn something by calling up your friend Mr. Lawson. He telephoned a little while ago and left a request that you call him as soon as you should arrive—declining to leave a message—said his business was important—and *private*."

Mr. Nettleton straightened up.

"Lawson? Sure! Brought him down from Yonkers. But it isn't a joke if it's Lawson. He couldn't play a joke on anybody. I'll call him, all right."

Mr. Nettleton hurried to the next room, and, a few moments later, had Mr. Lawson on the wire. The end of the conversation which the two listeners heard meant very little, being confined mainly to "Yes—yes—sure," and "Of course," but presently Mr.

Nettleton hung up the receiver, and, with a great laugh, returned to the drawing-room.

"By gracious!" he declared, "that's the best yet. It's your wife's hat, all right, Mr. Tumulty, and it was blown from her head into the back of my car. She ran after us and saw Lawson get out, but couldn't catch me in time, and asked him to telephone. Say, but that's a good one!"

Mr. Tumulty's face showed signs of relaxing, but Mrs. Nettleton remained chilly.

"That's a *very likely* story," she said. "If it's as innocent as all that, why did Lawson tell me that his business was *important* and *private?*"

"Why, because Lawson is an ass—as usual—that's why. He thought he'd stir up trouble by telling you, so he did just that by *not* telling you."

Mr. Tumulty said, without emotion: "There are circumstantial aspects of this case in your favor, Mr. Nettleton. My wife has a habit of not sufficiently securing her head-gear, and this corroborative testimony from your witness, Lawson—"

But Mrs. Nettleton interrupted scornfully: "His witness Lawson! What does that amount to? We didn't hear a word of what he said, and, besides, don't you know that in affairs of this kind men stick together like glue?"

Mr. Nettleton said: "Look here, I'm game. The car is outside. We'll go down and get Lawson, first; then we'll drive to the home of Mr. Roscoe Tumulty and try this case out in our own court. Mr. Tumulty, as a lawyer, can get at the facts, I guess, with all the witnesses together."

If Mrs. Nettleton softened at all during the next three minutes she did not manifest the fact, and by that time she was seated with Mr. Tumulty behind her husband, who was violating the speed laws on the way to the office of Orville G. Lawson, Mining Engineer. Then, some nine minutes later, with Mr. Lawson added to the party, they were speeding toward Mr. Tumulty's apartment on Seventy-fifth Street.

Mrs. Tumulty, anxiously awaiting the ring that would announce a messenger-boy, was considerably startled at the sudden entrance of her husband, who was not due until five P. M.

"Why, Roscoe," she said, "what brought you home this time o' day?"

"Business," said Mr. Tumulty. "Business that makes it necessary that I should examine the new hat I bought you two days since."

Then Mrs. Tumulty gasped a little and, repeating "Why, Roscoe," twice over, began to cry.

"Oh," she said, "I know, of course, you—you'll say it was my f-fault, but I thought I did have it p-pinned on tight, and the w-wind was awful, and n-nearly blew my hair off, too, and—and—"

"Where did it blow to?" asked Mr. Tumulty, with something of his professional examination air.

"Into an au-automobile, but I'm g-going to get it again, for—for—"

"That's all right," said Mr. Tumulty, "I know the rest." He stepped to the door. "Come in," he said, "this witness will corroborate all the former testimony, and is unimpeachable. Verdict for the defendant."

An Objectionable Guest

MY cousin, Mary Alice Jones,
Has come to visit me.
She's nine years old, and mostly bones,
And messes with her tea.
Her eyes are very round and black,
Her teeth are rather big;
She wears two pig-tails down her back—
Because she is a pig.

My cousin, Mary Alice Jones,
Is going to stay for weeks.
She always speaks in whiny tones,—
If you can call it *speaks*.
I have to give her half my room,
And half my dressing-case.
She always wears a look of gloom,
And mopes around the place.

My cousin, Mary Alice Jones,
Is quite a silly girl,
And when she does her hair, she moans,
'Cause she can't make it curl.
And when I wear my yellow gown,
With hair-ribbons to match,
She says *she* simply won't go down,—
She looks like the old scratch!

My cousin, Mary Alice Jones,
Takes more than half the bed;
And in her sleep, she always groans
And wiggles with her head.
I wonder if her parents believed
She would make so much fuss,—
I s'pose they're only too relieved
To have her visit *us*.

ETHEL M. KELLEY



"Please, mister, when you get through would you mind opening my bank for me. I want to get my pennies out."

A Wise Bull

A YOUNG fellow was looking over a fence watching a girl milk a cow in an open field, when suddenly he observed a young and excited bull, with his head lowered and tail cocked high in the air, rushing madly toward her. The youth called out to warn her of the approaching danger, but she just glanced at the bull and continued calmly to milk the cow.

Still the infuriated animal rushed toward the dauntless girl, and then, when it was almost upon her, it stopped short, gave a loud bellow, and galloped away to the farther side of the meadow.

The young fellow now ventured to ask the girl how she knew the bull would not touch her.

"Oh," was the gentle reply, "this cow's his mother-in-law."

How It Happened

LITTLE Lester came running to his mother one day with a badly scratched hand.

As mother was administering healing and sympathy, she asked:

"Dearie, how did you hurt your hand so badly?"

"Why, mother," replied the little fellow, "I cut it on the cat."

An Industrious Mountaineer

"I NEVER saw a more industrious woman than that Mrs. Crum," the teacher remarked, before the Kentucky mountain boys and girls gathered at the school dinner-table. "Why, even when I meet her on the road she pulls her yarn and needles out of her pocket and goes to knitting!"

Teacher's manifestation of surprise brought forth a volley of ejaculations from the children, each of whom had mother, aunt, or cousin who was equally ardent at wool-working.

"Oh," exclaimed one little fellow, reaching the climax of the discussion, "I had a grandmother who was the knittinest woman I ever knowed. She used to take her knitting to bed with her, and every few minutes she woked up and throwed out a pair o' socks!"

The Second Time

UPON looking under his berth in the morning, a passenger on an east-bound train found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

Boston Version

MOST Boston stories are built up around the conventional tradition of the inviolate classicism of our American Athens. But, like most traditions, this tradition of Boston culture has little to do with the actual facts of contemporary life. Modern Boston is fairly well caricatured in a rendering of the twenty-third Psalm, which a young Bostonian recently offered her public-school teacher. She followed the familiar text until she reached the last verse, when she concluded, with pious confidence, "Surely, good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."

The Easiest Way

A PROFESSOR at a Western engineering college says that but for the occasional innovations in the applications of learning, such as the following, for instance, he would find it difficult to judge of his usefulness.

"What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?" was the question asked upon an examination paper.

One youthful aspirant answered, "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."

A United Family

AN old couple in the South were much distressed, owing to their increasing poverty. Thinking their son in the North would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and saying that if he did not aid them they would be obliged to go to the poor-house.

A couple of weeks passed, and then came a letter from the son, saying:

"My dear parents,—Just wait another week and I'll come home and go with you. —Your affectionate son."

No Knowing

"NOW we will say that your mother bought three dozen of oranges, the dealer's price being thirty cents a dozen, how much money would the purchase cost her?"

"You can never tell," answered Harry, who was at the head of his class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"

A Youthful Wit

THE boys of Wallace University School were playing baseball on a vacant lot in Nashville, Tennessee, when the game was interrupted by an old negro woman crossing the lot, and a small boy called out, "Game called on account of darkness!"



"Could we pick some of your flowers, mister?"



TEACHER: "*What did you come in for—are the scholars too rough?*"
NEW PUPIL: "*No, sir. They won't play with me. They think I've got the measles.*"

Force of Habit

AN interesting event occurred in the household of a Columbia professor not long ago. This professor, by the way, is very absent-minded.

The new arrival was announced by the nurse to the professor, who chanced at the time to be in his study, very much absorbed in some abstruse calculation.

"Professor," said the nurse, very proudly, "it's a little boy."

The Professor looked up half-understandingly. "Well," said he, "ask him what he wants."

Too Costly

AT one of the Boston theaters recently there was shown on the screen a picture of a stock-exchange. The brokers were hurrying about, pushing, waving their arms, gesticulating, and, to the uninitiated, acting like a lot of insane men. Two young ladies in the balcony watched them with breathless interest for some time, then one asked:

"Why in the world don't they sit down and rest once in a while?"

"My dear," was the enlightening answer, "don't you know that a seat in the stock-exchange costs thousands of dollars?"

The Rosy Kind, No Doubt

LITTLE Edward was listening carefully to the conversation of his elders, puzzling over the many long words he did not understand when he heard his grandfather call a certain person an optimist. Edward brightened.

"Oh," cried he, "I know what that is!"

"Well, Edward," said his grandfather, "what is an optimist?"

"Why," said Edward, "the man who fits you with spectacles!"

Successful?

LITTLE four-year-old Henrietta stood watching the cook draw, or clean, a chicken. And as one thing after another was drawn out and laid on the table Henrietta looked up in the cook's face and said, "Did you find what you were looking for, Nora?"

His Office

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Ted was giving an enthusiastic account of a new neighborhood club and the list of officers.

"And what office do you hold?" was asked.

"Oh, *I* am the Member!" answered Ted, proudly.



Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "What is a New-Yorker?"

ROOF-GARDENS ADD A CROWN OF GAYETY TO THE GREAT HOTELS

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What is a New-Yorker?

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE most New-Yorkish of ladies, who after an excessively brief, gay winter at home habitually betook herself to the Riviera, to London, to Paris, and to the usual spring, summer, and autumn haunts of European elegance, was once asked by an intelligent and curious foreigner some question concerning the habits and customs of her compatriots. She paused, meditated prettily, and then made what, for the purposes of the present discussion of her native town, is a profoundly significant reply.

"I'm not sure," she said, "that I'm the best person to ask. You see I'm a New-Yorker and I know so few Americans!"

The anecdote—authentic, as all anecdotes should be—expresses with a nice exaggeration what sometimes seems to be New York's precarious position upon the edge of the North American continent.

New York knows very little about America; indeed, it thinks it more suitable that America should know something about New York; it has visited the pleasure resorts of the Eastern slope, it has been to Washington; it has spent the spring in Florida, and has discovered that California is delightful, expensive, and not too "American." But the vague stretches of the great middle-Western land are, so it imagines, peopled by dull creatures, speaking roughly and not knowing pleasure. With great tranquillity New York assumes that it is the most habitable place in the country. And it hears calmly that it is "foreign."



THE PARK AFFORDS CHARMING VISTAS OF THE CITY BEYOND

It is the privilege of all American cities to sustain a large for-

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eign population. But the metropolis is so accessible from Ellis Island that its foreigners are not only numerous, but have the bloom still on. They exhibit a reluctance to go farther. Associations are formed abroad and government agents come here for the purpose of inducing immigrants to "move on." It may be because the foreigners' unwillingness to live anywhere but in New York seems so natural and forgivable that New-Yorkers welcome the visitors, and assign to them large parts of the town. Aliens exist not only in the slums, but in Fifth Avenue; indeed they are so frequent in the best society that almost every fashionable New York lady, so it is said, now has a pet foreigner.

Foreigners do not seem strange in New York; they belong there. On a spring afternoon not long ago there was to be seen near the lovely white-marble Tower of Babel in Madison Square an odd-looking, long-haired, bareheaded, barefooted, natural-bearded man dressed in a single dirty white wool garment, an apostle of simple living, a "Natur-Mensch," who was remembered by one observer as spreading his frowzy gospel five years earlier on a Rhine steamboat. The point is that in New York he excited less comment and seemed more at home than he had seemed at home.



VAST AQUEDUCTS OF TRAFFIC SPAN THE SKY

And so, to the New York eye, seem the Cubans at the hotels, the Argentines at the cabarets, the Italians in the gallery at the opera, the Hungarians at sidewalk cafés in Second Avenue, the Yiddish actors on the Bowery, and so on through the long romantic catalogue of the town. Goulash and chop suey and spaghetti are no stranger than pie to the American New-Yorker; he has made his culinary *tour du monde* within the limits of his own island. He might well seem, to the more deeply indigenous visitor from the Mississippi Valley, as foreign as the foreigner.

Even were there no aliens in the town, salt-water laps on every side of it, and there is a fair seaway to the four corners of the globe. When the docks and liners with steam up lie little farther away than the railway stations, it is—or was—literally sim-



THE CITY IS ALWAYS IN A TURMOIL OF CONSTRUCTION

pler for a New-Yorker to go abroad than to—shall we say Bar Harbor? It is quite easy to feel that the Battery is half-way to Europe—a famous old London actor, while he was playing in Broadway, used to go every Saturday morning to the green park at the town's tip-end and watch the steamers go through the Narrows to England; it softened his feeling of being far away.

The noble harbor into which the Hudson streams is our chief gateway to the Atlantic, and though few New-Yorkers lounge along the waterside, they inhabit, for all that, a great port of the sea, and their natural heritage is easy access to foreign lands. Whether or not, according to statistics, New-Yorkers travel more than other Americans is beside the point; actually and naturally more ties and interests and memories and hopes bind them to the transatlantic world. Philadelphia and Boston may lie upon some traditional and spiritual promontory nearer England, but New York is closer to the whole of Europe. Your head-waiter is just back from the front at Verdun, your bootblack's cousin has been arrested at Athens for shouting for Venizelos, and your friend at the club has had a letter from his sister who, married to an Englishman, is now nursing at Salonica. There is no doubt that New York faces east. It feels itself at once our ambassador to Europe and our reception committee to the visiting foreigner.

The first months of war made it ex-



FOREIGNERS ARE NOT ONLY NUMEROUS, BUT HAVE THE BLOOM STILL ON

ceedingly clear to the philosophical observer that American interest in European events varied directly as the distance from New York. By this, of course, it is not meant that everywhere in the land the European cataclysm did not stir to somber, even tragic, pity. But it was in New York, at least during that first year, that crowds stood and debated about the bulletin-boards all through the night, and that war hung heaviest in the overcharged and sultry air. The tenseness grew less even two hours away—a visitor to Philadelphia that winter found for four days in one week no war news on the first page of his morning paper, a thing inconceivable in New York. The overwrought metropolis, indeed, exaggerated the indifference to the European event reported to exist elsewhere, and asserted that in the remote West Americans had not heard the guns in Belgium, did not even know there was a war. New York was then almost inclined to make a merit of its foreignness. Relief funds, administered in Wall Street, were generously aided from the local purse, with a unity of effort which the great town does not often lend to domestic good works; foreignness took on a look both interesting and gallant.

But foreignness, especially in the antebellum years, was a term synonymous with un-Americanism; it was an accusation brought against the metropolis by almost the whole country. The visitor to our shores is buttonholed in the corridor of his New York hotel by the emissaries of the regions west of the Alleghanies and warned that New York is not American, but wholly foreign. Such dark hints are of course excessively confusing to the foreigner, who has never in his life seen anything less like his native land than New York. In his hotel his very bedroom has terrified him with its necessity for confiding his most intimate needs to an impersonal telephone in the wall instead of to a waiter or a chambermaid. Below, in the gigantic gilded corridors, a strange mob surges to and fro; in the bar lurk unknown and insidious drinks; and in the restaurant strange dishes like soft-shell crabs, the technique of eating which is totally a matter of conjecture and experiment. Outside the town suggests that it is subject to frequent earthquakes or bombardments. Elevated trains shoot above his head, at his feet chasms yawn and bombs explode. In the rare parts of the town which seem at all finished, white towers scrape the high, pale sky and marble palaces quite unlike any commercial constructions he knows line the crowded avenue. As for the regions dedicated to theatrical and other nocturnal pleasures, they blaze barbarically with lights and have

the air of being quite temporarily improvised. New York must present to his startled alien eye the appearance of an extravagantly rich mining-camp, where the loot of European luxury is being offered to heterogeneous myriads, many of whom, with their nuggets and dust in their belts, are there avowedly to "shoot up the town."

The presence, in protected corners, of French chefs and head-waiters known in London, or even, in one of the rougher streets of shacks, of the most expensive Italian opera in the world, will never persuade the intelligent foreigner that this is Europe. And we ourselves will do well to consider his point of view. In this sense of being a mere confused shifting camp or fair, of being permanently the least permanent place in the world, New York is the newest, freshest, most American of our cities. It is sometimes alleged that modern steel construction is making it difficult to tear the town down every night and rebuild it every morning, but this is mere optimism. New York *is* experimental in its vague polyglot spendthrift inability to find out just what it really is.

Philadelphia and Boston, besides a creditable to-day, still bear the evidences of an honorable yesterday; and Chicago, to take that great city as typical of trans-Alleghany Americanism, already shows not merely her present, but the concrete, clean-cut, self-conscious, deliberate outlines of a future. They have, all of them, a more highly flavored local quality, a more definite personality. New York does its best to forget its past and to be careless of its future. It has amazingly little civic conscience. Of course the speculators in real estate and the politicians force the town to build subways and give such hostages to fortune, but one sometimes feels that New York is willing to engage in these constructions mainly because it likes the noise and gains from the attendant discomfort an agreeable, lively sense that something is happening. The metropolis is a lusty young giant, yelling and shouting, building and pulling down, and gaily tossing about an excess of expensive and lovely toys. It is difficult to say what New York is or will be, because it already is, and probably will



THE NATION'S LIBERTIES ARE STILL A SUBJECT OF DEBATE

be a little of everything. It is monstrously big and inconceivably vigorous. It is our one great city in that it is almost a microcosm of the world. But though it may contain everything foreign that there is in Europe, Asia, and Africa, it is still, everything summed up, not foreign. It is not America, but it is very American.

None of our great towns has anything comparable to New York's "floating population"—does the phrase not suggest agreeable questions as to what they float upon? There are never enough hotels to accommodate the arrivals; cut a hole in any New York wall on almost any street, hang a hotel sign above it, and you will find that a stream of patrons mechanically begins to pass through it and "register." The openings of the great hotels of the metropolis are national events, and their characteristics are subjects for enlightened discussion in the remotest hamlets of the land. It was not so very long ago that one of them had neat attendants in uniform, with "Guide" in gold lettering upon their caps, whose whole duty was to conduct visitors from afar through the huge new pile. Troops of visitors there were. It may reasonably be doubted whether they found time during their stay in New York to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, but they gravely inspected what was to them both more interesting and more important.

The luxury, confusion, the gigantic



HOMES ONCE SUMPTUOUS AND EXCLUSIVE ARE NOW INVADED BY THE TABLE D'HÔTE

scale of these establishments, and the high degree of their organization are almost beyond description. It was lately asserted that at any one of the newest and most extravagant the jewels stolen from guests' apartments mounted regularly to twenty-five hundred dollars' worth a week, and it was gravely suggested that so well run was one hotel in particular that the stealing there was probably done by the hotel's own well-drilled band of thieves, who could, by arrangement with chambermaids and watchmen, see that patrons were as little disturbed as possible while suffering the inevitable slight losses. At any rate, it is obvious that in the New York atmosphere of extravagance such losses are no more than flea-bites were in the humbler, old-fashioned hostelries of our grandfathers.

Everywhere through New York the floating population may be observed floating. In certain parts of the town and in certain moods it seems out of the question that there should be such a thing as a resident population. It is in fact a favorite statement that the night restaurants and the cabarets and the roof-garden "shows" are only visited by out-of-town people. It may be stated flatly that this is wholly untrue and a most unfair attempt to shift the blame. New York has in certain aspects its own distinction and its own sober merits, but it must be admitted that among all our towns it excels in exuberant, unabashed, and vulgar pleasure-seeking. And this is not wholly to the credit (or discredit) of the floating population. The taste for "floating" most notably exists among the fixed inhabitants. The cabarets may possibly not be habitually visited by old ladies descended from the Knickerbocker families, by professors of Columbia University, by lodgers at either the Martha Washington or the Mills Hotels, by ministers of the gospel, or by curators of the Natural History Museum, to pick at random among admirable existing types, but they are frequented by some millions of New-Yorkers. The metropolis does not adapt its tastes to those of its out-of-town visitors. They would not wish that it should. They have not come to the metropolis for "home cooking" in any conceivable or figurative meaning of that phrase. They are there to enjoy themselves New-Yorkishly, and proudly



IN THE RESTAURANTS FOOD IS NO LONGER THE CHIEF ATTRACTION



CLUB LIFE, TOO, HAS INVADED THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

to carry the gospel and the technique of pleasure back to the waste places of the country.

New York has from Revolutionary times accepted with equanimity the rôle of Siren City; indeed, she expects novelists and playwrights to portray the dangers which lurk within her bosom for pure young men and women from the country. Boston and Philadelphia are, Heaven knows, not free from evil, but there is something faintly ridiculous in the idea of their luring men to destruction. On the other hand, the novel or play upon these lines dealing with Chicago is expected to flatter that city as it does New York. Chicago is remote enough to be independent of New York, even in its vices.

New York is notably at ease with pleasure. The habits and customs of pleasure-seeking are widely diffused, are not the property of the so-called upper classes. For example, every one dines at restaurants in New York, and as night falls probably more people are simultaneously in evening-dress than in any other city in the country. There is here no wish to fall into the common vulgarity of attaching a semi-sacred character to the "swallow-tail," but its habitual employment is symptomatic. The easiest way to judge to what extent a town "dresses for dinner" is to notice how many men may be observed walking in such attire or patronizing the street-cars, for, unquestionably, there are American cities where males so clad have a guilty and hunted look and only venture forth in "hacks." Therefore, the way the Fifth Avenue sidewalks and the Madison Avenue cars blossom forth with top-hats and white ties on a pleasant evening is significant. More than elsewhere, too, is New York evening-dress merely what one wears in the evening, not a garb necessarily reserved for occasions and places of supreme elegance. Persons in such attire may, for example, often be seen supping, without fear or self-consciousness and for fifteen cents, in the famous excellent but cheap white-tiled Childs' restaurants.

And the habit of carrying a cane, fantastic though the assertion may seem, might be made the basis of a philosoph-

ical differentiation of our various cities. A New-Yorker really bears a walking-stick in blithe unconsciousness that he is doing anything unusual. But a Boston gentleman of the very highest rank recently seriously envied a New York friend who sustained himself with a cherry stick during business hours. And it is not so many years ago that a credulous new arrival in Chicago was gravely warned that an attempt to carry a morning cane down Dearborn Street might result in physical violence.

Perhaps the chief impression which the metropolis makes is of the vivacity of its life. It is the completest expression of our national *joie de vivre*. And it is pleasant to record that for the most characteristic moment of this quality you would not cite Broadway at night, but Fifth Avenue by day. The sparkle of this famous street is perhaps largely due to the New York climate. Climates are never perfect, but among the world's great cities the American metropolis is singularly fortunate. It is flooded with sunlight, and on its best days the air has a crisp and tonic quality. By a tacit understanding, ill-dressed and sad people keep off Fifth Avenue. On a bright morning there is no resisting the street's gay intoxication. The most expensive shops in the world are close at hand, the best restaurants near by. Brave men lounge at the windows of exclusive clubs, and fair women cut coupons at fashionable banks. Life seems indeed worth living. The whole town is gay. Even children and nurse-maids in the Park seem more engagingly clean and innocent and spirited than elsewhere, as if they, too, felt the call of happiness. It is worth while noting the clearness of much of New York's air, doing justice to the clean and simple liveliness of much of its enjoyment. Because its prominence as one of the world's chief centers of dissipation and pleasure-seeking has done its reputation bad service with many people of virtue and good taste.

So much may be respectfully submitted in New York's defense, that if a town *sets out* to be gay there is a certain merit in *being* gay. To the deeper consideration of this proposition every one is invited to bring whatever degree of toleration and philosophy life has taught him. It is certain, however, that just where New York is most obviously alluring, it is also most obviously hard, vulgar, tawdry, and repellent. There is possibly no city in the world where such an exhibition could pass without protest as enlivened the hours of 2 A.M. during New York's second winter of the war. While, to the imagination, the guns about Verdun boomed, the young ladies of the chorus, who had already exhibited themselves in and out of a series of satisfactorily indecent costumes, came forth, for the climax of the night's pleasure, dressed as Red Cross nurses, and kicked the ruffles of their underwear into the faces of the half-intoxicated occupants of the first row of tables. It is at such moments that you must think hard of the vastness of New York, of the variety of its inhabitants and the multiplicity of its interests. You must try to believe that by 2 A.M. some God-fearing people are already in bed and that others may be reading a good book. You must think that, besides roof-gardens, there are theaters crowded for Shakespearian revivals and concert-halls jammed with lovers of Beethoven. You must not forget that great institutions of learning crown the city's rocky heights, and that hospitals dot its lower levels. You must remember that there are not only the idle rich, but the industrious poor. You must again see dark processions of the unemployed marching somberly up the glitter of Fifth Avenue. You must hear ringing in your ears the orations of the social revolution delivered at the feet of Lincoln in Union Square, as well as the prattle of lovely ladies in Louis XVI. drawing-rooms who coquet with new doctrines as they did in France before the Bastille fell. You must think that not only do simple, rich, Western millionaires migrate to the metropolis, but lads from an older world with their worldly possessions in a handkerchief, to whom, down the bay, Liberty seems to offer a welcome and the hazard of new fortunes. You must consider while the lights burn so bright that it is hard to be the richest city in the world and always to keep your head on straight.

After the town's exuberant vitality,

its overflowing wealth is its most striking characteristic. Wealth's own special enemy, Mr. Congressman Walsh, is authority for the statement that ninety-two per cent. of America's money is in the metropolis. Wall Street, now the world's financial center, collects money, and, besides, the continued immigration of the rich from all over the country brings gold to New York as water to a sink-hole. New York is the only place any one migrates to, with the exception of Washington. No one since Benjamin Franklin has ever moved to Philadelphia, and, with the exception of some few who brought a special literary baggage, no one has ever "settled" in Boston. Chicago has a few accessions from what might be termed the Chicagoan province, but, after all, Chicago to so many of its indigenous inhabitants is a way-station on the road. In New York, on the contrary, almost the hardest thing to find is a born New-Yorker. You may come to New York with the highest social ambitions, or you may aspire to nothing beyond calling the leading head-waiters by their first names, but you believe there is a place for you and your money on Manhattan Island. So, year by year, the golden stream rises higher. Only by the most constant and careful extravagance can New York keep it from bursting its banks.

It might be thought that there were traditions and historical examples enough of how to spend. But when you consider the world's long history you find that money, in the lavish abundance we now know, existed in imperial Rome and went out with it. It was re-invented in Peru, and, even if you come straight down to the nineteenth century, they were rich in Havana before they were in New York. The present fabulous riches have come within the memory of the present generation, and the problem of spending is actually a fresh one, which New York is gallantly trying to solve.

It was long ago discovered that merely to build a large, costly house upon an expensive site was too simple to be the way out of the difficulty—how often in our smaller American towns have we seen the innocent local millionaire construct an expensive stone "home" and then live in it with two Swedish girls as "help." Many of the richest people in New York live in quite small houses; there are other ways—such as changing the drawing-room flowers three times daily, or having a decent valet for your chauffeurs—of making the money fly. It is just the growth of luxurious detail in New York which makes the investigation of the great city so profitable to students from the provinces. The lady, for example, who gives a quiet little party of six to dine and go to the play and has bought boxes at three different theaters, so that her guests may choose whichever suits their post-prandial mood, strikes the New York note with beautiful clearness. And the gentleman who, in a fit of half-amused exasperation that his favorite motor-car was being used one morning to convey his wife's canary to the bird-doctor, sent home that afternoon a smaller car for the exclusive use of the feathered members of his household, is either a New-Yorker or soon will be. There is, too, the imperial gesture, as when lately for a débutantes' ball special trains were sent to convey male youth and beauty from the three great colleges. And, as intelligence has grown the vogue of recent years even in New York, some people find it pleasant to keep a pet weekly paper or a tame theater or an opera.

The habit of extravagance pervades the whole New York community. The shop-girl may have but one dress, but it is in the latest style. No one is ever more than two weeks behind the fashion in New York. People do not regulate their expenditures according to their incomes; they regulate their incomes according to their expenditures, or try to. An extra cylinder in the motor means an extra hour in Wall Street, that is all. Life is so full, so free, that it seems almost ill-natured to be poor in New York.

The moment has probably come in what is hoped is already a glittering picture of the metropolis to speak of "society," noting first, however, that nowhere but in a large city like New York is the life of those not "in society" so full of possibilities of rational or irrational enjoyment. It is beside the point to inquire whether fashionable New York would like to conduct its activities

in anything like decent privacy—it has no such chance. It is the victim of our national passion for newspapers. It is, of course, permissible to suspect that the town is so large that even the most highly placed can secure moments of *incognito*, and that a metropolitan gossip can never know *all* her neighbors' news. But if you were to judge merely from the press, there is no one in West Podunk or Bird Center who cannot accurately follow the daily and nightly movements of New York's crowned heads. In the metropolis itself plebeian intimacy with royalty goes even further. Two occupants of orchestra seats at the opera, possibly leading "buyers" for a high-class department-store, were lately overheard commenting upon the ornaments of the boxes. They viewed with especial pleasure a famous lady in white satin, the more exposed portions of whom were covered with the loveliest pearls.

"Yes, Mrs. X. is looking wonderful to-night. And I think it's so nice that every one here knows she is such a good mother!"

Is this not an agreeable side of democracy?

The legend has grown up and is believed, even in New York, that there is an extra poignant flavor to the fashionableness of New York's fashion, a more glittering pinnacle there upon which the favored few lightly balance. New York envies no other fashionableness, and though this is offensive to other cities, it gives a delightful serenity to New York life itself.

Romantic writers for the Sunday supplements talk of New York's old families, and indeed it is said that obscure people still exist who were in society before the 'seventies of the last century. But you might hear more talk in Chicago of old families than in New York, and with reason, for it is quite possible that the reigning powers of the Western metropolis have been the longer established. People in New York may have maiden aunts living in the Stuyvesant Square region, but they visit them privately; the stranger may perhaps see these nice old ladies in caps at sunny windows where canary-birds hang, but he will find no one lunching at Sherry's who can introduce him to them. Indeed, the legendary Dutch connection is chiefly useful in excusing the stolidity of well-born young men. New York is socially as fresh as paint and as bright as several new dollars.

The newspaper readers have all been told that the one requisite for being very much "in society" in New York is to be very rich. And the view finds support, it is said, inside the charmed circle itself. At an evening party with song-birds from the Metropolitan one of the proudest queens left in the middle of the programme. A rival, whose dislike of music was equally genuine, rose to follow her, but was detained by the gentleman by her side, himself a wit and a noted arbiter of the elegancies.

"No, my dear lady," he said, "you aren't rich enough to leave early. Mrs. A. has ten times your money—it's *all right* for her, but you must be polite and stay till the end!"

We may assume, without further discussion, that wealth receives its due consideration in New York's highest circles. And yet, very rich people *not* in society are much commoner and much more characteristic in the metropolis than rich people *in* it. The gentlemen with megaphones on the Seeing-New-York wagons may know who inhabit all the Fifth Avenue palaces; nobody else knows. The fabled street of fashion is now largely peopled by the unknown rich. The hotels and apartment-houses are infested with them. Some of them belong in New York, others have migrated there—moths tempted by the great metropolitan adventure. But, somehow, for all the activity of their movements, they carry with them a hint of loneliness. It is a sheer physical impossibility for any social structure to accommodate them all. They are condemned to minor circles, to eternal shopping, to theater-going, and to overeating in the restaurants.

Indeed, a situation quite unexampled in all history has arisen in New York. There is so much money that there is danger of its coming to be almost a drug on the market. Rich people do not always even attain to the honor of being excluded; they are more often not even known. Is it possible that our great

national malady, wealth, carries somewhere within it its own antidote? Even now there are optimistic New-Yorkers who, while they admit that there must always be in society plenty of people whose money will grease the wheels, allege that already achievement, beauty, intelligence, charm, and wit are in active demand.

If not in demand in "society," it is fairly certain that they are wanted somewhere in the vast city. New York probably offers opportunity to a greater variety of individual social tastes than any American town. It is a metropolis, if not a capital. But, unhappily, in the latter phrase there lies a sting. If Washington could only be rolled into the larger town there would exist a New York which could definitely challenge comparison with London or Paris. But so long as the nation's affairs are transacted in the District of Columbia, New York has uneasy moments of haunting doubt as to whether it is not, after all, a mere settlement of Wall Street brokers and young actresses. The winter excursion to Washington has become an almost necessary adjunct to the New York winter. And the social opportunities of the capital are spoken of in almost hushed tones by those who would dismiss Philadelphia and Boston with a laugh. It is a confession by the confused and shapeless metropolis of social incompleteness.

Now self-consciously to remedy social incompleteness is a trait racy of our American soil. The process, always going on, is what gives perpetually the tingling, exciting sense that we are a new country. New York, to take but one example, is big and rich and varied enough to offer some sort of natural and secure and tranquil perch for Art. But the town is so persuaded that Art is an essential part of a creditable metropolitan existence that Art is always being chivvied to and fro by organizations determined to uplift it and individuals sworn to be Bohemian at any cost. Already in many respectable circles every one has once met a painter, knows a writer, or calls an actor by his Christian name.

And this is but one more stroke in the desired picture of confusion and flux and change which is the portrait of New York. The town is a mere experimental laboratory. In Boston and Philadelphia you can know who's who and what's what. And after a certain acquaintance with those cities you can fairly precisely estimate their resources. New York is a grab-bag in a booth at the World's Fair, but there is nothing you may not hope to pull from its depths. Its human structure, to change the metaphor, is as impermanent as its physical. It would be a joke to talk of a settled and well-regulated society in such a place. An exclusive dancing-class or an assembly ball would be grotesque. Everything and everybody are in the melting-pot in New York. And though New York is still far from the social liquid condition which obtains in great towns abroad, there are reasons to hope that some day, when the mixing process has gone further and it is more nearly possible for any New-Yorker to know all New York, the metropolis will be one of the most interesting, stimulating, and pleasant places in the world to inhabit.

It is already, from the American point of view, the most exciting and preoccupying. There is no one who does not go to New York, no one whom fate might not send there to live. Of course, no writer can be so deluded as to think that he only can strip the veil from the metropolis—seven times seven veils are daily torn from it in every magazine and newspaper in the country. Nothing new can be said about it. And all can never be said. The best that is to be hoped is that whatever may be thought or recorded about the American metropolis will derive some interest from the subject—for New York, for better or for worse, is our great national interest.

The Sacrificial Altar

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

LOUIS BAC drifted like a gray shadow through the gray streets of San Francisco. Even the French colony, one of the most homogeneous units of the city, knew little more of him than the community at large. He was the son of one famous restaurateur and the grandson of another; he had been sent to a Lycée in Paris at the age of twelve, graduated from the University of Paris at twenty-two, and returned to San Francisco upon the death of his father a year later. The French colony were surprised that he did not go back to Paris after selling the restaurant—his energetic mother had predeceased her husband—but buried himself in the old Bac home behind the eucalyptus-trees on the steepest hillside of the city; otherwise his return and himself attracted no attention whatever until he flung his hat into the international arena.

Both his father, Henri Bac II., and his shrewd mother, Antoinette, had been agreed upon giving their studious ascetic little son a true American's chance to rise in the world, and, acting on the advice of their chief patron and the leader of the French colony, M. César Dupont, who offered his escort, had sent the boy to the Collège Louis le Grand. They never saw their only child again; but although Louis had been reticent of speech, he proved a very prodigal with his pen. As the years passed it became evident—the entire French colony read these letters—that his goal was *belles-lettres* and that he was practising on his family. Finally, after many mutations his style became so formal and precise that M. Dupont became alarmed and, during his next visit to Paris, invited the young man to breakfast.

Louis by this time was eighteen, of medium height, as thin as all overworked, underfed, underoxygenated Lycée boys, with large gray eyes that were rarely raised, a long pale face, a long thin nose, a small thin-lipped mouth. The brow was abnormally large, the rest of the head rather small. It was not an attractive personality, M. Dupont reflected—he had not seen Louis for several years—but the boy carried something uncommon in his head-piece, or he, César Dupont, fashionable merchant and *bon viveur*, had studied the craniums of a thousand San Francisco geniuses in vain.

He had taken his guest to the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent, and while the duck's frame was being crushed he asked, abruptly:

"Have you given a thought to your future career, Louis? Of course you know you will not be obliged to drudge, but to be a professor of French literature is not without its *éclat*, and, I fancy, more in your line than commerce."

Louis's lip curled. "I have no more intention of being a professor than of being a merchant," he said in his cold, precise voice. "I shall write."

"Ah!" M. Dupont drew a sigh of relief. He had feared the boy would be forbiddingly reticent. "I hoped as much from your letters. Your refinement of mind and style are remarkable for a man of your years. Shall you write plays?"

A faint color had invaded the youth's cheeks under this considered flattery, and when he lifted his deeply set gray eyes to M. Dupont's it was almost with the frankness of man to man. But he was intensely shy, and although more at his ease with this handsome, genial patron of his family, he made his confidences without warmth.

"No. I shall write the novel. The dramatic form does not appeal to me."

"Ah! Yes. I am not surprised. Your style is certainly more narrative—descriptive. But to be a novelist, my son, you must have seen a great deal of life.

You must know the great world—unless —perhaps—you contemplate writing romance?"

Again the delicate lip opposite curled, and Louis almost choked over his morsel of duck. "Romance? No, Monsieur. I am a realist by temperament and mental habit. Nor do I need the great world. Only one thing interests me—crime."

"Crime? *Mon Dieu!*" The amiable merchant almost choked in his turn, although he savored his duck more slowly than his Lycée guest. "Crime! But you are too young, my son, to be interested in anything so grim. Life is to enjoy. And how can you enjoy with your mind like a morgue?"

"We are not all made to enjoy in the same fashion. I enjoy intensely reading through old volumes of criminal records and trials—my master in psychology has kindly arranged that I shall have access to them. And I read with the greatest interest the details of current criminology. I shall never care for society, for I am too timid and dislike women. But I love the lonely grandeur of nature, and music, and great books and pictures. Have no fear, Monsieur, my mind is not polluted. It is purely scientific, this interest; the psychology of crime happens to appeal to my peculiar gifts."

"But—that is it—your gifts are literary—but yes! I do not like the idea of wasting them on that lamentable subdivision of human society which one ignores save when held up by a footpad. With but few exceptions it has appealed only to the inferior order of writing talent. Even in France the masters do not condescend. With them crime is an incident, not a *motif*."

"Has it occurred to you, Monsieur, that without the pioneers—"

"Oh yes, perhaps—but you—"

"I am young and unknown? Of what author has that not at least once been said? I purpose to write novels—not mere stories—in which character and life shall be revealed in the light of the boldest and the subtlest crimes—murder preferably—and executed in a form and style above cavil—I hope! Oh, I hope! Moreover, I shall write my books in two languages—I have taken special courses in English. In that, too, I shall be unique."

"Be careful of that style of yours, my son. It is growing a little too academic, and I, a Frenchman, say that! It would do for the essay, and win the praise of the expiring generation of critics, and the younger but non-creative formalists, but I infer you wish to be read by the public. You would also make money as well as achieve fame. Is it not?"

"Quite so. My father wishes that I live until I am thirty in California and vote—I, *mon Dieu!* But I shall follow his wishes. Then I shall buy a château here in France, for our châteaux are incomparable in beauty. Fame, but yes. It would make my nostrils quiver. But all that is as nothing to the joy of writing. Then my soul almost sings. I am almost happy, but not quite."

He paused and his brow darkened. He raised his eyes and stared past his anxious host, far into some invisible plane of tormentingly elusive dreams. M. Dupont wisely remained silent, and Louis resumed, abruptly: "When I shall write as spontaneously as the spring bubbles or the ice melts, when my brain hardly knows what my pen is doing, when I experience that terrific uprush that would drown the more conscious parts of the intellect were it not for the perfect mastery of technique—that is it, monsieur! I am still an infant with my tools. Do not permit my style to cause you anxiety. It is merely in one stage of experiment. I shall not write a line for publication until I am four-and-twenty. I shall send forth my first professional novel on the third of October—my birthday—1900. Meanwhile, I enter the university this year, and take the course in literature. At twenty-two I shall graduate and take my Ph.D. Then I shall serve for a year as a reporter on a London newspaper. So shall I obtain perfect freedom with the English language and that first-hand contact with life which I realize is of a certain necessity. But after that no more of the world. I hate it—realities. I wish to live in my mind, my imagination; to spend every hour when I do not exercise for my nerves or sleep to refresh my faculty, in writing, writing—that one day shall be creating."

Louis carried out his programme to the letter, and published, in 1900—some

five years before the terrific episode which it is my melancholy privilege to chronicle—the first of those novels of crime that commanded the sedate attention of the intellectual world. Entombed as it were in the old house under the creaking eucalyptus-trees, with a padlock on his gate, he had rewritten it six times from the original draft—which, according to his method, contained nothing but the stark outline of the plot, every detail of which was thought out during long hours of exterior immobility. Three successive sets of servants, mistaking this accomplishment in petrifaction for a form of insanity which might at any moment express itself in violence, left abruptly. Finally, old Madame Dupont established in the kitchen wing an elderly Frenchman and his wife who had once presided over a hotel for artists, and thereafter Louis had peace and enforced nutrition.

It was during the long months of rewriting, of developing his characters by a subtle secondary method of his own, of profound analysis, and a phrasing which drew heavily on the adjectival vocabulary of the critics later on, that he really enjoyed himself. The last revision was devoted exclusively to the study and improvement of every sentence in the long book; and indeed there is no doubt that these months, from skeleton to trousseau, were, with one tremendous exception, the happiest period of this unhappy creator's life.

This book in its cold intellectual remoteness appealed as little to Louis when he read it in print as it did to the public, and he set himself grimly to work to pour red blood into the veins of his characters and give his next book the rhythm of life as well as of style. Once more he was hailed by the intellectuals, but fell short of popular recognition, which, belonging himself to the intellectual democracy, he estimated far above the few who win their little fame by writing about the creators in art, or even above the artist himself. He was determined to enthrall, to create the perfect illusion. He scorned to be a cult, and when he saw himself alluded to as a "high-brow-lit" he wept. But above all he passionately wished for that intoxication in creation in which consciousness of self was obliterated, the power, as he expressed it, to write one book charged with the magnetism of a burning soul. He always felt, despite his love of his work, as cold and deliberate as a mathematician. And yet he spun his complicated plots with the utmost facility. There was no more doubt of his talent, in the minds of those who wrote essays of him in the reviews, than of his psychological insight and his impeccable style.

Poor Louis! Spurred on by his anxious and experienced friend, M. César Dupont, he made a meticulous attempt to adore a little French milliner; but the young artist, who would have been a monk in the Middle Ages and left to his monastery a precious heritage of illuminated manuscripts, returned within the month to his art (with abject apologies), set his teeth, and dissected the whole affair for his next book; presenting Céleste, the pivot of a demoniacal crime, in all the phases, common or uncommon, to a woman of her type. This novel, which he estimated as his worst, achieved to his disgust a certain measure of popularity, and the reporters hammered at his gate. San Francisco, which after its first mild interest, had forgotten him, awoke to a sense of its own importance, and besieged M. Dupont, whose acquaintance extended far beyond the French colony, for introductions. But Louis would have none of them. He went on writing his novels, taking his walks at midnight, never leaving the house otherwise unless to visit a bookstore or sit in the back of a box at the play, and literally knew no one in the city of his birth but old Madame Dupont, her son, and his two old servants, Philippe and Seraphine. It was after his seventh novel, when he felt himself growing stale, taking less pleasure in the mere act of writing, and losing his hold on his good friends, the intellectuals, that he took his trouble, as was his habit, to M. César.

They dined in the old Dupont mansion on Nob Hill, built, like the humbler home of the Bacs, in the city's youth, and alone, as Madame was in bed with an influenza. M. César as a rule entertained at his club, and had a luxurious suite for bachelor purposes in a select

apartment-house kept by a compatriot, but, like a dutiful son, he made a pretense of sharing his mother's evening meal at six o'clock, no matter where he might be dining at eight.

For an hour after dinner Louis paced up and down the library and unburdened himself while M. César smoked in the depths of a chair. This confidence, which included rage at his own limitations, disgust with the critics who encouraged such miserable failures as he, and invective against fate for planting the fiction imp in what should have been a purely scientific mind and then withholding the power to electrify his talent with genius, was made about every seven months, and M. César always listened with deep concern and sympathy. He loved Louis, who was sweet of nature and the most inoffensive of egoists, but was beginning to regard him as hopeless. To-night, however, he was admitting a ray of hope.

"Céleste was a failure," he said, abruptly. "It is no use for you to try that sort of thing again. But live you must. I have given up a dinner at the club to a distinguished guest from abroad to tell you that I insist you give yourself one more chance."

"What is that?" Louis was alert and suspicious at once.

"Do you remember Berthe?"

"Berthe—your niece at Neuilly?"

"Ah—you do, although you would go to my brother's house so seldom."

"He had grown daughters of whom I was afraid, for their cruel instincts were excited by my shyness. But Berthe was a little thing then, very pretty, very sympathetic. I romped with her in the garden sometimes."

"Just so. Berthe is now twenty, very handsome, very vivacious—a great admirer of M. Louis Bac, celebrated novelist."

The young Frenchman stared at the elderly Frenchman. "Do you wish that I should marry her?"

"For your sake. For hers—to marry a genius whose vampire mistress is his art—ah, well, it is the fate of woman to be sacrificed when they do not sacrifice us. And Berthe's would be no mean destiny. I feel convinced that she alone could make you fall madly in love—"

"I shall never see her again. I have lost my old longing for Paris. What difference where a failure exists and plods? Besides, I dreamed once of returning to Paris a master, not a mere formalist who had won the approval of antiquarians."

"You shall meet her here."

"Here?"

"She arrives to-morrow."

"You have planned this, then, deliberately?"

"It is only a dream promising to come true. Not until now has my brother relented and given his consent to Berthe's taking the long journey. But friends were coming— It is fate, my son. Try to fall in love with her—but madly! I, who have loved many times, assure you that the intoxication which tempts lesser men to rhyme should stimulate your great gift to its final expression."

"But marry!" Louis was quite cold. "A wife in my house! Oh no, M. César; I should hate it and her."

"Not if you loved her. And Berthe has subtlety and variety."

"And is far too good for me. I should make a detestable husband."

"Let her make the husband."

Once more Louis turned cold. "You desire that I shall meet her, talk to her, cultivate her? Oh, God!"

"I mean that you shall go to my tailor to-morrow. My mother will introduce Berthe to the Colony on Friday night. Its most distinguished members will be present — bankers, journalists, merchants, professional men of all sorts; young people will come in for a dance after the dinner of twenty-four. You may run away from the dance, but at the dinner you will sit beside Berthe."

This time Louis was petrified. "But no! No!"

M. César rose and laid his hand solemnly on his young friend's shoulder. "For your art, my son, for your divine gift. For both you would lay down your life. Is it not? Another year of this unnatural existence and you will go sterile. And what substitute for you in the long years ahead? Your mind needs a powerful stimulant and at once. The cup approaches your lip. Will you drink or will you turn it upside down?"

"I'll drink if I can," said Louis,

through his set teeth, "for what you say is true. But I'd rather drink hemlock."

Louis sat at his bedroom window, for the moon was high and the night was clear. The city that so often was shrouded to its cobblestones in fog, its muffled ghostly silences broken only by his creaking eucalyptus-trees, lay below him in all its bleak gray outlines. But he was not looking at the city, although sensible for the first time of the vast composite presence under the ugly roofs; nor even at the high-flung beauty of Twin Peaks; he stared instead at the cross on Calvary, that gaunt hill that rises above the cemeteries of Lone Mountain. The cross stood out black and austere save when a fog wraith from the sea drifted across it. The emblem of the cross was in tune with his mood to-night, for he felt neither romantic nor imaginative, but pervaded with fear and melancholy. The faith in which he had been bred as a child had long since passed, and to him the cross was merely the symbol of crucifixion.

His eye dropped from the cross to the dark mass of the Catholic cemetery where his parents slept. If his writing faculty should desert him, as M. César had ruthlessly predicted, no power in either world should condemn him to life. He would go out to Lone Mountain, shut himself in the family vault, lie down on the stones, and either drink poison or cut his wrists. This morbid vision had appealed to him before, but never so insidiously as to-night; never before had his spirits remained so persistently at zero as during the past week; never before had their melancholy been darkened by fear, rent by panic.

In spite of his shyness and dislike of women, not only had he nerved himself to the ordeal of meeting Berthe Dupont, but worked himself up to a real desire to fall in love with her, to experience that tremendous emotion from inception to crescendo and liberate the deep creative torrents of his genius. Not for a moment did he hope that she would marry him. On the contrary, what he particularly desired was that she should play with him, enthrall him, transform him into a sentimental ass and a caldron of passion, then flout him, condemn him to the fiendish tortures of the unsatisfied lover.

Six months at his desk of carefully nursed passion and torments, and then, immortal fame!

Louis, who was very honest and as little conceited as an author may be, had for some time believed, with his critics and M. César, that he would come into the full fruition of his gifts only after some great, possibly terrific, adventure of the soul had banished forever that curious lethargy that possessed the unexplored tracts of his genius.

Therefore had poor Louis gone to the tailor of his inexorable mentor, and crawled up the hill on Friday night, his heart hammering, his knees trembling, but his teeth set and his whole being a desperate hope. He was willing to go to the stake. Through his consciousness the outlines of another plot, subtle, intricate, vital, hinting at characters who were personalities, but uncommonly misty and slow to cohere, were wandering. Ordinarily his plots were as sharply outlined as a winter tree against a frosty sky. But now! He must tear up his soul by the roots and fill his veins with fire or this new conception would dribble forth in an image so commonplace that he would take it out to Lone Mountain and immure it with himself.

The Dupont house was perched high above the cut that had made a rough hillside into a bland street for the wealthy. The last automobile was rolling away as Louis reached the long flight of covered outer stairs that led up from the street to the house. He walked even more slowly up that tunnel on end, hoping the company would be in the dining-room when he arrived and he could slink into his seat unnoticed.

The old butler, Jean-Marie, almost shoved him into the drawing-room, and for a moment his terrors retreated before a wave of artistic pleasure never before experienced in the house of Dupont. The heavy old mahogany furniture, the bow-windows, even the clumsy old candelabra were completely obliterated by a thousand American Beauty roses. It was a bower of surpassing richness and distinction for a group of women as handsome and exquisitely dressed as

Louis had ever seen in the foyer of the opera-house in Paris.

The moment old Madame Dupont, magnificent in brocade and a new wig, espied him, she led the way to the dining-room, before M. César could introduce him to the eager Colony. This relieved Louis almost to the pitch of elation, and he even exchanged a few words with his partner after they were seated at the long table—covered with Madame's historic silver and crystal—the while he covertly examined the young lady on his left. Mademoiselle Berthe had been taken in by the host and was chatting animatedly with M. Jules Constant, a young banker, who sat opposite.

Louis observed with delight that she was more than pretty, and realized that M. César had with purpose restrained his enthusiasm. Certainly it gave Louis a distinct throb of satisfaction to discover for himself that the young girl was beautiful and of no common type. She might be as practical as most Frenchwomen, but she looked romantic, passionate, mysterious. The heavy lids of her large brown eyes gave them depths and smoldering fires. Her soft brown hair, dark but full of light, was dressed close to her small proud head. She had a haughty little nose and a red babyish mouth filled with bright, even teeth. Her complexion was olive and claret; her tall form round, flexible, carried with pride and grace. The contrasts in that seductive face were affecting her inflammable *vis-à-vis* profoundly.

It was only when dinner was half over that Louis realized with a shock which turned him as pale as his rival, M. Constant, that he felt neither jealousy nor any other of the master passions. He had talked alternately with Mademoiselle Berthe and the shy damsel on his right, and he found the one as interesting as the other. He appreciated that the young lady destined for him was intelligent, and emanated a warm magnetism; moreover, she had both coquetry and indubitable sincerity. Every man at the table was craning his neck, and M. Constant looked ready to fight twelve duels.

And he, Louis Bac, felt nothing! . . .

Staring at Calvary, his mind drifted over the events of the past week. He had seen Mademoiselle Berthe every day. On two separate occasions he had talked with her alone in the Dupont library. He had liked and admired her increasingly. He found her full of surprises, subtleties; it seemed to him that just such a young woman had been roaming the dim corridors of his brain, impatiently awaiting his call; and as a wife she would be incomparable.

But he did not want a wife. He wanted a *grande passion*. And he developed not a symptom. He felt not the least desire to impropriate her. Of course there was but one explanation. He was incapable of those profound and racking passions experienced once at least by ordinary men. He was nothing but an intellect with a rotten spot where fiction generated instead of those abnormal impulses that made of men so inflicted social outlaws. Otherwise, he should be quite mad over Berthe Dupont. Her beauty and charm were attracting attention far beyond the French colony. It was Berthe for him or no one. And alas! it was to be neither Berthe nor any one. . . .

The moon flooded the sleeping city as the clocks struck one. Out of that vast composite below, its imagination liberated in dreams, a daring idea sprang, flew upward, darted into Louis's relaxed brain. Its point wedged, quivered like an arrow. Louis himself quivered, but with fright. Of love and woman he had no personal knowledge save for his brief and shallow episode with Céleste, but of both he had the accumulated knowledge of the masters and the insight of genius.

It was night—a beautiful, romantic night. Berthe was beautiful, seductive at all times; what must she not be in the abandon of sleep? If he could steal to her chamber, gaze upon her unconscious loveliness, was it not categorical that he should be overwhelmed like any ordinary man? To defy her scorn for a few poignant moments, then rush forth repulsed and quite mad, to weep upon his floor until dawn! He stared at the boards of his ascetic chamber with fascinated eyes; . . . to writhe there, to beat the floor with his fists, to weep like a good Frenchman. . . . And he knew that

she had gone to bed early to-night, worn out with much gaiety.

He ran lightly down the stairs and let himself out of the house as silently, although his servants slept far in the rear. Even at the top of the hill not a policeman nor a chance pedestrian was in sight. San Francisco, he knew, had a roaring night life, but at this hour the domestic quarters were as silent as a necropolis.

Nor did he meet any one as he walked rapidly along Taylor Street past the dwellings of the rich to the old-fashioned row of houses perched high above the "cut." As he was within a foot of the Dupont mansion he heard a taxicab in his wake, and darted within the sheltering walls of the covered stair. The cab came to a halt before the house opposite; a man with a black bag jumped out, and was immediately admitted.

A doctor, of course; but Louis, to his surprise, discovered that he was experiencing something like a thrill. If seen, he certainly would be handed over to the police. It was, therefore, a moment of real danger, and he almost laughed aloud as he discovered himself enjoying it. Many times he had described, with the most searching analysis, that sensation of fear during moments of imminent detection—even that subtle thrill along the nerves—but he was in search of an emotion that should shake his passions loose, and he ran lightly up the stairs, dismissing even the agreeable idea that he was also to experience the sensation of being his own housebreaker, so to speak. When he reached the upper terrace he took off his shoes and carried them to a little pagoda behind the house; it was possible that he would have to make a hasty exit by way of Jones Street. Before leaving his shelter he looked out warily; but the neighboring houses were black, and behind the windows of the Dupont library was a row of tall eucalyptus-trees planted as a windbreak. It was by one of the library windows that Louis purposed to enter, for he knew that its catch was broken; Jean-Marie's memory was old and intermittent.

He raised the window without difficulty and stepped into the room. It was impenetrably dark and full of furniture. On a pedestal was a vase that had belonged to Napoleon, wired and fastened down as an assurance against earthquake. But Louis knew every detail of that room; he crept down its length without encountering a chair, and opened the door.

In the hall a dim light burned. He listened intently, still with a humorous sense that he felt as like a burglar as any he had ever created. But he experienced no impulse to steal and complete the chain of his sensations. His brain, which registered impressions automatically, was quite normal.

He stole up the stair. Not a step creaked. The upper hall also was dimly lit. He knew that Madame had given the *jeune fille* the room next to hers, but the connecting door was sure to be closed, for the old lady was a light sleeper and minimized disturbance.

There lay the danger. If Madame heard the slightest sound she would ring the bell connecting with the servants' rooms in the mansard. He tiptoed to her door. She was snoring gently. He walked as softly to a door some ten feet down the hall and turned the knob. It yielded, and he entered the room where Berthe Dupont slept. The young lady was friendly to modern hygiene and the window stood wide open. The radiant moonlight streamed in. Louis, his heart thumping, but his head cool and his hands quiet, walked over to the bed. Berthe lay with her arms tossed outward, her head thrown back, as if consciously drawing attention to the classic outlines under the firm flesh. Her magnificent dark hair streamed over the pillow.

It should have been an entrancing picture, but for some reason it was not. In a moment Louis, with his inexorable eye for detail, realized the peccancy. The young lady's classic face was slightly swollen from sleep, and pallid; her lips were puffed, and blew out, albeit noiselessly, as the regular breath exhaled.

Nevertheless, it was Berthe, and she slept. This was her bedroom, her maiden bower, inviolate by man. She was at his mercy. Why, then, did he not feel that intoxication of the senses, that unreckoning fury of the male, that

would have favored any young blood of the French colony? He did not. He merely gazed resentfully at that diminished beauty. His artistic soul curled up. Far from feeling the sensations of the inexorable lover, his mind turned black with anger both at her and at himself. He hated her unreasonably for disappointing him, for failing to melt the ice in his blood. Well, he had seen the last of her. To-morrow he would shut himself up once more and by a supreme effort of will compel his brain to yield up its skulking treasures.

He turned to leave the room, then shrugged his shoulders and approached the bed, this time more stealthily. Why not give her a fright? That would be something to the credit side of this fiasco, which, he reflected with disgust, involved an insult to the best of his friends. He would make her believe she was being murdered, then get out while she was still too terrified and breathless to cry for help.

His first idea was to press his hands about her throat and choke her gently, not even enough to leave a mark, but quite sufficient to make her kick and writhe with terror. But in that case she would see him—he had not even worn his hat. He picked up a pillow she had tossed to the floor and pressed it against her face. She made a sudden downward movement, gurgling. He pressed more firmly, his eye measuring the distance to the door. But the gurgle affected him oddly. He desired to stop it.

Suddenly he knew that she was awake. She not only attempted to leap upward, but her strong hands clutched the pillow frantically. He had not thought of her arms, of those strong, shapely hands he had admired. With a quick catlike leap he was on her chest, his knees hard against her lungs; he caught her hands in one of his, pressing his other arm along that portion of the pillow that covered her nose and mouth. The blood was running swiftly through his veins. His head was light and full of pleasant noises. Suddenly he realized that the tense, strong young body of the girl was relaxing, and he felt a joy so fierce, so profound, so complete, that he could have shouted aloud a welcome to his liberated soul and passions as they tore through those ice barriers at last and found their transports in this sublime act of taking life.

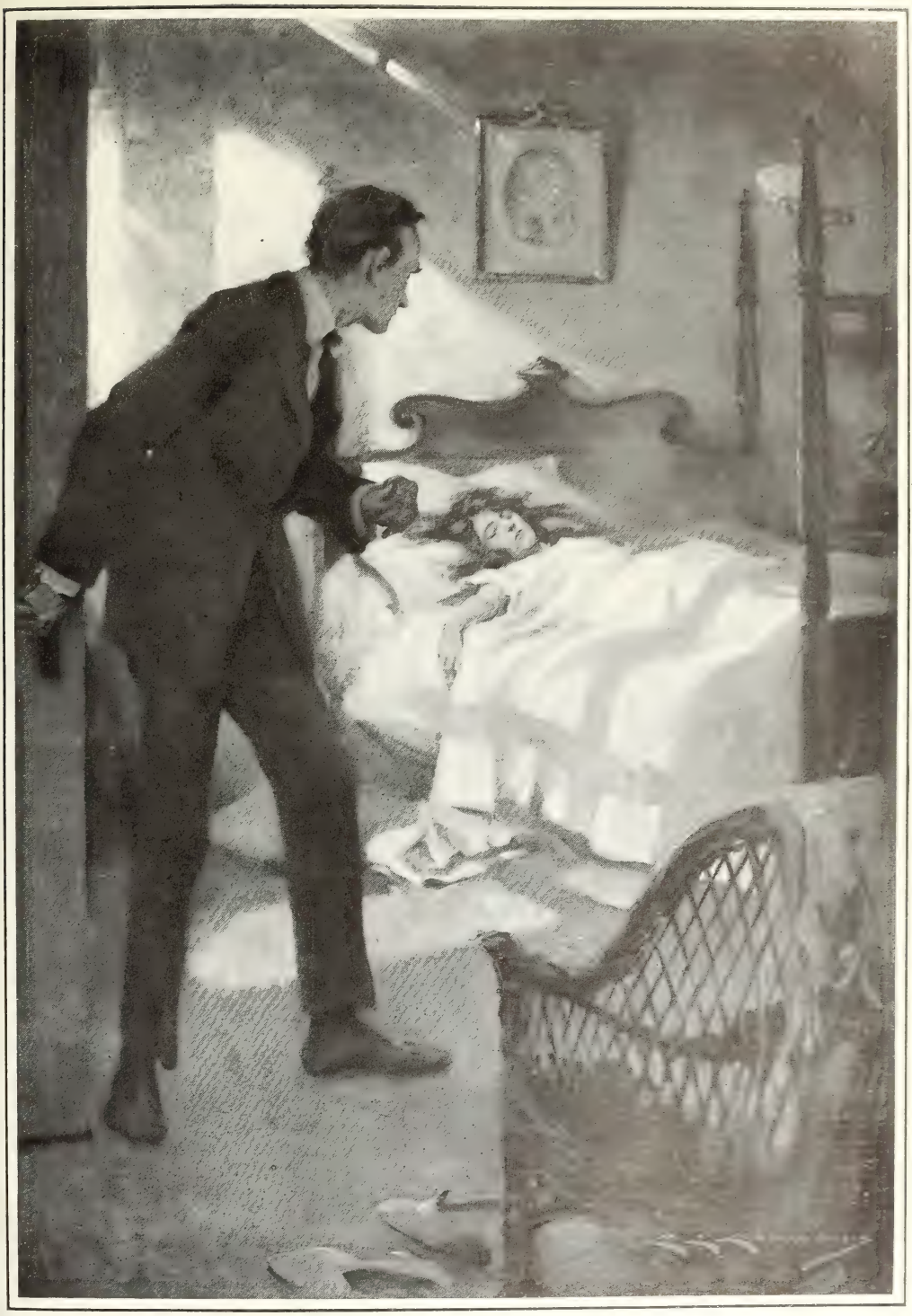
For Louis had forgotten his original intention merely to terrify. The literary cultures in his brain had suddenly become personal and imperative. He was as ruthless as man ever is when supreme desire and opportunity coincide, whether the lust be for woman or the enemy on the battle-field. He meant to kill Berthe Dupont and gratify the clamoring male within him to the full. This was his moment. He was no assassin by natural inclination, and but for this providential set of conditions would have gone to his grave a little bourgeois, a literary machine with as frail a hold on his talents as a singer on a voice that had never been placed.

The body lay limp and flabby at last. He was about to remove the pillow, but his artistic soul uncurled itself and made indignant protest. He lifted the clammy hand and felt the pulse. It was still. So was the heart to which he laid his ear briefly.

Although there was still that ecstatic riot in his veins, his brain was by no means confused, and prompted his subsequent acts as coherently as if he were at his desk, pen in hand. He listened at Madame's door. She still slept rhythmically. He opened the drawers of the bureau and chiffonnier and strewed the contents about the room. In a compartment of the desk he found a loose pile of gold and notes. He pocketed the gold, leaving the drawer open. He found Berthe's jewel-box in another drawer, wrenched a few diamonds from their setting and threw a brooch out of the window.

As he was about to leave the room he felt a sudden and different impulse toward Madame's door. But he was above all things an artist. Why repeat a great experience with possibly failing ardors? And in satiety lay the terrible danger of finding himself at his desk driving a pen heavy with reaction that should be tipped with fire.

He returned through the silent house and out of it as noiselessly as he had come. In the pagoda he tied his shoes properly lest the dragging laces impede his progress or attract attention.



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

HE GAZED RESENTFULLY AT THAT DIMINISHED BEAUTY

And then he heard some one coming stealthily up the stair from the street. A policeman, of course! In an instant he had darted through the tradesman's entrance in the back fence, down a narrow alley, and was peering out into Jones Street. It was deserted.

The fog had rushed in from the Pacific. He encountered no one on his return home. The windows of his own house were still black. He stealthily replaced the chain insisted upon by his servants, then lit the gas in his library and almost flew to his desk. Eight hours later he was still there, and his old servants, weeping and shaking, gave up trying to make him listen. During the next three months, indeed, he might have been isolated on the highest peak of the Sierras.

Louis, after the twenty-four hours of deep recuperative sleep that always followed the finish of a book, awoke to a familiar chorus: the creaking of his eucalyptus-trees, the fog-horn of Sausalito, the measured drip of the fog on his old-fashioned window-panes. But he returned to his personal life with something more than the usual reaction after a long period in the world of imagination; his depression was so great that the divine happiness of the past five months was blotted from his memory.

Then, not slowly, but with frightful abruptness, he understood. It was not that he had forgotten the act of smothering Berthe Dupont while writing under its inspiration, but that realities, himself, were for the time non-existent. Now, in the deep depression of his nerve centers following that long orgy of creation, he felt as if he were falling down through an abyss of horror without hope and without end. And while he experienced no regret for his act, since it had given the world a masterpiece, nor any that he never should see the beautiful girl again, he was filled with an emotional pity for her that surprised himself. But then he was an artist, and he owed her so much!

A moment later and he nearly shrieked aloud. There was a heavy tread on the stair. It was portentously slow and deliberate. . . . Why had he not been suspected before this? . . . Had M. César used his influence? . . . He, too, was an artist in his way. . . . He cowered under the bedclothes. . . . The door opened. He heard the rattle of dishes. Seraphine never allowed him to sleep more than twenty-four hours without nourishment.

As he sat up in bed he smiled wanly upon his devoted servitor and smoothed his hair. "Good morning, *ma vieille.* Or is it afternoon? It is good to return to that rational condition which enables me to appreciate your excellent cooking."

Seraphine's gnarled old face grinned. "Ah, Monsieur, it is good to see you no worse. But you are very pale and thin, alas! Although how, then, in the name of all the saints, should you not be?"

Louis poured out the coffee with a steady hand. "Don't run away," he commanded. "Tell me the news. How is M. César? And Madame Dupont? And the charming Mademoiselle Berthe? Name of a name! but I have not remembered their existence since the day I began my book."

"Oh, Monsieur! But O God!" She was about to squeeze a tear from her aged ducts and rock her body, when the gossip in her lively old mind gave a sniff of disdain and quenched the attempt at retrospective grief. "I—I—stupid old woman that I am—I had forgotten that you knew nothing—"

"Knew nothing?" Louis set down his cup. "Nothing has happened to M. César? Tell me at once!"

"Oh, not M. César, *grâce à Dieu!* But Mademoiselle! Oh, Monsieur! *Quelle horreur!*"

"Did she die, that charming young lady? She seemed a marvel of health." Louis loosened the soft collar of his night-gown, but his tones merely betrayed a proper concern.

"*Dieù! Dieu!* If that were all! She was assassinated, that beautiful young girl, just from Paris, and of an innocence, an excellence, a respectability! And by a miserable villain who had seen her take money from the bank that day and got in by the window that old fool of a Jean-Marie had dared to neglect. And with a pillow!" The voluble details convinced Louis that suspicion had not brushed him in passing.

"And the assassin?" he demanded when Seraphine paused for breath. "Whom do they suspect?"

"Suspect? But they caught him red-handed, the foul fiend. For that we thank the good God."

"Caught him! Do you mean as he was in the act of smothering poor Mademoiselle Berthe?"

"But no, Monsieur. He already had made his way down the stairs and out of the house, *enfin!* But a policeman was in the garden waiting for him. He had been told by some one who had seen the wretch sneak up the covered way. But not too soon, alas! The assassin denied all, of a certainty. He vowed he had been so terrified at the sight of the young lady murdered in her bed that he ran away at once. But, oh! of a great certainty, no one believed him. No, not one!"

"But it well could have been. Remember that I have written stories to prove the criminal folly of condemning on circumstantial evidence alone."

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, that is all very well in stories. But you see this was life, and the man was caught by a real policeman."

"When is the man to be tried?"

"Tried? The man has been tried and hanged, Monsieur."

"What!"

"But yes, Monsieur. Sometimes a murderer is hanged in San Francisco, and this was a *misérable*, a tramp, with no money or friends to make delay—*grâce à Dieu!* But you are white as death, Monsieur. Who am I to tell you this horrible story when you have just come back from the dead, as it were—"

"It is true that I am overcome. But arrange my bath. I will dress and go to M. César. Oh, my God!"

"But yes, Monsieur."

For a few moments Louis hoped he was dead, that his ice-cold body was yielding up his agonized spirit. He made a desperate effort to rouse the sleeping artist and summon him to the rescue, but without avail; the man was left alone to face the fact that he was a murderer who had taken not one life, but two. And of the two he regretted the friendless burglar the more poignantly.

The fundamental moral questions had never held debate in his highly specialized brain. He had been brought up respectably and had led so impersonal a life that he had obeyed the laws of society automatically. But in this hour of awful revelation, while the artist in him slept the sleep of the dead, he was merely the son of a long line of excellent bourgeois ancestors and could have spat upon himself as a pariah dog.

But in time he got up, bathed, dressed. He even paid his customary visit to the barber. Then he turned his steps toward M. César.

Madame Dupont had gone to Santa Barbara to recuperate after the severe shock to her nerves. M. César, unless dining out, would be at his club. It was eight o'clock.

"Mr. Dupont," he was told, was in the dining-room. Louis gave orders not to disturb him, and was shown into the library. A bright fire burned. He was very cold. He sank limply into a deep chair beside it and dropped his chin on his chest. His mind was too dull for thought, but fully made up.

He was roused by a firm grip on his shoulder, and started up to meet his old friend's tired but kindly eyes.

"But how is this?" cried M. Dupont, in genuine surprise. "It cannot be that you have finished the great work in three months? I did not expect to see you for another two. But of a certainty you write with more and more facility—"

"I wish to see you alone. I have something horrible to say."

"Come up-stairs. My chambers are being done over and I am staying here." M. Dupont, who had given the young author a keen, appraising glance, spoke soothingly and drew a trembling arm through his own. "*Mon Dieu*, Louis, but you are thin! How long do you fancy you can keep this up? I feared for your gifts. Now I fear for something more precious still. You look on the verge of collapse."

"It does not matter. Take me quickly to your room."

M. Dupont, who never hurried, and always carried his portly form with a certain stateliness, led Louis out of the library and up one flight of the broad

staircase to his temporary quarters. Already, Louis automatically noted, his club bedroom had the intimate and sybaritic look of his famous apartment. He had brought to it silver and crystal for his bureau and little buffet, framed photographs of beautiful women, a Meissonier, and several easy-chairs.

He pushed Louis into the deepest of the chairs, poured out a stiff whisky-and-soda, and stood over his guest until the glass was empty. Then he lighted his second after-dinner cigar and settled himself with the first sensation of anticipatory humor he had felt for many weeks. Louis always interested him and not infrequently amused him, with no effort on the part of that most unhumorous mind.

Louis lay back in his chair for a moment, responding to the glow of the spirits. He was still very cold.

"Now, my son, what is it? You may or may not have heard of the terrible tragedy that has devastated my home, but that can wait—"

"Oh no, Monsieur, it is not to wait! It is of that I have come to speak."

"But, of course, old Seraphine would have told you the moment you would listen. It is like you to come at once, although God knows I should have been grateful for your sympathy during that terrible time—"

"Oh, Monsieur! I cannot stand it!" Louis sprang to his feet and strode about the room. "It is something more awful still that I have come to tell you. How am I to do it? You, who have always been so kind! My only friend! My God, what a return! But of that I never thought. I was obsessed. It was an inhibition."

"Dear Louis! Come to the point. Are you quoting from your new book—"

"M. César, you do not know what you are dodging! I will try to put my confession in a few words. It was I—I—Louis Bac, who—who—killed Mademoiselle Berthe. There! It is said!"

"My poor boy!" M. Dupont rose and poured out another whisky-and-soda. "Drink this and I will put you to bed in a room close by—drunk, *hein!* for the first time in your life."

But Louis shook his head. Then he turned upon his friend eyes so beseeching and so abject that the ready tears rose to the eyes of the elderly Frenchman.

"When did Seraphine tell you this dreadful thing?"

"An hour or two ago."

"Just after you had awakened from your long sleep?"

Louis nodded.

"No wonder your insatiable faculty immediately began on another! God knows it is not a subject for jest, but I cannot lose you, too. You will go to bed now—"

"Oh, Monsieur, you must believe me! I tell you I smothered Mademoiselle Berthe with a pillow—"

"Tut! tut! That was all in the papers. I can see old Seraphine's ghoulish delight in recreating that grisly scene. And she told you, of course, that the drawers were open, the contents strewn about—"

"No; or if she did I have forgotten. God! how the moonlight streamed in!"

He flung off M. César's hand, and almost ran about the room while his uneasy host felt of his biceps.

"Will you not believe me?" shrieked Louis.

"Perhaps, dear boy, when you have slept on it—"

"Oh, don't talk as if you thought me insane. If you refuse to believe me I shall go from here and give myself up. I intend to do that anyhow, but I wished to confess to you first. That was your right."

"Do you know what would happen if you went to a police station and denounced yourself? You would first be laughed at and then, if you persisted, sent to a lunatic asylum. It is well you came to me first. Why, the murderer has been hanged. The state would refuse to reopen the case—"

"Surely not!"

"Surely yes."

"Then it is between you and me?"

"And a doctor if you do not go to bed at once."

"Oh, but you must believe in me!" Another memory flashed into his stimulated mind, and he confronted M. César with an air of triumph. "The man denied it, did he not? He said he went into the house to steal and found Berthe murdered, and fled. Is it not so?"

"Naturally."

"Now attend. How do you account for the fact that they found nothing on him—neither the missing gold nor the diamonds wrenched from the bracelet?"

"He had an accomplice, of course. He stood under the window while the man, after he murdered Berthe, dropped the loot out of the window. A brooch was found on the grass. The rear gate was open."

"Ah no, Monsieur. I flung that brooch out of the window. I have that gold, those diamonds in my desk at home. Come with me."

For a moment M. César turned gray and the shoulders that had supported a musket so gallantly in 1870 sagged as if old age had suddenly made its perch there. But he shook himself angrily erect. Did he not know Louis and his delusions? Was the poor boy ever actually on the mortal plane? Had not he himself, twice summoned by Seraphine, poured scalding coffee down his throat? Undoubtedly he had loved Berthe and been inspired at last, for during the first hours of his own grief and horror he had dared to intrude upon the high priest at his altar, and met the unseeing eyes of a genius in ecstasy. No wonder he was nearly mad with grief now.

There was nothing but to humor him. Once more he took his arm, and led him out into the street. Slowly the two men climbed the hills through the fog, for one, though gallant, was no longer young, and the other, although tragically young, was very weak. When they reached the foot of the steep incline which led up to the old Bac mansion M. Dupont cunningly would have passed on, but Louis swung about peremptorily, and the philosophical old boulevardier, who cared for no further argument or confiscation of his precious evening hours, shrugged his shoulders and followed his erratic young friend up and into the house.

The economical Seraphine never left a light burning in the hall. Louis struck a match and led the way into the old double parlors he used as his study, and lit a gas-jet. M. César sat down on one of the horsehair chairs and opened his cigar-case.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "What a way to live in this amiable world. Fireless, dank, chairs stuffed with rocks. No wonder you look as if you had been in cold-storage."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself to light a cigar, Monsieur. It will go out, I assure you."

He pulled open a drawer of his desk and pointed to a pile of loose gold and half a dozen diamonds of fair size.

"My God!"

M. César experienced an awful feeling of disintegration. The cigar fell from his relaxed hand and he sagged as far back in the chair as its uncompromising back would permit. He stared at the contents of the drawer throughout a long moment while he shivered with the impression that the waters of death were rising in that bleak and horribly silent room. But at the end of those sixty indelible seconds he sat very erect and the angry color rushed to his face.

"No!" he exclaimed. "That is not evidence. I am quite unconvinced. I have not the least idea how much gold Berthe had in her desk, and one gold-piece is like another. I am a judge of diamonds, for I, alas! have bought many; but diamonds of the same size and water are as hard to identify. Those, no doubt, were your mother's."

"My mother had no diamonds. And what do you suppose I do with diamonds in my desk?"

"Properties, no doubt. How do I know that you have not in another drawer burglars' kits and tools, and all the other instruments of destruction with which your characters celebrate themselves? Those diamonds were larger than any poor Berthe possessed."

"They may have looked small in the heavy *art nouveau* setting. I noticed the bracelet the night of the dinner."

"I never saw it until I saw it in ruins. Let me see those stones."

Louis gathered them up and poured them into M. César's steady hand. The old Frenchman felt of them, held them up to the light, flung them back contemptuously into the drawer. "Paste! I thought as much. For why should you buy real diamonds? As for Berthe—what few stones the poor child had were genuine. She could neither afford stones of that size nor would she condescend to wear paste."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

EIGHT HOURS LATER HE WAS STILL AT HIS DESK

"Do you mean to say you will not believe me?" Louis looked sharply at M. César.

It was quite natural that this amiable gentleman should not choose to believe he had blindly nourished a viper. And not, perhaps, motivated by pride and affection alone. He was kind and charitable and a keen man of business, but pleasure was his god. No man had extracted more juice from the sweet apple of life than he, tasted less of its ashes. It was quite in keeping that he should refuse to have his pleasant pastures sown with horrors a second time.

M. Dupont rose. "I shall send you a sleeping-powder from the chemist's. You will wake without delusions. Tomorrow you will take the eleven-thirty train for Santa Barbara, spend a month in my mother's charming home at Montecito, and forget that you are a poor genius subject to plots at the wrong time. That, or a sanatorium. Do you comprehend, my friend?"

Louis turned away with a hopeless gesture. "Oh, very well. Have your own way."

"And you will be ready when I call for you at ten minutes past eleven?"

"If I am awake."

"I shall go out the back way and tell Seraphine to awaken you. Now I must leave you, as I have kept a very charming person waiting too long already."

"Good night, Monsieur. I can tell Seraphine myself."

"Very well. I trust you to do so." Louis accompanied his guest with extreme courtesy to the door. On the threshold M. César paused and looked back into the dark house with a shudder. "*Ciel*, but it is a tomb! I cannot take you with me this evening, but you can go to the club and sleep there."

"Many thanks, Monsieur, but this house is not a tomb to me. It is my home."

"True. A thousand pardons. *Au revoir, mon fils.*"

It was two o'clock in the morning when Louis laid down his pen. He had confessed in minute detail to the killing of Berthe Dupont, entering into an elaborate and brilliant analysis of the primary causes, the successive phases of a more extended psychological process than he had realized at the time, the final impulse, and, as far as possible, the pathological condition of his brain during the act and the minor acts that followed. He added that while he found it impossible to feel remorse in the common sense, as through this abominable crime he had achieved the passionate ambition and desire of his life and a period of indescribable joy, he felt that as a member of society, however indifferent, it was now his duty to make atonement. As M. Dupont had convinced him that his story would not be believed, that, in fact, the authorities would incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if he persisted in declaring his guilt, he had determined to act for himself.

He made his confession, he further added, not to clear the name of the poor derelict who had paid the penalty for a crime of which he was innocent, but in the interest of science, which would welcome this voluntary revelation of creative psychology. He believed that other serious writers of fiction, those illustrious men who had written to him with a spontaneous sense of brotherhood, would understand and exonerate. He had cast his soul and his body on the altar of art, and no man had ever done more.

He had written the confession in French and English. He addressed one manuscript to the leading morning newspaper of San Francisco, the other to the literary critic of a great journal in Paris. Then he took a large key from a drawer of his desk and left the house. He dropped the two packages in a mail-box at the foot of the hill, and waited long and wearily for a car. They were infrequent at this hour, but he felt too tired to walk to the outskirts of the city. The night was chill and the fog was dense, but when the car finally came along he took a seat on the front of the dummy, for he dreaded the lights within, of meeting some one, perhaps, who would recognize and speak to him.

When he reached the end of the line he was shivering, and involuntarily he pulled his coat-collar about his ears and thrust his hands into his pockets as he walked rapidly up the hill to the Catholic cemetery.

He knew all the cemeteries on Lone

Mountain well, for he often walked there, reading the names on the shafts and mausoleums and reconstructing the history of early San Francisco, of which the dust below had been so fiery an impulse. Henri Bac I. had built a mausoleum here, too, for he felt that as a pioneer he should have a permanent resting-place among the dead who had made history. He had, indeed, been a member of the two great Vigilance Committees, had played his part on more than one occasion as an active citizen who could do somewhat more for the swaddling city than teach its adventurous spirits how to distinguish between stomach and palate.

Louis, who had always been a dutiful son, had come out here every Sunday in all weathers and placed a wreath on the little altar in the dim interior of the vault, knelt automatically for a moment beneath the shelves behind which his parents were sealed.

He unlocked the heavy door; then, as it swung slowly inward, he turned and glanced down over the sleeping city he had loved in his own impersonal fashion. The fog moved like the tides of the sea whose boom came faintly to him. Here and there a shaft from an arc-light shone faintly through, but for the most part San Francisco was the black depths of a ghostly inland sea.

Above him the night was clear. The cross on Calvary stood out like ebony against the glittering sky, a gay and spangled sky as if all the great planets and all the little courtesan stars up there were ready for a night of carnival and laughing at gloomy old Earth.

For a moment Louis hesitated. He was a Catholic by training, and to certain crimes the Church is merciless. But he reasoned that he no more had the right to call himself a Catholic than to persist as a mortal. He went into the vault and swung the heavy door behind him. It clanged faintly, but there was no one to hear.

A Friend

BY LILLA CABOT PERRY

IN what dark corners of the human mind
Does terror lurk, and formless misery,
Such as I fear to face and look upon
And drag out to the light of common day?
Now when veiled horror crouches at my back,
And all my questioning heart trembling recoils,
One hand I seek to draw me toward the light—
'Tis yours, 'tis yours.

I ask not if you love me; all I know
Is that I'm frightened, cold, and comfortless,
And, prosperous friends of other days forgot,
I turn to you, who have known pain and fear
And failure and despair, and in your eyes
I read companionship; and though your cloak
Be threadbare, half of it is mine.
You are my friend.

Soldiers, Sand, and Sentiment

BY WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

AS we came up from tiffin, there, lying flat as an adder in the sun, mottled with bleached color, was Port Said, on its spit of Egyptian sand. A fishing-fleet of feluccas clung to the edge of the shallow beach like crumbs upon a withered lip, and the mouth of the canal was choked with shipping.

There was hardly any of the old-time chatter of enthusiasm. Most of us had seen it all before. An officer, who had cultivated the habit of rubbing his left arm briskly, by way of economical massage, smiled wryly, and said:

"Well, vacation's over. Here we are back at the old shop with lots of unfinished business."

That was the general attitude.

The decks were crowded with convalescent officers, young and old, all men who had been in heavy action—at Ypres, at Loos, at Hulluch, at Suvla Bay, in the North Sea, and in the Ægean. As for the others, they also served—pink-faced boys, with new, faultless tropical gear, on their way out as substitutes to Basra in the Gulf, or to bury themselves in remote posts of the Soudan; a few frightened Egyptian officials, happy enough at getting home, yet doubtful of what awaited them; some *blasé* Frenchmen, a governor or two of unmapped districts in the Far East; well-curried traders, too old for the trenches, but more than fit to keep England's chests filled with gold; some unobtrusive children; and a number of sweet-faced English wives, shining examples, with smiling faces and gentle hands, sharing their large part of the Empire's burden. So there they all were together, a boat-load of them, bruised sinews of a world empire; and there before them was that strange anomaly, Port Said, a vampire sucking up the blood of men, and a horn of plenty pouring forth the wealth of the Orient.

We rounded the breakwater, and the great P. & O. liner, with a bellow of palpable relief at having passed the hazards of the Mediterranean, slid self-consciously past the irregular row of cynical, lumpy, bulbous French cruisers, which, with those ubiquitous French ensigns, long lines of drying clothes flying between the masts, and anchor-eyes oozing rust, plainly indicated that they, also, had been flirting with death on the high seas, and came to anchor close to the customs jetty along the Bund.

The tender slipped alongside to put the agent aboard, the small harbor craft poked in and out, while their dusky scullers waved their red fezzes and screamed for passengers; the winches roared and struggled with the freight; the great coal-hulks, alive with grimy black men chewing hunks of dry bread and spitting out verbal filth, fastened themselves to the towering vessel like unclean monsters—and the agony was on.

"Phew!" said the Australian major, wiping the soot from his eyes, "this is rotten. I'm not going to stick it much longer." Which struck me as rather remarkable, coming from a man who had survived five months in the trenches of Anzac before being mauled about by a Turkish shell—especially as he had only one useful leg to hobble away on.

On my other hand was a Scotch skipper, bound for Singapore as a passenger—a very remarkable man even in normal times; one who had plowed his dogged way through the channels of every sea, gathering experiences as a ship gathers barnacles. He had crashed through Formosan junks, weathered typhoons and blizzards, raced with hostile submarines, and, I have reason to believe, was even on hand to aid in salvaging the *Audacious*—if salvaged she was. Short, powerful, imperturbable as to face, nimble as to wit, he had a great heart and fearless lips. Cocking a waggish eye at me, he removed the pipe from his mouth and

nodded toward shore. I deprecated the suggestion.

"Only to send a cable," said I, "and to buy a new topi."

"Oh aye," said the skipper. "They never go for more."

"What," said the major, "and aren't you going ashore?"

"Now look ye here," demanded the skipper, scornfully, "do I look like such a fool? What's there to see, aye? A bloomin' lot o' niggars and greasy Egyptians. Ye go up to the hotel and have a cup o' black coffee, and grin wi' delight, and pay one-and-sixpence for it. And maybe ye see some sodgers loafin' about the streets, and maybe ye don't. Or else ye go up to Simon Arts and buy some curios for the wee uns at home. If ye stop aboard they'll all come back, fast enough, sick of it, wi' their bellies full. . . ."

"And how about 'Madame Binat and a Zanzibar dance of the finest'?" I suggested.

He wheeled about and studied me for a moment under half-closed eyelids.

"Oh aye," he said, grinning broadly. "So that's it. But ye'll find no more o' that. These are war-times. It's not the old place, ye know."

This was true. The place was no longer as it had been in the old days of home-going Colonials and tourists who measured each new thrill with their purse-strings. Where were the boats with the Levantine girls—doe-eyed girls with only the faintest hard lines about their lips, strumming mandolins and guitars, and trying desperately, with their thin, spiritless voices, to lend a note of gaiety to "Funicula," despite the clattering roar of winches and the howling of the grimy coal-wallahs? Where were the grinning Arab and Somali boys, mocking the singers with burlesque chatter, as they gamboled in the muddied water, diving for coins as cormorants dive for fish? And where was the sleek, salacious presence at the elbow, unobtrusive, though ubiquitous, breathing in oily accents: "*Salamat.* Sir, you want to see naughty peektures? Look, sir — French peektures. One bob"? Gone! Faded away into the unhealthy, mythical past of peace and prosperity.

Nevertheless, feeling supremely self-conscious, I slipped away from the skipper's accusing glance and sought the Girl from Keppel Harbor, to see if there were any commissions I could perform



VESSELS COALING AT PORT SAID



BANK OF THE SUEZ CANAL NEAR ISMAILIA—SCENE OF THE TURKISH RAID INTO EGYPT

ashore. Then I joined the mixed crowd that eddied about the gangway and flowed in an unbroken procession of skiffs toward the customs jetty, where several Egyptian officials were examining passports and inspecting the landing passengers. As I went over the side, the skipper shook his pipe at me and called:

"No funny business, now. Ye mind the notice in the smoking-room?"

But I went blithely ashore, sniffing reminiscently the commingled stinks that are the perfume of the Orient. And here I was plucked out of the merry line by a little slip of an Egyptian official, clad in the raiment of a New York Benjamin, plus a red fez. As his eye fell upon my passport he looked plainly startled.

"You are Americain?"

"Certainly. You see my passport."

"Sorree. You cannot land."

He handed back the passport, readjusted his fez nervously, and turned to the next applicant with such an air of finality that for a moment I stood there uncertainly. Then I took him by the elbow. I told him, gently, that it would be necessary for me to see some one of higher authority.

In the course of the next three minutes I passed through the hands of two more startled officials and two indignant harbor policemen, whom I wilfully mistook for local guides; but in the end I only succeeded in landing myself in front of a counter in the passport bureau, beside the barrier. Several sweating, vociferous, bespectacled Egyptians, behind the counter, were waving papers and shouting incoherently at a dazed, shuffling mob, shaken, like vermin, from the very tail of Asia. My case was settled rapidly.

"Impossible," said the chief.

"Damn it! . . ." I exploded.

"No matter," said he, "it's impossible."

At this moment a trim little Frenchwoman, bareheaded and dressed in a neat black skirt, slipped up to me, scribbled on a piece of paper, and thrust it into my hand.

"*Passez*," said she.

I was astonished. "Thank you," I said, politely.

"*Passez*," she repeated, coldly, and looked at me with hard eyes. I examined the paper. It was a permit to return to the vessel. They would not let me land at all, and apparently they would not let me depart without special permission. I elbowed my way back, furiously, to the counter; but a British



BEDOUINS EMBARKING FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE CANAL AT EL KHOUBRI

army officer spied me and, working his way quickly through the crowd before I could say anything, laid a friendly hand on my arm.

"I'm afraid it's no use," he said. "You see, the whole blessed place is a war zone now. You're practically in the trenches; and they're awf'ly particular. Good Lord! I'm having trouble myself, and if they won't let an army man through, it doesn't seem likely they'll let a stranger pass, does it?"

He was hardly more than a boy; but he was a captain, and I saw he belonged to a regiment that had fought hard in Gallipoli. It suddenly occurred to me that I was making an ass of myself, and a general nuisance to people engaged on a mighty serious business—a nation struggling to keep its head literally above water. I turned away from the counter.

"I suppose you're right," I admitted.

"It's hard lines," he said.

"Not at all. I should have understood. I've no right to bother your people here just for the sake of a cup of black coffee."

We both laughed. He was a nice chap, with a friendly smile and candid eyes, and I should have liked to make his better acquaintance. It must have dawned on both of us at the same time how bitter, in a way, are these war-time meetings; for suddenly we shook hands. He was on his way to his death, for all I knew; and, for all he knew, I was drifting merrily and carelessly about the world.

"Good luck," I said.

"Thank you."

And he disappeared in the crowd and I went slowly back to the jetty. However, I wandered aside from the landing-stage, and was about to accept the services of a ravenous crowd of unlicensed boatmen who came over the edge of the wharf and swarmed at me like Gulf pirates over the edge of a dhow, when the two harbor policemen converged upon me, gesticulating violently and shouting all manner of Egyptian slang. It was plain I had wandered away from the official landing-stage and was being ordered back into line. It is not exactly pleasant for an old resident of the East to be ordered about by a native policeman; and then it suddenly occurred to me that here was an opportunity with a bit of strategy to get past the barrier, after all, for the *choki* was in the heart of the town. So I remained where I was,

and used language that would have convulsed a camel-driver; but it was useless provocation.

They regarded me, for a moment, with darkening faces, uncertain what to do. Then they conferred under their breath, shrugged their shoulders simultaneously, and walked deliberately away. There remained nothing for me to do but to clamber into a bumboat. In a few minutes I was aboard once more. As I crossed the ship's deck, there was the skipper, feet wide apart, head tilted back, eying me severely under lowered lids.

"Ye blitherin' fool," said he, "did I not tell ye to stop yer funny business?"

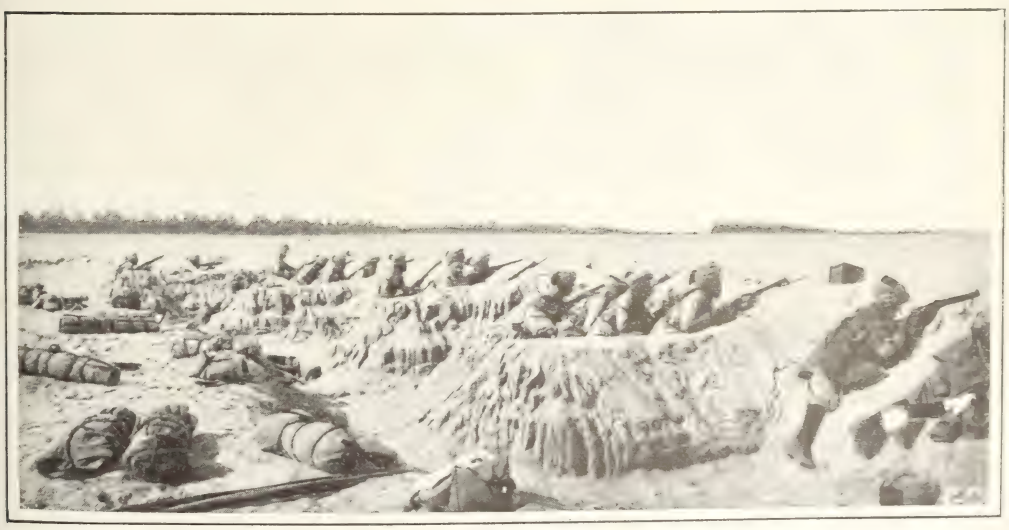
I laughed at him.

So he took me by the arm and guided me to the smoking-room, where a notice was posted pertaining to passports. And I read thereon that any one endeavoring to pass the barrier by any irregularity or subterfuge whatsoever would be subjected to the complete operations of martial law.

I made my way soberly to the other end of the boat, to a shady spot under the bridge, where I found the Girl from Keppel Harbor reading a book of Bartimeus's yarns, and sought to divert myself with her naïve wit. She was in a blithe mood, and we chatted merrily; but, before I was quite aware of it, she was giving me a horrifying personal account of the Singapore mutiny. And then I realized definitely that war was a complete obsession.

Ambition was dead; Adventure was dead; Romance was dead. An inkling of this had been borne in on me in London—black, asthmatic London, where only hectic men and crippled men are left in peace, if peace there be in gloomy reflections and gloomier prospects. All delicate and fine emotions have been absorbed in the dull pain. Fathers no longer think proudly of their sons' futures; subalterns do not dream of becoming great generals; sweethearts have no plans for the happy return of their loved ones; no one considers his own future or his own desires. It has suddenly been borne in upon them that life is entirely too transitory and uncertain. There is no spontaneous, heartfelt merriment; there is no true wit. Whether consciously or unconsciously, all light amusements—in fact, all individual activities—are carried on abstractedly, like the gaiety of the comedian who knows there is a tragedy behind the painted scenery.

It is not depression; it is simply that the individual consciousness is sunk in the national. No matter how these people may scorn the philosophy, they have adopted the philosophy of the Germans. A dead man, a shattered man, a pitiful woman—it is nothing, so long



INDIAN TROOPS IN THEIR DESERT TRENCHES AWAITING THE TURKS

as the nation stands firm. "*C'est la guerre*," said the armless Frenchman at Marseilles, shrugging his shoulders. "Oh yes, it 'll be all right again," said the Australian major, swaying on his crutches. "I'll be back in the trenches in two months." Most of them were out here to fight the Turks, or the Bulgars, or the Greeks; but principally the Sick Man of Europe.

That night, as I gazed into the star-sprinkled darkness of the desert, across the salt-works, in the direction of Jaffa, I remembered it was here that "the sick man took up his bed and walked." And I also remembered that where the salt-heaps gleamed white in the gloom, like the tents of a vast, ghostly army, a young Macedonian, named Alexander, had once marched. Then I thought of that empire upon whose dominions the sun never sets; and of the Frenchman, De Lesseps; and the Canal, the weakest link in the Empire; and I dreamed that an answer was ready to the ancient query, What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?

The ship did not move till daylight. There was much to be done. The bunkers were crammed with coal; cargo was discharged; the naval gun was lifted from the stern; fresh vegetables were taken aboard for barren Aden, cut off from the mainland by the Turks; and the pilot-house was banked with sand-bags.

As the white sun rose out of Asia, I stepped out of my cabin in kimono and sandals, and looked across the first sweep of Arabian desert. We had already left Port Said behind us, and were well on our way through the big trench.

At first there was nothing at all remarkable in the scene; I might have been on the platform of an observation-car that had just cleared the Lucian Cut-off and was sweeping through western Utah. It was flatter, though, with undulations that merged into one another so cunningly that armies could march across the plain without being observed; and a horseman, riding straight away from the Canal, would be lost behind the hummocks as you watched him. So it is not remarkable that, as I gazed across the dead salt desert, where nothing apparently could live, I only became aware by degrees that vague objects moved and vanished in the distance; but gradually the shapes took form and I found that the sands were full of little groups of horsemen, camelmen, infantrymen, in patrols and outposts, like the little lead soldiers we played with as children. And along the very edge of the Canal were motionless sentinels, standing or squatting under mat shelters to protect them from the blaze of the tropical sun. The desert had a hundred thousand eyes and a million stings.



AN AUSTRALIAN MACHINE GUN AND ITS COMPANY

The early risers began to come on deck, to go through their Swedish drill, to stretch their bruised muscles, to gaze again upon familiar scenes.

"We'll be at Kantarah soon," said a young, gray-eyed officer of the Indian Marine.

I looked forward. The Canal wound gracefully away to the southward, fringed on the Egyptian side by a refreshing growth of green

palms and drab acacias, broken at long intervals by tiny bungalows, where employees of the Canal Company kept eternal watch over the company's interests, much as the armed sentries across the way stood guard for the Empire. On the Arabian side was nothing but the billowing sand, crowding itself to the very water's edge, and seeping into the channel itself, despite the revetments of stone brought in ballast from far countries to hold the tiny particles in check, despite the great dredges that prowl up and down, sucking at the invading streams like monstrous ant-eaters facing a migratory tide of insects.

"Kantarah?"

"Yes. There it is now." His face became animated. Leaning far forward, he fixed his gaze on the approaching spot; and there, sure enough, was Kantarah, the point nearest Port Said, where the Turks had attempted to cross.



A HINDU POSTMAN IN SERVICE ON THE NILE

"How far did they get?" I asked.

"Not far." He grinned. "I was in charge of a couple of armed tugs. We kept running up and down from here to Ishmailieh, banging away in the dark."

"But they reached the Canal?"

"Oh yes. They launched some pontoons—two. There's one now. The other's down at Ishmailieh."

There, just swinging into the Kantarah bank at the end of a cable, for all the world like a Chinese ferry on the Grand Canal, loaded with Indian troops, horses, and fodder, was a barge-like iron pontoon. I recognized its German origin; for I had seen such before. But this was the first vessel I had ever known to cross a desert that tries the stamina of Bedouins and the endurance of dromedaries. It was not the last. There was another at Ishmailieh. And at Port Tewfik there was a long row of them, punctured by shrapnel and bullets, filled with sand, and used as a causeway.

It was in my heart to feel sympathy for the wasted efforts of these surprising Turks. It will be a long while before we understand the organization of the army that crossed the desert, dragging pontoons and heavy guns, effecting simultaneous attacks at three main points on a front extending a hundred miles along a barren shore, with a salt desert as a base; and persisting in the attacks to the point of launching several pontoons —six of which, probably, could have supported a bridge and afforded sufficient accommodation for a strong advance-guard. There was one thing, however, that aroused equal admiration; it was the appalling neatness with which the attack was smashed. It was as though three serpents, having crawled across the desert, reared their heads simultaneously, only to have them completely crushed by several very large and very determined hobnailed boots.

It was all explained to me in detail, but I cannot explain it to you.

Nevertheless, I should like to have picked Kantarah camp up bodily and deposited it somewhere near Plattsburg. It was a delight; perfect, so far as I could see, in every detail, from the adobe

buildings that held headquarters to the camel patrols, drifting in a mist of sand along the eastern rim of the desert. Trenches, sentinels, outposts; battalions of infantry wheeling about on the floor of the desert; signalmen wig-wagging in squads like white and scarlet poppies tossed about by the winds; camel corps and cavalry squadrons; field-guns and heavier artillery behind the low hills on the Egyptian side of the moat-like Canal. All were there, all in their correct proportions, and each peculiarly fit for this particular brand of warfare.

From Kantarah to the powerfully fortified camp at Ismailieh the vessel passed literally between two lines of trenches. It was a pretty object-lesson to a man interested in defense against invasion, a veritable cinema film, every foot of which added an instructive picture. But vastly more interesting was the delight of the Indian army officers on board at the sight of familiar regiments —naked Brahmins squatting at the water's edge, washing their heads and rinsing their mouths, while in their midst stood some berry-brown English officer, sleeves rolled up, shirt collar opened clear down to his chest, "shorts" permitting a generous expanse of weathered knee and calf, topi tilted back with all the cockiness of an opera-hat, and a light stick under his arm; Bikanirs swaying past on the towering camels of India, haughtily indifferent to the passing liner, or casting incurious glances at the railings, thronged with eager faces; lancers from Bengal trotting by in patrols, on graceful horses, daintily lifting their hoofs high in the heavy sand; an outpost of bewhiskered Punjaubis, leaning on their rifles, and grinning with sheer delight.

There was uproar in some of the native camps—camps of clustering mat huts with fires of twigs in the open places, sending aloft wisps of smoke like long, thin feathers; camps that might have been villages on the Indus or Irrawady, except for the almost startling absence of women, babies, bullocks, and gaunt pariahs; and having behind them, instead of green jungle, broad fields of barbed wire, ripe for the cutting, if a reaper could be found. There was uproar, the natives streaming from their huts, lining up along the bank at sight of the great mail-boat sweeping past them on the road to Inde, and shouting and cheering, while the sahibs and memsahibs on board, forgetting all distinctions in the confraternity of empire, shouted and cheered back.

"Jove!" said a flustered colonel, mopping his flushed face, as a new group came sliding alongside, "I didn't know *they* were here." Then, unable to contain himself, he leaned far over the railing, waving his topi, and bellowing:

"What regiment? What regiment? Courtney Sahib *hai?* Courtney Sahib! Oh, Courtney! *Courtney!*"

There was a break in the black line of shouting natives, and a silent, thin, self-contained officer was disclosed, wearing his bleached and abbreviated khaki



NEW ZEALAND TROOPS DRILLING IN EGYPT



PORT OF TEWFIK—TERMINAL OF THE SUEZ CANAL

with the careless ease of an old-timer. Instead of a topi he wore a turban, which was a bit of unconscious "swank," as the "subs" say. Twenty of his men looked at him and shouted, pointing upward at the ship sweeping past. The officer scanned the passengers with quizzical pleasure; but when, at length, his gaze lighted on the hoarse, furiously gesticulating colonel, the sight electrified him. He threw up both arms in greeting, and ran up to his knees into the water.

"Oh, it's *you!*" he shouted, joyfully. "Where to?"

"Peshawur. Is Meadows with you?"

"Yes. Back there in the sand. Where's old Strumleigh?"

The colonel made a vague gesture. The boat was carrying him beyond hearing.

"Strumleigh," shrieked the officer, thinking he was not heard. "Strumleigh! Where's 'Billy Williams' Strumleigh?"

A gale of laughter swept the side of the ship, for 'Billy Williams' is a drink. By the time the laughter had subsided the boat had passed out of calling distance. The colonel looked dazedly at me, with a rather hopeless expression on his face.

"But 'Billy Williams' is dead," he protested, mildly. "He was killed in Serbia, you know."

I didn't know, but I thought I understood. I had a brief vision of three young subalterns twenty years ago, on *shikar* together in the Kashmiri hills. So I walked around to the other side, leaving the colonel murmuring, inanely, to himself, "By Jove! By Jove!"

I found the Girl from Keppel Harbor reclining in a long chair, for the moment oblivious to the panorama that was being reeled off under our very noses while she listened, with amiable abstraction, to the smiling remarks of an Irish subaltern, a broth of a lad, seated beside her on a camp-stool. You would not have thought, to look at the graceful, well-set length of him, and his laughing eyes and close-trimmed mustache, that his body had felt the bite of several bullets, his lungs had been torn with pneumonia, and his frost-bitten legs saved from the surgeon's scalpel and saw only at the risk of a mortifying body. To see his teeth flash and hear his low laugh you never would have thought it. With vague reluctance I turned away, my attention diverted by new sights.

There were regiments of white troops linked along the Canal, many and many of them—British, Australians, and New-Zealanders. The Australians were

Americans in looks and temperament. They sat on the bank on the Egyptian side, under the shade of a few sere palm-trees, shouting and bantering with the passengers, or plunging into the water in all their khaki kit for tins of cigarettes flung from the decks. I noticed one solitary figure under a shady bank, fishing with a long bamboo pole. Came a loud, clear drawl from a fellow-countryman on board:

"Pret-ty soft! Pret-*ty* soft!"

The bamboo pole was jerked up viciously. The fisherman glared at the boat.

"Pretty soft!" he roared. "Pretty soft, hey? Why don't *you* come down here? This is a hell of a life, this is. No fish; and I haven't seen a damned Turk in a month." And he placed the long pole at slope arms, climbed morosely up the bank, and disappeared behind a hillock.

And so the ship passed on, with the passengers shouting, cheering, calling messages, hardly ever at a loss to make themselves understood—recognizing old regiments, old friends, recalling memories of the hills, the plains, the clubs of Bombay, and the great colonies south of the line.

I came across an apprentice who was doing duty as fourth officer, in view of the shortage of men, standing unsupported on the five-inch railing, swaying his body this way and that, waving his arms together, right to left, or one at a time, in all the complications of semaphore signaling. On shore, a good eighth of a mile away, another figure was answering him. Thus they talked in silence, until the angle of the boat forbade any further communication. Then he leaped down from the railing, with the expression of one who has completed an errand.

"Sending a message from my mother," he explained, grinning. "Have a brother back there with the gunners."

All day long this sort of thing continued, till it became commonplace, and the majority of the passengers wearily drowsed in their steamer-chairs—past Kantarah, past Ishmailieh, into the Bitter Lakes, where several North Sea trawlers went placidly about their business in the unfamiliar waters, hunting for mines; and a French cruiser sat firmly on the mud—a steel citadel, frowning across the shimmering desert. . . .

When we left the lakes the sun was declining rapidly. Now, if there's one thing more impressive than a desert sunrise, it's a desert sunset, as any guide will tell you at Shepheard's. So, almost unconsciously, in ones and twos, the passengers drifted over to the starboard



ON THE HIGHWAY TO THE RED SEA



PONTOONS CAPTURED FROM THE TURKS IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CANAL

side. Beyond the Bitter Lakes the Canal had widened out, and the ship slipped through the still waters with ever-increasing speed and the outposts on shore thinned as the country became more desolate.

An outcropping of the Libyan hills rose on the western horizon, and the great, red Egyptian sun plunged behind it, as a light passes behind a Japanese screen, throwing out bars and wisps of shifting color. Sunset is probably the only moment of daylight when our thoughts are focused on supermundane things. Gazing in silent eye-worship at the heart of our constellation, we are strangely lifted out of ourselves, especially on the edge of a desert where there are no petty distractions to draw aside our irresponsible, childish attention; we are suddenly overcome with a suffocating sense of physical minuteness, and at the same time filled with a feeling of spiritual expansion. As a result we stand dumb, filled with intangible memories, vague longings, and a melancholy unrest. The shadows, the solid banks of gold and purple and saffron, a silver-edged feather of a cloud high in the broad sky, a brief silhouette of camels on the sky-line, their riders gazing upward—all these things interpret the solemn silence. And as we gazed, forgotten was war and all its misery; the tumult suddenly was still. And then it was dark. Still I did not move.

An arm was gently linked in mine. I glanced aside to see the skipper with his solemn face and waggish eyes.

"Aye," he nodded, knowingly. "But yonder's the lights of Sooez."

Twinkling on the horizon off our starboard bow were the lights of Suez, marking the end of the Canal.

"We'll soon be out in the open. Are ye goin' to be long in the East?" he added, suddenly.

I nodded.

"Then," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth and shaking it under my chin, 'ye'd better take yer eyes off the sky and come down and fill yer belly wi' substantial food. Star-gazing will never get ye anything in this world."

Which I sorrowfully admitted to be a fact. So I joined him, and we went below. . . . But I caught a glimpse of the young Irish officer and the Girl from Keppel Harbor, standing in the shadows far forward, watching the moon rise out of the desert; and I began to have my doubts.

The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

WHEN November was only seven days old, and beautiful with the golden desolation of a late autumn, Lynn Stacpoole went up to New York to buy her wedding garments.

Upon the register of the quietly extortionate hotel at which she stopped, she wrote in a large, slanting hand, with delicate curves but a certain amount of abandon in the crossing of the t's—"Mrs. Geoffrey Stacpoole—Miss Stacpoole—Hagerstown, Maryland." Then she left an order for all packages to be sent at once to her room, asked for ice-water, asked for mail, and gently turned her mother in the direction of the elevator.

Later that afternoon the mail which had been obviously expected arrived—a large, fat letter in a conservative, masculine hand; by that time Lynn and her mother had gone out to see the shops, and romance waited on reality—reality, in this instance, spelling ruffles.

Lynn, who had not for nothing been born an ethereal slip of a creature with gray eyes darkening to green beneath a sweep of ash-blond hair, waded at once knee-deep in nainsook and laces.

With her hand on the switch of the electric light, and her hair in curling apparatus of a prehistoric variety, Mrs. Stacpoole offered, at midnight, a purely perfunctory protest.

"There is one thing about a trousseau," she said, mildly—"if you get too much you will be tired of it before you wear it out—and your father said we were to go slow, Lynnie."

"I am going slow," said Lynn, who looked like a Primavera even in a fuzzy blue bath-robe. "I'm going just as slow as I mean to. It would be pretty sad if I had to start my married life without a few decent clothes—wouldn't it, now?"

Mrs. Stacpoole suggested, diffidently and with entire justice, that married life was not entirely a matter of clothes.

"Your father used to be crazy about a little blue gingham," she went on, gently, out of the dark, having turned off the light and got into bed, "which was the simplest thing in my trousseau."

From the twin bed, also shrouded in shadow, came Lynn's cooing contralto; "And that was perfectly good business for father. I dare say he bought you some more just like it. Didn't he?"

"He used to say I looked best in simple little things," confessed the older voice, a trifle tiredly.

"Of course he did. But if you'd ever presented him with half a dozen pairs of overalls—because *he* looked best in simple little things—what do you suppose he'd have said? Oh—men!"

"My dear!" cried the mother-voice, reproachfully. "you're going to marry a man."

It was a full half-minute before the darkness of the other bed spoke: "Yes—well! He's going to buy me the prettiest things I can find in the shops—"

"Lynnie!"

"And he's going to be grateful to me for wearing them after he buys them."

"Lynnie Stacpoole!"

"Men!" said the soft young voice again. "I know them! They owe us everything they can get together—and then we aren't half paid—"

"Lynnie—my dear! You sound—Aren't you happy, Lynnie?"

"Happy as the day is long"—a reckless little catch of laughter; "this is the night."

"Lynnie—you wouldn't marry a man you didn't love?"

"Nor love a man I didn't marry—no, mother."

"I don't understand you," said the maternal listener, faintly.

A long shaft of light from some outer arc wavered across the wall. The room



"YOU HAVEN'T A ROMANTIC BONE IN YOUR BODY, LYNNIE"

was very quiet for a little while, not even the noises of the street drifted up to its cloistered stillness.

"Mother," said the girl's voice suddenly, on a queer note of reluctance and determination.

"H'm'm? I was almost asleep. What is it, Lynnie?" came back the obedient mother-whisper.

"When you were married, did you have any—were you ever in the least doubtful— I mean, when it came to the scratch, didn't you lose your nerve a little?"

"How lose my nerve?"

"Oh — other men" — impatiently — "*you* know. Didn't you ever have any doubts at all—at the last minute?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Stacpoole, proudly, through the abysmal dark. She added, after a lofty moment, "That is—"

"Thanks!" said the warm contralto, briefly. "That's all I wanted to know. Good night, mother."

"You misunderstand me, Lynnie," Mrs. Stacpoole persisted, with gentle dignity.

"All right. I'm not going to tell on you, dearest. You're safe with me."

"Lynnie!" It was the frequent maternal wail. "Fancy asking your mother a thing like that!"

A chuckle answered elfishly. "You told me, didn't you? Good night."

Mrs. Stacpoole, incapable of reply,

clutched her pillow, and eventually slept.

Lynn, lying straight and slim in her bed, slept too, after a half-hour or so of maiden meditation, badly fettered. At breakfast next day she opened the second of the fat, masculine letters with an inscrutable flicker of a smile.

"Henry says," she observed promptly, "that the Gaylords have a guest. He had a blow-out on the way to their dance last night. He says: 'Just my luck, of course. The dance was nice enough, but without you'—h'm'm! 'Rhoda Foxley wore that green gown again!' . . . Oh, good heavens! Shouldn't you think she'd rather stay at home, mother? . . . 'Sue Martin taught me a bunch of new steps.' . . . Sue Martin!—Pleased to death to get her fingers on him, of course, the minute my back is turned. Dear old girl!— What's the matter, mother?"

"Your cereal will be cold," Mrs. Stacpoole suggested mildly.

Lynn replaced the letter in its envelope and picked up her spoon. "Henry is very prompt with his letters," approved the maternal spectator.

"Most people are who have nothing to say."

"Lynnie!"

Lynn stoically consumed oatmeal and cream. "Well, the Gaylords' dance, Rhoda Foxley's old green gown, Sue Martin's new steps—how's that for a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow?"

"Just the same," said the mother, with the merest trace of coquetry, like a staid, white window-curtain lifting to a breeze, "I noticed that there were certain passages you didn't read aloud, my dear."

"Ye-es," said Lynn. "We all have our little vanities. I wanted you to think those parts were thrilling. They weren't. Where do you suppose that waiter has gone with my bacon and eggs?"

"I think I see him coming now." Prudence went down before parental anxiety. "You say they weren't—thrilling, Lynnie?"

Lynn extracted the letter once more, unfolded it, and cast a coolly critical eye over its contents. "Begins: 'My dearest Lynn . . . without you the dance was nice enough, but rather slow. . . . Have a good time. . . . I miss you very much. . . . Counting on your being back in time for the Beechwood finals'—a lot of that sort of thing—and ends, 'affectionately always.'"

She refolded the letter and replaced it.

"I think that's very nice," said Mrs. Stacpoole. She looked relieved, almost cheerful.

Lynn gazed at her mother for a moment in silence before she laughed. "Of course it is, extremely nice."

"What do you want him to say?"

"Nothing, if that's the best he can do."

"Lynnie!" It was entirely the tone in which a bell-buoy cries, "'Ware shoal!"

"Don't worry, dearest."

"What are you thinking about?"

"My perfectly good breakfast—and those velvets we saw yesterday. I'd look a peach in the gray."

Mrs. Stacpoole breathed easier. She emptied her coffee-cup in a subconscious replenishing of ravaged nerve-tissues. "You said Henry liked gray, too, didn't you?"

"Henry, however," said Lynn, "is not going to wear this." Before her mother's horrified perplexity she broke into a laugh. "Don't look at me like that, Mrs. Stacpoole. Are you buying this trousseau for Henry or me?"

"Most women," Mrs. Stacpoole defended, gently, "buy their wedding-clothes with a view to what the man they are going to marry will think of them——"

"Then we'd better go out and get an American Beauty satin at once," said Lynn, above the last of her roll. "Because that's about Henry's limit, sartorially speaking. Almost finished, dearest?"

That day the gray velvet was achieved, along with various other things, including headgear of differing intensities.

About three in the afternoon Mrs. Stacpoole doubtfully suggested white brocades. "For the dress itself, you know. I saw some lovely pieces in that shop across the street."

Lynn, who had been looking tired but excited, suddenly looked merely tired. "Oh, mother—not to-day. I really don't feel up to it."

"Don't put it off too long, dear."



"AND WHAT—IF A MAN MIGHT ASK—ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?"

"I won't."

"It's the most important of all."

"I know," Lynn repeated, hurriedly. "To-morrow, first thing. I want to finish with the hats now."

But to-morrow, when it came, broke gray and sullen. From her vantage of an eastern window, Mrs. Stacpoole groaned despairingly.

"This is an all-day rain. What on earth are we going to do, Lynnie? I can never go out in it. I shouldn't dare—my rheumatism—"

"You're going to stay right here in the hotel—with a book," said Lynn, briefly. "You can get into a kimono and be comfy. Have your lunch sent up."

"And you?"

"I'm going out—rubbers and an umbrella and plenty of taxis. I adore it."

"But, Lynnie—!"

"Do you want me to waste a whole day?" Lynn inquired, calmly. "I can get a lot done, by myself—and I'll bring home tickets for a show to-night to cheer you up." Later, above the matutinal letter, she flung out an impertinent suggestion—"I'll leave this with you, for company—"

"You'd better take it along," returned her mother, with unexpected quickness. "You haven't a romantic bone in your body, Lynnie."

Lynn observed that there was no romance in bones, although a certain amount in skin. Before her mother's dignified disapproval, she slipped through the door, laughing, and was gone.

The Avenue gleamed gray and lovely to her young eyes. Along wet reaches of pavement, taxis and hansoms skidded softly. An occasional motor-bus drew a streak of green athwart the shadowy slant of rain, and windows of innumer-

able shops glowed like jewel-boxes against the neutral dimness of the air.

Lynn filled her lungs with an exultant breath. Oddly enough, out of the prisoning rain came a sharp sense of freedom, a wayward suggestion of unrestraint that was sweet in her nostrils. She went from shop to shop, from the touch of one cobweb fabric to the touch of another, with untiring feet and eager hands. An hour before noon she paused at the window of a book-shop, her eyes intrigued by the warmth of a scarlet book-cover lettered in gold, and while she stood there Fate touched her on the arm. When she turned, though, it was not Fate who looked at her. A young and not unpresentable man, for the perceptible space of a moment, bared his dark head to the rain.

"How do you do?" he said, coolly.

"How do you do?" returned the girl who had not a romantic bone in her body. Before she spoke she had, nevertheless, to swallow her heart and blink a mist that was not all from the day's chill making out of her eyes.

"And what—if a man might ask—are *you* doing here?" he inquired, very deliberately.

"I was looking in this window," she meekly replied.

"On the Avenue—in New York? You know what I mean."

"Oh! Do we have to stand here in the rain while I tell you?"

The young man smiled suddenly, with an unlooked-for and alluring audacity. He had unusual eyes, at once sophisticated and adventurous. "It's a long story, then?"

"Longish," said Lynn. "Probably wouldn't interest you, at that." She prepared to move on.

He detained her. "Where are you going?"

She named a lace-shop at a venture.

He took out his watch and considered, replacing it with something of a guarded recklessness in the movement. "No hurry. Come into this shop for a bit and talk."

"How do you know there's no hurry?"

"Never was—in the dear old days." The mockery in his light tone flicked like the lash of a whip.

Lynn's lips tightened, but she followed him into the shop between counters and shelves of books, without speaking.

He stopped presently before an ordered stack of Memoirs, French and German, and stood leaning lazily against the counter, his eyes on the girl's small hands. A clerk approached, and, seeing himself unheeded, slid away. Outside the windows of the shop a sort of luminous twilight hung; within, lights glowed warmly in an atmosphere of peace, the indefinable, speaking silence of many books.

"You're looking older," said the young man, abruptly, at last.

"I am—older," said the girl.

"And prettier—if anything."

"I am prettier—if anything."

"Isn't that the gown you used to—"

"How absurd!" she interrupted, hurriedly, then added, with an effect of polite restraint, "What gown do you mean?"

"I see you remember," he told her, smiling.

Lynn ran a gray-gloved finger down the back of a green-and-gold book which bore in insolent script the name of a certain lady who, for purposes of polite fiction, had better be nameless.

"Remember what?" she said, coolly. "Remember who? I remember nothing at all."

"You remember *me*."

"Yes, I remember you, Mike. Don't be frightfully flattered by that. I remember your brother, too, and your friend, Mr. Dale, and—"

"Everything connected with me, in fact." Mike Carpenter's smile was at once a caress and a thrust.

Lynn met it for a moment, defiantly, before her own lips trembled and curved. "Naturally," she admitted, "I've been busy remembering you ever since we—parted."

"Naturally. No good your fencing with me, Lynn. I know your whole bag of tricks."

She fingered the unnamable lady's indiscreet volume in silence, her eyes lowered.

"You haven't told me what you're in New York for," said Carpenter, presently. To a clerk at his elbow he added, casually, "Nothing, thanks."

Lynn's eyes lifted and widened. "Oh —hadn't I told you?" she inquired. A faint color grew in her cheeks. "I'm here—"

"Because you're here?"

The flippant phrase quickened her inflection.

"Getting my wedding-clothes."

"Your what?"

"My wedding-clothes," she repeated.

"I see," said Carpenter, slowly. He met and held her eyes for a brief moment, after which Lynn turned sharply and looked out of a distant window.

"You're going to be married?"

"Month after next."

"Who's the man?"

"Nobody you know."

"What's his name? I want to remember it in my prayers."

"His name," said Lynn, with careful dignity, "is Henry Crane. You may have heard of the Crane Iron Works."

Carpenter looked at her curiously, shaking his head. "That's very young of you, Linnet," he said, at last. "I could have guessed money without your rubbing it in."

The faint color in her cheeks burned high. "Why should you guess money?"

"Knowing *you*, it would be either money or—all for love and the world badly lost."

"Why not all for love, then—now?"

"Knowing *you*—and remembering one or two things."

"Did you ever really know me?" she said, with a sort of stormy quiet. "Think again!"

"Do you remember the night—"

"I don't remember anything," she denied, instantly—"anything at all."



"NO GOOD YOUR FENCING WITH ME. I KNOW YOUR WHOLE BAG OF TRICKS"

"You remember it darned well," said Carpenter, in the most courteous tone in the world.

Their glances met and took fire.

"The trouble with you," said the man, bitterly, "is, and always was, that you're not sincere—with yourself or anybody else. You don't know what sincerity means."

"I ought to," she flung back at him. "You taught me once what it did *not* mean."

"I thought you remembered nothing at all."

"I do remember nothing at all—because I choose to forget." Her bag slipped from her fingers to the floor.

"You've got a cool cheek," said Carpenter, grimly, as he stooped for the trifle and returned it. "Come on, let's get out of this." In the doorway of the shop he explained, with apparent indifference: "I'm going to take you to lunch. Where do you want to go?"

"I'm not sure I want to go anywhere with *you*."

"I think the Belmont grill will about do," said Carpenter. He signaled a taxi and followed Lynn into it when it came.

Within the damp and musty quiet of the cab was isolation, complete as on a desert island. Rain streamed against the windows and shut the world away.

Quietly, but with a certain sort of fierceness in his touch, Carpenter possessed himself of Lynn's slim left hand and stripped off her glove. "I want to see the ring."

She showed it to him disdainfully, a square-cut diamond, large and very white, in a frosty platinum setting. He would have slipped it off her finger, but she clenched her hand tight.

"Don't do that, Mike."

"Fond of it?"

"What do you suppose?"

With one movement he shut his fingers cruelly hard upon hers; with another he released her hand and tossed it away from him. "Take your little old Kohinur! I don't care for it."

She put on her glove with unsteady fingers.

"Linnet!"

"Yes?"

"Ever tell the Crane Iron Works about *me*?"

She bit her lip. "You are not to call him that. And there was nothing to tell."

"Not even engaged, were we?"

"You *know* we weren't."

"A pretty near thing, though."

She stared through the misted and opaque window. "Where are we now? I can't see—"

"About Broadway and Forty-second. Do you remember the night—"

"I tell you I don't remember anything."

"Pardon," he said at once, with a flicker of the old smile. "Of course, you don't remember anything. Don't tell me so often, though. I'll begin to have my doubts."

The taxi jolted and lurched to a standstill. Lynn gave the tips of her fingers for assistance, but Carpenter took and kept closely, for a longer interval than need have been, her chilly little hand.

"Feels natural, doesn't it?" he commented, coolly.

Later, over the equal solitude of a small table with a rose-shaded light and the convenient shelter of a large palm, he went back to fundamentals.

"So you're here to buy your wedding garments?"

"Mother and I."

"Oh, your mother is with you."

Lynn named their hotel.

"Is she strong for the match?"

"She is very fond of Henry," said Lynn, coldly.

"Good, safe name. A mother-in-law would be fond of it."

The hovering waiter received an order and departed.

"Did I remember what you liked, Linnet?"

She played with the card a trifle nervously, her eyes ranging through entrées while her fingers quivered with the beating of a hundred unsuspected pulses. "I always did like what you ordered."

"I could order your life for you, too," he said, with low-voiced passion, "so you'd like that."

"You had a chance once—and lost it."

"Plucky chance!"

"All right—but you did."

Carpenter laid down the unlit cigarette he had been fingering. "Linnet," he said, recklessly, but with an entirely



SHE SHOWED IT TO HIM DISDAINFULLY, A SQUARE-CUT DIAMOND, LARGE AND VERY WHITE

conventional lowness of tone, "look at me! Do you remember the night you left for Hagerstown—after that winter at the art-school?"

Lynn looked at him. She lifted her eyes and looked at him squarely, with the color sweeping into her face, and her soft lower lip caught between her teeth for pride's sake. There is no one thing on earth that so delivers a woman into the hands of the enemy, man, as the feel of that uncontrollable tremor of the lower lip.

"I remember it perfectly," she said at last, "as you very well know."

After that they regarded each other for some moments without speaking, across the little table with the rose-shaded light. There was a tiny pot of ferns on the table. Lynn remembered to her life's end a beetle that, while Carpenter was looking at her, came up from under one frond and crossed over to another. It was a small, black beetle with two red spots on its back and an unusual number of legs.

"I shouldn't have told you that," the girl said, presently.

"You haven't told me much I didn't know."

She set her lips for a scornful smile that failed to come.

"What are you ashamed of?" he went on, quietly, but with a suppressed excitement in his tone that set Lynn's heart stumbling in her breast. "It was all right so long as I thought you were insincere and shallow. Now that I know that you're as bad as I am, your foolish little pride suffers. Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"I'm going to marry Henry," said Lynn.

"Yes?"

She echoed him stubbornly, "Yes."

"I think not," said Carpenter, briefly. "Henry doesn't marry *my* girl—not today."



"I CAN'T LET YOU WEAR A WEDDING-GOWN FOR ANY MAN BUT ME—"

"Whose girl?"

"Mine."

The curt syllable bound her like cords. She could not lift her eyes, and he did not take his from her face.

"Are you asking me to break my engagement?"

"You won't have a chance to break it. I'm going to marry you myself inside the next couple of hours."

"You're mad—and you're two years too late," she told him, with the beginnings of a panic in her look.

"I wasn't sure, then—neither were you. It got me to-day with a jolt when you said you were here to buy your wedding-gown. I can't let you wear a wedding-gown, Linnet, for any man but me—"

"Don't be a brute," she said, steadying her voice with difficulty.

"I will, if I have to."

The waiter brought oysters, placed them, and retired to a little distance.

"Listen to me," said Carpenter, as soon as the man was out of hearing. He pushed his plate a little aside with an imperceptible movement of distaste. "I don't, as a rule, believe in the thing they call love. I believe in congeniality and affection and flirtation—also mere physical attraction, and a few other things. We weren't engaged that winter because I never asked you, and if I had you'd have thrown me down—we were both playing the game. There have been other girls since then for me—apparently other men for you—but to-day"—he twisted his cigarette strongly between nervous fingers—"to-day something bigger than coincidence throws us together again. You needn't keep your eyes on your plate. You've looked at me honestly once already — that's enough to go on—and I say if you've the nerve to be a woman and forget what people will say about it, we've got just one chance for the Big Adventure.

I'm going to call a taxi, and we'll go down and get a license. Afterward I'm going to take you to a church and marry you."

"What about Henry?" asked Lynn. Her eyes were very big and dark just then.

"That," said Carpenter, quietly, "is the unfortunate side of it. I'm asking you to consider what about you and me? I can't give you any cabochon diamonds, you know. We'll have to sail close to the wind for a while to get away with it at all, but I'd hate to think we had a chance at living—and passed it up. It's going to be some life—if you take me up on it. Well?"

A minute came and passed. "I'll do it," said Lynn.

"That goes?" he demanded, with the merest thrilling husk on the accustomed flippancy of his voice.

"It goes."

He looked at his watch. "It's after one; we'll have to hurry."

"Any time," she said at once.

"You've got to eat your lunch."

"I couldn't. I don't want it."

"Neither do I." He smiled at her unexpectedly, and his smile had always been able to send bubbles along her veins. "Suppose we cut it out? I'll get you something to eat as soon as it's over." He beckoned the waiter and asked for the check.

"But the lunch—" said the waiter, feebly. Food was his religion and his high god. He had the look of a man who suffers sacrilege.

"That's all right—we can't wait for it," said Carpenter.

He tipped the man and followed Lynn between the tables to the door. Once inside a hastily summoned taxi, with rain once more curtaining the windows, he kissed her. It was a mad thing to do, and a madder thing to feel—flame in the heart of a fog.

She faced him a second later, gloriously flushed and star-eyed. "What will people say!"

"If you're going to care, we'd better go back."

"I'm a crazy, selfish, heartless little beast," she said, breathlessly. "I don't seem to care—for anything in the world—but *you!*"

The divine madness in a nutshell.

Back in Hagerstown, Maryland, Henry took out his fountain-pen, squared his elbows, and began his daily letter.

Wood Flower

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I FOUND a flower in the wood,
Growing softly by some water;
Had I plucked it when I could—
The old wild-wood's fairy daughter—
Not thus vainly had I sought her.

So deep a spell was on me laid,
I might not stretch my hand to take her,
So fragile she, I was afraid
Even my lightest touch would break her—
And now, alas, what voice shall wake her!

The Epic Drama of the West

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

"FROM the East?" and the speaker, a husky lad, whose voice occasionally skipped its lower register, cast a furtive glance at my headdress — that inartistic abomination, the derby; then he scanned my trousers, still retaining a faint semblance of creases, despite the long journey from the City of Public Spirit and East Winds.

"Yes," I replied. "Ever been there?"

"I rounded up at Lincoln, Nebraska, once," and another geographical illusion was dispelled. We were joggling along on the tail-end platform of a train from Walla-Walla through eastern Oregon toward Pendleton.

"Goin' to the Round-Up?"

"Yes."

"That's some show. The boys have been riding in for a couple of days now."

"You're going, I suppose?"

"Not and hold my job. Yer see"— and he tapped his water-filled pail and fire-fighting apparatus with his foot— "the country's pretty dry. I've got to hang to the tail-end of this puffin' cayuse 'cause it snorts cinders, and I've got to watch out for fires along the trail."

The country was indeed dry. Some of the grain still lay in the sheaf. Miles of golden-yellow stubble-fields undulated away into the distance; willows and cottonwoods stenciled green along the watercourses or clustered about an occasional ranch-house. A few scattered herds of live stock grazed here and there, where buffalo wallows still show green and the slopes are scarred with the parallel trails of the Great Herds which have passed, but whose remnant have now moved back from the lines of steel to the "interior country."

Wherever the railroads have thrust their antennæ the open range becomes dotted with the homesteaders' shacks and webbed with wire; dry farming and irrigation turn a one-time half-desert into fertile fields and blossoming orchards. Thus agriculture crowds out the pastoral, and industry in turn both aids and crowds out agriculture; and the "chapped" (schapped) and "booted" cowboy and stockman retreat to their last stamping-ground, where the Indians, trappers, prospectors, and buckskin-garbed scouts have preceded them. But in central Oregon there remains some "interior country" where the free life of the open is still unhampered by a useless and deadening veneer of paternal regulations and effete conventionalities. There are still a few out-of-the-way corners yet unturned by the plow and unvexed by wire fences; and a day in the saddle back from many of the railroads brings one to a ranch country where the cowboy still "ropes" and "busts" steer or bronco, "brands" and "hog-ties" calf and longhorn, and occasionally rides into town a-whooping; where the rustler still "rustles," and the sheriff and his posse pursue with the same reckless dash and bravado that have given these unplumed knights of the range a permanent place in American history.

The frontiersman, often the unnamed explorer, was always the advance-guard of civilization, who, with the cavalry outposts, held and ever advanced the frontier. They were the pioneer winners of the West, the protectors and sponsors for a more effete and thinner-blooded civilization which followed in their wake.

Through the West of to-day one rolls past vast wheat-fields, skirts fruit-laden hillsides and valleys larger than many Eastern counties, and pauses at the cities—big, white, and new—seemingly grown up in a night out of the prairies. There is a breezy frankness in the way the well-paved, broad "Main" Street, wonderfully lit up with its cluster lights, strikes out at right angles to the track

from a well-designed station, inviting you through the town, to let you out as frankly on to the prairie. It all bespeaks youth, growth, and optimism.

Suddenly a small black wraith of smoke smooched the low-rolling hillside. The lad yanked the signal cord, and before the train had stopped was speeding, pail in hand, toward the cinder-started blaze.

"He'll pick us up around the bend at Athena," the brakeman said.

We rolled into Pendleton, to be greeted by familiar voices as we swung off the train. Thus for some days before the Round-Up the vanguard of visitors comes in, in the comfortable "Pullmans," on smooth lines of steel laid along trails where once hardy pioneers, with bullock-spanned prairie-schooners, had pushed back the frontier toward the western sea.

Even now, however, one could feel the touch and sense the romance of the Old West, for along every trail and road which converged to Pendleton cowboy and cowgirl came riding in to the jingling of spur and the retch of leather. So, too, came the Indians from their reservations—bucks, squaws, and papooses—with tepee-poles and outfit, stored in every kind of wheeled rig, though a few traveled as did their fathers—with belongings lashed to long, trailing, sagging *travois* (travoy). Over half a thousand strong, these red men of mountain and plain soon had their lodge-poles pointing skyward, and, like mushrooms in the night, a white tepee village had sprung up in the picturesque cottonwoods near the Pendleton ford of the old Oregon Trail.

On the first day of the Round-Up, Main Street, Pendleton, which dips over a rise to the prairie, was in gala dress. Pennants and flags were strung overhead, flapping lazily in the soft stir of air. Beneath, cowboys in gaudy shirts of red, blue, purple, yellow, and green, kerchiefs of many hues, cowgirls in attractive dresses of fringed buckskin, and Indians with multicolored blankets and beaded moccasins, move like an ever-changing chromoscope among the more neutral-color-clothed townsmen.

Yes, it was "going to the Round-Up," as the lad had said, which had brought me like thousands of others to this "biggest little city of its size" in the West. The term is taken from the old cowboy camp expression, meaning the "rounding up" or herding together of the cattle previous to the "branding" or "fall drive." When *the* Round-Up is spoken of, the carnival held at Pendleton is meant.



RED CENTAURS OF THE PLAINS

It means the gathering together of the men, women—yes, and animals, too—of the ranges for a three-days' festival of cowboy sports and pastimes. It is to that section of the West what the county fair is to certain sections of the East, but with this difference: the sixty-five thousand people who journey to the little city of Pendleton, with its seven thousand population, are drawn from all quarters of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and even from across the seas, to live in and see for three consecutive days a revival of this life of the old frontier, cow-camp, and range.

The directors of the Round-Up are leading business men of the city, who serve without pay; all citizens cooperate with them, keep open house, and outdo themselves in extending hospitality to visitors. Graft of every kind is eliminated. No dividends are declared, and the profits, which at a single Round-Up have amounted to over thirty-five thousand dollars, are turned over for the benefit and improvement of the progressive and attractive city. Little wonder is it that the Round-Up has become as much a civic institution to Pendleton as its police department or its school system.

"Goin' to the try-outs?"

I acquiesced by swinging my horse into the little group of riders on their way to the Round-Up grounds. There was "Buffalo" Vernon; Jane Bernoudy, the attractive California girl fancy-roper; Jason Stanley, the marvelous relay rider; and long and lanky "Skeeter" Bill Robbins.

To one to whom the smell of sage-brush and the feel of the stirrup and the whole gamut of the life of range and cow-camp are endeared through associations, the morning "try-outs" make an inherent appeal. They are just what the name implies—contests to eliminate the many new-comers who cannot class with the greatest riders of the world. At the try-outs old friends from British Columbia to the Mexican border meet again. There is a comfortable naturalness in the way they lounge about the arena or watch with keen interest as they see the chances on their "stakes" rise or fall as unknown riders or new buckers battle for supremacy.

There, a bit in the shadow, Chester Byers, Cuba Crutchfield, Jane Bernoudy, and other fancy ropers play with their lariats as though those serpentine coils were living things.

How simple! Try it! Any of them will be only too glad to show you. Snarled first try! "Just a bit of a knack," Cuba will encouragingly tell you. Yes, a knack that takes years of experimenting and an inborn "feel" for a rope to accomplish.



SADDLING THE FAMOUS "SHARKEY"

So at a try-out you forget the arena and empty bleachers; you live in the spirit of the real life, with its settings of a memoried past framing a background. You are just in a big cow-camp, with saddles and blankets lying around; cowboys, cowgirls, horses, and Texas longhorns knocking about in a devil-may-care sort of way as though on a range round-up or at a branding. You forget the bleachers, too, and only look through the gap between to the smoke-tipped lodges of the Umatillas. There in the cottonwoods these



"HITTING THE DIRT"

The wild horses frequently fall in their frantic efforts to dislodge the rider, Here Peggy Warren, a famous cowgirl, meets with a sprained ankle.

red children of the forest and plain have come to live again the old tepee life of an almost bygone day.

Shortly after noon, if you do not want to walk and haven't a horse, take one of the gray, 'bus-like "jitneys"and follow with that veritable human river—spectators and contestants—which flows on the opening day to the Round-Up Park. Like a gigantic herd on the drive, this vast mass of humanity streams through the gates to their seats. Expectancy can be sensed throughout the great amphitheater, where everybody wears the glad-to-see-you, glad-to-be-here, "let-'er-buck" smile.

From grandstand to bleacher you will soon look out on the swing and swirl of movement of a great sun-flooded oval, framed by the rolling hills of Oregon against the turquoise of the autumn sky. Even if you are from as far away as the outer edge of Cape Cod at low tide, a glance convinces you that the men, women, horses, and steers are the real thing, and the sport—an outgrowth from the range—is genuine. It is the fastest fight and fun to be found, in which a gripping, fascinating life is enacted every moment. Here meet the greatest rough-riders of the globe, competing for world's championships on the worst "outlaw" horses, bucking bulls, and buffaloes; in "roping" wild steers; "bulldogging" Texas "longhorns," and the various races—the "cow-pony," "relay," "pony express," and "stage-coach." This with its atmosphere and character gives the Round-Up its charm, and makes it pre-eminently the peer of all cowboy carnivals. This is the great magnetic force which draws a vast audience to Pendleton for three whole days of each year.

Some of the contestants leisurely cross the arena. There's Dell Blancett, tall and rangy, followed by Runyon, short and thick-set, and others of the well-known contestants, each packing his own saddle, with cinch trailing and spurs clinking. There's Bill Riding, one of the wranglers, six foot plus, rangy, clean-cut, and narrow-eyed, a typical cow-puncher. But whatever their set or hang, all carry that simple, natural pose of the real men of the range—in manner straight and quiet, in bearing fearless, and in nature generous, but individual-



CONQUERED BY MAN—AND HORSE

ists all. They are a type in the passing—a type which Remington loved to draw and which Pendleton holds at its true value.

So you wait, tense, on the edge of that opening hour.

"Let-'er-buck!" With a thundering roar the slogan rings out and the great epic drama of the West has begun. This slogan generally signifies that some famous outlaw horse is about to be mounted by the rider who has drawn him the night before at the Round-Up headquarters. But this time it is black "Sharkey," the famous ton-and-a-half, unridable bucking bull, who, in charge of his "wranglers," is just poking his nose from the corral and is soon followed by the contingent of bulls and buffaloes.

"That's the original cow that jumped over the moon," some one yells. "Sharkey" never fans an ear to the laughter, but continues with clocklike regularity to deposit all comers. This year the world's championship record of twelve seconds was made on the big brute, although previously many a rider had essayed to take the one hundred dollars offered to any one who could stick in the saddle for ten seconds—"the quickest way there was to lose a hundred 'bucks,'" one cowboy aspirant confided to me.

Although this ambitious rider broke the record, he also broke his wrist when "Sharkey," in his offhand manner, threw him to earth. Why can't they ride him? Well, that's what the buckaroo wants to know. A buckaroo? He's a cowpuncher who "reckons he can ride some"; there are over two hundred of them in the lists. Among them is no more remarkable group than the fancy ropers, who delight the onlookers with such wonderful feats as spinning the graceful "butterfly," the fascinating "ocean wave," the marvelous "wedding-ring," and the many other forms of juggling and control at will of that most elusive thing—the lass rope.

There now quickly follow the never-to-be-forgotten races. Whether it be "cow-pony," "standing," "quick change," "wild horse," "Indian," "relay," or "pony express," in the whirlwind rush, amazing dexterity, grit, and headwork is a desperate daring, and each teems with a nerve-racking, dare-devil riding which characterizes this feature of the Round-Up.

The "squaw race" is announced, and the mounted phalanx of Umatilla Indian girls, like so many bunches of color,

their black braids streaming in the wind, lash hide and cling to pole in their mad hurly-burly sweep around the oval, in a way which for utter fearlessness makes tenderfoot and stranger catch their breath.

Then there is the hammer-and-tongs cowboy race, and the bewildering quick changes of the "pony express"—a survival of the old dare-devil riding of the cowboy mail-carriers through the country of hostile Indians.

But it is during the cowgirl's "relay" that the enthusiasm of the crowd bursts all bonds. That chivalric attitude which permeates spectators is also characteristic of the Buckaroo, and was evidenced in the quiet remark of "Skeeter" Bill Robbins when he turned to me after plucky Peggy Warren was pulled from beneath the fallen bucker, and said, "I hate to see a girl get hurt."

A sudden hush; every eye is focused toward the western side of the arena. The "first-aids" go scurrying to cover, as with a fierce snort a rangy Texas steer dashes into the great open space, and with the ease of a greyhound leaps at will the three-foot fence separating race-track from the arena center. As the steer-roping contest is "on time," these conditions put these knights of the range to the severest test to prove that the old art of the lasso is not lost.

It's "Buffalo" Vernon after him—swish! he is roped; now he is thrown; but the little cow-pony, too, plays his part well, for now that the steer is down he must hold the rope taut while Vernon dismounts and with surprising dexterity "hog-ties" the steer by lashing a fore-foot and two hind-legs together. All from start to finish often in less than a minute and a half.

In perhaps the most daring sport of all—steer bulldogging—is revealed a feat you must see to believe; a man jumps from the back of his running horse as he overtakes a Texas longhorn. If his judgment is good, he seizes the stiletto-like horns and drags the steer to a standstill. Then begins a struggle worthy of a gladiator, as the man, using the horns as levers, bends and strains every muscle to throw the great beast by twisting its neck. If he succeeds in this, the classics of the game require him to hold the steer's upper lip in his teeth, at the same time raising his hands for the count of four seconds; hence the term "steer bulldogging." This sport is absolutely harmless in every respect to the four-legged animal, but his two-legged competitor must use consummate skill, strength, and nerve to protect himself and conquer his antagonist.

A well-timed pause is made in the rapid movements and nerve-thrilling feats, long enough to have the grand march and the Indian dances, and thus



HOMER WILSON HOG-TYING A TEXAS LONGHORN AFTER HAVING ROPED AND THROWN IT

enable the spectators to catch their breath. And so cowboy and cowgirl, old-timers, trappers, and buckskin scouts pass by and, like the Indians in their wonderful paraphernalia and horses bedecked with gorgeous trappings, sit that inimitable close saddle so characteristic of riders to the saddle born and bred. In this moving contingent you see the literal passing of the old West.

Swinging out of the arena, the present occupants of the country leave before you its former owners—the red men. For a time the vast audience is held spellbound by the marvelous riot of color of the Indian ceremonials—the crowning "glory" of the Round-Up as one witnesses it within the great open-air stadium—the magnificent pageant of the red man, pulsing with the barbarous rhythmic thrumping of Indian drums.

Rainbow blankets, eagle-feathered head-dresses, embroidered moccasins, blankets bedecked with elks' teeth, painted faces and bodies go to form a multicolored, snakelike line as it winds its course—a veritable coiling serpent of reds, greens, yellows, blues, violets, blacks, and whites—then subtly resolves itself into a mammoth circle of ever-changing harmony.

To the weird chant and drum-beats of the musicians the human kaleidoscope on its mat of yellow sawdust designs a new spectacle at every turn. Of this living rainbow is evolved the "war dance" and the "love dance"—the "Indian step and a half," as one cowpuncher facetiously put it. Finally, tinged in a saffron blaze of glory, the dancers pass out to their tepees in the cottonwoods.

It is the rough-riding in which the greatest interest and keenest judgment centers, for Pendleton brings together the great exponents of the art, most of them fresh from corral and sage-brush. Nowhere can such a large proportion of spectators be found who know the game so well from start to finish, who live it part of the time themselves, or whose affiliations as ranchers, stockmen, or business men with ranch interests qualify them as judges.



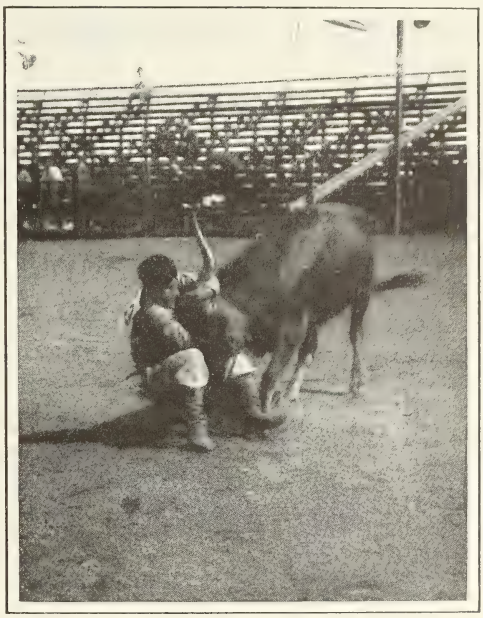
A FIGHT TO A FINISH

The remarks made from the grandstand and bleachers are often as instructive as they are humorous. But it is the Round-Up slogan, "Let-'er-buck," that most often echoes across the arena. It is particularly in point when you see an "outlaw" horse displaying every ounce of strength, cleverness, and viciousness to unseat his rider, and the rider displaying every art known to horsemanship in his efforts to stay on—and in most cases staying on. Yet even the fearless character and ability of the riders fail in many hotly contested fights. There are horses and men new to Pendleton. The latter evidently have aspirations, some of which are of short duration.

Watch Bill Riding and the

other "wranglers"—the cowboys who lead the horse in, blindfold, saddle, and hold him for the rider to mount. You soon learn from his forestriking, catlike twists, turns, bitings, and kicks that the four-legged brute has never known man as master, and that "wrangling" is no sport for a floor-walker.

But there is "Red" Parker mounting that harmless-looking little beast "Cul-de-sac." The bleachers tell you that both horse and rider are well known. They're off! Watch the lightning-like plunges, vicious twists and turns as the equine devil "sunfishes," "weaves," and "straight bucks" in order to shake the clinging thing from his back. But the man in the saddle was not born yesterday, and he knows only too well that to have even a "look in" at the championship he must observe the rules of the game, ride not only with style, but "ride slick"—that is, with a close seat, no daylight showing through—must not shift the halter-rope from one hand to the other. He must "rake" with blunted spur by swinging his legs from shoulder to rump, and, to cap the climax, "fan" at every jump by swinging his hat with a full-arm sweep to and fro, and, above all things, he must avoid "pulling leather"—that is, touching the horn or any other part of the saddle with either hand.



THEN BEGINS A STRUGGLE WORTHY OF A GLADIATOR

After some forty seconds of frantic fighting, incidentally crashing through the arena fence, the horse fails to shake the man from his back. The mounted "herders" at the order of the judges "take him up," and the ride is won. And so ride cowboy and cowgirl for three wonderful Round-Up days.

With noise and *éclat* the lumbering stage-coaches rattle and swing their courses like galleons in a gale, circling the track as they once circled the foothills or sped on twist and turn through cañon and gulch. Who would ever think of continuing to drive a horse in a team of four after one of its forefeet had been caught up in the trace of the horse ahead of it? Yet this is precisely what happened last year at Pendleton.

"Pull out of the race, driver!"—"Not on your life, or on his, either." So driver and horse hang to the game and around they go—once, twice—the plucky little horse galloping the whole distance on three legs and helping to pull in a close second to the winning coach, driven by Clarence Plant of Long Creek.

As though this sport did not give thrills enough, the great spectacle of each day culminates in the final wind-up of the wild-horse race, when twenty snorting, plunging "outlaws" which have never before had men on their backs are lassoed each by a rider and his helper. In a struggling, fighting, squealing, kicking turmoil of hoofs, heads, arms, legs, and ropes, each must be brought in front of the grandstand. Now begins the saddling; meanwhile the fence between track and arena is shattered into kindlings in this whirlwind of dust and splinters. At last all are blindfolded, saddled, and held to a given signal, whereupon each man mounts his steed—or tries to—and in this hell-let-loose cyclone of centaurs, dust, and fence rails, each endeavors first to ride and then to guide his animal around the track to the pole. For a full half-hour the whole audience stands mentally and physically on tiptoe before this stupendous climax. Then, as the last centaur

disappears, the vast crowd breaks loose and the great arena literally vibrates with a cloudburst of pent-up energy.

As the dust settles, some linger to look over the now peaceful scene, over which a lowering sun sheds its orange-red, and on your memory a red-letter day is painted; you depart in the gloaming with that quick shift and anticipation of other things to come. So, after the long shadows change the golden valley to night, you wander under the clustered lights of Main Street, where the crowds surge in that orderly, happy, holiday spirit for which the Round-Up stands. As you walk the streets you rub elbows with many an old Indian fighter. You can turn aside to the cowboy theater, dancing or shooting gallery, but you will turn into that Pendletonian institution of human ingenuity, "Happy Cañon," which means a spot right in the heart of Pendleton where every one can complete a day of frontier fun. Out in the arena you have seen the riproaring life of the range in its fullness and at its best, but in "Happy Cañon" you see drawn more vividly than any pen or brush can depict the life of the frontier town.

For the time being you are in a little frontier world of fifty years ago. You look out from the bleachers on its "Main Street," backed by the saloon, Chinese laundry, millinery shop, a few smaller shacks, and the hotel all bedecked with signs as witty as they are crude. The hotel is an actual replica of one of Pendleton's early pioneer hostelries.

Every phase of the town of the days of Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, "Peg Leg" Smith, and old "Hank" Caplinger, and others is shown. In it men of the cow-camp and from many of the hidden-away Oregon towns play their part in such a natural way that you in the bleachers forget you are sitting on the soft side of a board. Here ranger, Indian fighter, cowboy, and sheriff are off duty, but hotel proprietor, barkeeper, and John Chinaman are decidedly on. It is a drama in which many of these players are in reality the characters they portray.



WRANGLING AN OUTLAW

Not even a rehearsal is held. The "boys" are simply told what is expected of them and when they are to do it. "Whoopee! Wow! Wow!" emanates from the open space—yes, and from the bleachers, too, and with a rattling fusillade of gun-play the show is on. You see bad men and vigilantes come riding into town; the bar-room has its shooting scrape, and cowboy and cowgirl gracefully reel through their dances on horseback and take part in ranch and town games of various kinds, but realism reaches its climax when a furious long-horn Texas steer is turned loose in the town street. The "caste" scatters in all directions—all but four well-known cowboys. These on foot and armed only with small red cloths, but willing to take chances, put on a bull-fight which for daring is worthy of Spain's most intrepid toreadors. The bleachers now find



OLD GALLEONS OF THE PLAINS

no fault with the heavy screen of wire fencing which separates them from the arena.

Later the public have the coveted opportunity to pour through the gaps of this same wire fence and stroll through "Happy Cañon." You may enter its shacks and stores—yes, and saloons, too, if you are content with soft drinks. In fact, you may buy anything under the sun with "Happy Cañon's" "ten-buck" notes, which it is absolutely necessary to provide yourself with before entering, at the rate of "ten cents per" of Uncle Sam's legal tender. One may enter the front door of "Stagger Inn" and stagger out the back door, but stagger in a right and decorous way if you expect to get by the sheriff and his deputies into the great dance tent with its superb floor, where any one may come and dance to the splendid Round-Up band. So the life of "Happy Cañon" is brimful to overflowing with excitement and the atmosphere of the old frontier days.

A mile away, under the hush of blue night which pervades everything, the camp-fires of the Umatillas glow red among their lodges, within which dimly silhouette the shadow forms of the red-skinned inhabitants. They, too, have lived again in the open the marvelous color-reeking carnival of their race. Their tepee smokes of sage-brush and greasewood burn an incense to the god of the range and freedom; then their fires dim, the cottonwood's soft, feathery masses stencil darkly against the blue of night. Crawling slowly above them, the crescent of the new moon shadows its pale calm on the stillness of things.

It is all a chapter taken out of the history of the old West—a chapter which every American with red blood in his veins should read in the real before it passes by and, like the old West, forever disappears on the horizon of time. But to understand, one must look with one's own eyes on these things. Then you will feel the stir and the thrill of life of these golden lands of hopes and achievements, where man extends a generous and hospitable welcome to those who cross his trails; it is a spectacle which makes you go away with a bigger, finer feeling toward life, and a genuine respect and appreciation for the quiet, modest manhood and womanhood who have "taken chances," have risked limb and even life at times in their sports of daring and skill, that you may see how their fathers once struggled in earnest against unequal odds in order to attain the Winning of the West.

How the Ship Came In

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

"TO see only Newport whenever you come back to America must be awful. But if you can never get back except in summer, I suppose you ought to be thankful it isn't in some worse place your mother is living."

Having delivered herself of this idle analysis of my situation, Mrs. Pantell leaned a little on her parasol and waited. I had strolled into the Casino before going to Bailey's, and, as it was my first morning, I was too out of tune with her well-trained, empty point of view to think up any reply. So I just gazed at her—at her rotund well-preservedness, her foreign clothes, the fixed rubescence of her lips—then away from her, past the band-stand, to where a younger woman, every whit as indigenous and decidedly more decorative, was measuredly approaching. Already I espied the newcomer's smile of recognition.

"I declare!" I murmured to Mrs. Pantell.

"What?" she asked, sweetly; but for answer she had only my bound across the gap that separated us from the new object of my interest.

"You, Molly Weston!" I cried.

"I believed," she almost whispered it, "you were in China."

"But it's wonderful luck for us to meet like this. Molly, *whom* are you staying with?"

Even as I asked the question I realized that the implications of it, being so warranted by Molly's habits, might seem a bit pointed. But she never quavered, meeting my look with calm, level eyes as she answered: "Why, we have that little old house of the Barneys' this summer—don't you know? On the cliffs, near the end of Narragansett Avenue?"

Her tone no wise corrected mine; only the words, which, as if with a deliberate accuracy she picked out for me, were reproving, and her glowing appearance certainly drove them home. I stood there, trying to imagine what monetary change had come into her life.

"And is Mr. Weston—is 'Jimmy' here with you?" My memory of his general ineptness prompted me to inquire.

"Not often. He can't get away much yet. There's lots happening just now—the market's unusually treacherous, you know. But soon—perhaps."

How she could insist on her husband's importance! There wasn't a shade of her particularly trying to, either. She looked at me with apparent directness, as if to say: "Well, we can't, on such short notice, begin talking together again so intimately and so charmingly as we sometimes have—right here, in this sultry tennis pavilion, can we?"

Her hat, emphatically new, expensive, and becoming, effaced at least five years of the burden time had, to my memory, settled upon her. She was romantically well got up. Her very texture indicated mysteries of rare workmanship. But it was the freshness of everything that was so in contrast to the borrowed splendors in which, up to now, I had seen her shine.

Though I had never, in those years, positively known where she got her clothes, it had always frankly been made clear that they were given to her—not by any one person, either; she had had too big a variety of kinds for that. Enough things were always being cast off by one friend or another to keep her handsomely dressed. Never dowdyish things: they were all sure to have come from places at least as good as Worth's or Paquin's. Only, they had often showed a trifle shop-worn, or a little inappropriate. Ball dresses had been made over for the afternoon—a good many had had to be converted into teagowns, the spurious drapiness of which I so vividly recalled. Lovely and lavish as these beggar's rags may have been, they had never perfectly suited her; she



"EXPLAIN IT TO ME, THEN, WON'T YOU?" I PLEADED

could never, somehow, make them look the inevitable designs she longed for. I realized, while I continued to inspect the perfectness of her newest incarnation, how much, all the time, she must have cared.

But the beginning of her caring, I reflected, dated no further back than her marriage; before that she was too much absorbed in things she called worth while to regard the liveries of life. In those vigorous days, while her parents were proudly, impecuniously offering their name for dower to attract some eligible suitor, Molly made up her mind to go to college. Once there, she still further blasted family hopes by deciding on architecture as a profession, to obtain training for which she had taught in Mrs. Beedle's embroidery school. As soon as ever she had got a sheepskin with highest honors and with some prospects of practising, Jimmy Weston came along and married her.

How he ever persuaded her to do so will remain a subject for speculation. It is said that romance can topple the strongest minds to ruin, and people have told me that if it was only romance Molly was looking for, Jimmy Weston did veritably have it head and shoulders over the rest of us. At any rate, she married him—to the derision of her friends and the despair of her parents, both of whom promptly died and left their debts posthumously to mock her choice.

Molly took him West at once and gave him free rein to exercise his talents

—Heaven knows what they were! He had just barely got his degree from Harvard. I understand he worked as head-waiter in a high-class Seattle hotel for one year; I have heard, too, that Molly supported them a long time giving lessons in setting dinner-tables and answering invitations. Poor dear, she had to! Until the atmosphere, both climatic and social, began to disagree with Jimmy, so that after five years they came back again.

Nobody knew the source of the annual two thousand that began then to flow into their coffers, nor how out of it they eked enough to keep for him a poor little office in the top of the old Exchange Building, to say nothing of how—although they had only a hall-room with a folding-bed in it, and went out all the time—they managed to live. But they did it gaily. I suppose that poor girl worked her fingers off getting them invitations; notwithstanding her recognized charm, they couldn't have popped up in so many places if she hadn't taken unusual pains. Everybody liked her, but in New York that wouldn't have been enough to keep them so continuously in the swim.

A year after they came back to New York I got my post at Pekin, so I had met them since only at Newport. She was there the best part of each season. Some squalid job—perhaps it had an actual bearing on their two-thousand-dollar income—kept Jim in the city about half the time; but she always had to be on hand visiting and wedging a place open for him against the time when he was ready to return. Even in the most crowded part of the summer they would be enrolled among the guests of what Jim considered the most desirable house. They had trained themselves in bridge and dancing and tennis and golf. How Molly could—but, then, one had ceased to wonder how she had let herself become so horribly proficient in any of it. They were accepted on their own terms; everybody knew, everybody laughed, everybody minded. Hostesses were irked having to have them, but they had them none the less.

This was the general picture that floated through my mind while I stood there confronting Mrs. Weston on the first morning of my return to Newport—the picture into which she didn't, with all her freshly acquired grandeur, continue to fit. What had happened to her? In the extremity of my wonderings I remembered she had once been on the point of taking up interior decorating—it was so lucrative to so many women nowadays—and the possibility loomed reassuringly before me like the ghost of her girlhood ambitions.

"Oh no," she sighed, in answer to my question. "I fear now I shall never have time for it." And she boldly shook off any consciousness of my quandary by saying: "Tell me about yourself. Shall you be here all summer?"

"Off and on. And how long shall you?"

"Until September. We go to the Adirondacks then. Perhaps—but I suppose nothing would induce you to try it." She moved her eyes searchingly over my face, as if I were the one to be explained. "Whom are *you* staying with—with Mrs. Pantell?" she asked.

And when I told her, she professed to be surprised that my mother was there—she had heard she wasn't.

"Mrs. Pantell is annoyed," she at last brought out, "to be kept waiting. Come and see me at the earliest possible moment. I must go back now and find Mrs. Bassett." At which she faced about and departed.

I suppose Mrs. Pantell *was* annoyed, but she was still standing there alone, looking into space with the air of just having had an enjoyable *tête-à-tête;* and I was really eager now to have one with her.

"Whom is Molly Weston staying with?" I immediately asked her.

"With Mrs. Bassett—you goose!"

"But—"

"You find her changed, do you? You're perfectly right, she *is* changed—as changed as Cinderella."

"Explain it to me, then, won't you?" I pleaded.

As we strolled forward toward the Casino gateway Sam Loring paused in his quick dash in the other direction to speak to her. "That," Mrs. Pantell said, after he had left us alone again, "is a part of the explanation." And she stepped discreetly in front of me, digging her parasol into the gravel. "He

has been abroad with Mrs. Bassett; and Molly—do you understand?—has chaperoned them. But *hasn't* it improved her? My dear fellow, Mrs. Bassett must have turned her pocket-book inside out for her. They're just back. We're all agog to see what it's done to Jim—confound him!—who's been with them a part of the time. . . . Dear me, it's spotting a little," discerned Mrs. Pantell, as a few globular drops of rain struck us; and she very kindly offered to give me a lift home.

"I haven't seen Molly, until Tuesday, at least," she went on, "since—since. . . " and she continued, heatedly, to pronounce that monosyllable while we were finding her motor and installing ourselves in it—"since—since she was here last September. They stayed on with me — don't you remember? — a *whole month* after tennis week. At that time—"

"She was different, you mean?" I asked, impatient of her hesitation.

"She was destitute!" Mrs. Pantell declared, firmly. "She was at the end—well, of everything. I gave her all the clothes I could possibly spare off my own back—that was the best I could do—and I sent out letters asking for more. Of course she did win an occasional hundred at bridge, but I'm sure Jim more than made up for that by his losses. It was said two different people gave her money for her and Jim's railroad tickets to come down here—the same round trip, I mean—which, even if she did get it, couldn't have been *much* of a help, now, could it? She was usually waiting by my bedroom door for me to wake, so she could use the telephone. There's only that one besides the butler's in the house—"

"Economies of the rich!" I exclaimed.

At that, Mrs. Pantell looked at me bewilderedly a moment, and lost all idea of what she was saying, then presently chuckled afresh at new recollections. "I shall never forget about that ham. You know Larry Nolen? Well, he was forever going to all sorts of trouble to help Molly. One day when some of us women were discussing food for a picnic at Vaucluse—the picnic Lady Washwilton had insisted on our having—Molly suddenly suggested that each one of us should furnish some huge piece of meat for it. I thought she was contriving some trick upon my cook—everybody did. But not at all. Molly was up early next day waiting near my barred threshold to use the telephone, and oh, what artful ways she had to lure Larry into furnishing that ham! She finally went so far as to promise him"—Mrs. Pantell's eyes gleamed—"that if he would take extra pains with it she might perhaps—somehow or other—try to have him *asked to the picnic.* Fancy! Naturally, Larry—the kind he is—was all for that. Suffice it to say, Larry's ham was delicious; only—on the morning of the picnic—I heard Molly telephoning him how very sorry she was no *men* were being invited. Think of her daring to invent it! Now come to see me soon, won't you?" With this question she left me dumfounded at my mother's door.

But I couldn't so easily put Molly's case out of mind, and three days later I decided to have tea with her if she was free. I looked for Mrs. Bassett in the telephone directory, but nobody by that name—except a harness-maker who lived on Thames Street—had a telephone. When Information failed to give me a clue, I asked my mother's old servant, Timon, to take round a note, with the result that Molly sent back word "she" was having a party, and wouldn't I come instead the next day.

I shall never forget how the elaborateness of my reception depressed me. Jimmy had probably chosen this particular house as being the one which for situation and largeness—the number of its bath-rooms taken into consideration—would afford the pleasantest available visiting-place. And Molly had called it that "little old cottage of the Barneys'"! It simply showed how low she had sunk.

Of course I asked for Mrs. Bassett, too, but the man who took my hat and the other one who conducted me forward through the breeze-swept hall simply answered that Mrs. Weston was expecting me. There was the bald look everywhere of her having the run of the house. When I at last passed through a designated doorway I came straight upon Jimmy himself, prone upon a large, heavily upholstered sofa, from which he

had disgustedly flung two superfluous cushions, a table of drinks at his side.

"Old fellow," he cried, "I'm so glad—so very, very glad to see you! Molly's been lying down. She's been doing too much. Going like mad every minute. Welcome home again! And what do you think of our mid-Victorian hostelry, eh? It suits *her*—every button of it. What 'll you have to drink—Scotch? Cigarettes? What—you haven't sworn off?"

How vivaciously, how glibly, he could dispense the hospitality he had appropriated! He was so delicately, nervously second-rate; quite aside from all the cheapness of his arch-insolence, it was a mystery how Molly could bear him.

But she entered with his name on her lips, saying, serenely, "It's so nice Jim could come down. He wrote straightaway that he particularly wanted to see you."

He talked of shooting in Scotland—asked, for example, if I shot "fifth or seventh"—said he had also hunted in Derbyshire until he knew every field, every cover, every jump. He reeled forth the cant lingo of his pretensions. Molly seemed indulgent, as if she wished most of all to have him shine; until when finally he fell into an esthetic vein and remarked, "How well, how very well Bulfinch has done the Metropolitan Museum, hasn't he?" she did mildly correct him. At that he said he had recently had an attack of neuritis, and left us alone, which was his characteristic way of meeting any reproval.

I asked Molly at once for Mrs. Bassett. She opened her eyes in unveiled astonishment.

"Why, do you know her?" she exclaimed; and then, as if suddenly recollecting it, "She left us last Thursday."

I stared at her; it was as staggering to think that Molly Weston cared to sit there in the lap of Mrs. Bassett's luxury practising such ridiculous deceptions about her position as it was that she dared skate on a surface so thin I could have punctured it with just one unfriendly stab. "Did you like traveling with her?" I couldn't help commenting.

"Traveling?" The word sent her round gray eyes roving over me from head to foot. "You see we didn't, after all, *travel* with her—I didn't, I mean. I only crossed the ocean with her. How did you hear of it, I wonder."

"Mrs. Pantell told me."

"She's like all the rest here—devoted as I am," Molly sighed. "But I really do enjoy the beauty of Newport. It agrees with Jimmy, too—though he always used to say before we were married he couldn't stand it. Jim's moods are peculiar."

I had been through acres of her "Jim" talk. "You mean to say, then," I put to her, "that you and Mrs. Bassett haven't been—never have traveled together?"

She shook her head. "Mrs. Bassett's a dear," she just exclaimed.

I wanted to tell Molly that her own bedecked appearance confirmed that fact; but, instead, I drank in once again the perfect array of Mrs. Bassett's generosity. I remembered talks Molly and I had had long ago that had shown me how she felt on the subject of always living on others. Not that she ever admitted to have done it or to have thought of it so vulgarly as that; but she had often signified how much she hoped Jim would some day make heaps of money so she could pay back the millions of favors she owed people—some awfully poor sorts of people, too. Oh, she had had every kind of lofty ideal. She had had, above everything, so confident a sense of values that she had been too sure of preserving it through the thick and thin of adversity; she had thought herself proof against the devastating effects of continually yielding to the temptation, for Jim's sake, to use any sort of demoralizing makeshift. But she had yielded too often, I thought; she had lost her sense of proportion; I believed she no longer realized what manner of life they led. If I challenged her on the subject of her happiness, she met my challenge with apparent openness, intimating that she was contented to the core.

Her manner was as direct, her attention as keen, as ever. The clarity of her perceptions surprised me; she could still hold out for me a vision of rare good standards—standards she still referred to without a hitch. And her



MOLLY SEEMED INDULGENT, AS IF SHE WISHED MOST OF ALL TO HAVE HIM SHINE

charm began to recapture me. The lines had not changed her face; that pale, healthy skin was still tightly drawn over its lovely modeling.

"You will never grow old, Molly," I told her, on taking my leave.

"Perhaps not, if you come to see me often," she answered.

For that, however, there was to be no immediate opportunity; I was called suddenly to Washington and detained there through most of the summer. All that I learned of Molly, meanwhile, was contained in this item I chanced to see among the Newport Notes in a newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. James Weston are staying with Mrs. Pearl-Livermore during tennis week." Who in the world was Mrs. Pearl-Livermore? I had never heard of her.

But I saw Molly one day after my return at the very end of August; I first caught sight of her while, curiously enough, she was swimming with some people from the raft to the beach, and while I was swimming out in the opposite direction too far away for her to hear my hello. The moment I came up with my companion I asked him as casually as I could whom Mrs. Weston was staying with. "Oh, let me see," he answered; "just now, I should say, she is with Mrs. Leach Robinson." This fact I had occasion to recall half an hour later when I came face to face with Molly in front of my bath-house.

"I wanted particularly to get hold of you," she said. "If you aren't too busy this Saturday and Sunday, will you move over and spend them with us? They're my last days here—I do want to see you a little—and the others, I'm sure, will amuse you. So please come." I was about to ask if she thought my acceptance would be agreeable to Mrs. Leach Robinson, when she went on to explain: "You know Grace Robinson, don't you? She will be there—and there's Katharine Curtis—the Joe Curtises, you remember?"

I did remember, well enough, but I hardly paid any attention to the names, so completely was I experiencing the spell of Molly's power. It was consummate acting. The subtlety, too, of her methods—the very way she clearly and simply laid the facts before me, her child-like eagerness expressed with just the right rather sentimental pride she wanted to show in this opportunity to have me as her guest—all such artifices disarmed me. It was done so well I almost forgot the lack of justification for her doing it.

I wished afterward that I hadn't gone, though Mrs. Pantell said I would have been a goose—"goose" was always her most desperate epithet for me—not to have sampled the horrors of the visit. "Was Jimmy there?" she eagerly asked. I tried to describe to her the kind of guest he made—with his tall, lithe, meretricious figure, his would-be-golden-curls, his lined, sunburned, fatuous face—ordering motors, complaining of the servants when he wasn't snubbing them, making light of having some expensive professionals up from New York to dance for an evening, talking speciously of having had an aeroplane flight—which he had heard of somebody else's having had—at Hempstead, imitating in all the sophomoric ways he could imagine the comfort-ridden millionaire as he conceived him to be.

"But here's something I want you to explain to me," I demanded of Mrs. Pantell, at the end. "How was it that each one of Molly Weston's three midsummer hostesses—Mrs. Bassett, Mrs. Pearl-Livermore, and Mrs. Leach Robinson—should have been there, all entertaining her and Jimmy and the rest of us at precisely the same moment? Not only at the same time, mind you, but in the same place! If it was Mrs. Bassett who took the 'little old Barney cottage' early in the season—at which time Molly, as we know, visited her there—how is it that Molly is now visiting Mrs. Leach Robinson in the identical villa—to say nothing of my having accidentally discovered that it was in precisely that same 'little shack' that Molly and her James visited Mrs. Pearl-Livermore in between?"

"You sum up admirably for the prosecution!" laughed Mrs. Pantell. "Nobody has ever heard, up to now, of such a nightmare of visits and hostesses—quite aside from how they were temporally and spatially distributed. You've been away, of course, but I don't understand what your eyes and your ears have been doing, and why your mind doesn't permit you to grasp the facts; for facts can't be so inexplicable as you make them seem, now, can they?"

"I can only tell you," I argued, "that at least some other of the guests at that week-end party weren't in the least sure *whom* they were visiting. I know for certain that Mimi Blakemore addressed her bread-and-butter letter to Mrs. Bassett, and that Rutger Brown wrote his to Mrs. Pearl-Livermore. I doubt if there was a person there—barring me—but has received a letter of thanks from somebody who believed he or she was the host."

Mrs. Pantell was wreathed in smiles. "The truth," she intermittently brought out, "is this: Mrs. Bassett, as I told you, took Molly to Europe. She's a stranger in New York; I think Molly met her out West and she introduced Sam Loring to her. Do you see? I don't know where Mrs. Pearl-Livermore comes in—I think *she* must be the one who summers at Southampton, for Molly's been going there, off and on, when there was nothing to be had for Jim here. Mrs. Leach Robinson you know; at least, her connection with the scheme is perfectly clear—Molly and Jim having spent pretty near two whole seasons with her."

"What scheme? How do you mean—'scheme'?" I echoed.

"Why, those three women, having drunk deep of the drift of things, got together this year and formed a company. I don't say they actually became incorporated, with a charter and by-laws, but the purposes of their association were as plain as day; and it was to lessen the cost and the bother of 'having' the Jimmy Westons."

"You mean—"

"In other words, they syndicated Molly—hired the 'little old Barney cottage' and gave over to her the running of it, with the understanding they were to drop down on her for a week or a month or, 'most any time they wanted to,

just the way she and Jim had been in the habit of dropping down on them. A thoroughly complicated but practical arrangement," concluded Mrs. Pantell, "and, like most of his wife's friends' plans, Jimmy Weston has found it a great convenience."

Mrs. Pantell's knowledge of how the "little cottage of the Barneys" happened to be so handsomely and so variously occupied that summer was shared by almost everybody; apparently I—one of the last to hear it—was the only person old-fashioned enough to be either shocked or surprised. But when I came back to Newport the next July, Molly's syndicate was altogether lost sight of in the light of a fresh scandal.

I did not have to meet Molly to find out she was there; I didn't have to ask whom she was visiting; indeed, almost the first piece of news that greeted my return was that that particular summer Mrs. Weston was not "visiting" anybody—unless, perhaps, she could be said to be visiting her husband. For no less a person than Jimmy himself had taken Maintenon. It was rented in his name—there were those who had been to Mr. Mahony, the real-estate agent, and had been shown the lease. There could be no equivocation about what Molly had now; she had her house, and her servants, and her automobiles; in fact, she had everything.

"Except," as Mrs. Pantell wittily informed me when the first opportunity presented itself, "guests. She hasn't had one. And it isn't, you know, that she can't get them, either. I could name to you six women—six *good* women—who have boldly asked to come, and who have been refused."

"I suppose," I theorized dismally—sadly, too, for whatever happened I should always be devoted to Molly—"I suppose it is on account of *him*."

"Jimmy?" Mrs. Pantell looked annoyingly like a codfish, a smart, big, canny old codfish, as from the corners of her eyes she peered round at me to detect how much I really knew; so ready was she with information that—low though it was to dabble so pettily in poor, dear Molly's doom—I couldn't help taking the wind from her sails.

"I mean," I said, "Larry Nolen. Everybody knows it. Everybody knows that he gives Molly the money."

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Pantell, who seemed visibly to shrink under the shock of her disappointment; but it took her only a minute to recover lost ground. "That is the strangest part of it. It isn't Larry Nolen who keeps people away. Larry Nolen has never been seen to enter the house. I, myself, am satisfied he never goes there."

"I am satisfied," I forced myself to state, as I disgustedly got up to leave her, "that the whole story, then, is a beastly lie. It makes me sick to talk about it."

"Let's talk of something else, by all means," Mrs. Pantell suggested. "Have you forgotten the ham Larry sent her for the Vaucluse picnic? I tell you, it is a part of Molly's wonderful character not to let him go ever to the house. Her brain is as clear as crystal; it works like—like an expensive trap. Brains she always had in plenty; it's conscience she never did have a vestige of."

"She has a heart, anyway," I weakly retaliated.

"Ah!"—Mrs. Pantell stood straight up to emphasize her point—"*that's* why she never goes anywhere, never to a single place—to a dinner, to balls, to the beach, even, without *his* going, too."

"Jimmy?" I threw back at her, tauntingly.

"I mean Larry Nolen. *You* see it," she cried, "as well as I."

Of course I had seen it, and I continued, alas, to see it, wherever I went. It was as if people had welcomed any change in Molly's tactics—as if they were glad to condone her fall in consideration of the relief it had brought them. Those who had ignored Larry, had scorned his very existence, now asked him whenever she was coming; oftener than not Molly and Larry were seated side by side at table. It was pathetic to watch her with him; she appeared to be so surprised and mystified whenever he spoke to her, and she always tried to talk to the man on her right as much as possible. I would watch her from a distance, her eyes roaming uneasily from face to face, as if she couldn't pay attention to either the food or the con-

versation, as if she were blindly questioning the reason for her being there. That ingenuous look of aloofness, that air of not being concerned with the situation, still seemed to be her defense against the world's opinions; but I was sure it was an easy line for her to take—just as I was sure that the most tragic element in her awful existence was her getting so little enjoyment for the big price she paid. However delightfully and admiringly she was surrounded—and people couldn't help liking her—she wore the same preoccupied expression of being absent, of being above it all, of worrying because she was wasting her time. Though it made you pity her more, it also made you more contemptuous of her deliberate folly. And why? For whom had she done it? Once when I was asking myself this question, I heard somebody say: "He—Jimmy Weston? He's half-witted, isn't he?"

And the answer came: "If he only knew just a little bit more I think he would be."

Jimmy met me one day in the reading-room of the club. "Why don't you come to see my wife?" he asked, jauntily. "She's a strange, deep creature. Doesn't get into relationship with people very easily—apt not to care for 'em. Moody, like all geniuses—particularly women—like—like Florence Nightingale, for instance." He could make the least relevant comparisons! "But she's really fond of *you;* she's always said so—I've always seen it. Honor us, dear fellow, honor us!" And he slung his thin leg over the back of a chair and wagged it to and fro as might have become the rich hero in a poor novel, stroking his pompous hair and stealing glances at me from those weak, restless eyes.

What a contempt I had for him! "It's nice that you can be with her so often," I hazarded. "Business doesn't keep you away much nowadays, does it?"

"You see, we're new-rich now," he countered. "It's the first time in our lives—these last two years—that we've done absolutely what we wanted."

He thought, did he, to work on my sympathy? "What *she* wants?" I parried back, foreseeing the wince with which he would meet it.

"Oh, what *she* wants!" he brought out again; "but nobody has ever been able to be sure what that is."

Preposterous and cowardly as his subterfuge was, I wondered, while I faced the silly look of triumph he gave me, if Molly mightn't have to bear out the truth of his every invention—if he didn't tell her everything he had said, so that she could strive to live up to it, just as she had to live up to so many of his failings.

It was a beautiful August afternoon. She was sitting alone in one of a group of chairs near the tennis court at Maintenon, sketching a huge bronze urn, some trees, and the sward which so happily composed themselves into a pleasant perspective between herself and the sea. There was a touching freedom in the cordiality with which she greeted me.

"I haven't done such a thing as paint since I was a girl."

"I wonder," I mused, "if you will ever finish it—if you will ever have time."

"I intended," she assured me, "to have nothing *but* time this summer."

And then, awkwardly enough, I expressed what flew through my mind. "That's true—you have been much alone. Nobody's been staying with you, I hear."

She shook her head. In silence we gazed forward at the quiet blue stretches of water.

"Jim and I made a compact not to let any one. You see, last summer was a failure for us both. He got no rest and I got no—no fun; and I had to spend the whole winter abroad on account of it. In fact, there was nothing—absolutely *nothing*—in it for either of us, after all the bother."

The sad emphasis with which she affirmed it was like the drawing of a curtain for me to see the vista of implications her words held; it amounted, I thought, to her saying quite plainly that she had found it worse being a professional hostess than being a professional guest—that she had tried both ways, and that both had in the end almost killed her. It was as if she rather wanted me to see everything—wanted at least me, her near old friend, to understand the sequence of events preceding the pass she had come to. It swept over me

that compared with the awfulness of her present all those useless, thorny paths she had trodden were as beds of roses.

"Why was it so bad?" I found myself saying. "Was it only the guests who made it so—so impossible? Couldn't you have stood it again with—say another batch?"

"Why should I have stood it!" she retorted, as with feigned indignation to oppose my pity.

"Why did you stand it—even that once, then?" I couldn't help saying.

I felt her wavering over what reply to make. "Well," she said, "it was the first season we had ever been able to come here with any ease or comfort—to take a house, I mean. Jim wanted to try it. I, too, had got to the point where I thought—much as I hate the absurd life here—it would be fun to come just once the way other people do—the ones we had always had to visit."

With what artful fairness she observed the frailty her misstated reasons were founded on! How perfectly she gave the effect of conceding, partly for Jim's sake and partly because the relics of her old, proud unashamedness prompted her, that she herself hadn't been wholly blind to the paste sparkle which had attracted him!

"So, being able at last to do it, we came," she concluded, smiling away my frown.

It was useless to doubt with a word or a glance the fact that they had at last become amply and sufficiently "able" to do anything they wanted; admitting that premise was like the oldest rule, now, of the game she insisted on playing.

"But why," I pondered, "being *so* able to come, and having once tried it, with the result that, as you've just said, you got nothing out of it, why did you have to go to the awful length—of—" I checked myself—"of coming again?"

"Because last year we didn't do it right. We had too many people. Jim saw that that was the trouble. And this year, when I had to come back anyway to America for the summer, it seemed the most natural thing for us to come here. I like the place, I have always, you know, loved it. But this is the last



"I INTENDED TO HAVE NOTHING *BUT* TIME THIS SUMMER," SHE ASSURED ME

time. I wanted—and Jim wanted—to have a pleasanter memory of it to blot out all the other horrible ones. Last year the number and the incessancy of the guests we had made it seem literally like keeping a boarding-house."

"And has this summer been pleasanter?" I was driven to insinuate.

"I can't quite tell," Molly said; "there's something about it I can't altogether fathom."

It was difficult to meet the puzzled, innocent look she gave me, as if beseeching me to explain what there could be in her situation that wasn't perfectly as it should be. She took up her sketch and added a little dab to it, and put it down again; then once more gazed inquiringly at me with the expectant air of my being about to reassure her, growing more and more uneasy because I didn't. What in the world was there to say? If only I had been privileged to go into things freely, I would have said enough; as things were, I was too genuinely sorry for her to pretend anything.

"This is the last time you are coming here, you say?" I feebly brought out.

"Yes." She took up her sketch again.

"Well, I am glad."

"Glad?—glad?" she echoed, appealingly.

"For your sake, I mean."

"Oh!" She uttered it, and looked at me, her eyes moving up and down as regularly and as rapidly as the tick of my watch, that in the sudden silence and tension I had become distinctly aware of. "What is it?" she cried out, wildly. "What—what is it that is the matter with you?"

"How can you ask, Molly?" I was exasperated at the way she dared corner me.

"Aren't *you* my friend?" she demanded.

"Always."

"Then tell me what it is you hint at," she begged. "Say it out, say everything out. Only I can't bear these ghastly innuendoes!"

"I have nothing to say," I told her.

She turned away from me; she let the sketch slip from her lap to the ground. Neither of us moved.

"You *do* know something," she droned in tones unaccustomedly deep.

"I know nothing," I repeated.

"What have you heard, then—is it something people say? Oh, I can *stand* it! What is the worst they can think about me?"

I had forgotten she was acting her same old part; blame didn't enter into my calculations, either. I felt as we have to feel when somebody we love—whatever the reason—is hard pressed.

"Molly, I'm your friend, your faithful old friend," I began, "and I'm going to tell you what *I* think." . . . And I did; I don't know what futile egotism urged me on; I don't know half that in my unreasoning desire to help her and to show her sympathy I may have said. My lips were unsealed; I spoke unguardedly. I suppose I must have referred pretty boldly to the last year's "syndicate." I am sure I made perfectly plain what I thought of her relations with Larry Nolen.

She sat there—a hand pressed close to each of her knees, the pupils of her eyes raised painfully high up under the wide-open lids, facing hard forward. I told her I would do anything in the world for her—that *I* didn't, no matter who else did, condemn her. . . . She heard me to the bitter end. Then, without a word, she slowly rose—I thought she was going to fall, but I felt her repugnance to have me touch her—and, not giving me a glance, or appearing to remember I was there, she started, specter-like, toward the house. Aghast, I watched her go. I can see her now, as if she didn't know the ground was under her, her head drawn up and tilted slightly backward. . . .

She never answered either of the letters I sent round to her that night, nor the one I wrote afterward, in which I pleaded with her only to hear my argument for forgiveness. Within three days from the date of my awful visit Maintenon was suddenly closed on account of Mr. Weston's illness; the occupants had gone to New York, whence they were to sail immediately for parts unknown. I was left high and dry on the shoals of my folly. Strangely enough, Molly's departure didn't cause much sensation; but then, it was so late in the season nothing much mattered to the few lingering members of the summer

colony. Mrs. Pantell, who was, as it happened, the only person with whom I had ever gone at all deeply into Molly's affairs, stayed on; but much as I longed to tell somebody how bitterly I regretted my part in them, I was reluctant to confide in Mrs. Pantell. I had to go to her finally, I couldn't bear not to; but that was after I found out the truth. I suppose I am one of the few people who ever did find out the truth—who ever believed it, I mean.

When I did, I let Mrs. Pantell have the full blast of my fury. "*You* ought to be ashamed! I—I ought to be beaten! The whole lot of us should! Every single one of Molly's friends have behaved as swine! I shall publish it to the world—I shall proclaim it from the house-tops!"

"What?" scorned Mrs. Pantell, tasting her tea and dropping another lump into it.

"How wrong we were, how duped, how infamous!"

"'Duped' is good," she reflected. "If we were duped, I should like to know who duped us. And the only answer to that is Molly. Surely Jim didn't. So, out with your imaginings! I'm not afraid of them."

And when I told her who my informant was—how a business accident had enabled him to get at the astounding facts I had to tell her—and when, to anticipate what she might say, I emphasized his impeccable reputation, she languidly reflected again: "I never took any stock in him or his admirers. His mother was a Hackett—the Hacketts are *all* queer." With which she smilingly asked me, once more, to "out with it."

Our conversation began, I solemnly related to Mrs. Pantell, by my saying I didn't see how anybody like—I designated a callow little man of forty who had made millions in no time—could, for example, have done it. I frankly doubted his capacity, I said, and was certain there must be a fluke in it somewhere.

"'Why,' my informant retorted, 'you apparently don't know anything at all about the stock-market, or how brainless an accomplishment it is to have things go your way. It might happen to any one! Take Jimmy Weston's case.'

"'Yes. . . . There's a man,' I said, 'who, if King Solomon's mines lay bare to his naked eye, couldn't make a cent.'

"'Where did you think his money came from?'

"Stunned by the question, I shamelessly confessed what I thought.

"'That's all an old lady's pipe-dream!' was the rapid exclamation. 'Weston, and Weston himself, with all his asininity and his imbecility and his unreliability, made every penny of it!'"

I watched Mrs. Pantell shiver, opening and shutting her eyes with quick little winks, like telegraphic distress signals; but I went inexorably on:

"'I don't believe it!' I flung at my informant, though every minute the light was beginning to cut in on me. 'How could he have made it? When?'

"'Weston got his start about a year and a half, nearly two years, ago, and from then on it was downhill work for him to the finish. I never knew precisely what he took his first plunge in, or how he found the money for it, but my son-in-law's a partner of the firm where he kept his earliest account, and I know for a fact that great hulks of money came his way. You see, his wife was abroad. . . . It leaked out through a little stenographer in another office, whose cousin used to sew for Weston's wife, that she—the wife—used to help him keep his head when things got going fastest. But that was later on. She came back from Europe to have an eye on him last summer after his luck was in full swing. I think,' dealt out my informant, 'that she must be one of the noblest women alive. Consider how she's stuck by him and stood by him, and helped him and pulled him round—by Jove!—to a winning game!'"

At this point the silent mouthings with which Mrs. Pantell had manifested her attention became articulate. "Why didn't your—whatever he is—go round himself preaching it? Why didn't *he* proclaim it from the house-tops!" she sneered.

"I asked him that," I triumphantly told her, "and he said he didn't know many of their friends, and that the few he did know simply were too stupid to believe him."

"I wouldn't believe him, either. It's

stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Pantell.

"You're determined, then, are you," I retorted, "to remain exactly as poisonous and as mendacious and as low as we've all been? Well, I'm going to force you to change your mind."

She sat up alarmedly and made a sort of preparation for defense.

"The truth, now we have it," I continued, "fits together as perfectly as the pieces of a picture-puzzle. I've been to a lot of pains getting all the details, and you've got to hear them.

"Last year Molly went abroad. Grant that she crossed the ocean with Mrs. Bassett, at her invitation, and all that. Soon afterward the news came of Jim's *coup*. . . . Molly flew to some little backwater of a place just to be alone and quiet and to collect her poor spent nerves. Jim came over and stayed there with her a week. It was then he persuaded her—if the money continued to flow in—to take the Barney cottage for the summer. She could but humor him, her spoiled, misjudged, bad-mannered pet—so she may have reasoned it out—now that he had at last been able to place the long-wished-for nuggets at her feet. But she took the Barney cottage only on condition that she should have the biggest—and awfullest—of her creditors, Mrs. Bassett and Mrs. Pearl-Livermore, to stay with her, each for a month. And she elegantly rang in Mrs. Leach Robinson at the end. I don't think anybody except the telephone company knew Molly's name appeared last season in the directory; people were so used to her being a visitor they never once looked for it. Think how she must have felt, after her ship had actually come in, to find that nobody believed it! And you know Molly's reticences—her theories and ideas about distinguishing between people who have money and those who haven't—"

"I should say I did," Mrs. Pantell jeered. "She can spot the difference two miles away!"

I ignored her, and went on with my story: "Molly wouldn't, she just couldn't, be the first one to step out and say: 'Why don't you speak of our wonderful good luck? Why aren't you glad? Why won't somebody at last credit us with having *something* to offer in exchange for all we've been given?'"

"I shouldn't have thought Jim would have hesitated to speak out!" observed Mrs. Pantell, slyly.

"He probably did speak out—all the time," I replied, "but who in the world ever bothered to listen to him? He had always *been* speaking out in precisely that way all his life. He had yelled 'wolf' too often for anybody to pay any attention now there was real need of it."

"Molly had the word 'wolf' on her own lips a good many times," Mrs. Pantell interjected. (Irrelevantly enough, it made me think that, despite the splendid dénouement of Molly's struggle, success couldn't ever compensate her for all she had so hideously wasted.)

"Molly told me herself," I resumed, "how they felt about last summer. You see, Jim sensed your syndicate story—oh, it was all too awful! But she, having tried through one mistrusted season to please him, took him back to Europe—she made him go, probably—lest somehow or other they should lose some of the pile he had been adding to all the while under her persistent tutelage. Then, you see—poor Molly! She had never really had much of a chance at Europe. As it was, Jim couldn't be kept long from his happy hunting-ground; he could always persuade her to do anything he wanted—just the way, I suppose, he could persuade her in the first place to marry him. So he brought her back again this year, insistent on the splurgiest thing he could think of. But this year he was bound nobody should have any doubts who was doing it. No guests should deflect any of the dear-bought glamour from them again. Molly and he were for once to shine unmistakably as the proprietors. And you know how their plan worked out! The moment people had to see and believe Molly was living in a house of her own, they had also to look once more for some slanderous explanation—Jim's riches were too out of the question even to enter their minds; so they cooked up the Larry Nolen business. How it ever started I can't see—unless it was through that awful old ham story you spread around."



"I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT JIM WOULD HAVE HESITATED TO SPEAK OUT!" OBSERVED MRS. PANTELL, SLYLY

"It wasn't an *old* ham," corrected Mrs. Pantell. "I told you it was perfectly delicious."

"You ought to be ashamed for having told it!" I exclaimed.

"I recall how it diverted you," she tossed back.

"But I *am* ashamed—abjectly and wretchedly repentant, I tell you. Think how everybody began, on the strength of that scandal, to ask Larry everywhere she went! I don't reckon she ever realized, until I let it out so cruelly that afternoon I went to see her, what the matter could be. I'm sure she didn't."

"Didn't she, though!" Mrs. Pantell echoed. "Shall I ever forget the deceit in her eyes when she asked me one day *why* it was people always placed her beside 'Mr.' Nolen! That was her method, I tell you, always to be brilliantly, outrageously, disarmingly ingenuous!"

"You don't mean," I almost shouted, "that you still don't believe what I've told you?"

"I? Of course not, of course not—not a syllable of what you say." She took a visiting-card up from the tray her servant stood holding out to her. "Show him in, Benjamin," she commanded.

"You'll be the only person left in the world who doesn't believe everything," I threatened, "by the time I've finished with my explanations of *your* part in this horrible history!"

"You goose!" she murmured good-naturedly, as her new guest entered the room.

We Discover the Old Dominion

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

AS spring came on, the desire to move obsessed me, and W—— (who is under the impression that he is the Illustrator of my stories, although as a matter of fact I write around his pictures) suggested our moving to the Old Dominion. Moving to it, through it, and back home again —in a new car which he would then be justified in buying. The roads in the Southern States are said to be adventuresome, which is polite for bad.

Indeed, he had a threefold reason. I would return from a two-thousand-mile run with no desire to quit our comfortable apartment for a long time, and he would not only get the new car, but take Toby out every day for a free airing while we tried out the different makes. Incidentally we would see the Old Dominion; we would more than see it, we would find out what it is. I went secretively to the public library that I might be sure the Old Dominion was something more definite than a steamship line. The library is my dearest friend, for it is only to friends that we disclose a complete ignorance unashamed. Yet, for once, it failed me. I did not ascertain just what states comprised that high-sounding couplet of words which speaks to me, in turn, of doublet and hose, lordly governors, great estates, turbaned slaves, mockingbirds, jasmine, and old mahogany.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was called Virginia, but that meant a great tract of unexplored country of a new world, claimed by her because no one was in possession of it except the Indians —who didn't count. However, as time went on it was, to us, not the amount of territory which made the Old Dominion a definite locality, but the hospitable men and women who peopled it. And in my dictionary, which, like Samuel Johnson's, will be largely swayed by prejudice, I shall say, "The Old Dominion—a locality where a stranger, dropping in at meal-hours, can eat his head off without occasioning surprise or resentment."

The Illustrator was anxious to get away after we had made this deduction, not that we would visit any one, for we couldn't visit and write of people, but it was a pleasant feeling that we would be wanted; and he urged me to overcome the natural instinct to create clothes in the spring and concentrate on history.

I went gloomily down to the bookstore and told my troubles to an intelligent young man who has all the histories of the world tamed, and he said he would send me up a very nice little volume called *A Short History of the United States*, which I could slip into a pocket. I don't know what kind of a pocket he thinks I have. That evening my maid came staggering in with a huge package, and I thought I had been given Washington Irving in calf. But it was only the *Short History of the United States* for my pocket. Even so, we managed to carry it in a khaki laundry-bag, together with a mass of reading-matter sent me by my aunt.

There was another book I should like to have taken, found in a long-forgotten corner when I was looking for Toby's rubber ball. It was "Elsie Dinsmore"—just one of the series—the others must have gone to the little nieces who were loving Elsie as I loved her. With the elasticity of the Old Dominion I was also going into Elsie Dinsmore's country, going to that region of broad avenues and darkies singing happily and the gleaming, "great house." I was going to experience at last what was as common to Elsie as verses in the Bible. Something of resentment came to me that I have had to wait so long for what Elsie knew at birth, and I resolved that I should find on my trip a great house, an avenue, a flower-garden full of cacti, yes, even a black mammy better than

had ever come into Elsie's exemplary life. With this mighty incentive, I packed the baggage. We started, W—— with an ulcerated tooth, I with my glasses broken, the new chauffeur with a new cap which blew off, and Toby with the shivers because he was washed for the occasion. Otherwise we were all right. We slipped through the Park, going rapidly when there were no officers, and slowly as though butter wouldn't melt in our mouths when we espied a bay horse. Toby, unmuzzled and leashless, hung out and leered at them. The day was pulsing with promises of blossom; equally pulsing was the Illustrator's tooth.

I started poetically. "The hyacinths are out!" I cried.

"Unghuh," replied the distracted man, glaring at the Zoo. "So are the buffalo."

We went through Jersey, by way of Newark, and out of it by Clinton Avenue, which Mr. Samuel Pepys would probably put down as "the finest avenue that ever I did see." It is largely given over now to cavorting jitneys. They were so varied in their destinations that I am sure one could go to any point if they would only start at Newark.

If the city of Elizabeth had a better-looking front to her hotel we would have stopped there for lunch. I know I could not run a hotel successfully, but I could deceive enough people each day to keep from liquidation by fresh curtains, clean windows, and a few plants. This is much cheaper than the best meat, and active indigestion would not set in until the guests were well off the premises. But the hotel at Elizabeth did not make this dishonest effort to attract. Therefore we went on to Plainfield, where we had luncheon—excellent beef stew, seasoned by wails from Toby, who, for the first time in his recollection, was led away from us and staked down in a very pleasant back yard. Poor little chap! What terror there must be in a dog's heart when his people leave him. A child knows that we are to meet again, but a dog knows nothing except that he has been abandoned.



ON THE RARITAN AT CLINTON, NEW JERSEY

"I am very glad," says W—— at this point, peeping in upon my typist and me, "that you are admitting at last that Toby is a dog." Good heavens! Don't you *feel* he is a West-Highlander with wiry, white hair, two black eyes, and a black snout in a white face like a three of spades gone wrong?

I went out and fed him the dinner he would not touch while we were away, and I knew I was binding myself to certain slavery when I did it. I knew it was the New Dominion settling down upon me. One could have a master more base than a dog.

We were just getting into open country when a kind Board of Trade, knowing our ignorance, told us on a large sign, "This is Bound Brook, where Washington first unfurled the Stars and Stripes." That emptied us all out of the car, Toby to run in a meadow, barking gratefully, "I like this Washington," under the impression that the commander was a field, and the Stars and Stripes a daisy new to the states.

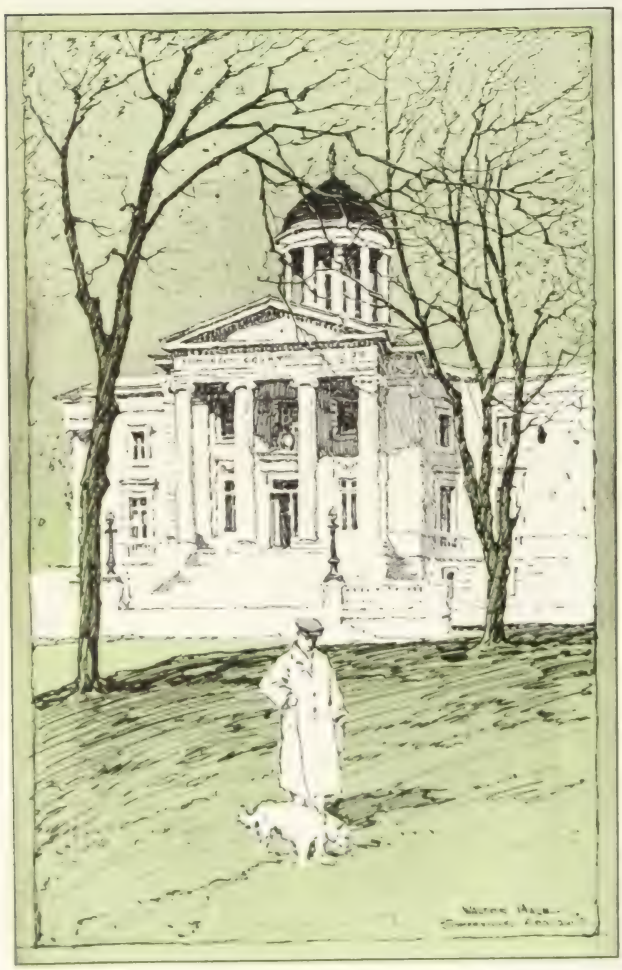
At all events, we were glad to have the countryside placarded; glad, too, that the various towns extended to us a welcome as we motored on, instead of frightening us with Don'ts. It engenders a pleasant feeling of comradeship, this painted greeting, and who would run fast through a comrade's domain if he asks you please not to? W—— accepted Somerville's hospitality, making a sketch of a remarkably fine square. I don't know how the man could do it with his face swelling "wisibly." And I hope you admire the picture, for he made up a conundrum as he worked. "Why is my tooth like this square?" he asked.

I eased his pain a little by giving it up immediately.

"Because it hurts to draw it," was the answer.

Shortly after this came the White House, not as a reward for cleverness, as it is within any man's reach who follows the right road. It has become abbreviated through usage to Whitehouse; indeed, it is now a town, but one can imagine years ago a great house gleaming white which was used as a landmark—so charmingly do names develop. But wouldn't it be droll if New York were called McKenna's Store! However, I would rather live at McKenna's Store than at Mabel, and that dreadful appellation is holding down a few shanties out West. Clinton, without the originality of a Broadway comedian as to name, led us on by its persistent sign-posts. You weren't going to be able to escape Clinton, but it sweetly took you along a brooky way with spring calves, much further advanced than the flowers, kicking up their heels at us.

I went into the village store at Clinton and found some originality there in a raspy-voiced woman who was buying Easter plants for "the grave." Her novelty lay in alarming truthfulness, for in answer



THE OLD COURT-HOUSE, SOMERVILLE



CULP'S HILL—GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD

to the price put upon the flowers by a very gentle old couple she exclaimed, "'Tain't worth it." And while one may often feel that way about a grave (the grave in this case is a figure of speech—*metonymy* it is called —container for the thing contained), I have never heard one admit it so freely.

It was sunset as we approached the New Jersey line to cross the Delaware into Pennsylvania. Over the river lay Easton, and we should have gone past it but the Huntington Hotel faced the open square, which was commanded by a monument. Around the shaft were thousands of flowering plants on sale for Easter, and the color was so lovely that we wheeled the car to the door, and I went in to register.

We dined (I did; the Illustrator had mush) at an open window with a sale of crimson ramblers going on outside. A very large rose-bush nodded in on us. Several young men asked the price of it, but as it was four dollars, their young ladies received, instead, a hyacinth or

two. The meal would have been unalloyed save that we mistook a certain yip in the cogs of the elevator for the voice of a West Highland terrier. Yet when I went to our rooms I found him peacefully resting on one of our garments. And we secured quiet from him after that, no matter where we left him, by throwing down a coat to show that we would return. A little dog, having but one coat himself, believes a mortal equally limited.

The leaves of the tree outside my window had burst their bonds and were staring in at me when I awoke. Adopting their inquisitiveness, I, in turn, peeped into W——'s room, and while I found him sleeping, his faithful hound was sitting up on the bed, looking at me reproachfully. "His tooth is worse," he announced. "We've had an awful time"; and, as I continued unresponsive, "That ice-pack you bought late last night—when you wouldn't take me out with you—leaked all over us." Although of a sweet disposition, he was making it plain that the ice-pack would not have leaked if I had taken him along.

So the morning turned out to be a busy one. It strikes me that some women would be busy anywhere. I have often talked of the day when I would rest, but no doubt I should work harder doing that than anything else. At least there is variety in my labors. Who would have thought that I should spend Good Friday in Easton, Pennsylvania, heating raisins over a candle and putting them on the Illustrator's tooth?

This was the result of a visit to the dentist. His name was Able, and, thus encouraged, W—— was induced to go to him. But no tortoise ever made a slower toilet than did he. Now and then he groaned. I reminded him of the courage of soldiers. "'A cry of defiance and not of fear,'" he explained, following it up with a few set phrases about the ease with which we can bear other people's pain.

The sufferer stuck to his raisins all day while I made little runs about the town and vast discoveries. There is one house in the square with stiff lace-curtains at the windows which brought to my mind "The Old Wives' Tale." By the side of it was the butcher's, where "A Big Veal Sale" was going on, also "Baby Lamb"—like a fur-shop.

I ran back to W——. He was sitting by the candle. "Never again put a raisin in a pudding," he remarked, irrelevantly. "Go to church."

The bells had been chiming "Rock of Ages," and I went into the fine old church which has an apse—it might be called—redecorated and lighted with a sort of Russian Ballet result. It rendered the clergyman in sober black unimportant. It made the service incongruous. I kept wondering if the reverend gentleman ever wondered himself if he was being listened to, and then I grew nervous for fear he would point his finger at me, crying out, "No, *you* are not listening." I was relieved to slip away, and I thought the flowers in the streets with every one buying them for gifts to others quite as beautiful a form of religious expression. Even the chemist who gave me back my money for the ice-pack was making a little service all his own. I went back feeling that everything was all right. And sure enough it was, for the able one relieved the tooth, and as soon as I could drag the astonished terrier into the car we were on our way. "My goodness!" said Toby. "Ain't this our new house?"

We jogged over a bad cement road to Bethlehem. I was prepared for something ugly but stupendous. I found something ugly—and mean. This was hardly the fault of the town of gentle name. The engines of war are not found in their making along our route. Indeed, we saw nothing but a knitting-works, and that is hardly one's idea of that grim commodity which by a glance at the evening paper wrecks a speculator for life.

Darkness came upon us quickly; great storm clouds rolled up from our direction. One could look far out over the countryside when the lightning rent the clouds. Women scurried along the roadside, flowers in their arms. To feel the awe of Holy Week one must travel through a wide country. Even in a city we know only our own narrow circle to be awake to the significance of the hour, but on and on and on as we went was the same flood of feeling.



Drawn by Walter Hale

OLD VALLEY INN—ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY NEAR YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

The rain descended, nor would we have had the night different, though we made our way slowly. At Kutzville we asked at an old stone inn if they could give us something for supper. It was past the hour, but they accommodated us. And while the food offered had little to recommend it, the motorist in America is so pleased to find the obliging spirit that we had only gratitude for the effort.

We went on through the rain and blackness. I was snug within. W—— had been frightened by the coming storm into rushing up the top before I was even wet. The last service of the week was over. The Passion was at an end. Women were coming out of the country churches along the way, the wind beating their wet garments about them. Our lights shone in their faces. One woman we came upon suddenly; her head was uncovered; her white face and brilliant eyes made a quick picture upon my brain. She was smiling mysteriously; she was exalted with the enormity of the hour. She was enjoying the reliving of the Passion.

Out of the night rose a great munition-factory, furnaces glowing like the pit. And again I asked myself if this was the only way—this killing—to preserve a nation's honor.

On the outskirts of Reading a big motor full of pretty girls dressed for a party offered to go out of their way to lead us to the new hotel. I thought it was very decent of them, with their hair coming out of curl every minute, to make this détour—decent, yes, and religious.

"My goodness!" said Toby, walking into marble halls. "Have we got another house?"

There are many things about that hotel to recommend it, but I was most touched by the card on my desk. It was a pleasant word of welcome. It did not tell you of the things you must not do, as in the old days. You were not warned that food carried from the table would be charged extra, or that you must receive company in the parlor, and stealing of towels was left to the good taste of the guest. Lacking prohibition of any sort, we behaved ourselves extraordinarily well, and the only act I committed which could be questioned was the carrying off of the card itself—for which I hope the hotel will forgive me.

I found myself very tremulous the next morning, for we should be on the threshold of the Old Dominion by nightfall and almost ready to begin to tell about it. "Start the first chapter with Maryland and Virginia," my friends had advised me, so I said I would. But you might as well want your son to be born at twelve years of age. This, I believe, is impossible, although, to judge by the birth column, one would think it apt to happen. "Mrs. John Edwards is the mother of a baby girl," the papers solemnly announce, as though Mrs. John Edwards might have brought into the world a young woman almost ready for the altar.

The Reading Automobile Club has put up a novel sign telling the motorist when he has reached the city limits and can speed up. It does more—it points the road to Lancaster and, admitting it is the state highway, leaves it up to the state to apologize. We had already grown nervous when a road is called a pike, and I am sure, judging by its usual poor condition, that the term "piker" comes directly from it.

We were immediately among the farms of the Mennonites and the Dunkards. I took them to be Shakers at first from their black bonnets, and I was troubled to see the scandalous fashion in which the women were driving about with the men. But these two sects marry, for the Dunkards are simply German Baptists, and the Mennonites a religious order of Protestant Dutch and German who, persecuted by Rome, were invited here by the astute William Penn. They are generally admitted to be the best citizens any state ever had, and that may be so, but they are certainly the worst road-menders.

One thing puzzled me. I had found that the response to a query of mine all along the way was, "I didn't notice it yet." My question was simple enough. I wanted to know why all the great stone houses on the farms or those in the neat little towns had two front doors. They have, and they lead into the same house—for I looked. They have been



ACROSS MASON AND DIXON'S LINE—THE CLAIRVAUX, NEAR EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

that way for a century or more, and new ones are going up in the same fashion. Those whom I interrogated lived in these houses, but they "didn't notice it yet."

There was less inclination to talk of this in the towns, gleaming with fresh paint, that ran along one street like a Dutch village edging a canal. The road very truly stood for the canal. Ephrata, which called attention to itself miles in advance, gave me nothing to hug to my heart save the name of a piano-tuner—"I. List"—and a hotel which was called The Cocalico. To be sure, there was a pig-market in Ephrata, but W—— said he would not stop and have me pretend to raise pigs. I explained to him as gently as would Elsie that I had to get at the people.

"You can never get at these people. They've moved out here to prevent your getting at them. They keep their roads this way to discourage you."

The new hotel in Lancaster soothed me a little, as it had only one large door. This had that revolving arrangement in it to keep out draughts. (Amazing that I don't know what this type of door is called!) Toby got in one of the sections by himself and we had to revolve him around a number of times like a squirrel in a cage before he would empty himself out. It created a good deal of amusement on the part of the guests of the hotel, and as we sat down to lunch-



THE OLD MILL ON CARROLL CREEK, FREDERICK, MARYLAND

eon W—— asked if I didn't notice that we were always attracting attention.

Through being watched carefully by him, I was not able to ask the waiters why there were two doors to the houses, so I managed it only once in Lancaster. The question was put to a young lady of whom I very wonderfully bought hair-nets at the jewelry-counter of a shop. I explained that I was from New York, where we had but one front door for a great many families, and I thought it rather unfair that one family should have more than its share. She didn't know, but she was neither a Dunkard nor a Mennonite, and she rather intelligently said, "It must be for some reason, as they had a purpose for everything."

She looked at me wistfully as I waited for my change. "New York!" she mused. "You must find it very quiet here after so much excitement." I tried to explain to her, as the bill swept along a copper wire to come back considerably reduced (so has the war raised the price of hair-nets), that the people

I knew in New York formed such a little circle that we were almost like a country town. "But there must be so many calls to make," she persisted.

I had forgotten that I had ever made calls. Among my heathen friends there is an understanding that we dine and go to dances, but we do not call upon the hostess afterward. How well I recall, when I was a young girl, going out on hot afternoons with my pasteboards in a little case, and how long I had to wait in the parlors while the unfortunate wretches dressed themselves. No woman would say she was not at home in Indiana.

I forgot to say, but must in all honor, that a fine road led from Oregon into Lancaster. After Lancaster there was a something that was better even than a fine road—although it was quite excellent—something that was painted every five hundred yards on telegraph-poles. It gave me a great thrill at the first sight of it, and kept me palpitating for a long while. It was the insignia of the Lincoln Highway: a band of red at the top, a broad area of white below with a big L on the surface, and another strip of blue at the bottom. At one turn was a sign-post, just as calm as you please: "New York 172 miles—San Francisco 3,217 miles."

We were to leave this Lincoln Highway at Gettysburg, but we were happy that it was to lead us to the mighty battle-field. W—— besought me to keep watch for the repeated emblem in the hope that I would not see the two doors in front and flounce about. "Try not to see them," he urged.

"Am I not to enlighten the public?" I demanded, "and isn't it awful to be vanquished by an extra door?"

The chauffeur, who had the soothing manner that is very irritating, suggested that I close my eyes. I did this, but he kept looking around at me—with that too large interest he had in the world—and we very nearly hung a string of mules on the radiator. We did turn out in time, but the muleteer was most ungrateful.

I kept my eyes open after that, and if I hadn't I should have missed the old Valley Inn of 1697, and you would have missed the picture, as W—— had to be urged into sitting in the rain to draw it. "No shadows," he kept groaning, as though any one wanted shadows in life.

Visitors from the East who go to Gettysburg and return generally stay in York overnight or motor on to the new hotel in Lancaster. But we were to make a circular tour with as little retracing as possible, and country inns were to be our portion along with the fire-proof caravansaries. So we passed York without delay.

Little chills of excitement began creeping over us as we neared Gettysburg. I was surprised to experience this, as historical events, even of our great battles, have never stirred me as do dramatic incidents of my own day. No doubt it is our present close relationship to war that gives us a rich appreciation of our own belligerent times.

Our sensitiveness to the proximity of Gettysburg was not, however, great enough to carry us there direct. We mistook New Oxford for the little town of German name and were only dissuaded from disembarking our cargo by an honest hotel-keeper. A little later the trunk, the dressing-case of bottles (for smattering the wrinkles), the hat-box, the khaki bookcase, and the dog-biscuits were being galumphed up-stairs—galumphed is the only word for it—to very nice rooms with a bath that looks out upon the square.

The Illustrator came up after all the work was done to say he had been very busy engaging a guide for the next morning. I asked him what he had to do to find this man, and it seemed that the gentleman had asked him before he got out of the car if he wanted a guide, and he said that he did. This completed the operation, proving the despatch with which a man can dispose of important matters.

The lights were twinkling in the square before we went down to supper, and W—— came in as I was enjoying the gentle scene. He pointed to a building quite near us, wonderfully near, and asked me if I knew who had slept in one of those upper chambers that were now dimly lighted. I was so afraid that it wasn't going to turn out to be Lincoln that I couldn't find any voice to ask,

and as I couldn't have used my voice had it been where Lincoln slept the night before he made the Gettysburg speech, I kept silent. The Illustrator, seeing my distress, became not certain that it was the Wills house, and suggested that we ask in the dining-room.

We were late, and had most of the young men and women attendants to ourselves. The girls wore high white-kid boots, but not one of them knew of the famous house in their own square which had sheltered the greatest of our Presidents. They had not heard that it was the house of David Wills, who had first urged that Gettysburg be made a national cemetery. I didn't expect any one to know it who lived as far away as New Oxford. I wasn't so sure of it myself before I bought the *S. H. of the U. S.*, but these people make their living out of these facts.

One young waiter did offer a decent enough excuse—he said he came from Dalmatia. This interested the Illustrator, who has always wanted to take me there, and the respect he feels for the traveler came into his eyes. He remarked that it was a long way off.

"Thirty-seven miles," assented the wanderer.

"I meant the Dalmatia of Europe," said W——, very coldly, not looking at me.

The young man gathered up my stewed cherries. "I heard there was another one."

The three days' battling at Gettysburg is a very involved piece of mathematics. W—— had breakfasted upstairs under the pretense that he would feed Toby his wheat-cakes, but really that he might concentrate on the topographical map of Gettysburg. When I entered he had a huge one spread over the counterpane, and he was crying aloud, "Here is the hotel, and here am I facing Chambersburg Pike."

I laughed then, but I have been more sympathetic within the last three hours. Immediately after breakfast to-day I announced violently that I was going to consult the maps and write of Gettysburg, and no one was to ask me, "What's for dinner?" Since then I have called in to the Illustrator a number of times, the last announcement to the effect that I can't get the thing straight unless I observe the map while standing on my head. He said if I would lie on the floor and hold the map horizontally above me I would arrive at the same result and not attract so much attention if any one dropped in. You see, he is always afraid of causing talk.

Packing the patient guide, Mr. Sneed, in with us, we drove through the town toward this pike of the Illustrator's discovery, and, halting on a beautiful government road placarded with Don'ts, called McPherson's Ridge, our guide started in with a flow of statistics that set our brains whirling. We could only limp along behind him, a few words to the rear, as one does when listening to a language foreign to him. You could see our poor lips, as he rolled off generals, forming, "Yankee general—Confederate general—Confederate general—no, no, Yankee," until the history of the first day's battle was over. He then grasped the shallowness of our minds, for, after the pause which followed his really graphic description, a small voice emanating from me asked, "And where were you, Mr. Sneed?" He probably classed us after that as the human-document type and told us whatever we wished to know, not of history, but of his own boyhood recollections.

We drove about among the five hundred memorial shafts and the one thousand tablets which mark the battlefields along the ridges and in the plains. Some of the marbles were very badly executed. But the general effect was stupefying, and there was no scribbling of names upon the surfaces, as I have seen on many a foreign memorial. W—— was very touched over his Minnesota regiment that lost eighty per cent. of its men, and I found a tablet to the twenty-seventh Indiana, whose colors never fell to the ground, though it cost many a good man. What a waste of soldiers by this drawing of the enemy's fire! To-day's warfare is more economic in the avoidance of their flags.

We left Gettysburg by the Emmitsburg Road, past the Peach Orchard, the Wheatfield, and on through fields of grain. I could not understand, on that first day of battle-fields, why these sim-

ple names that had to do with farmlands were so much more dramatic in their titles than the Valley of Death, the Bloody Angle, or the Slaughter Pen, but I arrived at something like a conclusion later, which is pretty far for me to go.

W—— asked me if I thought I could do justice to the scene, and the point is, I haven't tried. It has been well done by the able ones. It was Lincoln, with his exquisite modesty, who said, "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

A few miles along the Emmitsburg Road W—— shouted, "There it is!" and he fell out of the car to photograph a very inconsequential sign, considering the trouble it has caused, marking the Mason and Dixon Line. I don't suppose either Mason or Dixon ever thought when they engineered this strip marking the division between the North and the South that they should form a combination stronger than any dance team known to Broadway or the world.

W—— began singing "Maryland, My Maryland," which is anybody's privilege who knows the tune, but was particularly stirring to W——, as we were on our way to "Uncle Charlie's." When the Illustrator is in New England he belongs to his father's rock-ribbed race, and upon approaching the South he goes over to his mother's people. I would not say he chose this route that he might visit the old homes of his kin, but he had talked a good deal about Emmitsburg, and kept hoping I would have room to "get it in."

We turned off the highway to go to "Uncle Charlie's," following an avenue of huge pear-trees out for Easter that must have been centuries old. It was good enough for the approach to Elsie Dinsmore's house, and I feared I was going to discover something better than hers right at the start. Fortunately, for I did not wish to find my quest so easy, the house on the estate—San Marino it is called—had too many gables for Elsie, who, I feel, lived in a mansion with a flatter roof. There were picturesque quarters for the house slaves, though, and a block where they were sold. There were daffodils growing in the lawn encircling the homestead, and there was a host much more cordial to strangers than Elsie Dinsmore's stern father would ever have been.

Stung by the social bee, we could not stop visiting, but halted at the next estate on the flimsy excuse of admiring the architecture. A black dog did not care for us, but a white gentleman of discernment restrained him.

He led us into the house, and we sat down in a room where we were told a ghost spent many a quiet evening in company with the present family. The ghost is the refugee who came out at the time of the French Revolution, built the house after the fashion of his old manor near Clairvaux, named it after the town, and lived to an extraordinary old age, dropping dead about where I was sitting.

"I really don't know why he should be dissatisfied," said the gentleman whom we were outrageously visiting.

"Do you see the ghost?" I asked, hoping he did and hoping he didn't.

"No; our old black man sees him, but I can often hear him sitting down and getting up—he creaks a bit. I have placed that chair for him—the one you're in."

I got up, because it was time to get up—the Illustrator would have stayed forever—and I went out, looking backward at some darling old chairs whose legs sloped fore and aft, a model we found only in this neighborhood. We walked toward the car after W—— had finished his sketch, trying not to step on the blue periwinkles (Do periwinkles sound like fish to any one else?), and in parting I went back to the ghost subject, wondering if the old marquis could be unhappy over the present owner's sympathies in the war. Strange how we cannot get away from this great fight! But our host was as French in his leanings as the gables of his house. W—— suggested that it might be the method of warfare that disturbed the old fellow.

"That may be it," assented the chatelain—but casually; he was not tempestuous. He came from the newspaper world, and, having created sensations, knew their emptiness. "You saw Gettysburg—that was the warfare of the French Revolution—'up to date' they might have said. But this of to-day is a re-

turn to the Middle Ages. The liquid fire in present usage is the molten lead of that earlier period. The Arab at the front is right: let them fight man to man, and it would soon be over."

The Illustrator and I agreed, when we were on our way, that we would not stop anywhere else even if we were asked to supper. And we only did stop once to photograph a very good old house. We did not enter the gates, although with every cordial intention a cornetist somewhere within was blowing to us, "Whosoever will may come."

The only thing that surprised us about the day was the magnificence of the road, and this but added to our cup of happiness. And so, frivolously, we came to Frederick—the Frederick of clean streets, fine houses, a dashing stream, and Barbara Fritchie. I never thought, in my young days, when, magnificently impersonating Mrs. Fritchie, I attacked Stonewall Jackson so hard that one small boy burst into screams, that I should ever discredit the story of Barbara. I never thought, when a girl, that I should ever go to Frederick at all.

The young clerk at the desk of the pleasant hotel was very dubious about giving us two rooms after he had read our names. I didn't know why until W—— went down to protest against the two walled-up interiors which were apportioned us. The clerk was frank with the Illustrator. He said when married couples came to the hotel in the busy season he could allow them but one room.

"Yes, but if they are willing to pay more?" queried W——, weakly.

"No," from the young man, who was an upholder of Jeffersonian simplicity; "one is enough."

Some one will write me a letter to say Maryland is not South, that it never seceded from the Union, many of the natives did not believe in slavery, and most of the men fought for the North. But I say that there was a buzzard after the Mason and Dixon line, a Southern accent at Emmitsburg, hospitality at "Uncle Charlie's," and colored waiters at Frederick. More than this, I have delayed long enough writing of the Old Dominion, and it begins "right hyar."

From our new rooms on a pleasant court I could see the guests in the hotel dining-room. Many of Frederick who had given their maids a night off, a pleasant innovation from the old "go out in the pantry and get a bite if you're hungry" arrangement for Sunday supper. They were having a good time and weren't ashamed to show it. There is no muzzle to spontaneity in the South. I think they are more like the French than any other people.

And the women are like Frenchwomen. One doubts if they have the executive ability of the Gallic woman, but then no other race possesses that. I can remember the impoverished Southern ladies who came up North to visit us when I was a little girl, and that oft-repeated phrase "Befo' the wah I nevah buttoned mah shoes." They probably didn't, but "the thing is," as a friend of mine says, they did button them when they had to. With the self-denial which the "frivolous" Frenchwoman is showing now, the "frivolous" Southerner did without servants to button shoes—and shoes—and, as time went on, buttons. In the terrible days of reconstruction when a Lincoln was so needed, they continued to permit themselves no luxuries beyond the luxury of talking of the past. Even to their own undoing they held to a fierce partisanship which, in some heroic way, rendered a meal a mere fashion to be done away with, like an extra flounce on a gown.

It was all very sweetly old-fashioned this Easter night, and old songs like "Nita, Juanita" came into my mind, and "Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve," which my mother used to sing. I remember her very softly picking them out on the piano at the old Palmer House in Chicago when we went there to see the world, and my looking about, hoping that some one was admiring us. We had been out on a shopping expedition that morning and she had looked at plaid cloth for my new pelisse (it was a revival of the pelisse I want one to know). She could not decide, for the cost was terrifying to her, and she finally said, with that assumption of ease which deceives no one:

"I fear it is too dark for my little girl."

Then the city clerk exclaimed aloud,

but endeavored to conceal his exclamation, uttering, "Is it possible that this little girl is not your sister, ma'am?"

"I think I'll take that goods," replied my pretty mother.

Telling these things is the best description I can give of Frederick—which is no description at all, but the sensation continued throughout the next busy morning. The day began with a large, gray cat jumping on Toby in the most inhospitable fashion as we passed through the lobby to go discovering. Several old ladies who were in the office —refined village loungers—gathered up their skirts and screamed, while the colored bell-boys, enjoying themselves to the limit, made tardy efforts to remove her claws from Toby's inviting long hair.

I led him up to some little boys with a view to distracting him, while the Illustrator darted down a wiggly road with a stream crossing it and a mill beyond. As soon as W—— decides upon a composition I try very hard to find something about the view to justify his sketching it beyond his natural wilfulness.

I was in hopes his choice concerned Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Fritchie, but the boys gave me no encouragement. They were playing in a gay green square opening off the main street. On one side was the stream which was slipping stealthily past the Illustrator that it might flow through the village and see the sights. I told the boys that I knew they had all the rightful information about Barbara Fritchie, as I could see they were Scouts. And while they were not Scouts, they rose to the compliment and escorted me to the other side of the bridge. Here a tablet read that her house had once stood upon this perilous point, directly over the water. So I assume that it had been washed away and the stream is given wider bounds that it might not drown more of historic Frederick.

It was very disconcerting to have the house on the down-town side of the creek, for Stonewall Jackson could not possibly have come "up from the meadows rich with corn" by way of the Illustrator's watery lane and on toward Harper's Ferry if the Fritchie story was true. I importuned a chemist for further data.

It was very interesting to notice the skill with which he skated over the thin ice of Barbara's story. Out of loyalty he wouldn't deny it, and, like Shaw's poet in his play, he "wallowed in the honor of a gentleman." He employed a certain deftness in leading one away from the subject to truths which are not questioned. At least they are questioned only by the government that has been trying ever since the Civil War to avoid paying Frederick two hundred thousand dollars and interest.

Frederick was sympathetic with the North, and took pride in the great Union stores in their keeping. They were stacked up, I believe, in the old Baltimore & Ohio freight-depot which is still standing, and, speaking of relics, is the oldest railway station in the world. Some one came dashing in on horseback one night, urging that the stores be hidden, for General Early was raiding through the country *en route* to an attack upon Washington. The citizens hurried away by train the rations for man and beast, and by the time Early arrived, confident of food and fodder, he found the depot empty. Enraged at this, he threatened to destroy the town if the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was not paid him with which to buy other stores, and the good townsfolk borrowed the money from the banks to save the city. But this so delayed Early that his effort to reach Washington was of little value, and I do think it's horrid of Congress not to pay Frederick that money.

The enchanting middle-aged chemist believed that I had forgotten all about Barbara, so indignant was I over the shabby treatment of the town. And I might have forgotten had not a very trim type of corner drug-store patron egged me on again. I noticed him when I came in. He had already taken his "morning's morning," and was teetering about in a very dignified fashion while he talked over our position in this present war. Rather, his companion talked and he disapproved, repeating at steady intervals, "Ain't we a powah?" until his companion settled the matter by saying, "No, we ain't a power," after which the trim non-abstainer turned to me.

It was he who suggested my going to

the printer's. The printer knew All, and while All might cause a good deal of uneasiness if it were applied to some historic characters, I had no qualms about Mrs. Fritchie. But the printer was of a type (typographically speaking) new to me. He did not work on Easter Monday—nor would he let his machinery. Everything was as secretive about the establishment as Barbara's washed-away house.

I started for the Illustrator, for, no matter how inefficient we feel each other to be, we always flock together when things look blue. Toby and I approached from the other side the stream by the busy old mill which didn't know about Easter Monday. The wagons go through the water, "also the Fords, but no automobiles," I was told, and there is a tiny suspension-bridge, swaying like a trapeze, for foot-passengers, over which Toby had to be teased. "A brave dog," I told him, "can't swing on a trapeze."

To offset this cowardice he growled at a rooster which was crowing at us on a fence because the Illustrator had already gone and I couldn't find out All about Barbara Fritchie. An old gentleman in the back yard chided him for crowing, while I chided Toby for growling, and in that way we became friendly. He was weeding the garden, but he had words to assure me that the suspension-bridge had been there in war-times—"sure pop"—for, though a little chap, he was there himself.

"Yes, *ma'am*, stood on it to watch the soldiers wade through the water. The town was full of 'em, Yanks and Rebs, all the time."

I sighed. I was glad he stood on the bridge—at midnight—or whenever it was. And I tried not to wish that it had been Stonewall Jackson standing there instead. There was a reward for my abstemious wishing. "Yes, *ma'am*," continued the old gentleman, shaking the dirt out of a weed. "Saw General Jackson pass." He threw the weed in one corner of the yard just as though he had said nothing at all.

I put my toe in a knot-hole of the fence and climbed higher. "General Jackson," I told him, "must have come down Main Street or he couldn't have passed Barbara Fritchie's house."

"Forded his hoss right through thet air water"—throwing another weed—"his colyum a-streamin' after him. Off to Harper's Ferry, 'n' from there to Antietam."

"My goodness gracious, *no!*"

"Sure pop. You ask the cobbler's wife."

"Cobbler's wife?"

"First turn to the right and on till you see the cobbler's. You ask her."

I hated to leave that lovely man who could bring so much joy into a life while pulling weeds, but I did so want to meet the cobbler's wife. Toby and I flew around to the right. I warned him nervously: "Behave yourself, now. Everything depends upon our behavior," and he did conduct himself with the greatest decorum. If I do say it, Toby is the dog for a crisis.

I fear they were about to have dinner in the back room, for the shoemaker had left his bench, and his tools were laid out as neatly as a lady's manicure set. But they came out from the back room, and he and she and their daughter and I all shook hands, while a growing-up grandchild who was hungry looked unutterables at me from a distance.

"Well," said the gentle old lady, with the twist of a smile and brown eyes that still embraced the world, "I guess I can tell it." She smoothed her dress down over her knees. "I hardly know how to begin."

"Barbara Fritchie—" I encouraged.

"That was wrong," assisted the old gentleman. "She was in bed."

"We think it might be politics that got her name in," aided the daughter.

Politics! Shades of Jeanne d'Arc! Catharine de' Medici! Diane de Poitiers!

"You see that house across the way?" the mother started again. I did; it wasn't very pretty, but it was old. "It was just that way exceptin' that it had a railing across the steps when Mrs. Quantrille lived there."

"Mrs. Quantrille?" As the Illustrator would say—perfectly new stuff.

"Yessum. The one that had the flag. I was in her household then. Her husband worked in Washington. She was a mighty smart woman and a right handsome one. Everybody'd kinda

look at her on the street. Yessum. And she was a Northerner, but we were all kinds in Frederick."

"I fought with the South," said the shoemaker.

"He did," continued his wife, "and my brothers fought for the North. The two armies used to come raidin' through the town, and pickin' each other off right in the street sometimes."

"Would you be scared?" I probed.

"Scared? Why I'd be that scared I couldn't tell the colors of the uniforms. Thought I saw my brothers in the front yard, and they were Rebs. But they never hurt women, neither side."

"No, nobody ever hurt women in those days," said the old soldier.

"But us girls used to have good times with both sides. We'd joke an' laugh with the Rebs, and they'd say they would come back and marry us, and while that would make us hoppin' mad, some of 'em did come back and marry us." The old, old lady and the old, old gentleman smiled at each other.

"This ain't tellin' her about the flag," insinuated the husband.

"No, 'tain't. Daughter, run up and get that picture of Mrs. Quantrille. You know, ma'am, we always felt a battle ahead, and when the orders came from Lee for General Jackson—there didn't many call him Stonewall then—to march his troops through the town to seize Harper's Ferry, we felt something in our bones. He came by way of that creek."

"Not past Mrs. Fritchie's house?"

"No'm, just this side of it. We were all on the stoop watchin' for Mr. Jackson, who, we had heard, always rode with a Bible under his arm. There was a good deal of delay along the road, because, you know, ma'am, they waited for the commissary. The Confederate band was playin' down at the drugstore, and it was Hill, D. H. Hill—there were two in this corps—who sent for the musicians to serenade Mrs. Quantrille and us girls. He had reined his horse alongside of us and we were all cutting up.

"All this time Mrs. Quantrille had a little Union flag in her hands. It's the rule when an army comes through a town that only the flag of the army is shown, so I reckon hers was about the only one flying. Mrs. Fritchie was a very old lady and was sick in bed that day."

"But didn't anybody protest about it?"

"Well, Mr. Hill said, 'Madam, you ought to take that flag of yours and make an apron of it,' but quick as a flash she came back, 'You ought to take yours, sir, and make breeches out of it.' They were terribly ragged, that corps.

"Then Hill rode on, and no sooner had he gone than one of the privates, gettin' into line, stabbed it with his bayonet, and used some language that wasn't very nice. Mrs. Quantrille was as perky as you please. She made a fuss about it, and said the man ought to be arrested for rudeness to a lady. So one of the officers rode on ahead and said he'd see to it. Southern gentlemen were very particular about language before a lady. I don't suppose anything was ever done, because there was a good deal to think about just before a battle.

"But Mrs. Quantrille said, 'Girls, have any of you got a flag?' We used to all carry Union flags in the bosom of our basques, and May went into the hall and took hers out. So by the time General Jackson came along she was waving one again. He never said a word that I can remember, and we were all so excited bowin' to him that we had to laugh afterward because we forgot to look for his Bible. Yessum, we did.

"It was the other Hill of Jackson's division—I always call him the Hill on the cream-colored horse—who brought up the rear. And he said to Mrs. Quantrille, 'You ought to be shot for wavin' that flag.' His pistol was out of its holster, but he didn't shoot her. And Mrs. Quantrille, who always had the last word, said, 'You'll be the one to be shot.' It seemed a kind of a prophecy, for he was killed. But then a good many was. And after that another soldier, encouraged by what Hill said, I reckon, cut the second flag out of her hand and trampled on it. So if the poet had got it right, he'd have had two flags torn down."

"So that," I said, "is the story of Barbara Fritchie."

"Yessum. They say people who write just naturally can't tell the truth—excuse me."

"Money," said the shoemaker.

"Politics," insisted the daughter, who had come back with the photograph.

"Romance," I suggested, not daring to urge "artistry."

Toby and I walked up the street, going very uneasily toward Barbara Fritchie's tablet. I felt as though I had been taking finger-prints on a flag-staff.

From a distance I heard the beating of drums and the sound of fifes. I thought the martial music had got into my brain along with the spell of the story, and that I must be dreaming. But the beat grew more insistent, and I abandoned the search for the Illustrator in the good old search for the band. I looked down the little lane where Jackson's men had marched, and there, to my chilling horror, saw an oncoming army. Over the swaying suspension-bridge they marched, not the stalwart boys of Jackson's division, but a little company of little darkies. The only resemblance was the fife and drum and the ragged condition of the corps. They bore two banners, one to announce a baseball game that afternoon, and the other a painted notice in uncertain lettering which read, "Dance Up Tonight."

But a drum is a drum, for all that. On they swept through the town, passing Barbara Fritchie's tablet out of compliment to the good lady. A yellow dog followed them proudly, and behind the yellow dog came a West Highland terrier, and a beautiful woman with prematurely gray hair—who shall be nameless.

On and on we marched as gay as linnets, until a certain roadster drew up alongside and the voice of the commander cried, "Halt!" I spoke to him sternly:

"'Who touches a hair of my gray head'

"'Dies like a dog.' Get in," he said.

And Toby and I, under the Old Dominion of the stronger sex, motored on to Antietam.

Long Ago

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

AH, once your quiet eyes were calm and deep
And wistful with much dreaming. Long ago
Your solemn lips, so innocent of woe
And delicately parted, seemed to keep
Faint musings with themselves, and murmured low;
But that was long ago.

And I, who saw and loved you from afar,
Prayed a hushed prayer, the first I ever prayed,
That God might keep you safe; and unafraid
I looked up through the night at my one star,
Moving mysteriously and bright-arrayed.
And silently I prayed.

While you passed singing tenderly and low,
Wandering through life's meadows with slow tread,
Death laid his kiss on your beloved head;
But that was long ago.

The Pearl

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE cousins were going round from Pittsburg to St. Louis on their uncle's boat in the spring of the year sixty years ago, and the boat was expected to get in early in the afternoon. The weather was already warm, and the scent of the young willows in blossom along the shores blew in at the open doors and lattices of the texas, where the cousins were putting on their summer clothes. Their youth, and their community of hope, and their uncertainty of the future made them friends; otherwise, except that they had nothing against each other, there was nothing but their cousinship to unite them. One had thought he was going to be a painter, but under correction of a business father he now thought not. From time to time he made some sketches which surprised one of the others, but which he did not much care for himself. This other, who was not akin to him, but only to his cousin, had never seen anybody sketching before; he was intensely, almost bitterly, literary; he was going to be an author, and above all he was going to be a poet. His cousin did not know quite what he was going to be, but he was going to be rich, though certainly not by favor of the river life, for the good reason that his father and his father's three brothers and brothers-in-law had all prospered in that life.

What united the cousins at the beginning was their common doubt whether putting them up in the texas was not a flaw in the hospitality of the uncle who had asked them to be his guests for the trip to St. Louis and back. His hospitality would have been perfecter if he had welcomed them, like paying passengers, to staterooms in the long, shining sweep of the grand saloon below. It was all right to be quartered with the upper officers; they could well be proud to be of the company of the captain and the two pilots and the two boat's clerks in the texas; but the mates, the watchmen? Before they could put their misgiving into words, or make any overt sign of it to one another, they suddenly found themselves more than satisfied to be in the texas, which rose from the hurricane-deck above the long saloon just aft of the pilot-house. They now realized that it was a distinction to be in the texas, white, clean, and cool, an obvious mystery to the young lady passengers, drifting by in their promenade of the hurricane deck and throwing respectful glances in at the lattice doors.

The cousins ate at the great table in the saloon not far from the captain and whichever pilot was off watch; and in their quarters they had almost the sole use of a cabin-boy. He was the captain's special boy, and was supposed to be the best cabin-boy on the boat. In the nature of his calling he would have been black, and he might really have been black in everything but his complexion, which was white. He served the cousins, and, whether he was black or not, they liked him without much thought, if any, of his personal or social quality. He was Jim, and when they wanted him they called for him by that name, but mostly they preferred to do without his help.

They had now got their summer clothes out of the valises which held these as their sole change, and laid them on the backs of chairs in the little cabin which they used as a common dressing-room. Their clothes were all of the white linen which men wore in those days, but the cousin who was going to be a poet was from a country town, and he felt a difference in the make of his coat and trousers from that of the other cousins' clothes when he saw them together; he had said he would change in his state-room, and he took his things

back there. The cousin who was not now going to be a painter did not mind the comparison challenged by the clothes of the cousin who was going to be rich. He sat, delaying his change and making idle studies of this cousin, who had begun by clothing himself like one who was rich already. He was going to put on shoes of patent leather, and a pleated shirt, and trousers of snowy drilling, and a coat of snowy duck, and above all he was going to wear a blue-silk neckerchief, with a violin-shaped scarf-pin of fine gold set with a precious stone, which he said had cost fifteen dollars.

While he dressed he buzzed softly through his teeth as well as his talking would allow, and the intending poet, where he sat with a book in his state-room, involuntarily followed the different events as his cousin advanced from one garment to another. He knew when his cousin was pulling up and buttoning his trousers, and when he was buttoning his collar before the glass. He had a mounting interest in the events, from the gaiety of the buzzing and the blitheness of the talk; till all at once both stopped, and he heard his cousin call out in a note of conditional grief:

"Why, look here, Lorry; where's my scarf?"

"You had it last, Dan, didn't you?" the cousin who was with him asked, placidly.

"Yes, I did; and I hung it here with my other things on the back of this chair."

"It must be there yet, then," Lorry suggested.

"No; it isn't," Dan returned.

"Then you didn't put it there."

"I believe in my heart I didn't." The intending poet followed from his place his cousin's rush to his state-room; his quick, noisy search, and his swift return. "Well, I *did*. What do you suppose has become of it?"

"I should say I stole it," Lorry answered, with the effect of wishing to help in any way he could.

Dan ignored him. "Look here, Stephen!" he called to the intending poet. "I wish you'd come out here." Stephen West appeared, dreamy-eyed, with his finger between the pages of his book, and Dan hurried on. "I've lost my necktie with that fifteen-dollar pin of mine in it. I brought it out with my other things, before I began to dress here, and put it on the back of this chair here, and now—it's gone. Where did you put your things when you brought them out here first?"

Stephen pulled himself up out of the poem he had been reading. "I don't know," he began, hazily.

"Well, now look here," Dan cheered himself on. "We've all had our things out here, and got them mixed up more than once. Suppose we all go into our rooms and give a good look, and see if we can find it anywhere. Very likely I didn't bring it out, as you say, Lorry." He turned from Stephen with his appeal. He was serious, almost tragical, and the others said, each in his way:

"Why, of course, Dan," and went to make the search.

They came from different quarters when they came back, and their looks confirmed their failure. "Well, what ought I to do, boys?" the owner of the pin lamented.

"You might search us," Lorry proposed.

"I'll tell you what," Dan plaintively ignored him. "I don't like to suggest it, but I don't see what we can do now except to get Jim in here and ask him."

"Accuse him?" Stephen said.

"No; just ask him if he's seen it."

"That will be the same as telling him he's taken it," Lorry said.

"I don't think so," Dan argued. "Did I tell you fellows you'd taken it when I asked if you'd seen it?"

"Well," Lorry teased, "you hinted as much."

"Did I, Stephen?"

"I don't think I noticed. I shouldn't have dreamed of your suspecting me."

"Oh, have Jim in! I don't suppose even such a pale black has got any feelings that a white man is bound to respect." Lorry parodied a phrase that had lately come in from a decision of the Supreme Court.

Dan went to the inner door, and called into the corridor. "Jim, I wish you'd come here a minute."

Jim came smiling, but anxiously smiling.

"Oh!" Dan began. "I was just wondering if you'd happened to see anything of my blue tie—with my pin in it. I thought I brought it and put it on the chair here with my other things."

The smile faded out of Jim's anxiety. "No, Mister Dan. I ha'n't seen it at all."

"You know the pin I mean?"

"Oh yes, I know that pin."

"And you haven't seen it this morning, anywhere?"

"No, Mr. Dan. Why—why—my Lord! You don't think I *took* it, do you, Mr. Dan?"

"Did I say you did?" Dan's anger flamed up. "Well, that's all. Go along." The cabin-boy shrank out; Lorry snickered, and Dan turned upon him. "Well, I hope you're satisfied, now. He took that pin as plain as day, and if it hadn't been for you, there, with your dog-gone doubts, I'd have had it out of him. Oh, well, let it go!"

They started upon an argument of the case, which lasted a long time. At the end Dan borrowed a tie from Lorry, and finished dressing. Stephen tried at first to read where they were arguing, and then he recollected himself sufficiently to go back into his state-room and read there. Through the Tennysonian cadences of his book he was aware of their disputing voices; once he saw the cabin-boy pass his inner door; he seemed to have been crying; the watchman went by his outer door, and looked hesitatingly in at Stephen where he sat hunched over on a camp-stool, with his valise between his feet; he had pulled it up from under his berth when he opened it to look if he might have happened to put Dan's tie into it.

He had got to the end of "Morte d'Arthur," and had sweet in his sense the music of the line,

> And on the ear their wailing died away,

when he heard his cousin calling him.

"Stephen! Oh, Stephen! Come in here a minute, will you?"

Stephen went, purblindly stumbling in where Dan and Lorry seemed at the close of a useless debate.

"Look here," his cousin said. "I don't want to leave Jim under suspicion. I know he took my pin, but I want to give him the benefit of the doubt, and what I say now is, let's all go and give another *good* look among our things. It's so easy getting the tie mixed up with them. You go into your room and I'll go into mine, and we'll try to see if we can't find it. If we can't, all right; only I think we ought to tell uncle about Jim."

"I don't believe he's got your pin," Stephen said, "and I'm certainly willing to look again. Suppose you both come and help me look, and make perfectly sure."

"That's a good idea! We'll all help one another," Dan said.

Stephen went first, and the other cousins followed him. "All my things except what I have on are in this bag," he said, as he lifted the old-fashioned oil-cloth sack, lank still, with his whole wardrobe in it, and set it on his berth.

He somewhat fiercely pulled its frog-mouth open, and showed the tie with the pin in it lying on the top of his few clothes. All life seemed to stop with a jolt.

None of them said anything for a moment. Then Dan leaned over and took up his tie. "Well, I'm glad we found it at last," he said, but they did not look at one another. Dan went out with Lorry, and put on his own tie. Stephen remained, where he had sunk on his camp-stool, till Dan came back fully clothed, and said, "Of course Jim slipped in here, while we were talking, and put it into your bag."

"He must have," Stephen said.

"That's what I think, and that's what Lorry thinks. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Only—"

"Why, look here, Stephen! You don't suppose I think, or Lorry thinks—"

"Oh, no! But if I were among strangers and had been found with stolen property—"

"Well, you're *not* among strangers. Lorry's my cousin if he isn't yours, and we're all the same as one family. Get on your things quick, now, and let's go and see them bring her in. But look out you don't speak to the captain while he's forward making motions to the pilot!" Dan laughed for pleasure in

the impossible notion. He glanced into the little mirror over Stephen's dejected head, and pressed the tie farther into the pleated bosom of his shirt with joy in the touch of it. "Hurry up, now!"

In the gaiety of the bright air outside, Stephen did not feel so sick, physically and spiritually, but the nightmare thing that had happened lurked in his consciousness and haunted him through all that was passing. His uncle's fierce intensity in making a safe landing, and his way of turning upon an ill-advised passenger who offered him an untimely pleasantry, sickened him again. A girl in a green-silk dress and a tilting hoop-skirt, who stood about twisting her parasol on her shoulder, did not distract him, though he was nineteen and instantly in love with such looks as hers whenever he saw them.

The boat lay a week at St. Louis before she got a return freight for Pittsburg, and the cousins gave themselves to a tireless exploration of the city, from the thronged and burdened levee, with its row of old stone houses of the French time at top, to every farthest limit of the actual American prosperity beyond. They drank as much soda-water and ate as many ice-creams as they had money for; and under their favoring influences Stephen's nightmare lifted. But one night after they saw an actor, then almost as young as themselves, in "Richard III.," the pangs of that guilty wretch's conscience as Edwin Booth proclaimed them in waking from his midnight dream, brought Stephen's trouble back again, and he stumbled heavily under it through the soft darkness to the boat with the other cousins.

The other cousins seemed to have quite forgotten. Dan wore his blue tie and pin every day, and Lorry made some studies of the old French houses which Stephen easily identified with the originals. It would have been a time of perfect happiness if it had not been for that strange thing, which still did not constantly obsess the boy with its dreadfulness. From time to time he figured its having chanced among people who did not know him, and then his fancy painted the circumstances of shame and horror, the court and the prison, with sickening vividness. In these moments he was humbly grateful to his comrades, though he kept his gratitude and his humility silent with his misery. He had other moments, of defiant innocence, when the sense of what he was and had always been emboldened him to defy all doubt, and to reject all acquittal which did not treat the thing as if it had not been, which did not go behind it and forbid it. It was not till looking back at it after years that he realized how beautiful and delicate the behavior of the others was. They were boys like himself, ignorant and inexperienced, without chivalrous ideals; but nothing in those "Idyls of the King," which he was reading, could surpass the gentle chivalry of their tacit faith in him.

He believed, as they did, that the cabin-boy had stolen the scarf with the pin, and while they were talking together had slipped into his room and put them into his bag. They had not been there when he first looked, and when he looked the second time they were there; he could not tell how unless it was by the boy's act. He thought that Jim would leave the boat at St. Louis, and he hoped that his doubt of him would have this confirmation; but Jim did not leave, and when the boat started on her return trip he was there on duty in the texas, as before.

The sore place in Stephen's soul, which was not always sore, which was perhaps not even often sore, began to cicatrize, to callous, even in the fortnight that followed. If he laid his touch on the place, the sore would burn and beat, but he could keep himself from touching it.

The night before the boat got into Pittsburg Stephen suddenly could not bear it. He heard Jim stealthily passing his inner door, and he called to him.

"Jim, come in here a moment, won't you?"

The boy stopped, and after a pause put his head in at the open door. "Yes, Mr. Stephen."

"Jim," Stephen began again, "I want you to tell me the truth; I won't do anything to you. Did you put Dan's scarf and pin into my bag?"

"No, Mr. Stephen. As sure as there's a living God, I didn't; I hope I may

die; I hope He may strike me dead this minute, if I done it."

After a moment, Stephen said: "That's all. I believe you, Jim. Good night."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stephen! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Oh, all right, Jim. I knew you didn't do it."

The boy went out, and Stephen drew the sheet up over his head.

In the morning everything was different. He went home with his cousin, and had a glad visit there, in the glory of their travels; and after a week he went on to the little town where he lived.

He lived afterward in larger towns and famous cities, and, as the years passed, by operation of that law which enables us to endure the remembrance of what we have done and suffered, and which will doubtless strengthen us to support it through eternity, he grew indifferent to his experience. He even became rather proud of it as something unique; he liked telling it, though he saw that it did not greatly interest people; that they did not even get his point of view; that they hastened to try matching it from their own experience with something not at all equivalent.

"But I have always thought," he would say, "how, if it had happened to me among strangers—"

"Oh, yes—yes," they would consent. "*That*, of course."

It seemed to him at last that once a listener passed from indifference, and, however delicately, evinced a certain compassion for him as the prey of a guilty conscience, as a sinner who was trying for the help of others in disowning his sin.

He recoiled in horror, and quite ceased to speak of the incident which still, from time to time, recurred to him in lasting baffle. Many years afterward he met his cousin; the kind, gay Lorry had died, and from speaking of him they recurred to their trip on the river, and Stephen could not help touching upon that place in his memory where this fact of the theft always lurked.

"You never found out anything about that pin of yours which I stole?" he asked with forced irony.

Dan at first humored his joke; then he said, gravely, "I always believed Jim took it and slipped it into your bag while we were talking."

"I never did," Stephen maintained stiffly.

"Well, then, who do you think did do it?"

"The evidence was all against *me*."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Steve! You're morbid. Have you been letting that thing bedevil you all these years? Forget it!"

"I can't. I don't mind it, except when I think of it; that is, I'm not always conscious of it."

"Why, but look here, Steve! If you'd taken it, would you have put it into the mouth of your bag, like Benjamin's cup, and then have opened the bag before us to show us it wasn't there?"

"That's the one point in my favor. But you might say that was a bluff."

Stephen spoke without feeling, and he listened with apathy while his cousin argued the question academically with him. "I can understand how it is with you," Dan ended, with a psychological reach impredicable of him. "Every one of us has a grain of sand in him that keeps him a kind of a sick oyster. He coats it over with his juice and hides it away in his shell somewhere; and that's what turns into a pearl, they say; I mean in a *real* oyster."

"The pearl of great price," West commented, bitterly.

"Why, yes, you may call it that. It costs a man his peace, but it keeps him merciful to others. Why, if a man had nothing on his conscience, he'd be a perfect devil."

"And you mean that I've got stealing your pin on my conscience?"

"Ah, there you go again! As sure as there's a God in heaven I never doubted you a second, because you were *you*. You just *couldn't* have. Will that do you?"

"It must. I don't feel my pearl all the time; I only know it's there when I feel round for it. Thank you, Dan."

They were parting, and they took each other's hands. Dan put his left arm on his cousin's shoulder, and pulled him affectionately toward him. "Good-by, you old sick oyster! Don't feel round for your pearl, and then it won't be there."

Philip's "Furnis Man"

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

MISS ANITA HOLLOWAY rested her arms inelegantly on her breakfast-tray and frowned down at the silver coffee-pot, the cream-pitcher, the two slices of toast, and the pile of letters that met her weary glance. She was twenty-four. A loving but candid friend had once said of her that she looked twenty when she was interested, and thirty when she was bored. She was not interested now. Another day had begun, and there was every prospect that it would be very much like the seventy-eight days which had followed her reluctant return to New York from her big house in the country. She had been bored there, but not oppressively; she was oppressively bored in town, and she fiercely resented the fact.

In twenty minutes her masseuse would arrive, and the strenuous hour of this young person's visit would be succeeded by the attentions of a maid, who might or might not arouse the momentary interest attending the building of a new style of coiffure on the head of her mistress. After that there would be the nuisance of getting dressed, Anita reflected gloomily; and then a luncheon, at which eight or ten women would gabble, none listening to any of the others. At five she must go to Harriet Mason's tea, "to meet" a person she had not the slightest desire to meet; and she must get away from that in time to dress for a seven-o'clock dinner, followed by a play concerning which she had heard the most depressing reports.

As to the mail, she knew before she opened her letters about what they contained: An appeal in behalf of the Polish fund; an appeal in behalf of the Servian fund; an almost tearful plea from a local charity organization not to forget the deserving poor at home; three invitations to dinners; five or six invitations to luncheons; four requests that she be a patroness of entertainments for worthy ends, and buy half a dozen tickets at five dollars each; one or two casual notes from women friends as blasé as herself; several notes from uninteresting men, inviting her to see the Russian dancers, when—as Miss Holloway reflected with increasing gloom—one should see those Russian dancers with interesting men or one should not see them at all.

She opened her letters. They realized her darkest forebodings. But at the bottom of the heap, almost hidden under the rim of her plate, was a tiny envelope, addressed in sprawling, printed letters; and at the sight of this the charming but cold face of Miss Holloway warmed and brightened as if touched by a sudden beam from the sun of romance. She tore open the envelope, swept an eye past a line of white ducks in frenzied flight across the top of a blue page, and read the words below:

DERE AUNT NITA: Mother says I can Ask just the Ones I want for my burthday Partie it is Thursday so I want You. Mother says Tell you the Rest so it is Jim who does not belong to eny One. He sels papers he is Older than Me. And my nurs. And the Furnis man and Carlotta From Sweden she is offel lonsom. And my Own dokter and Profeser Gray Farther says he nos more Than Any one els in the Unervercity but he has not Got eny Litel Boy. Pleas cum I kno you wil like The furnis Man.

Yur loving frend
PHILIP

Miss Holloway read the letter twice. Then she threw back her head with a joyous laugh—a sound so unexpected that it had a shattering effect on the nervous system of the maid who was removing the breakfast-tray. Subsequently, as Anita resigned herself to the ministrations of the masseuse, and still later to those of the artiste in coiffures, her lips were curved in a tender and

absent smile. She recalled the list of Philip's prospective guests, and they seemed to pass before her in review: Carlotta of Sweden, who sounded like a princess royal, but was probably a cook; Professor Gray, visualized as a dried-up, academic person who had won Philip's heart by showing him a tadpole or a caterpillar; Jim, evidently a pal, near Philip's tender age; and last, but far from least, the Furnace Man Philip was so sure *she* would like. She knew how the boy must have met this person, in his explorations through the cellar of the great Cameron house. She could picture the big-eyed, passionately friendly child sitting on an upturned box, watching the Furnace Man at his labors, and winning the heart of that sooty individual, as he won the hearts of all who touched his life. Philip was a darling, a very prince of darlings; she had always adored him, and now she was almost passionately grateful to him for giving her a thrill of real interest.

She wrote a personal acceptance of his invitation, and, light-heartedly leaving the remaining letters for her secretary to answer according to the dictates of a somewhat limited intelligence, she went to the gabbling luncheon, which was fully as gabbling as she had expected it to be. In one of the rare intervals in which she herself was permitted to gabble, she mentioned Philip's invitation, and was rewarded by an immediate attention, even from a group which was discussing flesh reduction then.

"That child will have a lot of money when he's twenty-one," contributed her hostess. "But he'll probably be a socialist by that time and give it all away, because of the peculiar notions of his parents. *Fancy* letting him associate with newsboys and furnace-men!"

"But think of getting Professor Gray!" another breathed in awe. "He never goes *anywhere*, and his books are simply wonderful."

"The Camerons ought to be putting Philip up now for the best schools and the big clubs, so he'll get in when he's old enough," another matron thought. "We entered Billy for Groton the day he was born."

"Are you really his aunt?" a fourth asked Miss Holloway.

"No," Anita admitted; "only his godmother. But when he was old enough to notice names, and heard his mother call me Anita, he thought it meant 'Aunt Nita,' and so—"

Nobody was listening.

"That luncheon of his will be a weird affair," said a girl who affected off-hand speech. "Where d' ye s'pose he'll sandwich you, Nita—between Jim and Carlotta?"

Anita laughed. "I hope so," she declared. "I'd infinitely prefer them to Professor Gray and the doctor."

The same problem was at the same moment disturbing the breast of Master Philip Cameron. Following their usual method with this precocious infant, his parents had thrown upon him the burden of the preparations for his party, as well as of the entertainment itself. They were, they lightly mentioned, at his service as a source of general information; but they expected him to untie his own somewhat tangled social knots. Pale but calm, Master Philip asked a few questions. He learned that the table arrangement of his guests was highly important. Also that there were hosts so given to detail that they actually wrote out a list of their guests and then made a diagram of their positions at the banquet-board. His mother seemed to admire such hosts. Philip disappeared with a wan smile. A little later he returned with inky fingers and a blotted list, to which Mrs. Cameron gave immediate and respectful attention.

Jim
Nurs
Dokter Clark
Carlotta From Sweden
Aunt Nita
Profeser Gray.
the Furnis man

"How many does that make?" his mother demanded.

Breathing rather heavily in his interest, Philip counted the names. It was an important matter. There must be no mistake.

"Seven," he decided.

"Eight would be better," mused the exacting parent. "Eight is an even number. They could go into the dining-room in pairs."

"Like an'mals into the Ark," confirmed Philip, grasping the point.

"Can you think of any one else you'd like to ask? There really *should* be eight."

Philip shook his head. Then his brow cleared. "Would I do?" he suggested, diffidently. "You know I—I—really 'spected to be there!"

His mother laughed and hugged him, hiding in his yellow hair a conscious face. "I think you will," she conceded.

When the question of the diagram came up after this refreshing interval, Philip drew a circle that bore a depressing resemblance to a leaky egg. A few patient touches gave it better proportions, and then, still following a large general plan, he made crosses at the head and foot to represent his guests, and three marks on each side of the imaginary table. There remained the delicate matter of arranging the guests, and at this point Mrs. Cameron departed somewhat abruptly, murmuring that a lady usually sat between two gentlemen, and that the guests "one most desired to honor" were placed at one's right and left. The hints left Philip rather limp, but that night when he was sleeping—somewhat restlessly, it must be confessed, after his mental exertions—his father and mother found this document in his small desk, and bent reverent heads above it:

Aunt Nita
X

Jim — — The Furnis man

Profeser Gray — — Dokter Clark

Carlotta from Sweden — — Nurs

X
ME

"Couldn't have done it better myself," chuckled the elder Cameron. "Few pictures could be more stimulating to the tired mind than that of Clark between Nurse and the Furnace Man."

"Unless," murmured his wife, "it's that of Nita between Jim and the Furnace Man. Oh, Phil, isn't it an appalling mixture!"

"They'll carry it off," predicted her husband. "Trust Gray for that."

"Nita could swing the thing alone, if she happened to be in the humor," brooded Philip's mother. "But probably she won't be. She almost never is, nowadays. How a girl with money and beauty and position and brains can be so desperately discontented *all* the time is more than I can understand. But about this party— Really—hadn't we better—"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted Philip senior. "Give 'em a good luncheon, and let 'em muddle through. You and I would spoil everything. Moreover, my dear—pardon me for mentioning it—the cold fact is that our son has not invited us!"

On Thursday morning Anita learned by telephone that the time set for Philip's luncheon was one o'clock, a detail her overworked host had omitted to mention. She presented herself at five minutes before that hour, and was escorted to the drawing-room by a servant who appeared to be struggling with abysmal emotions. She was, it appeared, the last arrival, and Philip, his blue eyes blazing with excitement, shook hands with her ceremoniously, and hastened to introduce her to his other guests—an attention complicated by the abrupt disappearance of two of them. Jim had taken refuge behind a divan, over the back of which his agonized red face was sinking with something of the effect of a setting sun. Carlotta, the Swedish nurse of a neighboring child, had coyly retreated into a corner behind a potted palm. Three men, however, rose as Anita entered, and two of these Philip presented in turn.

"This is my doctor," he said. "He's awful busy, but he came to my party just the same. He's going to bring me a little brother soon 's he can 'tend to it. And this is the Professor. He knows everything."

The foot of Jim, appearing under the divan at this point, distracted the attention of the host. He promptly grabbed it. "We'll go in to lunch now," he

ended, hurriedly, as he tugged away, "'cause we're all here. Jim, you just got to come out and bring Carlotta, so please do it, quick."

Professor Gray looked very much as Anita had expected him to look. Clark was an elegant person, with a Van Dyke beard and a manner. Both murmured pleasant phrases, to which Anita replied in kind. Both were utterly insignificant in the presence of the third man, a young giant with brown eyes and the handsomest head and face Miss Holloway had ever seen. They were almost too handsome; they rather took one's breath away and made one self-conscious—but the manner of their possessor was extremely simple and natural. His eyes were as brilliant as Philip's; there was an amused tremor in the voice that spoke to her.

"May I take you in?" he asked.

Anita took his arm without speaking, but with an extraordinary feeling of having done so before; indeed, of knowing this young man surprisingly well, though certainly she had never met him until this hour. If she had, she could not have forgotten him. Her spirits rose, dizzyingly. This was sure to be an interesting luncheon. The portières leading into the dining-room had been drawn back, and Philip, hand in hand with the beloved nurse who was his guest of honor, was advancing at the head of his short procession. Behind him, Carlotta and Jim, equally out of their native element, dragged reluctant feet; and back of them Gray and Clark walked, arm in arm, exhibiting a surprising gift of airy badinage. Anita and her escort came last; and now she shot a second glance at him, quick but appraising, taking in this time not alone his brilliant eyes and handsome face, but the swing of his big shoulders, his splendid length of limb, the perfection of his carriage, the shabbiness of his clothes. His clothes were very shabby indeed—threadbare, even; and one of his carefully polished shoes showed a break at the side. It was a most incongruous thing that such a man should wear such



HIS PARENTS EXPECTED HIM TO UNTIE HIS OWN SOMEWHAT TANGLED SOCIAL KNOTS

garments. He was a prince in a fairy tale, badly disguised.

"Philip does not believe in names," she smiled, "but you are—"

"The Furnace Man? Yes." He smiled down at her from the height of his six feet, and something in the smile moved her oddly. No man had ever smiled at her quite like this; it was exactly such a smile as Philip might have given her, and it matched perfectly the look in this young giant's eyes—the look of a happy boy. Those eyes held, too, something of the sudden intimacy of a little boy's expression when he meets and likes a new friend.

"Isn't this a lark?" he asked. "No one but Philip could have thought of it. And see him carry it off!"

They were at the table now, looking for the place-cards that bore their names, Gray and Clark continuing their cheerful talk in an obvious determination to make the affair "go," Philip wholly at his ease, Carlotta and Jim still souls in outer darkness. But a few moments later Anita found herself a sharer of the Furnace Man's theory that Philip would carry his party to a triumphant finish. The strain was already relaxing; the newsboy and Carlotta had forgotten themselves in contemplation of the room, the flowers, the food before them. Not even the presence of two noiselessly padding servants who came and went with the dishes of the first course could hurl them back into their abyss of agonized self-consciousness. Peace fell upon them. They had nothing to do but eat.

At the right hands of Jim and Philip stood tall goblets filled with milk. Near the other covers were bell-shaped glasses which were immediately and expertly filled.

Resting his arms on the table, in the attitude of a Murillo cherub, the host's blue eyes swept the circle of his guests. He drew a breath of deep content. "Ain't it interestin'," he said, "that all of us fr'en's is alone together in this room?"

Dr. Clark replied, digging his spoon into his Casaba melon with the zest of a hungry man. "You'd better believe it's interesting," he said, heartily. "And mighty jolly. I was horribly afraid you were going to forget me, Phil. You're so healthy that I never see you except on gala occasions. Can't we knock him out for a day or two with his birthday cake?" he asked the nurse.

But Philip was seriously explaining. "You see, I had to ask my fr'en's when I saw them," he began; "so I asked Nurse first, and the Furnace Man next, 'cause I see them every day, and 'cause the Furnace Man has so many en—engagements. But he said, soon 's I asked him, he thought he could get out of some of them. An' he did."

The Furnace Man dropped a few words into Anita's ear. "The special engagement to-day," he murmured, "was Gray's lecture on Pragmatism. You see he has cut it, too!"

"Then you are a university student—of course!"

Anita wondered why she had not realized this before. She felt a quick relief, a quick disappointment, and swiftly wondered why she felt either.

He nodded. "Working my way through," he added, cheerfully.

"Hence the furnace?"

"Yes. I've a whole string of furnaces on this street. That's how I met Philip. He's an early riser. So am I. I get here at six every morning, and Philip's about the only person stirring. He trots down into the basement and we talk things over. We've settled most of the big problems of life. A few we've had to leave."

"What were they?"

Anita was interested. Her picture of Philip in the basement on the upturned box had been surprisingly accurate, as these sudden visualizations of hers were apt to be.

"He asked me one day if I didn't think the poor had too many children. I said I rather inclined to that theory—I'm one of seven myself—but that I didn't know what could be done about it. Philip admitted that he didn't know, either. We don't often give up like that. But Phil added that he was thinking about it a great deal. He's a fascinating little beggar!"

Miss Holloway agreed, with the expression that so warmed her features. But she had known Philip's charms through five years of close association,



"WOULD I DO? YOU KNOW I—I—REALLY 'SPECTED TO BE THERE!"

following their first intimate inspection a day after he had arrived on earth. Those of the Furnace Man were only now dawning upon her; he suggested hinterlands of possibility. She concentrated on the Furnace Man.

"Do you live by furnaces alone?" she inquired. "Forgive me for asking," she added, hastily, "but you know I'm interested in such things."

The Furnace Man's smile faded and the light died out of his eyes. He had forgotten that she was "interested in such things," and that the name of the rich Miss Holloway usually headed the subscription-lists of big charities he read about. To parade his poverty before her that she might study at first hand the expedients to which university students were reduced when "working their way through" was not among his plans for the day. But he answered her question.

"Oh no," he said. "I get a lot of tutoring from first to last, and odd jobs of various kinds. In the summer I have some surveying."

He did not add that there were two young brothers whose expenses in a "prep" school he was paying in addition to his own, nor did he give those details of daily life for which his neighbor was waiting. Anita bit her lip. She had been stupid. She had addressed him as if he were a "case" in the institution of which she was the youngest trustee. As a result he had gone inside of himself and pulled down the blinds. She felt like one ringing the bell of a deserted house through whose windows, only a few moments before, she had seen the reflection of the firelight on the hearth. But he should not shut her out, she determined. She would get into that house. She wanted to know all about him—this Furnace Man—not because she was especially sympathetic, but—well, for many reasons. Because he appealed to her almost pagan love of

beauty. Because he was magnetic. Because—oh, because she had this strange sense of knowing him so well. But he had turned an eager ear to Jim, who, under the skilful guidance of Professor Gray, was brilliantly approaching the climax of a vital personal experience which had begun in halting words.

"So when the ice broke you saw the little girl fall into the water," prompted Professor Gray, "and you got her out, and made her run home as fast as she could to keep from catching cold."

"I run wit her. I made her run like hell," corroborated Jim, eagerly. "I wouldn't leave her speak. We hadn't no time. I dragged her arm, an' we run an' we run—fur miles, I guess. All de time she kep' tryin' to talk, jest like a goil! Den she drops down on de road, sudden, and wot you t'ink she says?" He paused to give his hearers the full effect of his climax. "Says she didn't mind runnin', but she *lived* in de op'site d'rection!" he ended, in disgust.

Again Anita's eyes met the brown ones beside her, and she and the Furnace Man laughed together. He had pushed up the blinds. She glanced around with a deep sense of comfort. At the head of the table Philip was devoting himself to Carlotta, who listened to him with a smile on her fair, sullen face. Dr. Clark and the nurse were deep in the animated discussion of "a case." Professor Gray was starting Jimmy on another reminiscence. The world was hers and the Furnace Man's. But she must not make another false beginning. While she hesitated he spoke.

"We aren't hitting it off as well as we should be, are we?" he asked, sympathetically.

"No," she admitted, with regret. "Do you know why we're not?"

"Of course. We live on different planets. We have different viewpoints. We speak a different language. It's impossible for you to enter my world. You don't know the way."

"Do you know the way to mine?"

"Try me. Talk to me not as one of 'the deserving poor,' but as a man in your own class."

Miss Holloway flushed darkly, and her lips set. The next instant she had turned to him with a new expression—a most unusual one for her, apologetic, even contrite.

"I deserved that," she conceded; "I'm glad you gave it to me. Now we'll begin all over. Tell me," she added, mischievously—"tell me what you think of the Russian dancers. I know you're longing to."

He told her. He also told her what he thought of "Treasure Island," and the skating at the Hippodrome, and Sister Beatrice, and the Philharmonic's all-Richard Straus evenings, and the latest "bridge" rule, and Wilson's defense policy, and the mushrooms under glass which he was eating at the moment, and Masefield's poetry, and Bakst's decorative schemes. What he thought was frequently what Miss Holloway herself thought—and she realized this with surprise. Also she experienced an impulse to change her opinions if they conflicted with his—a most unusual impulse. He really talked extremely well, but he left her restless, discontented. He was playing a part. With every word he uttered she felt herself getting further and further away from the real man. Again she was outside of his house—a house warmed and lighted now, but still locked. Resolutely she rang the bell.

"But how have you seen and read and heard all these things? How have you found time—"

"And money?" His eyes twinkled. As if he had kept her long enough on the threshold, the door swung open. "Oh, I have friends in your world. Dick Mason and Bert Houghton take me about a good deal—and Dick's extra evening clothes fit me to perfection. Once or twice a month I leave the furnaces and get into the clothes and gad. I feel that I can accept their hospitality because—" For the first time he hesitated, looking self-conscious. "Well, because Bert's mother is my aunt, and Dick's father is my godfather!"

Miss Holloway studied him in silence. To her seeing eyes he was as completely transformed by his last words as if a fairy wand had been waved over him. His disguise had fallen off. He stood before her an enchanted prince, glowing in the reflected glory of the Houghtons and the Masons. She knew all about him now. Harriet Mason talked by the

hour of this eccentric young man who was quite willing to accept the affection of the two families, but declined the slightest help at their hands. Of course they loved to take him about and show him off! A hundred half-forgotten details jostled one another in her memory. He was captain of the football team which had defeated Princeton in November; he was the man who had saved Dick Mason's life when he was accidentally shot in the Maine woods two years ago; he was, oh, it made her blush to think of all he was and had been—this youth she had so calmly patronized. And the Masons and Houghtons allowed him to be a furnace man! That thought was the worst of all. It made her writhe, but she told herself she was merely r e s e n t i n g that waste of splendid material.

"But how *can* they let you work like this?" she e x c l a i m e d, impatiently. "Surely they could find a way to make you see how absurd it is! Grubbing over furnaces and tutoring stupid boys—you, of all men!"

His fine lips tightened. "They have nothing to do with that," he said, curtly. "That's my affair. They can take me about if they like—it's my only chance to see them, for they're never at home. Besides, it's part of one's education. But that's all I'll let them do. However, it's 'm o s t over. I'll take my degree this June. After that they can give me a leg up in starting."

"Will you come and dine with me sometime?"

He glanced at her; then his eyes fell. "No, thank you," he said, slowly.

Miss Holloway stared at him, disbelieving her ears.

"That sounds rude," he conceded, "but of course you understand. I've made it a rule never to accept any invitations but theirs. I will not accept hospitality I cannot return."

Anita gave him her shoulder. A sudden depression settled upon her—a depression as unexpected as it was inexplicable. She felt horribly lonely. The Furnace Man, too, was staring moodily at his plate. The voice of Carlotta from Sweden broke the silence that had fallen upon them.



HE HASTENED TO INTRODUCE HER TO HIS OTHER GUESTS

"I ban go home," she said; "I ban seek for home. I ban so loone-some. It is awful to be loone-some. Yes."

As if swung on a pivot, Anita turned and looked at the Furnace Man. As if impelled by a similar force, he had turned to look at her. For a long five seconds the gray eyes and the brown ones plumbed each other's depths and the abyss of each other's loneliness. Then, without a word, they glanced away.

Anita gave a flattering attention to Jim on her right, to whom as yet, she suddenly realized, she had given almost no attention at all. Under the warmth of her smile Jim detached himself from a rich salad and devoted a margin of his mind to social intercourse. Jim, it soon appeared, knew all about Miss Holloway. He had read of her in the newspapers he sold, and her name was on the brass tablet at the entrance of the big reading-room in the newsboys' home where he lived. But he had been under the impression that she was "one of dem old dames—de kind wit white coils." It seemed a blow to him to find her less than seventy, and Miss Holloway left him to the force of a shock from which he seemed unable to rally, and glanced at the neighbor at her left. The Furnace Man had been listening and smiling to himself.

"Wouldn't flatter you, would he?" he asked, quizzically. "What a nest of barbarians you've fallen into!"

Anita raised an eyebrow. "Do you call him a barbarian?" she asked, with a glance toward Philip.

The Furnace Man's eyes followed hers, growing very soft on the journey. Philip was again talking to Carlotta, his yellow hair an aureole against the dark wood of the great carved chair in which he sat, his big eyes shining into the somber eyes of the girl, his small teeth showing in his shy, adorable smile. Through the heavy rain of the now general conversation, a few of his words pattered down on them:

"An' when the flowers is all out in the gardens, and the birds come, you'll like us better. Then you will be happy."

The cloud passed from the brow of Carlotta from Sweden. "I could not like you no better as I do," she said.

Philip's response was as eager as a lover's. "Does that mean you like me *now*—really, truly?" he cried.

Carlotta from Sweden answered under her breath, but both Anita and the Furnace Man heard her. "I lofe you," she said.

"It seems almost indelicate to listen, doesn't it?" commented the Furnace Man. "But I know exactly how Carlotta feels."

"Do you?"

"I love him, too," he said, quietly. "I'm simply devoted to the little chap. Once or twice when he has been a bit under the weather and couldn't come down into the basement, I've been almost as disappointed as if the Only One had failed me."

"Is there an Only One?"

Miss Holloway asked the question without compunction. She simply could not help it. Besides, anything was permissible at this incredible luncheon.

"Of course."

"Tell me about her."

"Thank you. There's very little to tell. It's just a piece of madness on my part. She's in your world. The real reason I go there is to see her sometimes—to live for an hour or two the life she lives, to talk to the people she knows, to look at her—from a distance."

Miss Holloway's sense of loneliness deepened into gloom. She resented the emotion. She had been so interested, so content, during that first hour of the luncheon.

"And she—" she asked, slowly. "Does she care?"

"She doesn't know. Can you imagine that I would let her suspect? We're as far apart as if she lived on Mars."

"I wonder if I know her?" Miss Holloway was running over in her mind the belles and buds in the Houghton-Mason sets, ready to hate the right one if her face appeared. It was a hopeless task. There were dozens of them.

He looked indifferent. "No doubt," he said, carelessly.

"Do you see her often?"

"No."

"Then how—"

"Love isn't dependent on meetings. Surely I don't need to tell you that. I loved her the first time I saw her, at the



"I WANT YOU TO BE INT'MIT FR'EN'S," SAID PHILIP

opera—two years ago. It was one of the things one reads about. I had smiled over them. I didn't suppose such a thing could come to me. But, Lord, how it came! I was like a palm in a tropical storm. It shook my very soul. It's shaking me yet."

The brown hand with which he was fingering his glass trembled, and he hurriedly withdrew it and fumbled with his napkin. Looking at him askance, Anita saw that his face had whitened. She felt an almost intolerable pang of sympathy for him, followed by a shock of anger. What right had the Furnace Man to discuss his love-affairs with her—to drag her into the quasi-intimacy such confidences implied? When she spoke her voice was curt.

"You'll get over it," she said, "especially as you don't know her well, and see her so rarely."

He seemed not to notice her change of mood, but he answered her words. "I don't see her often," he mused; "that's true enough. But, just the same, I think I know her better than most people do. You see, we have a common friend, she and I—some one who loves her, knows her intimately, and sees a side of her she doesn't show to any one else. So I, too, know that side. I've been watching it for a year. I know a thousand wonderful things she has done. I know the real girl."

He stopped with an effect of finality. The conversation, so far as he was concerned, was over. Dr. Clark addressed him, and the two chatted for a moment. Anita looked around the room, and as she looked the familiar weight of depression ominously deepened. The charm of the hour was gone. She felt as if a veil of illusion had been torn from her eyes, as if at last she saw her fellow-guests as they really were—Carlotta, a heavy-faced, stolid servant; Jimmy, a precocious newsboy, with a face clean

only in spots; Professor Gray, an academic mummy; the nurse, a worthy person of her kind, to be reckoned with only when she passed one's line of vision; the doctor, a successful physician with a too-pervasive "bedside manner." There remained Philip, who needed no veil of illusion to heighten his exquisite personality. There remained also this stranger at her left, this stranger she seemed in that moment to have known for a thousand years. He was smiling at Philip—the boyish smile like Philip's own. Her heart contracted with an actual physical pang. Then she knew what had happened. There he was—the man she had unconsciously been seeking—and in the very hour in which she had found him she had lost him again. She had lost him, moreover, in the most maddening of all ways. Both his pride and his poverty she believed she could have conquered—but not this vision of his dream. He was mooning over an obsession, and his passion was kept alive by some sentimentalist who fed it on shadows. She could have taken him, perhaps, from a flesh-and-blood rival—certainly she might have tried; but against a thing like this she dared not pit herself.

It was Jim who escorted her back to the drawing-room, for Clark had passed a friendly arm through the Furnace Man's and was deep in a confidential chat. Then, with surprising suddenness, the party disintegrated. Professor Gray had his deferred lecture. Carlotta had promised to be home at three. The doctor had calls to make. Jim's afternoon newspapers were ready for sale. The nurse went up-stairs. Anita, Philip, and the Furnace Man were left to their harrowing farewells.

With the departure of his other guests, the slight tension on the nerves of their host relaxed; in the companionship of these two intimates he again became a little boy. Grasping a hand of each, and balancing lightly between them, he unconsciously hurled his thunderbolt.

"You like my Furnace Man, don't you, Aunt Nita?" he demanded.

"Yes, dear—of course."

Philip lifted both feet and swung upon their hands. "I'm glad," he said, "'cause, you see, the Furnace Man and me we talk about you a lot. We talk about you the whole time we're together. And when you come here I tell the Furnace Man every single thing you do."

A groan burst from the lips of the Furnace Man. His dark, brilliant face turned first crimson, then white.

With a gasp, Philip flung himself upon him. "I promised I wouldn't ever tell," he wailed, "an' I forgot! Oh, I forgot!"

From the face of Miss Holloway a sudden radiance flamed. The Furnace Man stroked Philip's buried head with a hand that shook.

"He likes you, though," said Philip, after a poignant silence. "I'm 'most sure he does. But he wouldn't ever say so, 'cause he didn't know you. Don't you think he likes you now? 'Cause I want you to be int'mit fr'en's."

"We're going to be." Miss Holloway drew on her gloves with the little smile her friends loved but saw so rarely.

"Are you perfeckly sure?" insisted Philip. "He didn't say so."

"He will." Miss Holloway looked at the bent head of the Furnace Man, and her eyes grew soft. "He hasn't our impetuous temperament, Philip," she added, cheerfully, "so we must give him time. But he's going to take me home now—and say it on the way!"

How Business Fights Alcohol

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

ACCORDING to the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League, the United States will be a "saloonless nation" by 1920. They propose to work this miracle by obtaining an amendment to the Federal Constitution which will outlaw the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors. This will be merely the culmination of an anti-alcohol campaign which they have led for twenty-five years.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to discuss the advisability or inadvisability of national prohibition or whether such prohibition would actually prohibit. Side by side with this movement American industrialism has been waging warfare against the saloon. A drinking workman, even one who drinks only occasionally, now has great difficulty in getting and keeping a job. Few employers will tolerate him about their establishments. This success of business men in driving alcohol from the factory constitutes, as the *Manufacturing Record* says, "one of the most significant revolutions of the age."

Industrial prohibition is not a new idea. The wisest American foresaw this development nearly two centuries ago. Benjamin Franklin, who, unassisted by modern science, discovered that fresh air did not cause colds, and who preached the doctrine of open windows when people hermetically sealed themselves in their rooms, also detected certain errors current in his day—and in ours—about the use of beer and spirits.

> I drank only water [he says, describing his early experiences in a London printing-shop]; the other workmen, beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *water American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer. We had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house, to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done a day's work. I thought it was a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I tried to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by the beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour dissolved in the water of which it was made. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Thus Franklin describes the industrial liquor problem as it existed in an English printing-shop in 1725. Industrial America presented essentially the same picture until half a dozen years ago. We can readily recognize all the details. The vague belief that alcohol increased the workman's efficiency prevailed until recently in the average American establishment. The "ale-house boy" for nearly two hundred years regularly made his trips between the workroom and the nearest corner saloon. The saloon-keepers, furnishing credit during the week, and heavily levying upon wages every Saturday night, represented, in Franklin's day as in ours, the exhausting economic effect of drinking. Franklin, please note, says nothing about the religious or moral aspects of the alcohol habit; he merely sees that it is wasteful financially and destructive physically. His attitude was not that of the Anti-Saloon League; it was that of the Tin Plate Trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Let us imagine Franklin, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, visiting the plant of the Illinois Steel Company, at Joliet, Illinois. He would find that in this, as in so many other reforms, he had merely

been ahead of his time. Posted all over the establishment this sign would delight his soul:

NOTICE

To the employees of the Joliet Works, Illinois Steel Company:

For the promotion of safety and welfare, it is hoped that all employees will avoid the use of intoxicating liquors.

Under the rules of the Joliet Works, any employee who uses intoxicating liquor while on duty will be discharged.

In making promotions in any department of the plant, Superintendents of Departments and Foremen will select for promotion only those who do not use intoxicating liquors.

If Franklin should stroll into Gary at night, he would find electric signs over the entrance gate to the Illinois Steel plant, asking him these pointed questions:

Did booze ever do you any good?
Did booze ever get you a better job?
Did booze ever contribute anything to the happiness of your family?

These flaming signs indicate an entirely new aspect of the prohibition crusade. The anti-alcohol movement in the United States has had three distinct phases. First, the church declared war against the saloon. Then science and medicine began to demonstrate its evils. Now American industry, in its search for mental and physical efficiency, has decided to abolish alcohol.

For generations business and industry had not only tolerated alcohol, but had almost superstitiously regarded it as essential to success. In the early nineteenth century the town bell regularly rang at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon; this was a signal for the laborers to pause and take their grog. Farmers regularly provided rum at harvesting time; the belief prevailed that it protected their men against sunstroke. On the other hand, workmen exposed to cold, such as ice-cutters, or carpenters and masons in winter time, used this universal solvent as a protection against chill. American industrialism, as it developed, took over all these ideas, the growth of factories greatly stimulating the retail trade in alcohol. The saloon-keeper showed a natural affinity for the factory; when the occupation was peripatetic, like railroad-building or lumbering, the grog-shop automatically followed the workmen's headquarters. Men regularly drank on the way to the shop in the morning, on the way home in the evening; the laborer ate his noonday meal at the free-lunch counter, and frequently took back with him to the factory plentiful supplies of refreshment in pails, bottles, and sometimes in kegs. Until the last decade the dram-shop performed any number of business and social uses. "Fifteen years ago," said Samuel Gompers, in 1904, "the labor union usually had its meeting place in a saloon." It sheltered workmen at night, thus serving as a "club"; it acted as a bank, the gentleman in a white apron obligingly cashing all pay checks. The steel mills displayed particular tolerance toward whisky; they believed that the worker in a blast furnace would die if he did not have frequent potations. After every heat the men regularly adjourned to the nearest saloon and reinforced themselves for the next one. Twenty years ago the doctors regarded water as sure death for a typhoid patient, and, similarly, employers actually believed that water would almost instantaneously kill a workman who had just left a blazing furnace. Even in those days, however, the industry noted that alcohol had certain disadvantages. Foremen always dreaded Mondays and the day following payday, for the men were invariably listless and accidents were then most frequent.

It seems incredible that, thirty years ago, drunkenness seemed to be almost an indispensable adjunct of railroading. The neatly clothed, freshly shaven conductors we know to-day are modern developments; even the engineer, in the old days, commonly spent the time between runs in a saloon and did not hesitate to take a bottle of whisky into his cab. The brakeman, the train-hand, and the worker in the roundhouse were not infrequently jovial, care-free souls. In 1886, William H. Baldwin, then recently graduated from Harvard, started his noteworthy railroad career on the Union Pacific. "There are about one hundred and thirty men living here," he wrote from one of his stations. "They

are shopmen, engineers, firemen, and section hands. Their church, town hall, dance-hall, and reading-room are three saloons. If a man wishes to write a letter, meet friends, read, eat, drink and be merry, he goes to the only places which will give him the opportunity—the saloons. Some of the engineers have educated themselves far better than half the graduates of Harvard have been educated. There are many who have seen better days, but have been knocked out with bad rum. One of them is a bleary, bloodshot-eyed old chap, who looks as if he had been drunk all his life and had slept alternately in the gutter or on the floor of some saloon." Constant quarrels, fist fights, blunders, and slovenly work were the inevitable consequence of these conditions. Terrible accidents were much more common than now, and the official report not infrequently contained the statement that "some one had been drinking."

But times have changed. What explains the improvements that are taking place every day? The last ten years have witnessed important developments in the study of alcohol. The scientific laboratory has tested, and is testing, all the superstitions which have developed in the course of several centuries. And we cannot study this literature without reaching one definite conclusion. A few opposing voices still uphold the cause of alcohol; the weight of scientific authority, however, has rendered a pretty sweeping verdict against it. We all know, of course—no scientific experiments are necessary to teach us—that excessive indulgence is injurious; the significance of these modern studies, however, is that they condemn alcohol in moderate amounts. These conclusions have the utmost importance for every citizen, but they have a particular meaning for laboring men. For alcohol affects unfavorably all the physical and mental operations most essential to working efficiency. The increasing complications of factory life, the extensive use of machinery, and the intricate organization needed to turn out the modern product make unusual demands upon the workman. Above all, the laborer must have speed, physical and mental quickness, attention, and endurance. Now, the alcohol molecule, freely circulating in the body and the brain, affects adversely all these qualities. It enfeebles attention, dulls the intellect, prevents ready co-ordination between mental and muscular action, decreases the powers of attention and perception, and generally enfeebles the system. Elaborate experimentation shows that wine and whisky, even in "moderate" amounts, lower resistance to infection; a regular drinker, even though he is not an inebriate, is especially subject to colds and even more serious disorders; this, merely from the industrial side, means loss of time and inefficiency. The laboratory workers have destroyed another illusion, dear to the "moderate drinker"; that is, that alcohol "puts new life into a man," increases his energy and enthusiasm. The physiological chemist coldly tells us that alcohol is not a stimulant, but a depressant. Any mental and physical elation we feel is simply its effect as a narcotic; it is merely temporary and, when it passes away, it leaves the mind and body more exhausted than before.

In the last few years a great social and economic reform has been sweeping over the United States. That is the movement for workmen's compensation, and this, even more than scientific studies, is giving the *coup de grâce* to alcohol. The adoption, by most of our large industrial states, of laws making employers responsible financially for injuries suffered by employees has suddenly brought them face to face with the problem of drink. For alcohol plays an important part in causing accidents. The German investigators, in their methodical fashion, have accumulated a mass of statistics showing this connection. Other investigators may deny the indictment and point to the few industrial accidents recorded in state reports as caused by "intoxication." The fact that the casualty companies have few claims to pay in which "intoxication" figures as the cause is also alleged on the other side. But these assertions have no pertinence, for we are not discussing "intoxication," but alcohol. A workman obviously intoxicated causes few accidents simply because men in this condition or subject to this condition are

not allowed to work at all. They seldom get jobs, are usually discharged on their first offense, and are always sent home when they appear in a drunken condition. The "moderate drinker," whose impaired perception, weakened attention, and muscular and mental listlessness may cause frightful calamities, is, so far as external evidence shows, entirely sober. An accident caused by him, therefore, does not go on the records as one caused by "intoxication." The new liability and compensation laws give the employer no option; he must pay for an injured workman, irrespective of the cause. If he tolerates alcohol-users on his premises, he must pay the cost of their mistakes. The question in this modern form thus touches employers at their most sensitive point. And the amazing growth of industrial prohibition in the last three or four years herein has its explanation. As a result of these laws employers have installed safety appliances and started "safety" campaigns; their new rules against alcohol have precisely the same inspiration.

The railroads led in the reform. Clearly, there can be no greater crime than to intrust a passenger-train to an engineer of alcoholic tendencies. In particular, alcohol is a causative agent in toxic amblyopia, an eye disease which makes it difficult to distinguish one color from another. The bearing of this upon reading signals is apparent. However, no extensive argument is needed to show the necessity for active wits in men who, merely by misplacing a switch, ignoring a signal, or misreading a telegram, can kill hundreds of people. Yet, as already said, American railroad management, twenty-five years ago, practically ignored the dangers of drinking. Here, again, the financial point largely explains their awakening, as damage suits are becoming more and more expensive. The roads gradually installed air-brakes, block signals, and other safety appliances; finally, reaching the human element, they adopted rules against alcohol. But even William H. Baldwin, one of the pioneers in this reform, believed that they could enforce only the mildest rules. "If the men are ordered not to drink," he said, "they will just indulge in a little extra profanity at our expense." The most that could be hoped for, he believed, was to prohibit drinking in working-hours. At first the railroads merely placed this limitation on their men. As this regulation only scotched the evil, the railroads, perforce, began interfering with the "personal liberty" of their employees. Not only must an employee not drink in working-hours; he must not drink at all! In some cases the applicants had to sign the total-abstinence pledge before entering the company's employ. Rules penalizing a visit to a saloon with dismissal soon became a general rule. But railroads which went to this extreme soon found themselves facing a curious dilemma. They prohibited their men from visiting saloons, yet they were conducting saloons themselves —that is, they were serving liquors in their dining- and club-cars. Several of our greatest railroads—the Pennsylvania, for example—met this issue in the only honest way. This is why the thirsty traveler, asking for his customary cocktail in the dining-car, is politely informed by the colored gentleman that "no drinks are sold on the train."

"American railroads," says the *Railway Gazette*, "have become one of the greatest and most effective temperance organizations in existence." There are probably 2,000,000 railroad employees to-day living under the strictest prohibitory regulations. Recently another large company discharged one hundred and twenty-six men who had committed this offense. But the railroads are fighting the evil in other ways. They fit up club-rooms for their men; the wonderful development of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is really part of the campaign for sobriety. We may reasonably doubt whether state prohibition prohibits in Kansas and Maine; there is not the slightest doubt that industrial prohibition does prohibit on our railroads. Intemperance among railroad employees is now practically unknown.

The most ardent temperance enthusiast does not show greater hostility to the use of alcohol than America's captains of industry at the present moment. Take, for a single illustration, our greatest industry, the steel trade. I have before me a mass of letters from nearly one hundred and fifty manufacturers of iron

and steel. They include the greatest concerns in the country; many of the constituent members of the United States Steel Corporation are represented. In these letters the responsible officials give their policy on the drinking question, and express their opinions as to its practical success. Through them all there runs the same tone: the opinion is unanimous that drinking, even in moderate amounts, decreases efficiency, increases accidents, and is altogether demoralizing to the workmen and to the plant. All these corporations—great concerns like the Illinois Steel Company, the Carnegie Steel Company, the American Steel and Wire Company, the American Tin Plate Company, the American Manganese Steel Company, the American Car and Foundry Company, the American Bridge Company, to mention only a few, are now conducting a great campaign against drinking. Already they have cleaned up conditions that existed only half a dozen years ago. All have eliminated from the steel industry that youthful Ganymede who was once its conspicuous ornament—old Ben Franklin's "ale-house boy," who regularly "rushed the can" in working-hours, for the refreshment regarded as essential to industrial efficiency and contentment.

These steel-mills will now "fire" instantly any man who drinks in working-hours. Many are weeding out employees who stop on their way to the factory for their morning nip and on their way home at night for a similar purpose. A visit to the free-lunch counter at noon frequently means dismissal. Before a man is employed he is asked if he uses alcohol; if he answers yes, the applicant does not get the job. Some of these concerns, like our greatest railroads, prohibit drinking both on and off duty, and discharge a man caught visiting a saloon at any time. A workman who cashes his pay-check at a saloon is immediately sent "to get his time"; a garnishment of wages by a saloon-keeper automatically results in dismissal. The American Steel and Wire Company has ordered its men to withdraw from clubs where liquor is sold; a year ago the Carnegie Steel Company posted a notice declaring that all promotions hereafter would be made from the ranks of the abstainers. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Company has prohibited foremen, bosses, and others who have workmen in charge from visiting saloons; the example is too dangerous a one!

These large employers adopt other methods for divorcing alcohol from industry. Some have purchased saloon property near their plants merely for the purpose of abolishing the bars. Nearly all fight the granting of licenses in the courts and direct their men, under penalty of dismissal, not to sign applications for licenses. "A man with a bottle of whisky," declared an official of the Du Pont Powder Company, at Conneys Point, New Jersey, "is as dangerous around a powder-plant as a bomb-thrower." The Midvale Steel Company recently appeared in the license court to oppose a saloon-keeper who was planning to locate in its neighborhood. One phase of industrial prohibition is a movement known as "pushing the saloon from the doors of the factory." These "agitators" — mostly cold-blooded executives of great manufacturing plants—take the stand that the same laws which keep drinking-places away from churches and schools should also apply to their establishments. The American Foundrymen's Association is leading this movement. Other employers are trying to find the long-sought substitute for the saloon. Some supply cold milk and other harmless drinks, at a nominal price; others, following the example of the railroads, are establishing club-rooms. These places furnish lunch at a small figure—thereby enticing the men away from the free-lunch counter; billiards, bowling-alleys, reading-rooms, libraries, gymnasium, and social quarters supply other necessities of human intercourse.

Perhaps the most persuasive weapon against the saloon is that adopted by the Philadelphia Quartz Company, which has large plants in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and New York. This concern had the usual three types of employees—excessive drinkers, moderate drinkers, and abstainers. Instead of adopting stringent prohibitory rules the company decided to deal with its employees on the

strict basis of justice and common business sense. Who were the ones, that is, that gave the greatest dollar value for every dollar paid them? The question answered itself—the non-alcoholized, of course. Many years' experience had clearly demonstrated that fact. Was it not unfair, almost dishonest, to pay the drinking man the same wages as the abstainer? Acting on this basis, the Philadelphia Quartz Company has issued an order giving a ten per cent. increase in wages to total abstainers. The company makes no pretense that it is seeking to save souls, although it hopes that the families of its employees will benefit; its idea is to discourage drunkenness, and so increase efficiency and profits. The non-drinker is worth more pay than the drinker—that's all there is to it. "The actions of the men," writes Mr. William H. Stanton, the general manager of the company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, "their attitude toward the company, their management of the work—in fact, their very looks indicate—that they feel they have made a good decision. They have more self-respect, more self-confidence, feel themselves to be better men, better citizens, better employees, and are altogether happier than they ever were before."

Indeed, these hard-headed business men grow almost as enthusiastic as the temperance advocates in describing the beneficial results of their crusade. Their methods of combating the vice are almost revivalistic in character. Paid temperance exhorters are brought in to preach during the lunch-hour; anti-drinking literature is distributed to the men for home consumption; the walls and bulletin-boards are covered with warnings against the saloon; and, in certain Eastern states, "water-wagon clubs" are being organized among workmen. Some concerns assign regular hours for instruction in the physical and mental effects of alcohol, and pay the men full wages for the time spent in this educational course.

The anti-alcohol campaign has now become part of the "safety first" movement. This elaborate programme, initiated for the purpose of improving our disgraceful national record for industrial accidents, now regards the struggle against alcohol as a necessary part of its work. In 1914 the General Round Table meeting of the National Safety Council devoted a large amount of time to discussing this question. More than seven hundred representatives of industry stood up and adopted a resolution declaring that the "drinking of alcoholic stimulants is productive of a heavy percentage of accidents and of disease affecting the safety and efficiency of working-men." The National Safety Council is conducting a bulletin-board "educational" crusade in thousands of factories aimed directly at the working-man. Every week more than two million employees read its startling broadsides. "Not safety first, but sober first," has now become its cry, and "safety, sobriety, success" is another succinct motto recommended to the laboring classes.

Not infrequently a visitor to almost any great plant to-day sees groups of toil-hardened men, absorbing wisdom from the Safety Council's posters. Here is a picture showing an aged drunkard reeling out of a saloon door, before which stands a neatly dressed young man, with one foot inside, but with his eyes hesitatingly glancing back at the disappearing derelict. The heading, "A danger signal," conveys its lesson. Another group stands before a poster showing a huge bottle inscribed as follows: "Whisky. We guarantee it to do these things: Make you lose balance, nerve, employment, money, friends, family, self-confidence, courage, health, and life—that's all." Another shows a workman walking the primrose path of "promotion"; across this path lies a bottle on which is written "Booze." Here is the pictorial representation of a workman, his shoulders piled with encumbrances intended to portray the burdens under which he must struggle toward success. The most conspicuous bears the legend "Booze." Other posters contain, in large type, pithy questions and condensed sermons. "A saloon-keeper who sells booze will not employ a drunkard as a bartender. Think it over!" Perhaps the prize of all these broadsides, certainly one which has an extensive circulation, is the following, printed in a succession of red and black ink:

BOOZE

We want only clear-thinking men in our employ.

You cannot think clearly and act safely if you are a boozer.

Booze poisons the brain. It stimulates for a short time only — then deadens the senses.

When men's minds are dull, accidents are bound to occur. It takes alertness—quick thinking and acting—to avoid danger.

If you must booze, then don't report for work. We don't want boozers on our premises. They are dangerous, not only to themselves, but to all others who come in contact with them.

Booze will never get you a job nor help you hold one.

Booze will not help you pay your debts nor increase your earning power.

Booze and work won't mix. Sooner or later one must be sacrificed for the other.

Side-track booze before booze side-tracks you.

What good is industrial prohibition accomplishing? Perhaps the experience of one manufacturing district will most satisfactorily answer this question. A few years ago the nation was shocked by an unusually brutal lynching at Coatsville, Pennsylvania. This town is located in the heart of a coal-and-steel district; its population, like that of most of our industrial centers, represents nearly all nationalities, with a considerable sprinkling of the native stock. The thinking people, including the heads of most of the steel plants, got together to devise ways of so improving social conditions that such a tragedy should never disgrace them again. As usual, the alcohol molecule seemed to be the influence that chiefly promoted race disturbances, and the plans for a house-cleaning necessarily took the form of eradicating this nuisance. Mr. Charles L. Huston, vice-president of the Lukens Iron and Steel Company, a concern that employs two thousand men, led the movement that finally succeeded in closing all the saloons. When, a year afterward, an effort was made to reopen them, Mr. Huston got up from a sick-bed to protest before the court. The closing, he said—and the other manufacturers agreed with him—had worked an almost unbelievable improvement in conditions. It had decreased accidents fifty per cent. in the Lukens plant! The quality of employees had improved and the superintendents had had much less trouble in getting efficient men. The grand jury of Chester County submitted a report declaring that crime had greatly decreased. Merchants testified to increased purchases of children's and women's clothing, bank presidents reported a great increment in savings deposits, and citizens generally declared that Coatsville had become a decent place of residence. In the old days, the average citizen was afraid to let his wife or daughter walk up the main street; now a drunken man was a rarity.

All this reads like the report of the W. C. T. U. or the American Temperance Society; what makes the evidence significant is that it is supplied by unimaginative business men.

Mixed Marriage

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

"NOW hear the Oracle!" said Mrs. Coningsby, leaning forward in the firelight to make sure of a stitch in her Belgian knitting.

"Well, I mean"—Taunton flicked the ash of his cigar carefully—"you take, for instance, mixed marriage, just what we've been speaking of. Now, according to my way of thinking, it pretty nearly always spells tragedy." He blew more smoke to the ceiling. "You see, it's this way." He leaned forward a little along his chair-arms, and addressed the fire. "Take Romeo and Juliet as a typical example. She a Capulet, he a Montague—mixed marriage, if ever there was one. Every one knows she would have remained a Capulet, and he a Montague, quite happily, to the end of time. It never would have disturbed either of them. Can you imagine either trying to convert the other? If a difference of 'religion' was ever likely not to count, it was likely not to count there. They were not anxious about such things. The only thing that disturbed them was that the lark was not the nightingale."

Mrs. Coningsby dropped her hands and knitting into her lap with a little gesture of despair. "Well, I suppose this entire company knows what that reference to the lark and the nightingale means. I don't. I'd like to be enlightened."

Taunton gave her his attention in a polite, dazed way, an earnest man interrupted by a light hand laid on the bridle of his hobby.

"Frankly, I'm not good at quoting. I think it is the scene in the orchard, isn't it?" Taunton looked around the group, inviting any one to help him.

There was a pause.

"Yes; in Capulet's orchard."

All eyes turned to Mrs. Guthrie as she spoke. She was a little out of the circle, out of the firelight. The shaded light of the lamp dimmed her dark hair and eyes and added to the aloofness of her.

"It is an orchard. Don't you remember—

"'By yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.'"

"Yes, exactly." It was to Taunton as though, in a foreign company, some one spoke in his own tongue. "You don't happen to remember that part about the lark?"

She began at once, saying the words, without affectation—in what seemed to Taunton a singularly silvery voice:

"'Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.'"

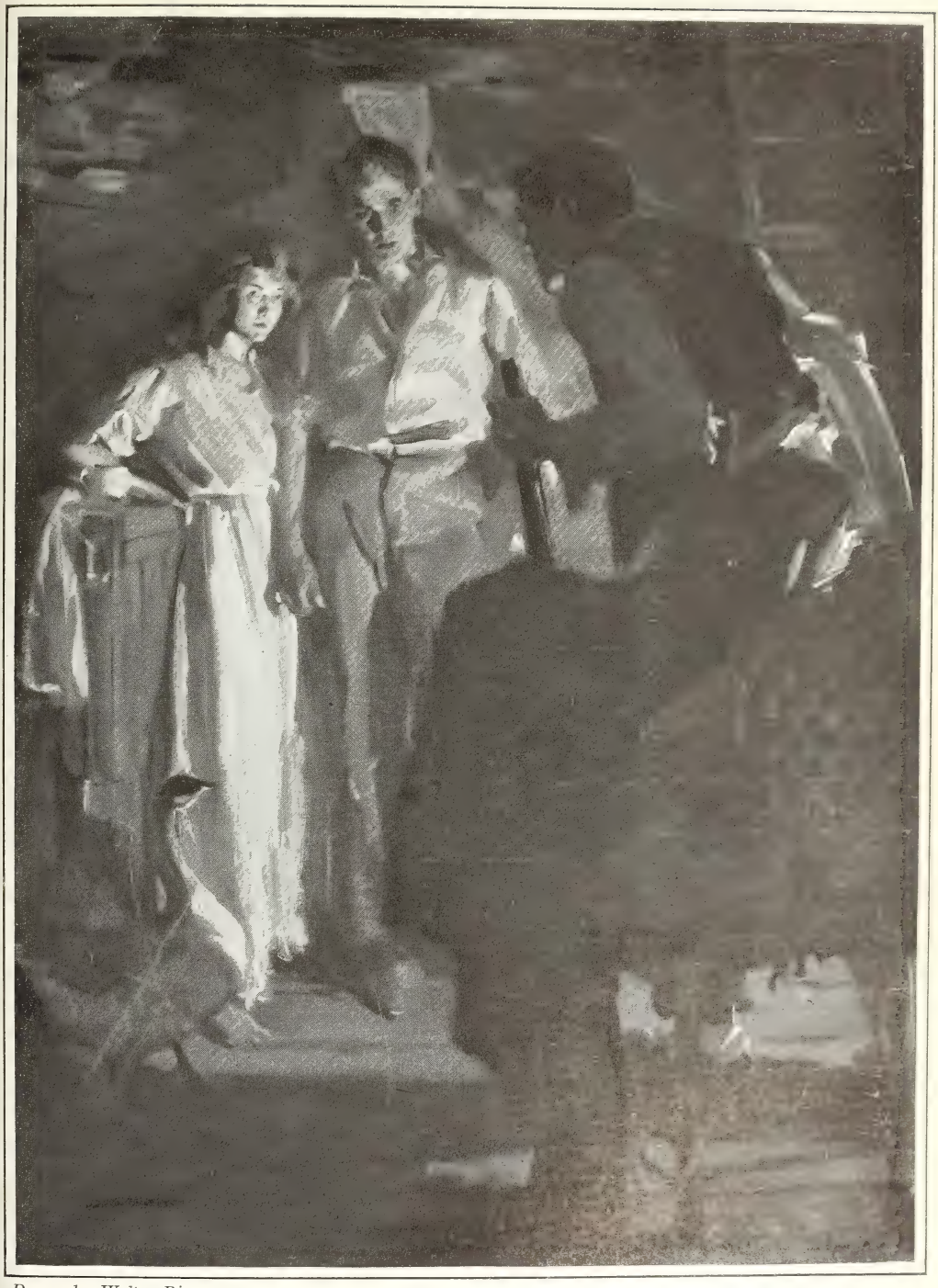
Fat little Mr. Paxton had, meantime, squared around in his chair—that being easier than turning around in his collar—to have a better look at her.

"Well, I'm really very much obliged," said Mrs. Coningsby, reversing her work and her needles and settling back for a prolonged line of straight knitting. "You just mean that they were so in love with each other that nothing else could have mattered."

"Yes; but what I mean is that in mixed marriage tragedy usually follows, because there is usually a third party. Now, with Romeo and Juliet, for instance, the hatred of old Capulet and old Montague was the 'third party.' It supplied the tragedy."

No one spoke.

"It's a singular thing how often it happens. Now I once knew a case of



Drawn by Walter Biggs

WHEN THERE WAS A BREAK IN THE TORRENT THE WOMAN SPOKE

what I call mixed marriage, in the Kentucky mountains—"

Here portly Mr. Ridgeway got up. "Now, Taunton, that's what I like to hear. Go ahead with your Kentucky mountain story!"

"Oh yes, pray do!" said Mrs. Fielding, coming out of a trance-like pose and poising her lorgnon between delicate fingers. "It is so perfectly delightful to hear about those extraordinary mountaineers, who think nothing in the world of killing people."

"Well," said Ridgeway, settling himself further, "they interest me. Go ahead, Taunton."

"Yes, do," said Jimmy Tucker, "and begin and get busy. Mrs. Hastings will be back from her Red Cross meeting, and telling us it is time for dinner."

"Do begin it 'Once upon a time,'" said Celestine Reynolds. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, kitty?"

Mrs. Coningsby dropped her hands in her lap and addressed Taunton with pretty desperation. "Mr. Taunton, do please begin. If you don't I shall have to talk about the war again."

Ridgeway tapped the ends of his fingers together. The chatter of women was to him one of the incredible things of life, and when it frivolously postponed the beginning of a good story—

"Well, it was a mixed marriage," began Taunton, bluntly. "She was from Magoffin. It's a good county, as counties go, in that part of Kentucky. She was married to one of the Holcombs, over in Breathitt. You know Breathitt, of course. My friend McCree, sheriff at Jackson, had one phrase for all Breathitt County people, 'Dange'ous as a meat-ax.'

"But Dug Holcomb, the one she married, was different. You see that kind of thing, sometimes—sort of changelings. Families with children of their own, I mean, that don't really seem to belong to them."

Taunton took a glance around the company, as much as to say, "You've seen them, I'm sure." No one replied. As his glance swept over Mrs. Guthrie, he could have fancied she nodded very slightly, in acquiescence; or maybe it was just that her eyes met his with a kind of dark and wide understanding.

"Anyway, Dug Holcomb was different. You knew that when you looked in his face. The other Holcomb boys, Ples, Cran, and Sturley, were lank and tall and dark, like old man Holcomb. They had long teeth and narrow brows, and a kind of haggard way of walking. But Dug was different. His brow was broad, his teeth were good, his eyes were blue and wide apart, and he had a shock of red hair, and a broad, fine top to his head. It was a strange thing, but he and she looked alike, really very much alike. She had red hair, also. I never saw a woman with so much.

"Her father, old man Swazey, had raised geese over there in Magoffin for years. Old Uncle Ben Creech told me she knew every goose. There wasn't a prettier sight, he said, than to see her go out of the cabin and give the goose-tender's call, and to see the whole flock straighten their necks and glide over to her, waving their wings as they went and screaming with delight. When her father and brother, at a certain time of the year, would drive the geese off for court-day, to sell them, she'd get up and off to the woods before dawn, so she wouldn't see them go. There was one old gander she had had for years, which she doted on. It followed her everywhere.

"Then old man Holcomb came over and bargained for her, I believe. His wife was dead, and he and the boys needed a woman in the cabin to look after them. He thought she would be a good wife for Dug. Next week he sent Dug over. She was just sixteen, they tell me.

"Dug was gone not quite a week, and brought her across the mountains behind him on his horse. One of the older boys, Ples, rode over the day after, and brought the indignant old gander, hissing and squawking, back with him. They say it flew to her arms when it saw her. I saw it do that many a time afterward.

"To put it bluntly, she was the type who loved dumb things, and she had married into a family of murderers. Old man Holcomb had killed three men in his day, and Ples and Cran and Sturley each their man. Dug, it seems, hadn't. I don't know whether he had lacked the

need to kill any one, up to the time he married her, but I know that after his marriage it must have been away out of his line. For they were in love with each other, he and she. She used to sit watching him, in the firelight, by the hour, or he her; just watching, in a kind of open, desperate way, as though they did not either of them want any other happiness than just to look at each other, waiting the time when they could be together. He and she slept up in the loft, the rest in the one room below.

"The others treated her civilly enough at first. She was an acquisition to the cabin. They had lived like wild pigs before; they began living now like moderately well-cared for animals. She served them and waited on them. The women down in that country do not presume to sit down to a meal with the men. I've been at table, myself, with the old man and the four boys, and had her wait on us. There is something medieval about it. She was beautiful and silent, clean but ragged. Her feet were bare. They were very white, and as she put them down on the earth floor they had a little way of flinching that made her seem sensitive and delicate.

"The men bent over their plates and shoveled their food into their mouths and never so much as looked up at her. They would shove out their plates when they wanted more; that was all.

"The gander kept following her back and forth from the little lean-to shed. He was a grave, waddling old thing. I liked him immensely. The boys liked him well enough, too, I think, at first. By and by Ples came home drunk one day, stumbled over the gander, flung a stool at it, and broke its leg. She set the leg, wrapped it in cloth, with bits of stick for splints, and the leg got well—except for a slight limp.

"I've always thought that was the beginning of her downfall with the Holcombs. They all knew she doted on the gander. If she could have stormed, that day, and gone into a black rage, she would have been speaking their own language. They would have understood and would have respected her for one of themselves. They were the type that fling chairs at one another when they are angry. But she was naturally gentle, naturally forgiving; and, more than that, she was a woman with whom love was having its way. If a woman really loves—deeply, I mean—she can't really hate. Shakespeare knew that. Look at Juliet. He lets love possess her—fairly possess her—and after that it isn't in her to hate."

Again Taunton's glance, sweeping around the circle of his listeners, fell on Mrs. Guthrie.

"Am I not right about that?" he said, without knowing just why he said it to her, particularly. Again all eyes turned to her, and Paxton seemed climbing fatly over his collar as he turned his head, this time, to look at her.

"I never thought of it," she said, in the same silvery voice that sounded to him quiet and far-off, "but I think it might probably stand to reason."

"Well," returned Taunton, "when Ples hurt the gander Dug's wife didn't storm, or rage, or cast one black look, and, of course, the old man and the boys hated her for that. There is nothing will make the unlovely hate you like the lack of their own unloveliness in yourself. There was never a rebuke on her lips; but there is no rebuke hated by the selfish like unselfishness.

"On the other hand, there is not a more loyal people than these mountaineers, so far as family goes. They have not passed beyond the savage stage of "mine, right or wrong." The old man and the four boys held together with the savage clan spirit. After all, however much Dug's father and his three brothers hated her, she was the woman who belonged to them.

"Well, one autumn I went up into the mountains, as I did, at times, to get away from the world. I rode up on my little mare, Molly, from Frankfort, through the 'Pen'r'yle' district, and on up finally into the mountains as far as Jackson. From there I rode farther back with McCree. McCree was the sheriff of Jackson whom I knew. Thirty miles back, he left me at Hodge Creek, to go over in the eastern part of the county on business. He suggested that I wait for him two days, up at the Parrots' cabin, and ride back to Jackson with him, on his return. But I declined.

"McCree rode away. After he was

gone I reversed my decision, however. The weather was glorious. I knew and liked old man Parrot and his wife. I stayed there at their cabin two days, then another. Still McCree did not come. I decided, then, to go back without him. I saddled Molly and left in the afternoon.

"Toward sunset a storm came up. It found me not far from the Holcomb cabin. I rode near to it and called from the path. Dug opened the door of the cabin, came out, and gave the crude mountain welcome. The woman was indoors, getting supper. No one else was about.

"'Where are the rest?' I asked.

"To my surprise, she told me fully. There had been a raid back in the mountains. She did not say a raid on the mountain still, but I knew without being told. The men had made their escape, but not before old Holcomb had killed one of the deputies and Ples had badly wounded another.

"'And Dug?' I said, anxiously.

"'Oh, Dug hain't in it. It's no consarn o' his'n.'

"'But he'll be suspected.'

"'I reckon he air suspicioned a'ready,'" she said, dully. 'He were out with his gun to get me a rabbit fer supper. He war'n' fur from the killin'. Hit's likely they seen him. Dug he seen his pappy shoot a man. He run home, lookin' white, an' tole me. Dug's dead set agin killin', like I am.'

"Dug came in now, bringing an armful of wood. The fresh-disturbed flames lit up their two faces as they bent over the fire. The likeness was very striking.

"'But, Dug,' I said, 'if you were there with your gun, you must get out of this place.'

"He refused, dully, to take my view. He had had nothing to do with the killing.

"'I ain't goin' to sneak,' he said, doggedly, 'ner hide in the brush.'

"'Nor desert your murderous family,' I remarked, mentally. Aloud, I said:

"'All right, don't sneak or hide; but after supper get the horse saddled and just ride with me back to the Blue-Grass —just until I can get things straightened out with McCree. You see, I know McCree. That will help. Your wife can go up to the Parrots' to-morrow morning.' I turned my eyes to the woman.

"'Oh, I hain't afraid to stay alone,' she said, dully. 'I've got the gander.'

"'I ain't goin' to sneak,' Dug replied.

"'I don't call that sneaking,' I said. 'Do you?' I appealed to her. 'Good Lord!' I addressed him directly, 'you've got to stop thinking of your family, and think of *her*.'

"His eyes shifted, as though he were staggering a little under some mental blow. Then he turned to her appealingly. There, where his whole poor soul looked out miserably, she stood, beautiful, desirable in his eyes. I think he must have wished me and my prudence gone, so that he could be with her. I knew, as I looked at him, that he, too, had not a particle of hate in his nature. They loved each other entirely. What had hate to do with them?

"The gander stood beside her, his head high in the air and turned on one side, wisely, his bright-rimmed eye fixed on us, as though waiting.

"She took a little step nearer to Dug.

"'Dug honey; hit's like he says. I reckon that hain't sneakin'. You're all I got.'

"The gander, always jealous of her, put his long neck to one side and rubbed his head against her, coveting attention.

"She put her fingers in among his head feathers and scratched his head, in an absent way, not looking at him.

"'If they was to take you, Dug honey, I'd have the gander,' she said, simply, 'but it wouldn't be the same.'

"As soon as darkness closed in, Dug and I rode away. It was a wild, black night. The rain had stopped, but the sky was overcast and the wind was high. We followed a mere bridle-path for perhaps a half-mile, then struck into a narrow road in the woods.

"The wind in the branches took care of the sound of our horses' hoofs. We were in a kind of privacy of noise and a tumult of tossing boughs. So were others, evidently, for suddenly Molly lifted her head knowingly. My heart leaped. I gathered in the bridle, turned, and spoke in quiet tones, in Dug's ear.

"'Don't speak unless I ask you a

question. Stay where you are. Remember, you're all she's got.'

"Molly moved on again, cautiously. In a moment more she stood stock-still, nose to nose with a horse facing her. The stranger horse wheeled a little. I did not see it, but I knew there was a barrel of a pistol facing me.

"'You are covered. Who's there?' The words came sharp. I recognized the voice.

"'Fred Taunton, from the Blue-Grass,' I said.

"The man in the dark laughed a low, gruff laugh.

"'Well, I'll be doggoned! What in the name of Sam Hill you doin' here? Thought you was in the Blue-Grass by now. Looky here, you like to have got your damned head blowed off.'

"Just then another officer came up on his horse. I knew McCree. I knew he was as keen after a criminal as a coon-dog after a coon.

"'Want to come and help us hunt some fellows? The Holcombs. We're after the hull gang.'

"'Are you sure they're all guilty?' I said.

"'You're soft, you are,' he said. 'I always told you that. Which way you riding? We're going by the old persimmon-tree below here; skirt around by the big, white oak and the fox-grapes, then down beside the creek to the cabin. One of 'em's likely to sneak back somewhere near there to-night fer food. Now where are you goin'?'

"'I'm going by the main road to the Parrots'.'"

"'If you meet any of my men, give 'em the password, "Coon-dog," and they'll let you by.'

"McCree rode away in the defile that led to the persimmon-tree.

"I got down off of Molly and took a step or two back, toward the spot where I had left Dug. Something moved deftly beside me, like an animal, as though to get swiftly past me. I stooped and grabbed it by the hair. It was Dug.

"'Where are you going?' I said, holding him.

"'I heard what he said. I'm going to cut across the short way, to warn him when he gets to the old persimmon-tree. They'll be shot if they go down there by the wild-grape. Cran and Sturley are there.'

"I tried to stop him, but he pulled away from me.

"'Don't forget to say "Coon-dog" to them,' I said, desperately. 'They won't know you. Say it—then run. Where are you going after that?'

"'Back to her,' he said, and was gone.

"I knew the short foot-path back to the cabin. McCree's horse would have to pick his way slowly; that would give me time to get to the cabin before McCree. I tied Molly where I found Dug's horse tied, and made the difficult way on foot.

"When I came to the cabin at last I was pretty well spent. I opened the door without knocking.

"Ples and Dug were facing each other. They stared at me as I entered; but Ples turned back almost instantly to his brother.

"Dug stood back against the wall. Beside him, her hand on his arm, stood the woman, her red hair shining in the firelight. I could not but notice again the striking likeness between them.

"Ples was cursing Dug as I've never heard a man curse. When there was a break in the torrent the woman spoke, weakly.

"'Ples! Ples! Dug's yer brother!' As she said it she laid a hand on his arm. Ples flung it off as though it were some vile thing. The gander, excited by a scene it did not understand, flew at Ples with an angry, hissing sound and a wild waving of wings.

"I hardly know how it occurred, for it all happened so quickly. Ples made a swift, fierce snatch at the gander that took it off its yellow feet. He gave it a vicious jerk, a strong, infuriated twirl. Then the great, heavy body was flung into a corner and lay still, after a few feeble flutterings of its great wings.

The woman's eyes closed an instant, as though she had been struck and dazed by a hard blow. But she did not even look toward the bird. Her eyes were fixed on Dug.

"I expected to see the two men clench in fierce fight, but Dug's raised hands only dropped heavily at his sides and he said nothing. Ples began his torrent of abuse once more.

"'Look here,' I said, 'you'll be caught up with while you're quarreling. What did you come back for? McCree is certain to be here soon.'

"'I came back,' Ples said, with slow hate, 'to find out what Dug's aimin' to do. He's pappy's son, like we all air. But he don't act like it, fer a fact. Blood's a heap thicker than water, but you wouldn't say he was blood-kin. Looks like he's changed and converted—ain't the same man since *she* come here.'

"I can give no idea of the scorn his words conveyed.

"'You run a risk every moment you are here,' I said, angrily. 'Get out into the brush and save yourself.'

"Ples turned to Dug again.

"'Air you goin' to get your gun and come into the brush, like I told you?'

"Dug still remained silent. It was the woman who spoke.

"'Dug's like me,' she said. She cast a frightened glance at Ples, as though she had said the wrong thing. 'Hit's this-a-way.' Her voice was husky, and she cleared her throat. 'He'd ruther put his head in the f'ar than take no man's life. And I'd ruther see him laid out thar dead afore me than have him get no man's blood on his hands. Your pappy's done kill four men. Hit's aplenty.' She paused, and her fingers closed steadyingly, possessively, over Dug's arm. 'Dug's dead set agin killin'. If it comes to standin' by his pappy and his brothers, well, Dug knows blood-kin. But Dug won't kill ary man. Will you, Dug honey?'

"Even as she spoke there was a slight crash outside, as of some one stumbling over a dead branch.

"'That's McCree!' I said, desperately.

"Ples, without a word, turned to the ladder and climbed into the loft. He drew a knife from his belt as he passed Dug, and handed it fiercely to him. Dug took it. Then a shade of something went over his face and he laid it on the bed, passed over to the ladder, and followed Ples.

"'Where you going, Dug honey?' the woman said, softly. She had her hands clasped up under her chin and was shrunk back against the wall.

"'Up thar,' he said. 'If they take me first maybe it 'll give Ples time to get away.'

"Before he was well in the loft there was a pounding against the door. McCree had his deputy with him. I could hear him order another to the back of the cabin.

"The woman, very white, unbolted the latch.

"McCree and a deputy named Bradley came in, without a word. McCree threw a keen glance around the room.

"'So you're here, are you!' he fixed his eyes narrowly on me. 'Looks like to me you got here pretty quick.'

"'Look here,' I said, 'I'm not mixing in anything I ought not to be in. I give you my word of honor.'

"He turned to Bradley. 'That man is soft on mountaineers,' he said, with a mixture of scorn and shrewdness. 'Keep your eye on him.'

"'Look here,' I insisted, 'one of these boys is not guilty. It was he who warned you not to go past the wild-grape lest you be shot.'

"I could feel the woman's eyes on my face.

"McCree fingered his pistol and squinted calculatingly, addressing me.

"'You're damned soft, you are; and you're trying to save somebody. One of 'em's around here. Look under them beds, Bradley; now behind them sacks; now up in the loft. I'll go first; you come close behind. If I don't get him, be sure you do.'

"Just then McCree caught sight of the knife and picked it up, with a mixed smile, and put it in his belt.

"'Look here,' I said, hurrying to the foot of the ladder, 'don't do anything you'll be sorry for.'

"At that instant there was a noise in the loft. Ples was forcing open the little blind-shuttered window at the end of it.

"McCree fairly ran up the ladder. I looked at the woman. She had her eyes fixed on the loft-hole. Dug must have been crouched close to it. I knew he had no weapons. McCree disappeared. At the same moment his pistol must have been knocked from his hand, for it fell heavily from the loft-hole to the floor below.

"I figured out afterward what happened. Dug threw himself against Mc-

Cree to give Ples time to get away through the tiny loft window. McCree, his pistol gone, snatched the knife from his belt and made three lunges. I heard those three lunges, then I heard Dug's body fall heavily to its knees first, I think, then altogether over. At the same moment I heard Ples drop outside the cabin, and McCree shouting to Bradley:

"'There's two! Get out. One's got away!'

"McCree fairly tumbled over Bradley coming down the ladder, and both of them flung out of the cabin wildly.

"I looked at the woman. She had not moved. She was standing, shrunken against the wall, the firelight playing on her hair wonderfully. Her eyes were fixed not on the loft-hole now, but on a spot not far from her, on the cabin floor, where, between the cracks of the floorboards of the loft, something was beginning to drip, drip. Presently she felt her way, staggeringly, along the wall, and reached the ladder.

"'Let me go first,' I said. She paid no heed. I ran back for some clean rags drying by the fire. When I got to the loft she was turning Dug over. He had fallen on his face. Her hands and mine touched each other, feeling over his body, and met on something warm and wet. I pressed the rags to it. She took them from me, and held them close against his breast with both her hands, leaning over him.

"She was slender and frail, but she wanted to carry him herself; actually put her arms under him, and tried to lift him.

"'Go down first.' I think I spoke almost roughly. 'I'll need you below.' So she went. I followed after, backing down carefully, Dug's head lying over my arm, while I held to the rungs with the other hand.

"I laid him down on the floor, not far from the fire. She slipped in a heap on her knees beside him and took his head in her lap. Her body touched the body of the dead gander, but I think she did not notice it. There was nothing to be done. McCree's knife must have gone far in, quite to the heart, I should say.

"She sat quite still, without a tear and without a word. Now and then she smoothed his hair or his stained clothes. I sat on the edge of the bed, away from her in the shadows, turning over possibilities. At last I begged her to let me watch while she went and lay down for a while. I think she did not hear me. The wind tossed and sobbed outside. There was rain with it now.

"'I'm going to get my mare,' I said, at last. 'I'll be back soon.'

"If I could get Molly I could go in a little while to the Parrots' and get help for her—woman's help, I mean. I think she did not notice my going. As I left the cabin she was bending over Dug, smoothing his hair.

"It must have been about a half-hour before I could get back with Molly. Dug and the woman were there, just as I had left them, except that she had noticed the old gander and had drawn its head over on her lap, too.

"'Won't you come away for a little while and rest?' I begged.

"She began swaying back and forth, crooning softly. I knew then what I had seemed to know before, that she was out of her mind entirely. She smoothed the feathers of the dead gander; then she raised her head and gave, suddenly, the mellow call of the goose-tender, and then as suddenly put her hand over her mouth and looked at Dug.

"She turned to me. 'You see, I hain't woke him up, hev I? He hain't been sleepin' well. Dug, he says to me'—then it was as though her wits had lost their way. She began again: 'They were all white, right pure white.' Again she stroked the head of the gander. Then she took my wrist and spoke in my ear: 'I'll tell you something. I'd ruther hev Dug layin' out there dead afore me than to hev him kill ary man. But he hain't dead. He's sleepin'; and he hain't kill nobody, nuther; and he's stood by his blood-kin, too. Don't you wake him. He'll wake up by and by hisself, when he gets sleep enough. Dug's like me; he don't like to kill nobody.'"

As Taunton finished, there was dead silence. Mrs. Coningsby had stopped knitting; Celestine Reynolds no longer fondled the kitten; Mrs. Fielding, with eyes closed and a look of pain on her



Drawn by Walter Biggs

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

thin, colorless face, was in a deeper trance than ever. Jimmy Tucker and Paxton were both looking gravely over their collars into the fire.

"Good Lord!" blurted Ridgeway, "you went through that yourself!"

"But how perfectly fearful!" said Celestine Reynolds.

"What became of her?" said Mrs. Coningsby, almost savagely.

"Two of the boys went to prison. Old Holcomb and Ples got out of the state and away. The Parrots took her back to her father, in Magoffin. She's got enough wits to tend the geese. I tried to do something for her. Well, you can't do much for those people. They tell me she looks over the flock of geese carefully each night for the old gander. Sometimes she almost, but never quite, finds him."

There was a moment's pause. Then the portières parted and Mrs. Hastings came in, in her furs, her cheeks glowing.

"Well," she said, cheerfully, "what have you been doing in my absence? Dear me, but you look solemn."

Ridgeway spoke for them all, while he helped her off with her furs.

"Taunton, here, has been telling us a pretty grim story about the tragedies that follow on mixed marriage."

Taunton thought he saw Mrs. Hastings's eyes glide, with a little. frightened glance, to Mrs. Guthrie.

"Well, now, *I* say—" began Mrs. Coningsby.

"And *I* say," said Mrs. Hastings, interrupting, "that it is close on to dinnertime."

In another moment or two they were all trailing up-stairs, laughing and talking as they went.

Taunton noticed that Mrs. Guthrie waited, and slipped near to Mrs. Hastings, and laid a hand on her arm, the two women going up the broad steps together.

When he came down, a little while later, Mrs. Hastings, in a mauve dinner-gown, was waiting for him.

"Now sit down and tell me what it was, for Heaven's sake, this about mixed marriage. I am anxious, because, you see, Mrs. Guthrie has been through such a fearful experience herself. He was an Englishman, she an American; he had been brought up in one faith, she in another," she hurried on, as though to get it said quickly.

"They disagreed as to religion?" Taunton asked.

"Oh dear, mercy, no!" Mrs. Hastings spoke with sorrowful impatience. "They disagreed as to *nothing*, my dear. They loved each other. They adored each other. They were the only perfectly mated people I ever saw. What in the world had they to do with old hatreds of sects and creeds. Nothing, nothing. They could afford to leave all that to smaller minds. When people love as they did—well, I don't believe hatred for anybody could find a particle of place in their lives."

"Would you mind telling me—in her case—just what was the tragedy?"

"Oh, it was his people. You see, he was a widower. His people had had his children for six years. When he became engaged they could not endure giving them up. They wanted to keep them. They tried to make themselves and him believe that he had no right to them. They had cared for them, and, besides, their objections were based chiefly on religious reasons, that about not putting Catholic or Protestant children with a stepmother of the opposite faith. I cannot explain it all. It seems incredible. I don't know how such things happen; I only know they do. Trying to stay true to his own people, true to the woman he loved. Then, you see, he was overworked, on the verge of a breakdown, anyway—I don't know all the details—I only know that finally, when he was ill, the children were taken away by his people, on the ground that he and she were unfit to care for them. His people were warned by the physicians they must not subject him to such shock and strain. She, poor thing, kept promising that the children would surely come back, if only he would get well. But he grew worse. The physicians said he could not get well with this thing warring in his heart and mind."

"And then?"

"Then, one night in his delirium he got hold of a pistol and shot himself." She spoke with a kind of desperate abruptness. Presently she continued: "There simply could not have been

people who loved each other more. And, do you know, to this day I've never seen a look of bitterness or hate in her face. Now if it had been I—"

"Oh no, you wouldn't," Taunton interrupted, bitterly. "When two people love like that, the hate always has to be supplied by outside parties. It was that way with Romeo and Juliet; it was that way with the mountain people I told about; it is that way with her. But, dear me, the story was unfortunate. I wish I had known!"

The others were coming down the steps now. Dinner was announced. A few moments later Taunton found himself beside Mrs. Guthrie, at the long dining-table.

"Now there is opportunity to thank you," she was saying, gently, "for your story. I feel as though you had given me two friends—the mountain woman with the red hair, and the man she loved."

Did she guess that he knew her own story? Had she said this to put him at his ease? Very likely. There was about her a peculiar and lovely gentleness.

Mrs. Coningsby, exactly opposite, leaned over, babblingly. "I've been thinking a great deal about that story of yours, Mr. Taunton, of mixed marriage."

Taunton had a wild impulse to fling out a kick under the table.

"I can't tell you how right I think you are. Now I think that war is often like *mixed marriage*. The men are held by the belief they have been brought up to, a fanatical belief in patriotism; the women by their belief in love, in home, in marriage. Well, they love each other—these women, these men. The men don't go armed for hate, not more than your man Dug did. But just like your man Ples, along comes the war party, the government, the Fatherland, dragging their hate, just as the old Capulets and Montagues did, blackly across the lives of those who love. It is fanaticism, selfishness, pitted against nobility and peace and love. And the men are sacrificed, killed, just as your man Dug was, and the women are left, with empty hands, empty lives, horribly, horribly empty lives—"

It seemed intolerable to Taunton that the woman beside him should be subjected to this new insistence.

"Well," he said, lamely, "I can't feel that the world is lost so long as the women *are* left. They, at least, however they suffer, can carry on the tradition of love."

"Do you feel that way about it, Mrs. Guthrie?" insisted Mrs. Coningsby. "Now I just can't."

Again the voice of the woman beside him sounded to Taunton strangely silvery:

"I do not know. But I am sure that love is the great fact, and that all the rest is passing, passing, and by and by will be gone—but love will be left."

For a moment, as he glanced at her—at the sensitive white brow, of beautiful proportion, the dark, understanding eyes, at once a revelation and a mystery—she seemed to Taunton more than ordinary flesh and blood, something spiritual, prophetic, symbolic—an embodiment of all the spirituality of all the women of the world.

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART IV

IN a moment we were in a French village. We walked through a great factory of some sort, where men and women and little children were toiling in heat and dirt and a fog of dust; and they were clothed in rags, and drooped at their work, for they were worn and half starved, and weak and drowsy. Satan said:

"It is some more Moral Sense. The proprietors are rich, and very holy; but the wage they pay to these poor brothers and sisters of theirs is only enough to keep them from dropping dead with hunger. The work-hours are fourteen per day, winter and summer—from six in the morning till eight at night—little children and all. And they walk to and from the pig-sties which they inhabit—four miles each way, through mud and slush, rain, snow, sleet and storm, daily, year in and year out. They get four hours of sleep. They kennel together, three families in a room, in unimaginable filth and stench; and disease comes, and they die off like flies. Have they committed a crime, these mangy things? No. What have they done, that they are punished so? Nothing at all, except getting themselves born into your foolish race. You have seen how they treat a misdoer there in the jail; now you see how they treat the innocent and the worthy. Is your race logical? Are these ill-smelling innocents better off than that heretic? Indeed, no; his punishment is trivial compared with theirs. They broke him on the wheel and smashed him to rags and pulp after we left, and he is dead now, and free of your precious race; but these poor slaves here—why, they have been dying for years, and some of them will not escape from life for years to come. It is the Moral Sense which teaches the factory proprietors the difference between right and wrong—you perceive the result. They think themselves better than dogs. Ah, you are such an illogical, unreasoning race! And paltry—oh, unspeakably!"

Then he dropped all seriousness and just overstrained himself making fun of us, and deriding our pride in our warlike deeds, our great heroes, our imperishable fames, our mighty kings, our ancient aristocracies, our venerable history—and laughed and laughed till it was enough to make a person sick to hear him; and finally he sobered a little and said, "But, after all, it is not all ridiculous; there is a sort of pathos about it when one remembers how few are your days, how childish your pomps, and what shadows you are!"

Presently all things vanished suddenly from my sight, and I knew what it meant. The next moment we were walking along in our village; and down toward the river I saw the twinkling lights of the Golden Stag. Then in the dark I heard a joyful cry:

"He's come again!"

It was Seppi Wohlmeyer. He had felt his blood leap and his spirits rise in a way that could mean only one thing, and he knew Satan was near, although it was too dark to see him. He came to us, and we walked along together, and Seppi poured out his gladness like water. It was as if he were a lover and had found his sweetheart who had been lost. Seppi was a smart and animated boy, and had enthusiasm and expression, and was a contrast to Nikolaus and me. He was full of the last new mystery, now—the disappearance of Hans Oppert, the village loafer. People were beginning to be curious about it, he said. He did not

say anxious—curious was the right word, and strong enough. No one had seen Hans for a couple of days.

"Not since he did that brutal thing, you know," he said.

"What brutal thing?" It was Satan that asked.

"Well, he is always clubbing his dog, which is a good dog, and his only friend, and is faithful, and loves him, and does no one any harm; and two days ago he was at it again, just for nothing—just for pleasure—and the dog was howling and begging, and Theodor and I begged, too, but he threatened us, and struck the dog again with all his might and knocked one of his eyes out, and he said to us, 'There, I hope you are satisfied now; that's what you have got for him by your damned meddling'—and he laughed, the heartless brute." Seppi's voice trembled with pity and anger. I guessed what Satan would say, and he said it.

"There is that misused word again—that shabby slander. Brutes do not act like that, but only men."

"Well, it was inhuman, anyway."

"No, it wasn't, Seppi; it was human — quite distinctly human. It is not pleasant to hear you libel the higher animals by attributing to them dispositions which they are free from, and which are found nowhere but in the human heart. None of the higher animals is tainted with the disease called the Moral Sense. Purify your language, Seppi; drop those lying phrases out of it."

He spoke pretty sternly—for him—and I was sorry I hadn't warned Seppi to be more particular about the word he used. I knew how he was feeling. He would not want to offend Satan; he would rather offend all his kin. There was an uncomfortable silence, but relief soon came, for that poor dog came along now, with his eye hanging down, and went straight to Satan, and began to moan and mutter brokenly, and Satan began to answer in the same way, and it was plain that they were talking together in the dog language. We all sat down in the grass, in the moonlight, for the clouds were breaking away now, and Satan took the dog's head in his lap and put the eye back in its place, and the dog was comfortable, and he wagged his tail and licked Satan's hand, and looked thankful and said the same; I knew he was saying it, though I did not understand the words. Then the two talked together a bit, and Satan said:

"He says his master was drunk."

"Yes, he was," said we.

"And an hour later he fell over the precipice there beyond the Cliff Pasture."

"We know the place; it is three miles from here."

"And the dog has been often to the village, begging people to go there, but he was only driven away and not listened to."

We remembered it, but hadn't understood what he wanted.

"He only wanted help for the man who had misused him, and he thought only of that, and has had no food nor sought any. He has watched by his master two nights. What do you think of your race? Is heaven reserved for it, and this dog ruled out, as your teachers tell you? Can your race add anything to this dog's stock of morals and magnanimities?" He spoke to the creature, who jumped up, eager and happy, and apparently ready for orders and impatient to execute them. "Get some men; go with the dog—he will show you that carrion; and take a priest along to arrange about insurance, for death is near."

With the last word he vanished, to our sorrow and disappointment. We got the men and Father Adolf, and we saw the man die. Nobody cared but the dog; he mourned and grieved, and licked the dead face, and could not be comforted. We buried him where he was, and without a coffin, for he had no money, and no friend but the dog. If we had been an hour earlier the priest would have been in time to send that poor creature to heaven, but now he was gone down into the awful fires, to burn forever. It seemed such a pity that in a world where so many people have difficulty to put in their time, one little hour could not have been spared for this poor creature who needed it so much, and to whom it would have made the difference between eternal joy and eternal pain. It gave an appalling idea of the value of an hour, and I thought I could never

waste one again without remorse and terror. Seppi was depressed and grieved, and said it must be so much better to be a dog and not run such awful risks. We took this one home with us and kept him for our own. Seppi had a very good thought as we were walking along, and it cheered us up and made us feel much better. He said the dog had forgiven the man that had wronged him so, and maybe God would accept that absolution.

There was a very dull week, now, for Satan did not come, nothing much was going on, and we boys could not venture to go and see Marget, because the nights were moonlit and our parents might find us out if we tried. But we came across Ursula a couple of times taking a walk in the meadows beyond the river to air the cat, and we learned from her that things were going well. She had natty new clothes on and bore a prosperous look. The four groschen a day were arriving without a break but were not being spent for food and wine and such things—the cat attended to all that.

Marget was enduring her forsakenness and isolation fairly well, all things considered, and was cheerful, by help of Wilhelm Meidling. She spent an hour or two every night in the jail with her uncle, and had fattened him up with the cat's contributions. But she was curious to know more about Philip Traum, and hoped I would bring him again. Ursula was curious about him herself, and asked a good many questions about his uncle. It made the boys laugh, for I had told them the nonsense Satan had been stuffing her with. She got no satisfaction out of us, our tongues being tied.

Ursula gave us a small item of information: money being plenty now, she had taken on a servant to help about the house and run errands. She tried to tell it in a commonplace, matter-of-course way, but she was so set up by it and so vain of it that her pride in it leaked out pretty plainly. It was beautiful to see her veiled delight in this grandeur, poor old thing, but when we heard the name of the servant we wondered if she had been altogether wise; for although we were young, and often thoughtless, we had fairly good perception on some matters. This boy was Gottfried Narr, a dull, good creature, with no harm in him and nothing against him personally; still, he was under a cloud, and properly so, for it had not been six months since a social blight had mildewed the family—his grandmother had been burned as a witch. When that kind of a malady is in the blood it does not always come out with just one burning. Just now was not a good time for Ursula and Marget to be having dealings with a member of such a family, for the witch-terror had risen higher during the past year than it had ever reached in the memory of the oldest villagers. The mere mention of a witch was almost enough to frighten us out of our wits. This was natural enough, because of late years there were more kinds of witches than there used to be; in old times it had been only old women, but of late years they were of all ages—even children of eight and nine; it was getting so that anybody might turn out to be a familiar of the Devil—age and sex hadn't anything to do with it. In our little region we had tried to extirpate the witches, but the more of them we burned the more of the breed rose up in their places.

Once, in a school for girls only ten miles away, the teachers found that the back of one of the girls was all red and inflamed, and they were greatly frightened, believing it to be the Devil's marks. The girl was scared, and begged them not to denounce her, and said it was only fleas; but of course it would not do to let the matter rest there. All the girls were examined, and eleven out of the fifty were badly marked, the rest less so. A commission was appointed, but the eleven only cried for their mothers and would not confess. Then they were shut up, each by herself, in the dark, and put on black bread and water for ten days and nights; and by that time they were haggard and wild, and their eyes were dry and they did not cry any more, but only sat and mumbled, and would not take the food. Then one of them confessed, and said they had often ridden through the air on broomsticks to the witches' sabbath, and in a bleak place high up in the mountains had danced and drunk and caroused with several hundred other witches and

with Satan, and all had conducted themselves in a scandalous way and had reviled the priests and blasphemed God. That is what she said—not in narrative form, for she was not able to remember any of the details without having them called to her mind one after the other; but the commission did that, for they knew just what questions to ask, they being all written down for the use of witch-commissions two centuries before. They asked, "Did you do so and so?" and she always said yes, and looked weary and tired and took no interest in it. And so when the other ten heard that this one confessed, they confessed, too, and answered yes to the questions. Then they were burned at the stake all together, which was just and right; and everybody went from all the countryside to see it. I went, too; but when I saw that one of them was a bonny, sweet girl I used to play with, and looked so pitiful there chained to the stake, and her mother crying over her and devouring her with kisses and clinging around her neck and saying, "Oh, my God! oh, my God!" it was too dreadful, and I went away.

It was bitter cold weather when Gottfried's grandmother was burned. It was charged that she had cured bad headaches by kneading the person's head and neck with her fingers—as she said—but really by the Devil's help, as everybody knew. They were going to examine her, but she stopped them, and confessed straight off that her power was from the Devil. So they appointed to burn her next morning, early, in our market square. The officer who was to prepare the fire was there first, and prepared it. She was there next—brought by the constables, who left her and went to fetch another witch. Her family did not come with her. They might be reviled, maybe stoned, if the people were excited. I came, and gave her an apple. She was squatting at the fire, warming herself and waiting; and her old lips and hands were blue with the cold. A stranger came next. He was a traveler, passing through; and he spoke to her gently, and, seeing nobody but me there to hear, said he was sorry for her. And he asked her if what she confessed was true, and she said no. He looked surprised and still more sorry then, and asked her:

"Then why did you confess?"

"I am old and very poor," she said, "and I work for my living. There was no way but to confess. If I hadn't they might have set me free. That would ruin me, for no one would forget that I had been suspected of being a witch, and so I would get no more work, and wherever I went they would set the dogs on me. In a little while I would starve. The fire is best; it is soon over. You have been good to me, you two, and I thank you."

She snuggled closer to the fire, and put out her hands to warm them, the snow-flakes descending soft and still on her old gray head and making it white and whiter. The crowd was gathering now, and an egg came flying and struck her in the eye, and broke and ran down her face. There was a laugh at that.

I told Satan all about the eleven girls and the old woman, once, but it did not affect him. He only said it was the human race, and what the human race did was of no consequence. And he said he had seen it made; and it was not made of clay; it was made of mud—part of it was, anyway. I knew what he meant by that—the Moral Sense. He saw the thought in my head, and it tickled him and made him laugh. Then he called a bullock out of a pasture and petted it and talked with it, and said:

"There—he wouldn't drive children mad with hunger and fright and loneliness, and then burn them for confessing to things invented for them which had never happened. And neither would he break the hearts of innocent, poor old women and make them afraid to trust themselves among their own race; and he would not insult them in their death-agony. For he is not besmirched with the Moral Sense, but is as the angels are, and knows no wrong and never does it."

Lovely as he was, Satan could be cruelly offensive when he chose; and he always chose when the human race was brought to his attention. He always turned up his nose at it, and never had a kind word for it.

Well, as I was saying, we boys doubted if it was a good time for Ursula to be hiring a member of the Narr family.

We were right. When the people found it out they were naturally indignant. And, moreover, since Marget and Ursula hadn't enough to eat themselves, where was the money to come from to feed another mouth? That is what they wanted to know; and in order to find out they stopped avoiding Gottfried and began to seek his society and have sociable conversations with him. He was pleased — not thinking any harm and not seeing the trap—and so he talked innocently along, and was no discreeter than a cow.

"Money!" he said; "they've got plenty of it. They pay me two groschen a week, besides my keep. And they live on the fat of the land, I can tell you; the prince himself can't beat their table."

This astonishing statement was conveyed by the astrologer to Father Adolf on a Sunday morning when he was returning from mass. He was deeply moved, and said:

"This must be looked into."

He said there must be witchcraft at the bottom of it, and told the villagers to resume relations with Marget and Ursula in a private and unostentatious way, and keep both eyes open. They were told to keep their own counsel, and not rouse the suspicions of the household. The villagers were at first a bit reluctant to enter such a dreadful place, but the priest said they would be under his protection while there, and no harm could come to them, particularly if they carried a trifle of holy water along and kept their beads and crosses handy. This satisfied them and made them willing to go; envy and malice made the baser sort even eager to go.

And so poor Marget began to have company again, and was as pleased as a cat. She was like 'most anybody else —just human, and happy in her prosperities and not averse from showing them off a little; and she was humanly grateful to have the warm shoulder turned to her and be smiled upon by her friends and the village again; for of all the hard things to bear, to be cut by your neighbors and left in contemptuous solitude is maybe the hardest.

The bars were down, and we could all go there now, and we did—our parents and all—day after day. The cat began to strain herself. She provided the top of everything for those companies, and in abundance—among them many a dish and many a wine which they had not tasted before and which they had not even heard of except at second-hand from the prince's servants. And the tableware was much above ordinary, too.

Marget was troubled at times, and pursued Ursula with questions to an uncomfortable degree; but Ursula stood her ground and stuck to it that it was Providence, and said no word about the cat. Marget knew that nothing was impossible to Providence, but she could not help having doubts that this effort was from there, though she was afraid to say so, lest disaster come of it. Witchcraft occurred to her, but she put the thought aside, for this was before Gottfried joined the household, and she knew Ursula was pious and a bitter hater of witches. By the time Gottfried arrived Providence was established, unshakably intrenched, and getting all the gratitude. The cat made no murmur, but went on composedly improving in style and prodigality by experience.

In any community, big or little, there is always a fair proportion of people who are not malicious or unkind by nature, and who never do unkind things except when they are overmastered by fear, or when their self-interest is greatly in danger, or some such matter as that. Eseldorf had its proportion of such people, and ordinarily their good and gentle influence was felt, but these were not ordinary times—on account of the witch-dread—and so we did not seem to have any gentle and compassionate hearts left, to speak of. Every person was frightened at the unaccountable state of things at Marget's house, not doubting that witchcraft was at the bottom of it, and fright frenzied their reason. Naturally there were some who pitied Marget and Ursula for the danger that was gathering about them, but naturally they did not say so; it would not have been safe. So the others had it all their own way, and there was none to advise the ignorant girl and the foolish old woman and warn them to modify their doings. We boys wanted to warn them, but we backed down when it came to the pinch,

being afraid. We found that we were not manly enough nor brave enough to do a generous action when there was a chance that it could get us into trouble. Neither of us confessed this poor spirit to the others, but did as other people would have done—dropped the subject and talked about something else. And I know we all felt mean, eating and drinking Marget's fine things along with those companies of spies, and petting her and complimenting her with the rest, and seeing with self-reproach how foolishly happy she was, and never saying a word to put her on her guard. And, indeed, she was happy, and as proud as a princess, and so grateful to have friends again. And all the time these people were watching with all their eyes and reporting all they saw to Father Adolf.

But he couldn't make head or tail of the situation. There must be an enchanter somewhere on the premises, but who was it? Marget was not seen to do any jugglery, nor was Ursula, nor yet Gottfried; and still the wines and dainties never ran short, and a guest could not call for a thing and not get it. To produce these effects was usual enough with witches and enchanters—that part of it was not new; but to do it without any incantations, or even any rumblings or earthquakes or lightnings or apparitions —that was new, novel, wholly irregular. There was nothing in the books like this. Enchanted things were always unreal. Gold turned to dirt in an unenchanted atmosphere, food withered away and vanished. But this test failed in the present case. The spies brought samples; Father Adolf prayed over them, exorcised them, but it did no good; they remained sound and real, they yielded to natural decay only, and took the usual time to do it.

Father Adolf was not merely puzzled, he was also exasperated; for these evidences very nearly convinced him—privately—that there was no witchcraft in the matter. It did not wholly convince him, for this could be a new kind of witchcraft. There was a way to find out as to this: if this prodigal abundance of provender was not brought in from the outside but produced on the premises, there was witchcraft, sure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the Southern Sea

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

O BLUE and green! O green and blue!
What shall I, what can I say to you,
O sea of a Southern land?

I, like the old gray hulls of ships,
Would fondle your hair and kiss your lips
And play with your foam-white hand.

So here I lie, among your caves,
Loving your ripples, fearing your waves,
—Flirting Love of the World,—

Here where the sea-grape grows and clings,
Here where the sea-gull rests his wings
And your angry storms are hurled.

Up On the Mountain

BY ALICE BROWN

MOLLIE DIXON, standing on the high, grassy bank, shoved up the pantry window, bent her head, covered with a disarray of beautiful, dark hair, and crawled in. She stood a moment, to breathe and look about her, and laughed aloud at her daring.

"Same old winder ketch," said she. "'Twan't mended for me and 'twon't be for her."

She was a soft-stepping, slender woman, with a deep red under the tan of her cheeks and a strong light in her eyes. Every last carelessness of fashion and delight in color had bloomed out in her dress, the floating disorder of it, the rich rose of her neckerchief over the leaf-brown that covered her. She looked as if she had been blown by a wind, yet a wind that left no dust. She was all radiant cleanliness, a purity that glowed. She might but that moment have been bathing in cold, moving water on a mountain, and so brought the blood to her face, and then have run, tingling, down the mountain path, a creature freshly made out of the elements, to live among men. She stood looking at the pantry shelves and absently moved two or three dishes into places she knew. Then, finding herself reverting to a hated routine, she frankly made up a face at the dishes and turned away from them into the kitchen. There she found the same homely scene she had known too well and loved to flee from, only a shade sadder in its darkened tints. Everything was a little more worn, and there were trails of dust on surfaces not in the direct line of a careless broom. The oven door was open, and near it stood Jerry's rubber boots. She looked at the boots in a distaste that was amusing even to her. But it was real, it had a live root in her mind, and as she shut the oven door she pulled it delicately past, so that she might not touch them. Then she began to laugh with a sudden pleasure and great heartiness. She was never tired of playing little games to amuse herself, and no trouble was too great to make the game a good one.

"I've as great a mind to," said Mollie, speaking aloud, after the habit of those who live much alone, "as ever I had to eat."

At once her mind took on an absorbed directness. She lifted the stove-cover, crumpled a newspaper from the table, and smiled as she thrust it in, to think Jerry couldn't read it over and over until somebody gave him another one. He would hunt and hunt. He would do anything but buy another paper. While she brought kindling from the shed and laid her fire deftly, she was wondering why she hated so to do these household deeds, since she was so expert in them. No one had ever been a better housekeeper than Mollie. She knew that. Jerry knew it, too. She thought that was why he had so hated to let her go. But he had done the next best thing, after these months since their divorce. He had cast his eyes upon Hannah Crane, and she, too, was a good worker, and had thrift, besides.

Now Mollie's fire was burning with a pleasant sound, and she filled the teakettle and put it on, singing under her breath, it seemed so pleasant to find out things about Jerry. Not only was the catch of the pantry window unchanged from its old inefficiency, but the pump, too, had kept its vicious ways. It would run down unless you remembered to give it reminding strokes, and the pail of water sat there, as of old, to bring it up if it really did escape you. While she stood there, absently reading the story of the room, steps came plunging through the shed, and she turned, her hand at her leaping heart. But it was not Jerry who opened the door and stood there angrily regarding her. It

was Horace Rokes, a little younger than she, curiously like her, and as full of life in the same gipsy way. He spoke hotly, almost with the opening of the door.

"What are you here for? What you doin' of?"

At the sight of him Mollie recovered her mischievous calm.

"I thought I'd run in a minute," said she.

"I was pickin' apples," said Horace, "and I see you climbin' in through that pantry winder. I jumped off the ladder and run." He had come in and stood facing her beside the stove. "Much as ever Sam Pete wa'n't there with me, helpin' me pick. S'pose he had been?"

"Well," said Mollie, "spos'n' he had?"

"Why, 't would been all over the neighborhood, how Jerry 'd gone to the fair and took Hannah Crane, and you clim' int' his pantry winder."

"Oh," said Molly, "would it?"

"You know 'twould. Why, it's breakin' and enterin'."

"So 'tis." She laughed, with an intimate delight of her own that stirred him the deeper. Perfectly as she bewitched him, he never could endure the way she had of having queer thoughts and taking no pains to share them. But he felt worried, too.

"Why, Mollie," said he, "you and Jerry are divorced. You 'ain't forgot that, have you?"

"No," said Mollie, unmoved. "I 'ain't forgot it. I ain't likely to."

She took off the stove-cover and put in a stick of wood. The little act, suggestive of household tasks unthinkingly pursued, seemed to madden him the more.

"Then," said he, "you stop puttin' his firewood into that sto'."

"Mercy!" said Mollie. "I forgot to take off that kittle on the back. It's got some kind of a stew in it. I s'pose he's left it ready for his supper. You lift it off and set it in the sink. I'm afraid it 'll burn on."

Involuntarily he made a movement toward it, but he stopped short.

"No," said he. "I ain't goin' to touch any man's kittles in his house when he ain't there."

"Then," said Mollie, "I guess you better be gettin' along home."

"And leave you here in his house? No, you don't. Why, Mollie, you've no more business to be in here movin' round as if you belonged here than as if such a thing couldn't be. You know you 'ain't. I dun'no' what possesses you. Seems if the devil had got into you."

He pushed his hand up over his tumbled hair, but a lock fell back over his forehead, and he looked handsome in a pathetic way that moved her. In spite of his bigness he was very boyish, and Mollie thought she liked him at the moment, because she was sorry for him. It seemed so foolish of him to care for her so much. She lifted the kettle from the stove, and he snatched it, in an angry haste, and looked about him, frowning, for a place to set it.

"There in the sink," she bade him. "In the sink, Jerry, in the sink."

Before he could obey he turned an angry glance upon her. "My Lord!" he broke forth, as he set the kettle down, "you're callin' me by his name. D'you know what you said? You said, 'Jerry'."

"Well, what if I did?" asked Mollie, patiently. "Here we be in his house, and here's his things all over the room. There's his boots settin' there, and there's his kittle full o' stew. No wonder his name comes to my tongue."

"But I won't have it," said Horace. "'Tain't right. You've no business to. I don't want you to be thinkin' o' his name. I want you to be thinkin' o' mine."

"Well," said Mollie, her little, irrepressible smile coming, "mebbe if I'd been married to you same's I was to Jerry, and it come to the same end, 'twould be your name. Specially if I happened on your boots."

She had given him a little advantage, she saw at once. But she did not care. Mollie had a direct impersonality in the intercourse of life. Her paths were never tortuous. She never dodged an issue. But he was taking the cue she had innocently given him.

"That's what I want, Mollie," said he. "I want you to be married to me." He had grown pale under his tan, and his lip quivered in a way that softened her. Mollie, looking at him at first with



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland *Engraved by Frank E. Perrit*

SHE SHOVED UP THE PANTRY WINDOW AND CRAWLED IN

calmness, suddenly felt the quickening of her heart. "You're as free as you were before—"

Here he balked and she helped him. "Before I married him. Yes, I s'pose I be in the eyes o' the law."

"Well, ain't you every other way?"

"Maybe I be. But there's things I can't forget. I can't forget how it seemed to live here."

She cast a comprehensive look about the kitchen, and her eyes came back to the boots. There they rested. Mollie was too well poised a creature to shudder, but though her eyes were grave it was evident the boots stood for something. She did not accept them.

"But 'twouldn't be the same," Horace was offering her, eagerly. "He was as nigh as the bark to a tree, and that ain't one o' my failin's. I'm free-handed, Mollie. You know that."

"Yes," said Mollie. She was looking down, so that her eyes did not commit her, and her tone she managed. "You're free-handed, Horace. You're good-hearted, too."

"I'm doin' pretty well," he urged, eagerly, "considerin'. I owed some money, you know, on mother's sickness. But that's all paid up, all but that hunderd to Jerry."

Now she looked at him, in disappointment, he thought, almost reprovingly.

"D'you borrer money o' Jerry?" she asked.

He had been sorry, many times, that he had borrowed it, but that was since he had begun to meet her here and there, as she went back and forth from her day's work.

"'Twas when mother and I fust come here to live," he said. "I didn't know you scarcely at all. I'd only see you go by. And Sam Pete told me 'f I was goin' to borrer money, Jerry had it by him. But I've got it all saved up, Mollie, a hunderd dollars. I could pay it this minute. I dun'no' why I put it off a day. I guess 'twas because I hated to change words with him."

"Yes," said Mollie, still with that air of vague distaste, "you pay him back."

"That's why I couldn't talk to you as free as I wanted to," he went on. "I couldn't, somehow. Anyways, I couldn't start out thornin' you to marry me when I owed him money."

"I guess you better not talk about such things, anyways," said Mollie, gently. "I guess once is enough for some women. 'Tis for me."

"But don't you like me, Mollie?" he persisted. He was so near her now that she fancied she could see to the depths of his brown eyes. She had often thought if she had a son she should like him to look like Horace Rokes. "Don't you like me?"

At that minute Mollie was very near being sure she did like him and that it was her lot to go with him. Sex glamor hung her eyes with a softening, yet bewildering mist, and she felt acquiescence, sad though it might be, in woman's lot.

"You needn't stay cooped up here," he was urging. "We'd move, so's 't you never'd set your eyes on anything you'd seen before. I could get into some mill or another, and I'd work winters and save up somethin' for the rest o' the year, and summers we'd tramp, if you wanted to. I've got that kind of a wanderin' blood, same's you have."

"Yes," said Mollie, gravely. "I know you have. Wanderin' blood! That's what started the trouble betwixt me and him."

"Don't go back to that," he said, savagely. "We can't thrash that out."

"No," she persisted, quietly. "There's nothin' to thrash out. Only if you feel about me as you say you do and mebbe—" She paused, and his quick breathing made her hurry on again. "Anyways, whether we come together or not, I'd ruther you'd know what 'twas that turned him ag'inst me. You wa'n't here in the beginnin' of it, but I s'pose the neighbors set it out to you, soon's you got acquainted."

"They said you went up on the mountain," he owned, sulkily.

"Yes. That's true enough. What else?"

"Oh, what's the use! Well, they said you'd leave the house all day long, when he was off plowin' or with the thrashin'-machine, and set out his supper for him to find when he come home."

"Yes," said Mollie. "That's true enough, too. I don't wonder he couldn't

stan' it. 'Twas no kind of a way for a married woman to act."

"I s'pose you think," said Horace, jealously, "if you had it to do over ag'in you'd behave different to him."

"Oh no," said Mollie, "I should do jest the same."

"There! And if you did he couldn't stan' it then any more'n he could before. But I could, Mollie. I could stan' it."

"Yes," said Mollie. "I b'lieve you would."

"Don't you know why I could?" said Horace. "When you wanted to run off up on the mountain I'd go with you."

"Oh!" said Mollie, and it seemed to him his words had not been fortunate. The light had died out of her face. It looked as if the pleasure of going up on the mountain had been queerly dependent on going alone. It gave him a new sting of jealousy. Jerry could be disposed of, even here in the presence of his household sanctities, but there were ghosts that could not be laid.

"I s'pose," Mollie was saying, "you think 'twas a queer thing for a woman to leave her house and home and run up on the mountain to stay a day or two at a time."

"No," said Horace, roughly. "I don't think 'twas queer, seein' what you had to stan' to home. 'Twas natural enough."

Mollie stood looking past him through the window to the orchard across the road. At length she answered, slowly:

"I s'pose 'twas. I never thought about it then, but now I come to think of it, I s'pose 'twas."

"I used to see you go by," said Horace. He was bending toward her with an intentness she did not see. Her mind was on her own grave thoughts. "Sometimes 'twas 'most sunset, and once mother said, 'There's that Mollie woman goin' up the mountain. I s'pose she's left Jerry to wash the supper-dishes.' That's what she said. 'I s'pose Jerry's doin' the dishes'."

"No," said Molly, simply, "I never was quite so bad as that. I guess I allers cleared up 'fore I went."

Upon that, she left her place by the stove and began moving about the room, in the mechanical performance of old duties. She looked into the table drawer, took out the cloth she found folded there, and spread it on the table. Then she brought the sugar-bowl and spoon-holder, and Horace, the red coming more and more into his face, watched her in a suppressed excitement, to see how many plates and cups she would put on. She disposed them with the same air of accustomed ease, and he burst out, angrily:

"Mollie, you're settin' the table."

Mollie looked at the work of her hands as if she had not fully noted it in the doing, but was not surprised.

"Yes," said she, "so I be."

His excitement grew with his discoveries. "And you've put on two plates. And two cups."

"Yes, I s'pose I have."

"Who are they for? You and Jerry?"

"Why," said Mollie, "I dun'no' who they're for. I set 'em on, that's all, same's I always did."

"Two cups," he continued, in a rage of jealousy, "and two plates—"

"Hark!" said Mollie. She held up a hand to stop him. "Somebody's comin'."

A step struck the threshold of the shed. She did not need to look. Remembered weariness and apprehension told her who it was.

"Who is it?" Horace asked her, in a whisper.

"It's Jerry," said she. "Don't you hear? It's Jerry."

The door opened and Jerry stepped in, halting a moment on the threshold and holding the door still half-open behind him. He was a heavy man, with a dull, obstinate face, and now he looked even uncouth in the awkwardness of his best clothes.

"Well," said he. His voice was a formless one of no resonance and dulled at the edges. Mollie quivered a little as it struck upon her ears. "So you're here, both of ye."

Mollie was facing him, a warm flush on her cheeks and her eyes dilated. Horace, too, faced him, because he knew what was becoming, but there was shame in his glance. He had a man's distaste for invading his neighbor's house.

"Yes," Mollie answered, simply. "I thought you'd gone to the fair."

"Then it's lucky I come back," said the man, dryly. "I concluded I'd better get home to milkin', but I s'pose somethin' come over me and I got wind of what's goin' on. Only I never knew 'twas breakin' an' enterin'."

Horace gave an impatient shake of the shoulders. He hated the place where he found himself. But Mollie was looking at Jerry in her serious way of being willing patiently to explain.

"'Twas I come in, Jerry," said she. "I clim' int' the pantry winder. And he see me do it and come to the door. I guess he was kinder tried with me for doin' it. I guess 'most anybody'd been. So I let him in and we've stood here talkin'."

Jerry's gaze had gone to the table, and he frowned heavily. There was not enough swiftness of feeling in him for a sneer, but he had his dumb distastes.

"So you've begun to get supper," he said. Then he turned to Horace. "'Ain't you got enough to eat to home?"

Before he could answer, Mollie had struck in, with her impulsive eagerness: "I'll tell you what I set the table for, Jerry. And what I got in for. I don't know's I hardly see why I done it, myself; but I guess I can tell."

Jerry sat down, as if he emphasized his right to be there, and brought his fist down on the table with a heavy blow. He put his hand to his collar, and pulled at it. The blood was getting into his face and he breathed heavily. Even in the days before her leaving him Mollie had never seen him outwardly so moved, and she looked at him solicitously.

"I'll tell ye why ye broke into my house," he said. "I dun'no' why you built up a fire in the sto' nor set them dishes onto the table, but I know why you're both here. You owe me—" he looked up at Horace now "—a matter of a hunderd dollars."

"Yes," Mollie answered for him; "we were speakin' about it only a minute ago."

"A matter of a hunderd dollars," Jerry repeated, still looking at Horace. "And you give me your note. And you see me put it into that desk. And you talked it over together, and you planned how you'd get it into your hands and one lie and t'other swear to it."

Horace took a long step toward him; his hand was raised, and Mollie stepped between.

"No, Jerry," said she. "We 'ain't been into that room, either of us. We 'ain't crossed the sill. If your note's in there, you go and see if it ain't where you left it."

"It's where 'twas when you see me put it there, two year ago," said he. "But it's locked up. And the key's here." He touched his pocket, significantly. Then a dumb rage came swelling up in him. "But I don't need to tell you that," he said, "neither of you. You found the desk locked, and that's why you're here, burnin' up my firewood in my kitchen sto', and considerin' what you'd better do. God knows what you built up the fire for. Mebbe 'twas to burn the note. Mebbe 'twas to cover your tracks and give you a handle if anybody ketched you here. But, whatever you come to do, you 'ain't done it; and you better be goin'. Wherever you belong, you better be goin' there."

His heavy hand drummed on the table, and Horace, staring at him in a speechless anger, wondered what he could do, and yet stood still. Mollie put out her arm between them, as if she read his rage and was fending him away.

"Jerry," said she, "you're a terrible mean man."

Jerry apparently did not hear. His fingers still beat on the table, and again he lifted his hand to his collar and drew a stertorous breath. Mollie came a step nearer to him, and put out her hand as if she were about to touch him, to call him to himself. But that she did not do. She was no more willing to touch him than the boots.

"Jerry," said she, as if she were rousing him from sleep. "Jerry!"

He looked up at her, slowly and unwillingly, and, having gained his eyes, she kept them.

"Now," said she, "I'm goin' to tell you what I come in here for. I didn't set out to do it. I was goin' by, and somethin' come over me, and I knew you were gone, and I wanted to see the house once more, same's it was, 'fore Hannah comes into it."

His eyes quickened a little as he looked at her, and when she caught the

credulous acceptance in them she shook her head despairingly.

"No, Jerry," said she, patiently. "It ain't that. It wa'n't because I had any feelin' for the house, nor our livin' in it, but because I wanted to bring it all back. I wanted to see myself movin' round, doin' the work same as I used to, and see 'f I could stan' doin' it for anybody else."

Horace forgot his rage, and turned upon her, glowing. "You wouldn't have to, Mollie," said he, in the lover's voice of a perfect self-abandonment. "I told you so. We'd go here and there. If you didn't want to be tied down, you shouldn't be."

Jerry laughed a little now, in a mirthless way. "Yes," he said. "I knew what was goin' on. I've seen ye round together. Well, you've got more courage 'n I have to take up with a woman that leaves her good, comfortable house and traipses up on the mountain."

Mollie was looking from one to the other, in a wistful, puzzled way, as if she weighed them, one against the other. and could not strike the balance. Yet it was without hurry or confusion,

"You never could understand, Jerry," said she, "what made me go up on the mountain."

"Yes," said Jerry, now looking at his quivering hand on the table, "I guess I understand well enough."

"You used to ask me," said Mollie, "and I couldn't tell you then. Seemed as if you'd ought to know. Besides, I didn't hardly know myself. But I felt different up there. 'Twas the wind. And the sun risin' off there in the east, and the way that bird sung. I never heard that bird anywheres else. I'd get so homesick I'd have to go. And last it seemed foolish not to, I wanted it so much. So that was the time I carried up the blankets and picked me the fir balsam for my bed."

Jerry was looking at her in a passion new to her knowledge of him. His somber eyes blazed upon her. He spoke now in a voice that sounded as if, having been choked so long, it must break out ungoverned.

"Who was it?" he said.

Mollie stared back at him, her eyes widening. "Who was what?" she asked.

Horace, hot with remonstrance, now stepped forward. "You no business," said he, "to ask her a question like that."

"Why 'ain't I?" Jerry threw back, turning a somber glance on him. "What business is it o' yourn?"

"It's mine if it's anybody's," said Horace. He choked upon the words. "If you could throw anybody off and git a divorce from her because she staid away from you long enough to let you, you've got no part nor lot in her. What difference does it make who 'twas. It's an old story now."

Jerry was still looking at him, frowning, as if he studied him. "No," said he, as if to himself. "'Twa'n't you. You wa'n't round here in the beginnin'."

"What difference does it make to you?" Horace asked again, angrily, yet as if he had a sort of understanding of the man's mood, as if he had dwelt madly upon the question himself, and had, at last, resolved to put it by. "Mollie's goin' to marry me, if it's anyways accordin' to law. If you can marry Hannah, I guess Mollie can marry me."

A little protesting sound came from her. Horace understood it.

"No," said he, "I know you 'ain't said so. But I sha'n't let her alone till she does," he added, to Jerry. "And so, I tell ye, what concerns her concerns me, and who she went up on the mountain with don't concern you no more'n the wind that blows. It's her business—and mine. And I sha'n't ask her."

"What?" cried Mollie. Her voice broke so sharply that they turned to her. She had lost her softened look. She was in a flame of anger. "What?" she repeated. Then, as neither of them answered, she continued. "Are you talkin' about my goin' up on the mountain with somebody?"

"Why, yes," said Jerry, negligently, as if he saw how foolish it was to go over a track they both had learned. "You know well enough we be."

Mollie bent forward, breathless, looking at them as if she had not seen them before, and they had done startling things.

"You think I went up there with somebody—" she began.



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland

"SO YOU'RE HERE, BOTH OF YE"

"I dun'no's you went with him," Jerry qualified, indifferently. "I s'pose you met him there."

"A man!" she repeated.

"I dun'no' who he was," Jerry continued. "I allers s'posed he come up the loggin'-path t'other way. He might ha' been a railroad man from the Junction. I never found out, and I took mighty good care not to. I s'pose if I had I should ha' had words with him, and I ain't one to meddle nor make. I'm a law-abidin' citizen."

"A man!" said Mollie, again. "Me, a married woman, traipsin' up on the mountain to meet a man!"

"There! there!" said Jerry, in his old way of quelling her. "It don't make no difference now who 'twas. It's past and gone. Whoever 'twas, he didn't stan' by ye." A dull resentment in his voice made it seem as if he had irrationally hoped the man would stand by her.

"Well," said Mollie. She spoke reflectively, and yet as if something had been concluded. "Well, I might as well be goin'. I'm glad I clim' into the pantry winder, Jerry. I've found out things I never dreamt of. But you needn't be afraid I shall do it again."

"No," said Horace. "I guess you won't. You'll have a pantry of your own, and you won't need to be makin' kitchen fires. They'll be made for ye, and you won't have to put your hands into water, where you're goin'."

"Where I'm goin'?" she repeated.

"Yes. I dun'no' where 't 'll be, but wherever you want to live, there it shall be."

"Oh, I know where I'm goin' to live," said Mollie. "But I guess we better go over this ag'in, so's to make sure. Jerry, you thought I went up on the mountain to meet a man. Well, I dun'no's I blame you. 'Twas what you would think."

Jerry did not answer. Perhaps he had not heard. His brief emotion was over, and he had taken his overalls from the nail and was pulling off his collar. Mollie, when he threw the collar on the table, made an involuntary movement toward it. She knew exactly where it's place was in the bureau drawer, and some dumb habit of order moved her to put it there. But Horace understood the movement and glowered at her, and she dropped her hand, not to please him, but because he had reminded her. She spoke to him.

"And you b'lieved it, too?"

"B'lieved what?" he asked.

"You b'lieved I went up on the mountain to meet a man."

His face flushed. His voice was eager in its sympathy. "I told you I never laid it up ag'inst you. I don't now. I never 've asked you a question. Now have I, Mollie?"

"No," said Mollie. She paused, considering gravely. Then a little smile came and touched the corners of her mouth. "But if you thought that about me, Horace, I'd almost sooner you had. Well, there!" She roused herself, and the smile deepened. "I'm goin' now. It ain't wuth makin' such a handle of. Jerry, you better put a washer on that pump. There ain't no need of a pump's running down. 'Twould make some women as nervous as a witch."

At the door she turned. Horace had followed her, and when she faced him their eyes were on a level.

"What you laughin' at?" he demanded, jealously.

"I ain't laughin'," said Mollie, and then, though her mouth kept its queer little smile, he saw her eyes were wet. "No, don't you come. You better stay and both talk it out together. I guess I'll go up towards the mountain a spell. I kinder like to listen to that bird. And you can say what you're a mind to, to one another; but don't you either of you say anything to me, 'bout this or anything else. I've had all I want to do with men-folks, if that's the things they think."

She went out quietly, and they saw her stepping carefully over the loose board in the shed floor. Then Jerry began drawing on his overalls, and Horace, with a little awkward "Well!" also went out through the shed. But he did not follow her. He looked once after her, where she was hurrying along toward the sunset. She was on a knoll, and her figure looked very tall against the brightening sky.

Manners

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

A DISTINGUISHED foreigner who visited the United States not long ago was asked to state, and state freely, what had impressed him most. He had been hurled through subways, jerked into sky-scrapers, flung from New York to Chicago on a fast train, and in general taken care of with that breathless assiduity which characterizes American hospitality.

The question was received with an interrogating glance. "You want me to say that—really?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, in that case, what I have most remarked is your lack of respect for your superiors."

The American flushed hotly. "Our superiors! Where are they?"

Emerson speaks of manners as "personal and uncommunicable properties," and traces their origin to a class or aristocracy which dominated or led because, though not necessarily wiser or stronger than their fellows, they were able to accomplish things through certain qualities of leadership or assurance. In other words, manners were produced by the ability to achieve.

We have drifted a long way thence. To-day the ability to achieve has produced ruthlessness, arrogance, impatience, and a guarded and cynical reserve. We are no longer debonair. We have lost the *façon de vivre*. We are panting beneath what we call our opportunities, and the land of opportunity has much to answer for. We resemble the man who is shaved and manicured and has his boots cleaned all at once. We have no time in which to attend individually to our intellectual garnishings.

In educated people, manners spring from a natural allegiance to a natural code or from that self-respect which desires to create a good impression, and by education is meant the ability to establish harmonious and pleasant relations with life in general. With the uneducated, manners are a matter of individual perception. Even the aboriginal achieves a certain nobility, because he is in unity with the wilderness of his own domain.

To recall an instance which has been referred to elsewhere. The writer, on an exploring journey, found himself far from camp on a winter evening. A night in a snowdrift was imminent when a pencil of gray smoke from a valley spoke of a neighboring humanity. An Indian trapper's teepee, hidden in a clump of spruce, offered hospitality. The trapper himself, grave and silent, did the honors. His wife spent the night keeping up the fire and mending the stranger's snow-shoes. Food in abundance was offered. At daybreak the trapper strapped on his own shoes and spent two hours tramping with the explorer over the proposed route of the coming railway, displaying an intimate knowledge of his hunting-grounds and giving valuable information. When money was pressed on him, he drew himself up and shook his head. "You would have done the same for me." With this he disappeared, and the snow-laden forest closed behind him.

Manners—yes, admirable manners of the most refined type. Expecting nothing, giving largely, proud, personal, and primitive, unstained by possessions, seized of the instant need of things. "You would have done the same for me." Would we?

Where crowds rub elbows, the polite man is now too often one who has something to sell. He is suave, bland, conciliatory, and complimentary, and it is an axiom in business that the poorer the article, the smoother must be the sales-

man. A grotesque situation—this assumption of the unnatural for a purpose clearly visible to the one it is desired to influence—often by the concealment of truth.

It has been said that to reach the child one must begin with his grandparents. In America—the term eliminates the forty-ninth parallel—the undertaking looks rather hopeless. It is possible that one should not expect manners in a democracy, especially a democracy that is overcursed with the jade of opportunity. It also must be admitted that monarchical tradition did establish a mode, a method, a *manière* —for the latter there is no English—that has been ruthlessly knocked about in a country which devotes most of its energies to the pursuit of the sempiternal dollar.

On whom in America does the responsibility for manners rest? In view of the degree to which privacy and peace have been destroyed by what we call modern competition, one is almost prone to suggest that those who have achieved a position in which they can find time to be polite should make the first move. One should certainly not apply to the man who scans with satisfaction a letter reading: "Dear sir—Yours 15th received, contents noted. Terms accepted. Yours truly," and who depends upon the engraved heading and the quality of the paper to give the desirable touch of distinction. Nor perhaps would it be wise to approach the office-boy or clerk who is dabbling in stocks and anticipates that turn of the wheel which will make a job unnecessary and put him perhaps financially ahead of his employer. We are too practical for anything like that. The man who is doing things is emancipated thereby from any obligation as to manners, and the office-boy— Well, he may be doing them next week, in which case one will extend to him, also, *carte blanche* to eat and talk as he sees fit.

Do lack of manners and a sense of humor go hand in hand? Is the man who devotes obvious and postprandial attention to a toothpick not aware of the joke? Does the man who speaks crudely and often with a suggestion of insolence, grasp at the fact that his auditor is too occupied in the national pursuit to care how a thing is put, provided he gets the sense of it, or, far back in the puritanical dust-bin of our brains, do we associate ease and grace and *savoir vivre* with that unmorality which tradition drapes with such fascinating folds over some of its most charming and notable characters. Is it ignorance or unwillingness, narrowness or indifference, preoccupation or provincialism?

Manners are, after all, the expression of a state of mind, and are distinct from what we are pleased to call morality, which is in itself merely another mental condition. It was Wilde who remarked that "immorality begins at home." This is where manners generally end.

And, should the home suggest the child, the North-American child is too often merely the by-product of marriage. It serves as an outlet for that pride which its parents cannot always reasonably take in themselves. It is petted, cajoled, pampered, overdressed, and under-disciplined, till there is evolved a strange pygmy for whom the world soon grows banal, who is destitute of the petitionary appeal of childhood, and who surveys an already anticipated and thoroughly analyzed future with the cold eyes of unnatural knowledge. The world is its football. It is smart beyond description. But there is in the forced garden of its life no sheltered bed where may bloom the flowers of graciousness or peace. Of such will be the new aristocracy, and its traditions will be of grandfathers who, by virtue of that fine native-American long-headedness, delivered the goods of their period and were promptly and suitably rewarded. But there will be few traditions of courtliness, scant reminders that *noblesse oblige*, and but scattered memories of inherited responsibilities. The sempiternal dollar will still dominate. One generation was too busy collecting and the other will be too busy spending. The second generation offers no promise, and the third but little. The fourth will probably open a new and finer cycle.

It is a curious fact that manners improve as the degrees of north latitude diminish. The quality of seasons has in it something bland, if soporific. With the lessening of physical effort comes

that which is in effect milder. It acts as an unguent. It soothes our temperamental wrinkles till we feel as did Bishop Blougram when he talked to Gigadibs, and "rolled him out a mind long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay smooth." The voice of Pittsburg is not so rough when heard in Florida, and the rasp of Minneapolis takes on a gentler accent in New Orleans. The pores of the skin of the inner man become moist beneath the deeper blue of alien skies. Even the negro porter, whose sable familiarity saturated his cushioned domain in Illinois, now exudes a new respect. The broker, who in an elevator with his wife takes off his hat only on the entrance of another lady, is now an incipient Chesterfield. The heart expands, waistcoats are unbuttoned, salutations hover on the lips—and all because the thermometer has gone up thirty degrees. Is it climate that makes us strong, and weather that breeds our incivility?

In a general way, the race that does not know how to play will never achieve courtesy. Spending is not playing. It lacks that balanced pride of give and take which characterizes true sport. When the aspiring golfer learns to laugh at his own foozled drive, and to congratulate his opponent on a perfect stroke, he is temperamentally moving ahead.

The unmannered man contributes nothing to the picture of life. His motions, acts, and speech are divested of natural relationship. He is at variance with this and that. He is uncomfortable because no attitude of defiance will banish from his mind the recurrent sense of something that he lacks. He regards the gentleman with suspicion and distaste, claiming that what he terms his own rough heartiness is of sterner and worthier stuff than the method of the citizen of the world. He is blind to the fact that the turmoil of existence cannot surmount those barriers of defense which surround the man of culture and within which he moves with poise and calm assurance. For, after all, only to him who has established his code of ethics comes the ability to happily plan his campaign of life. Nothing can be further from the truth than the conception that personal delicacy means personal weakness. It is the use of the rapier rather than the bludgeon, the enlistment of swiftness and agility against the easily anticipated blows of a clumsy if muscular adversary.

De Tocqueville, that astute observer, said, in 1835: "True dignity in manners consists in always taking one's proper station neither too high nor too low; and this is as much within the reach of a peasant as of a prince. In democracies all stations appear doubtful, hence it is that the manners of democracies, though often full of arrogance, are commonly wanting in dignity. . . . The men who live in democracies are too fluctuating for a certain number of them even to succeed in laying down a code of good-breeding and in forcing people to follow it."

The hope of the future is, then, that the new world will reach a breathing-space when armistice will be declared with competition and material progress. In such a period there may arise out of the consciousness of physical achievement that calm, that natural hauteur, that dignity of reserve, that responsibility for the method of expression which best bespeaks security and serenity of mind. Such a development will impose its code upon the class and not merely upon the individual. It will be fundamentally undemocratic, but the future beauty of democracy lies in its ability to produce certain quasi-alien qualities of self-adornment without sapping its own underlying strength. To be continuously practical and constructional is to be desperate. De Tocqueville was probably right when he wrote, "I am persuaded that in the end democracy diverts the imagination from all that is external to man and fixes it on man alone."

It is necessary to distinguish sharply between manners and manner. The one evidences harmony with life in general and a recognition of station. The other reveals only the point of view concerning the matter in hand. It is desirable, or undesirable, emotional, pleading, authoritative, suggestive—as the case may evidence—but it does not interpret. It exhibits nothing of the essential attitude of the inner man. Thus one would choose to be marooned with a cultured

cynic rather than with the uncultured philanthropist. Life would be less insipid, more suggestive; less shackled, more aristocratic.

The link between manners and art is undeniable. The bourgeois who arrives at the point of art creation is registering the protest that his life is somewhere lacking, or else shrouds in a new form of expression an imagination that can find no vehicle within the boundaries of his own station. Art, like manners, is non-democratic. It is essentially the product of the mind which has expanded beyond the contemplation of material things. It is amiably divorced from our national North-American industry—the pursuit of the dollar. Art is in fact the medium and voice of international manners—the product of a class that is in harmony with the larger life.

There are, on the other hand, undeniable advantages, comparative though they be, in the way in which the social pragmatist has divested himself of ancestral traditions. Not suddenly in the throb of revolt have they been laid aside, but in a season of social evolution he has slipped from them as the snake glides from his outworn sheath into a keener and crisper light. There is less now to intervene between the essential man and the glare of modern life. Manners evidence, rather than make, the man who continually and quite consciously reveals himself. The veneer, he has decided, is something that must be discarded like an overcoat when actual work begins. And since business now induces the social communication—while formerly the reverse was true—the nakedness of commercial dealing has robbed social expression of much of the hollowness that formerly distinguished it from the dealings of the market-place.

There is to-day no necessity for those delicate voyages of discovery which once preceded affairs of importance. The parties of both parts are palpable, if unadorned. We can afford to be lax about the temperamental if the mental and scientific meet our requirements. We are, it is true, more brutal, but are we not less resentful? Our passions and desires are gratified in an outburst, but there is less licking of lascivious lips. What we have lost in poise is largely compensated by a certain unwritten code which demands that our word and our bond shall be equal and interchangeable.

And all this is recognized in—if we may use a mistakenly inclusive term—our literature. The code, the form, the vehicle is of secondary importance provided that it transmits life, bare, unadulterated, and unashamed. Ungrammatical dialect recreates for us the sandy-haired yokel, and the slang of the diamond is the breath of the baseball gladiator. The depiction of unbroken manners has become a shirt of Nessus that irritates the body corporate, because such formality does not ring true to life. There is a story afloat of an aspiring young novelist who in a confidential moment implored the advice of a publisher. His aspiration was to rivet the reader's attention in his first sentence. What could the publisher suggest? The latter, a cynic, pondered, then ventured: "'Hell!' said the duchess, and lit another cigarette."

He was probably quite right. In the duchess we perceive a woman who, though subject to hereditary influences, had nevertheless struck up a working agreement with modern times. Undoubtedly of strong impulses, she expressed herself with a directness doubly striking amid luxurious surroundings, a directness flavored with the very essence of democratic freedom. The cigarette, of course, convinces us that, while outspoken, she was unquestionably subtle, for this is the recognized purpose of the cigarette. A forceful picture—over it the dwindling nimbus of a traditional aristocracy; animating it, the brusque impatience of democracy.

Retrospect uncoupled with forecast being regarded as banal in the twentieth century, consider what lies beyond the horizon. It is admitted that vast congregations of humanity are detrimental to manners. It is obvious also that so long as business retains its present predatory character there is little chance for the gracious things of life. The tendency of science and invention is to make existence more automatic and less personal. As years pass, there looms before us a period in which electricity, subservient to our slightest wish, will

at length almost entirely replace the already disappearing domestic servant. It is to be assumed, therefore, that unless we are reduced to the pulpy colloid of the Martian we shall have more time to ourselves. More time for what? Possibly for music, art, and sport, in which case we shall improve our manners, but, equally possibly, for a still more arduous pursuit of wealth.

On the assumption of the latter, there is only one outcome—social and economic revolution. And should revolution take place and the under-dog pull down his too plutocratic master, there would immediately out of the chaos be produced such a renaissance of manners as once transformed France into a newborn republic of chivalry. An aristocracy whose only pride is the pride of possession is inhibited by its very nature from making any other than a gilded mark upon the ethics of its time. Its differentiation depends upon that which it has, so to speak, extracted from the democracy at large. And though democracies have clumsy tongues, they have, nevertheless, long memories. Only with the ruins of the plutocrat can a nation adorn itself.

Manners when conscious become artificial. The habitués of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, that social experiment of the seventeenth century, termed themselves "Précieux et Précieuses," but whatever influence that movement gained in the court of Louis XIV. was lost in the swift "Ridicules" of Molière. The tact and temper of Chesterfield had availed him nothing were he not as well a brilliant diplomat and administrator. Even those dying words, "Give Dayrolles a chair," might have been whispered by a prig and a poseur, had he not lived the code so exquisitely portrayed in the immortal *Letters*.

The future can hold for society only that which is natural. All else has in it the germ of its own decay. The materialism of to-day is a phase of transition, and our lack of manners will serve bravely as a background for that advance which another generation must indubitably make. The choice of nations is, in the long run, for natural conditions, and it is a healthy sign when we take to pieces the picture-puzzle of social life and find that no contriving will reassemble it.

That materialism will disappear is neither to be expected nor desired. It was Charles Lamb who said that "the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions—as all are beauties in the dark." The same perfectionist wrote, in 1823, in his essay on "Modern Gallantry," that he would believe that the principle of deference toward females actuated Anglo-Saxons, indeed, when "the practice of whipping women in public, of hanging them and of hissing them off the stage, had been discontinued, or when we assisted apple-women to pick up the fruit scattered by an unlucky dray." And, as a matter of fact, we do pick up the apples. We have achieved an altered respect for women, a respect of which the significance is more profound than it was in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There is comradeship as never before. The intellect is becoming a warmer thing.

And if the modern enemy of manners is self-love, which Rochefoucauld analyzed as being "imperious and obedient, sincere and false, piteous and cruel, timid and bold," our greatest weapon is the greater knowledge—to which moderation is twin brother. The active agent must come from within, and be of pure, uncalculating volition.

We are in the condition of having, as a Scotchman remarked, "considerable means but no presence."

It is the plaint of the essayist that the essay reaches only those in need of no conversion. It is like a ball pitched from one trained hand to another. But sometimes the ball flies afield to be retrieved by an onlooker, who scans it curiously for a moment ere hurling it back into the game. Thus, perchance, the faulty aim of an essay may bring it to the attention of those to whom at least its surface may present something of interest or suggestion.

May-Day Magic

BY AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

"THE moving-van's here—" Rosamond Bennet wheeled from the window and looked at her mother, who did not pause in her work of wrapping newspapers around a much-scarred center-table. Rosamond's eyes flashed with an inscrutable light. "How can you take it like that, mother?" she cried, tensely. "Like it wasn't anything to make a fuss about. Why, it makes me want to yell like an Indian and knock all these old chairs and things to pieces—honest, I'd like to do it, just so's to beat that old moving-van out of its job for once. Every spring, on the first of May, since I can remember, we've been moving—always moving to some place worse 'n the last—"

"'Sh—there's no use going on like that, Rosamond. You know it can't be helped," soothed Mrs. Bennet, quietly cutting a piece of twine.

Rosamond caught her breath quiveringly and drew the curtain aside again. "It's—it's backed up. The men are starting up the steps. One of 'em looks like the man that broke my writing-desk last year just after I'd got it all painted up white. What's the use trying to have anything with that moving-van always hanging around? I tell you I'm sick and tired of it—" Rosamond's voice broke suddenly into a sob.

"Do try to be sensible, child," her mother protested, a little sharply. "Now's no time to cry. Wrap up these pictures. Here's some old rags that 'll do for the corners. Hurry now, Rosamond, so's to get everything we can on this first load, then we can get the rest of the things ready to go first thing in the morning."

Rebelliously Rosamond set to work. She took up an old picture of five pickaninnies eating watermelon, and as she looked at the little black faces her tears came faster. She loved those little pickaninnies. From the walls of each successive home they had looked down with irresistible jollity. From the chaos of every moving-day they always bobbed up, grinning engagingly—their good humor never in the least affected by rickety light fixtures, falling plaster, or undependable furnaces. The five little jesters had endeared themselves to her by years of unquenchable glee, akin to "the inextinguishable laughter of the gods."

"You certainly have banged around some, you little old pickaninnies, and here you go again," she faltered, caressingly, wrapping the corners of the chipped gilt frame with painstaking care.

She handed this picture over last to the van-men and stationed herself on the steps to watch them load it with the other battered household possessions. As the van creaked off Rosamond ran back swiftly into the hall and put on her hat.

"Where you going, Rosamond?" questioned her mother from the living-room door.

Rosamond fumbled for a second with her hat-pins before she answered: "I'm just going to walk around to the corner drug-store. There's no more packing that's got to be done just now, you said. I guess you won't need me any more till supper-time, will you?"

"I s'pose not. But what are you traipsing off to the drug-store for now? There's nothing to get."

"I need some tooth-powder—honest, I do—"

"You could get that to-morrow on your way to work."

"Oh well, I'd rather get it now.. I want to get outdoors a little while; it's the niftiest spring day we've had. You don't mind if I go, do you? I'll pack the dishes and all of dad's junk before I go to bed."

Mrs. Bennet turned back to the lit-

tered living-room and vouchsafed no reply.

"It 'll only take a minute, mums. You don't mind if I go, do you?" Rosamond repeated, looking at her reflection in the cracked mirror, and patting her brown-gold hair close under her hat.

Mrs. Bennet melted at the sweet pleading in her daughter's voice. "No, I s'pose not," she said, reluctantly. "Not if you're so set on going; but see that you're home before your father gets here."

"Sure, I'll be back," agreed Rosamond, lightly, as she darted out into the glow of the late afternoon sunshine.

As Mrs. Bennet looked after her daughter she was thrilled by the thought that in all the neighboring flats there was no girl who had Rosamond's blithe charm and wistful prettiness; but intermingled with the pride of the mother-glance was a great anxiety. She resumed her work with her lips set in hard lines which deepened into an expression of firm determination as the minutes slipped by.

Six o'clock, and no Rosamond. Mrs. Bennet watched the door nervously, and eyed the clock as she hurried about getting supper. At last she heard Rosamond's voice, blended in happy chatter with another she knew well.

"Just as I expected," she ejaculated, as Rosamond, with a fresh little bunch of carnations at her belt, came gaily singing into the hall. "That Will Conway again."

Rosamond stopped singing, and took off her hat without a word. She lingered a moment at the door, listening to a rollicking whistling which echoed up from the street with all the lure of Pan's pipes.

"Well, that's what you wanted to go to the drug-store for, is it? I knew it well enough. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself." Mrs. Bennet's disapproving voice compelled Rosamond to reply.

"Ashamed? Why, you don't think—you don't s'pose for a minute that I'd go to meet Will like that if he didn't ask me to? I don't do more than my part, you can rest easy about that."

"Humph!" Mrs. Bennet clattered the tin pans impatiently.

Clear-eyed and flushed, Rosamond faced her mother squarely. "Will's coming to talk to you and dad. He's on the square—Will is. We're—we're going to get married as soon as we can."

Mrs. Bennet's sallow face grew suddenly colorless. "Don't talk such nonsense about Will Conway," she commanded, sternly, "and don't you ever let him inside your home again. You can just put him out of your head for good. I knew I'd have to put my foot down sooner or later. You can just make up your mind to get along without seeing Will Conway. He's not the kind of a husband my daughter's going to have if I can help it."

Rosamond searched her mother's face. "What makes you so set against Will, I'd like to know—"

"Reason enough. What does Will amount to? Not a cent to his name; not even a regular job—"

"But he's straight as can be, and he's got good prospects—"

"Prospects!" shrilled Mrs. Bennet, harshly. "You're not going to marry on prospects." She gave a swift look about the little bare kitchen and beyond through the sagging doors opening into the other rooms which bore the same stamp of a cramped, poverty-bound existence. Her mouth twisted sardonically. She stretched out her work-knotted hands as she cried out in passionate summary: "Rosamond, *I* married on prospects. Look at me. Look at what prospects did for me!"

Rosamond turned away quickly and began to lay the table for supper. There was something terrible in her mother's bitterness. "Don't, mums," she begged. "It's dreadful to hear you talk like that."

Her mother insisted, fiercely: "You've got to listen. Don't you see why, child? I want to save you from what's been my lot. You've *got to be saved from it.* That's all I've lived for—just to see to it that you was kept from it. When you were born, I said I'd call you Rosamond—the pinkest, prettiest name I could think of—and I'd make your life just like your name. I've tried hard; I've done everything I could. You've been all the comfort I've had through everything. I've scrimped and worked to



Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHERE'S THE LAUGHING PART OF YOU GONE? THE YOU THAT'S IN THIS PICTURE?"

dress you like other girls. I kept you in school as long as I could, and the Lord knows it just about broke my heart the day you went to work in that telephone-office—my daughter a 'hello girl'!—but it couldn't be helped; you know that. I've tried as hard as I could, and now you're not going to pay me back by doing the very thing I've set my body and soul against—now are you, Rosamond?"

Slowly Rosamond lifted her eyes once more to her mother's face and put a trembling hand upon her arm. "Poor mums, you've done a lot. I can see why you feel set against Will, but you don't understand. Will's bound to succeed. Why, he *couldn't* fail—"

"Rosamond," pleaded her mother, "you're young. You're not able to judge at all. That's what I said about your father. That's what every one said, and you see how he's turned out—a poor, underpaid bookkeeper to-day, the same as he was twenty years ago. He didn't have a cent ahead when I married him, but I wasn't afraid—not a mite. I had faith in him just the same as you've got in Will Conway. I was so sure he was really going to make something out of the inventions he was always talking about. The sight of his contrivances about the house, and him puttering over them off and on, used to set my heart beating high. You see what's come of 'em. Look! Here they are yet; the same old contraptions just cluttering up the corners—'dad's junk,' as you say." She swept her arm toward the various experimental devices about the rooms—a carbureter here, a set of disjointed wheels there, a tangled lot of wires against the wall, and everywhere vagrant screws and fittings—pathetic evidences of blundering, futile effort.

"I don't want to look at 'em," Rosamond said, withdrawing her gaze quickly from those dreary signals of failure which loomed from the shadowy corners with new significance.

"I believed and believed, Rosamond—well, until I saw if I didn't turn in and help, we'd go hungry. I've slaved along, working by the day whenever I could at this and that, making enough to pinch out with. I guess you know by this time where the extras come from. Now I'm going to keep you from going through what I've had to put up with—I've made up my mind to that."

"But things wouldn't be the same—I'm sure they wouldn't. You've never liked Will. You've never given him a right good chance to get acquainted with you and show you what he's like." Rosamond's voice shook with defiance.

"Oh, I know him well enough. I don't need to sit down and talk to people to get acquainted with 'em. The sight of Will Conway always worked me up right from the first. He's got eyes like your father—full of dreams and notions. I didn't get to worrying about any one until he got to hanging around. I tried to show him he wasn't welcome around here without putting it into words. I thought you were both too young yet for anything—*serious*—so I didn't think it was any use making a fuss, maybe all for nothing. If I'd realized how fast you was growing up—Oh, Rosamond, I just *can't* let you marry a man that has nothing more than *prospects!* Promise me now you'll put Will Conway out of your mind for good and all.

Rosamond shook her head. "It's no use. Just promising wouldn't keep him out of my mind—"

"Well then, try; and after a while, when you don't see him any more, it 'll be easy—"

"Not—see him—any more?" Rosamond's words came brokenly.

"Yes, you've got to come to that. It's the only way to make an end of it; I know better 'n you, Rosamond, what's best for you. I don't want to live to see your hands like mine, and your back twisted with aches and pains. Come here—"

Rosamond followed her mother wonderingly to the cupboard in the corner and watched her take out of a lower drawer her little tin strong-box, the only article in the household which had about it a bit of mystery. Rosamond had never seen inside the box. She had never ventured to ask questions about it. Fascinated, she saw her mother twist the key in the lock and open the lid. There was a little grim pause. Rosamond saw only a few yellowing letters and a little tar-

nished gilt picture-frame. Her mother thrust the picture into her hands.

"That was me once," she said, bitterly. "I was like that."

Rosamond gave a gasp of incredulity. Her eyes darted from the picture to her mother's face, searching for a trace of likeness between the flower-laden, glad-eyed girl and this worn, disillusioned woman.

"It's not really you!" she cried. "Oh, mums—where's the laughing part of you gone? The you that's in this picture?"

Her mother's lips screwed into a pathetic makeshift of a smile.

"It went—with the prospects. This picture of me in Aunt 'Randa's garden was made the day I was married. Aunt 'Randa, that had brought me up, said, when she looked at me smiling like that: 'I'm glad you're going to marry some one with good prospects. I 'ain't had much to give you, and it does me good to know you're going to have something more some day,' and it seemed to me then that nothing in the world was too good to happen to me. But nothing good ever did happen—excepting your coming, Rosamond. The thought of seeing you have everything right has kept me going—and now I'm not going to let you make a mistake. Just make my mind easy by promising me to give up all idea of marrying Will Conway."

Rosamond stood looking dumbly at her mother. Her plea was unanswerable. "Let me think. After supper I'll tell you," she said, finally, in the despair of one at bay.

Like a wounded creature Rosamond fled to her little bedroom. The little flat with its litter of the half-packed family possessions became strangely quiet. Unconsciously Mrs. Bennet began to tiptoe about. Instinctively she felt the struggle Rosamond was making. Once she stole to the door to speak a word which would carry sympathy, but there was that about the brooding silence which she dared not break. Faintly there came to her the pungent fragrance of carnations. She remembered the crimson splash of color against Rosamond's light dress. Softly she crept away, scarcely daring to lift a dish for fear of making a noise. . . . The sound of footsteps upon the stairs startled her and the spoon she held dropped with a great clatter.

"Why, Edward!" she exclaimed, as her husband opened the hall door. "You gave me such a start."

Edward Bennet walked slowly into the room and dropped into his arm-chair with a thud.

"What is it, Edward? What's wrong?" Mrs. Bennet hurried to him in sudden alarm at the sight of his drawn face and set stare. His thick gray hair was matted upon his forehead. His tall figure seemed somehow shrunken. She struggled with a terrible fear as she saw him sitting there, his hands spasmodically seeking his throat and his mouth working strangely. "Edward!" she cried, anxiously.

He looked up at her vaguely and shook his head.

"What is it? Tell me, quick! What in the world's come over you?" Mrs. Bennet gave him a little shake.

He gave a glance about the room, taking in for the first time the annual moving-day confusion. He threw out his hands helplessly and settled back with his gaze fastened upon the clock.

"I'm late," he muttered, finally. "I'm late to-night."

"Yes, yes; but what's happened?"

The shrillness of his wife's voice finally aroused him. "Mary, it's come. I've lost my job."

He spoke the words huskily, weakly, as if the blow had crushed in him all vitality. A quiver caught his lips. His eyes rested upon her face despairingly.

For a moment she felt dazed. This was an unbelievable thing to happen on top of years that could be counted as nothing but failure.

"It can't be true, Edward," she said, slowly. "How could it happen? How could you lose your job that you've had so long?"

"I was fired this afternoon for good; I'm too old," he answered, in a tragically dead tone.

"You're not old, Edward. Why, you're only fifty-three. Your rheumatism's pulled you down a little maybe—that's all."

"But I'm old beside those young fellows—those young fellows that don't have to wear glasses."



Drawn by Walter Biggs

MIRACULOUSLY HER FAITH IN HIM WAS REBORN IN HIS HOUR OF NEED

"It's your rheumatism," repeated Mrs. Bennet, stubbornly, "and you'll get over that."

"I've been making mistakes lately, Mary. I guess my eyes are kind of giving out; that's what the trouble is."

"And you never said a word about it to me." Her voice had in it more of sorrow than reproach.

"I couldn't. I didn't want to worry you. You had enough on your shoulders, Mary." For a moment they looked at each other mutely. "And now this," he added, dropping his head.

She went on her knees beside him. "Edward Bennet, don't talk like this was the end of things. Lift up your head, Edward, and listen to me. Your chance has come. Don't you see?"

He looked up bewildered. "My chance, Mary?"

"Yes; what you've always been waiting for—the chance to work out your inventions."

"Why, Mary, you can't mean what you're saying." His glance traveled rapidly from one to the other of the half-finished devices.

"But I do. Now you'll have time to do what you want to and nothing to bother you. It's a good thing, I say, that you've done with that old job. You've got the chance now to do something worth while. You can putter with your contrivances all you like, and maybe when you get tired tinkering you can help out a little around the house so's to give me more time for piece-work and odd jobs that 'll bring in some change. Oh, we'll get along—never fear—and the first thing we know you'll be inventing something great."

Her voice rang true. Miraculously her faith in him was reborn in his hour of need.

"Mary—you do believe in me yet?" His hand clung upon her arm eagerly, wistfully.

"Of course I do; of course I do—more than I ever did, Edward," she answered, with a laugh of half-wondering joy at the truth of it.

In a moment he was on his feet, alert—moving quickly to his tinkering.

"Not before supper," exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, gently. "You must have something to eat first. Get on your slippers and wash up as quick as you can and I'll put supper on the table."

In the comfortable, cheery bustle that followed she suddenly remembered Rosamond. She went to the door quickly and gave a little knock. "Come, Rosamond—it's supper-time."

There was no answer, no stir from the dark room.

"Your father's home, Rosamond. Come have a bite to eat," begged Mrs. Bennet, opening the door.

Rosamond lay on the bed with her face toward the window. Mrs. Bennet touched her softly. "Come, child."

"Leave me alone," choked Rosamond, burying her face in her pillow.

Without remonstrance, Mrs. Bennet went out of the room, returning quickly with a temptingly set tray, which she placed on the chair by the bed. "Here's your supper, Rosamond. Now do sit up and eat," she said, coaxingly, as she closed the door again.

"What's the matter with Rosie?"

Mrs. Bennet found her husband's question curiously hard to answer. "Not feeling very well, I guess," she evaded.

She was reticent with a newly born reason concerning Rosamond's struggle.

It was while she was drawing the shades that she heard Rosamond open her door and go quickly out of doors. From the front window she could see her child sitting upon the steps, gazing, it seemed, far, far beyond the jagged silhouette of the moon-silvered roofs against the blue-black night. She was taken back over the long years by the spell of the bud fragrances, the mist lifting fantastically from the warm earth, and the all-embracing tenderness of the spring moon. She stood there, thinking irresistibly of the hour when the white magic of promise lay upon her own life.

Suddenly along the street came the sound of eager steps, and a merry whistling, echoing Pan's pipes. She saw Rosamond run down the steps.

"Oh, how did you know, Will?" she heard Rosamond question, breathlessly. "How did you know I needed you so—just now?"

Will Conway's laugh set the very stars aquiver with delight, so true it rang of faith and strength and love.

The mother-heart beat painfully. Rosamond's words came clearly as she told Will what had passed since she parted from him at sundown.

"It's because you haven't got anything but prospects, Will," she concluded, "that mother's so set against our marrying."

Again Will's laugh, triumphant with the security of power. "What more do we want?" he asked, lightly. "You're not afraid to marry me with nothing but prospects, are you?"

"No," Rosamond answered, quickly—"no, I'm not afraid. I don't want anything more. I believe in you."

The mother's hand went tremblingly to her throat. The very words she herself had spoken with the same unquestioning faith. Oh, bells of her own white hour resounding in the silences of the mother-memory! She shut her eyes and there came the swish of a gipsy wind which seemed to bring with it all the perfumes of her Aunt 'Randa's garden. Overpoweringly sweet was the breath of the flower-buds apulse for their day of blooming. Every promise of the old garden stole again over her senses, and the changing rainbow lights of another May moon renewed their spell. The ghost of her old self signaled to her across the vagabond flash of tossing color which brightened her memory. The wave of the quick, blithe hand was like a command. . . .

She could hear the tick-tick of her husband's eager tinkering in the other room; slowly her eyes opened again to the reality of love and faith so close. The joy of the two upon the steps enfolded the mother hovering at the window, half bewildered at the suddenness of her own rejuvenation.

"I've got faith yet," she whispered, half in awe. She called to Rosamond from the door. "Rosamond, you tell Will to come in."

There was something of a reincarnation of the happy picture-self in the mother that met Rosamond upon the steps. "Child," she said, solemnly, "you're right to believe in Will—and the Lord have pity on the women that ever let go of their faith in their menfolks."

Nocturne

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

All the earth a hush of white,
White with moonlight all the skies;
Wonder of a winter night—
And . . . your eyes.

Hues no palette dares to claim
Where the spoils of sunken ships
Leap to light in singing flame—
And . . . your lips.

Darkness as the shadows creep
Where the embers sigh to rest;
Silence of a world asleep—
And . . . your breast.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE longing to see ourselves as others see us was early gratified in the American breast. While we were still in the callow, colonial stage many observers from the mother-country came to look at us and to say what we were like politically, socially, and morally. For the most part the aspects mirrored in their printed pages were not flattering or even pleasing. We were very plain in those reflections, to say the least; and in the change under the eyes of our visitors as we advanced from the colonial to the national conditions, we could not help changing for the better. But the tradition of us which formed itself with them has remained essentially unvaried; that is, the prevailing tradition, the tradition that the English traveler found readiest and easiest; the tradition amplified and perfected by Dickens, who, outside of it, was so just and kind with us. We appeared droll, uncouth, braggart, and incurably provincial, as we very probably were in many things; and our visitors formed an ideal of us which they made our facts conform to. The latest of them, the "lief and dear" young poet, Rupert Brooke, who sealed the beauty of his life in as veritably dying for his country as if he had fallen in battle for it, studied our lineaments in the glass that grotesqued them for earlier English travelers, and heard us saying to him when he came in sight of Bartholdi's colossal statue: "Look hard at that, young man! That's the first time you've seen Liberty, and it will be the last till you turn your back on this country again," and "Wal! I should smile! I guess this is the Land of Freedom, anyway," and "Anyway, it's some country." The slang is recent, or rather recent, but the tradition is the old tradition which *Martin Chuzzlewit* first made familiar as our common parlance. There is no harm, no malice in the young poet's obeying it, but one could wish he was writing instead the poetry which he wrote sometimes so beautifully, and at the worst so much better than his *Letters from America.*

Now that he is gone, peace and love will be with him! *Letters from America* were not truly his job, as criticism of our country was the natural job of "Charles William Jansen, Esq., late of the state of Rhode Island, Counselor-at-Law," who wrote about us in a large and handsome volume compendiously entitled, *The Stranger in America: containing Observations made during a long Residence in that Country on the Manners and Customs of the People of the United States, with biographical Particulars of Public Characters, Hints and Facts relative to the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, Agriculture, Emigration, and the Slave Trade.* His work in 1807 antedated the Dickens tradition of our national character and parlance by a whole generation, and if we were as honest with him as he tries to be with us, we should own that his opinions of us are not so very prejudiced. He often changes them between the beginning and the ending of a given study of our manners and morals, and he is oddly, he is drolly, frank in reaching conclusions which are not final. Of course the time comes when he cannot bear us any longer and, if he would save his soul alive, must go back to England and spend there what is left of his days. Upon the whole, we cannot blame him. We were then a very repulsive little people, to say the best of us, whether seen in the Yankee meanness of Connecticut, or the nascent civic dishonesty of New York, or the grotesque crudeness and pretentiousness of our new capital at Washington, or in the slave-holding and slave-trading of our Southern gentry, or the indescribable ferocity of the poor whites, one of whose notions of sport

was gouging one another's eyes out. Yet our censor, after fully recognizing the ugliness and wickedness of the popular character, and our often barbarity in every section, finds a word of explanation if not excuse for the usages in the conditions which the polite American of this day would hardly urge.

Even in his examination of public characters and events our censor is far more lenient than one could expect a man of English criterions to be. He is able to be just both to Federalist and to Democrat, and while supremely honoring and devoutly reverencing Washington, he can withhold himself in his abhorrence of Burr and not more than justly condemn him for the death of Hamilton. The one public person whom he really cannot forgive or find excuse for is the bad, very bad, Tom Paine, whom he holds all good men should hold an enemy, but whom some of our best men then held their friend. It was a time when the history of the Central Empires' interference in our domestic affairs anticipated itself in the meddling of the French Republic, One-and-Indivisible, through its envoy, M. Genet, more promptly bounced by General Washington than Dr. Dumba or Captain Von Papen by Mr. Wilson, and the event forms a chapter of pleasant reading in Mr. Jansen's book. The period of our history which his stay among us covers is altogether of the greatest interest; if we seem to him going to pieces in every kind of corruption, he is so candid in his statement of adverse facts that his conclusions from them do not prevent us from realizing that this period of apparent self-destruction was really formative and constructive.

We should not be able to say just how he manages to have us see this in spite of himself, as it were; and perhaps we do not so much mean to acclaim his sort of final impartiality as to express our sense of his willingness to see our badness at its best, which we find characteristic of English observers of our rather repulsive nonage. It was not concerning our greenest wood, but our drier that the persistent tradition of Dickens and those after him grew up. As the devoted reader of the Easy Chair will remember, we have before now felt it laid upon us to note that the earlier English travelers have been of a kindness to us which no one ignorant of them would believe of such observers as Captain Basil Hall, or even such as Mrs. Trollope. That bitterest-tongued of our censors was no satirist; she told us the truth, not to our hurt, but to our help, and if the traveler now passing through Richmond finds there one of the most agreeable and enlightened hotels in the whole world, its charming comfort can do nothing to disprove the fact that in the same city the brutal landlord of the best inn not only refused to let the Englishwoman have tea for her sick and weary family in her private room, but came in person to forbid it, and to bully her for presuming to ask such a thing.

Yes, we have come a long way, and perhaps the scourgings of our English visitors have helped us forward on it. But without allowing so much we may still repeat that they have not always laid on the lash with the frequency and severity which the native observer has used for our correction. One of the notable franknesses of the late Charles Francis Adams's Autobiography, which may be said to be all frankness, is his extreme candor in noting the faults of his native city of Boston. We remember no foreign visitor who has been more open with her foibles, to call them no worse; his own personal foibles (as he imagines them, but as the reader by no means always sees them) are not more explicitly dealt with. Society for the young girls dancing through Harvard with a contemporary class, he says, was delightful to youth, but it was insipid and silly for mature men and women. Even these characterized it with the provinciality it is still accused of; and the rusted chains of Puritanism which the Unitarian soul had cast off still ate into the daily life.

The book is very curiously interesting. No Adams has yet said anything he did not think, though some Adamses may not have said all they thought; and Charles Francis Adams (second of the name and son of our great Civil War minister to England) is explicit concerning the facts of his life as he understands them. He says, and unquestionably

therefore he thinks, that at this time and that there were mistakes of his own and others' making which prevented his fulfilling a higher destiny than the very honorable and important destiny which was actually his. It is his prevailing belief that if at this point or that in his formative years there had been some one to take a sympathetic interest in the rather cold and unresponsive youth he believes himself to have been, he would have turned out a different sort of man; but probably it would not have happened. The sort of man he turned out, the brave soldier, the able lawyer, the exemplary man of affairs, the astute and conscientious politician, was quite good enough and comprehensive enough for any individual to be.

It seems to us, and it may seem to others, that he is as needlessly hard upon the social past of Boston as upon his own psychological past. Both were what they had to be, and some witnesses of the Boston life of his time and earlier are not nearly so hard upon it. Such an observer as, for instance, Harriet Martineau, is kinder and we think truer. She was one of those faithful friends whose wounds our raw sensibility could not know for the healing surgery they really were; but if the reader will take her book of American travel (it richly merits reprinting) down from its dusty shelf, we can promise him a really joyous as well as edifying experience in its perusal. (One ought to say perusal: nothing less serious and respectful is fit.) Perhaps other books of travel may have been topically arranged; but we do not recall them, and we can only feel in this the admirable effect of the perspectives so artistically contrived. No other mainly undeserving country that we can think of has been so kindly and instructively studied. Perhaps the letters of Madame Calderon de la Barca, written from another and even more chaotic country, are as patiently intelligent, but they are not so gentle with Mexico as Miss Martineau's studies are with these States.

It is the advantage of Miss Martineau's method that we can comprehend with one glance, as it were, the social and civic conditions so widely separated in everything as Boston and New Orleans. Charleston is not so truly the antithesis of the New England capital as the metropolis of Louisiana and the great Southwest, for Charleston is far more like Boston in the direct Protestantism of her oligarchic origins, eventuating in a like religious liberalism, though she was as far as New Orleans from affinity through her civic and economic ideals. Miss Martineau spares neither the Northern nor the Southern city in her study of the effect of slavery on them. If the truth about the domestic and social corruption of New Orleans shocks and appals even at this day when the whole circumstancing is so changed, not less abiding is the shame one must feel for the subtler effect in the commercialized culture of Boston. The vastly more civilized Northern community was only differently corrupt from the Southern. There was no such order of things as the concubinage of the quadroons and their octoroon daughters, no such cruel sacrifice as that of the white wives and their daughters, but the business greed and cowardice resulting in the "gentleman mobs" of Boston that maligned and persecuted the early Abolitionists were in the last analysis scarcely, if at all, less immoral.

One comes to a full sense of both in Miss Martineau's book, but it is the sin rather than the sinner that suffers in both cases; and the wonder is that the leniency of the censor of the deplorable facts in cases like that of Boston was not gratefully felt at once. Perhaps it has never been perfectly felt, though the censure was blended with such intelligent and cordial appreciation of what was really fine and high in Boston as no other city has known in her critics. We are not left by Miss Martineau, as we are left by Charles Francis Adams, to imagine an unworthy Boston; rather there is nothing generous, nothing magnanimous which we are not invited to imagine of the elect spirits who, rather than the gentleman mobs, represent Boston in history.

Miss Martineau was already an old maid when she visited our country, and she carried an ear-trumpet which she ruthlessly employed. She must have been very tiresome to the good society which is always so bad everywhere, and

which even in Boston would have preferred as its guest a brilliant young beauty with every sense alive for the golden opportunities offered her. It was intolerable for such an observer as she to come out in print with her unsparingly conscientious observations of Boston manners and morals, and her classification of people according to their merits instead of that comfortable acceptance and that flattering acquiescence in all the personal and good-family peculiarities which enrich the life of small capitals to those within the sacred circles, and leave it so poor to those without. One imagines how the best society would assay her and find she was not the true dross by its infallible test of inherent snobbishness, even before her book came out.

We do not say this occurred, or in just this way; but we have the feeling that Miss Martineau was happier in the newer parts of our country. There are few things in travel literature so charming and so joyous as her pictures of the future, beginning in the cities of the West: in Cincinnati, with its already cultivated consciousness; in Chicago, recoiling as it were in the sand and mud for that mighty leap forward which was to land her among the great world-capitals and far beyond the self-satisfied Queen City. We do not remember just how the author says she felt in St. Louis or Louisville. She was wretched wherever there was slavery, and though she made all manner of allowance for the difficulties of the case, and testified her high sense of the character which survived all atrocity of circumstance, yet we feel no such glow of spirit in this plain-speaking, deaf old maid at the South as she reveals in the free cities. She is never so glad, because of remembering those in bonds as bound with them, as she is where no man can own his brother or his sister. The beauty of the Kentucky country, the grandeur of the Mississippi Valley has not the consolation for her which the vigorous hope and promise of the lakes and prairies of Indiana and Illinois, or as the lakes and forests of Michigan and Wisconsin bring her.

She was not to blame or praise, nor were our fathers who felt her praise and blame so keenly; but if any reader of ours remains in the old superstition that our English observers have been unfair to us, he had better revert to her most intelligent, most instructive book. If he has a mind, though, for something that will more powerfully and unqualifiedly restore his drooping self-esteem in these days when it may so well have nationally sickened, we may confidently advise his reading Mr. J. J. Jusserand's volume called *With Americans of Past and Present Days*. There is a chance that he may not know who Mr. Jusserand is; and at any rate we will make bold to tell him that he is that French author, equally known as an English author, who has been the ambassador from the French Republic to ours for the last thirteen years, and who could easily know us better than we know ourselves in our being as well as our having been.

For the admirable book he has given us, we will briefly, all too briefly, explain that it covers the whole ground from the first period of our uprising against England, when the French became less her foes than our friends, to the time when they sent, in the fifth year of our insurrection, the help by land and by sea which saved us alive and gave us back, from the mortal pass we had reached, a free and independent nation. This is a fact which every American ought to remember every day, say over with his prayers at night, and utter in grace before meat, lest he forget the great, magnanimous people who are now revealing themselves to the world as they always were. The story from sources hitherto unexplored is told in the great chapter on "Rochambeau and the French in America." Then there are three middle chapters on "Major L'Enfant and the Federal City," which should always be remembered with the French engineer who so splendidly imagined it; then there are two most important chapters on "Washington and the French" and on "Abraham Lincoln," with three other papers, more relevant than they might seem, on "The Franklin Medal," on "Horace Howard Furness," and on "From War to Peace." Whether they are strictly relevant to the main theme or not, all these chapters are fused together in the glow of the hu-

mane spirit in which the great fact is treated and in the unfailing gentleness of the author's good taste. At the moment when France and England are allied in a titanic struggle to dispel the danger of a world-despotism, it is his office to recall the circumstances and incidents of the French aid to the rebellion which was wrenching half of England from the other half. The perfect frankness together with the perfect gentleness which he uses in this very difficult and delicate office may well be studied in a time when we are so apt to let our convictions run away with our manners, and keep a lasting lesson in the art of not saying the things we would rather not have said. England fairly drops out of the question; it is truly as our friend rather than her foe that France appears from first to last.

This is one of many things which give almost unique value to an admirable book. It ought to be studied at first hand rather than in any second-hand report of it. In no other book that we can think of is the constancy of France so finely and strongly portrayed. If we have forgotten this, or imagined from the behavior of this or that French government that she had grown cold in her affection, we can learn from Mr. Jusserand that it was never the French people who had faltered. The First Napoleon or the Third may have wished us, or done us, harm, but not France. She remained true to us in the ideal of us which was one of her great ideals. She visioned in us the fulfilment of her own hopes of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and though when we are honest with ourselves we must own that we are

The consecration and the poet's dream

for her rather than the reality we ought to be, still it is something to have inspired such an illusion, even if we can only wish in shame and sorrow it were true. We have faith to believe it will yet be true; this land is often

The land of Broken Promise,

as Lowell called it, yet somehow the promise seems always mended and kept to such hope in us as France has cherished. But if the promise of our radiant infancy, when heaven lay about us, is never perfectly mended, it is to the honor of the most generous of the nations that she has had the ideals, the illusion of us to which this book bears testimony in so many places. The great Turgot said of us when we declared that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," "It is impossible not to form wishes for that people to reach the utmost prosperity it is capable of. That people is the hope of mankind." If this is not true of us now, we can yet make it so; and Mr. Jusserand's book will help us to believe in ourselves and gratefully to remember the noble people who have always believed in us.

Mr. Jusserand is necessarily never our critic or our censor, in our past or our present, and it seems rather a pity that some other large-minded, open-minded Frenchman could not come to us at a moment like this when our facts could be studied and portrayed, as only a Frenchman could portray them, for the advantage of mankind elsewhere if we could not nationally survive to profit by the picture ourselves. An Englishman could not do the work acceptably; he might be as honest, but he could not be so intelligent, and even in his praise he would somehow let us imagine a reserve of blame; we should need a Republican for the work, and an Englishman is always a Royalist. Only such a Frenchman as we imagine could accurately yet allowingly represent us to the future in the extraordinary spectacle we present of an immense nation bewildered by the world's events, and in their presence no more ready to assert itself or its ideals than another great republic, say the Republic of China.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

IN the preceding Study we attempted to answer the question, Why *Harper's Magazine?* To us, looking back, and considering the character of the books which the Harpers have been publishing for a generation, the establishment of just that type of magazine by them seemed a foregone conclusion—a matter of compulsion rather than of choice. We are surprised that it should have been so long deferred, and that, when it was undertaken, though its plan was already laid out for it, it shaped itself so tentatively—almost diffidently, and under a foreign disguise.

There is no limit to our surprises when we look back to the first volume of the Magazine. With the resources of wood-engraving then at their command, why were the Harpers content to confine the illustrations to fashion-plates and a few pictures of purely literary significance? Of fiction there was very little—*My Novel*, by Bulwer Lytton, and *Maurice Tiernay*, by Charles Lever, with a few brief tales—all the rest solid literature from foreign periodicals, but of the highest literary excellence and wisely selected. The editorial departments were original, but offered in the same modest guise, the chiefly important feature being the Editor's (then Henry J. Raymond) comprehensive Monthly Record of Current Events. At the outset the enterprise seemed to be as timid an undertaking as it was bold—even rash, in the opinion of those who had made similar ventures. But it at once achieved an unprecedented success, which was the greatest surprise of all.

The response was more significant than the accomplishment that evoked it could possibly seem to us. It was a frugal breakfast board, spread apparently at random, without flowers or ornamental service or any condiments to invite appetite, about which an eager multitude had gathered. The satisfaction was substantial. The fast had been broken; but, even so, the eyes of neither guests nor host were opened to the possibilities of banquets in store. These also were to be surprises.

For, as we said in our last Study, the Magazine had to make its own American writers and artists, as well as to be made by these to become what it must be for the ample development of its type. If it had been sowing English seed for an American harvest, what else had we been doing in the whole previous history of our country?

The sudden success of the Magazine was in a measure due to time and circumstance—not so much to these in New York and New England as in the South and West, where, for different reasons, the people on plantations and in frontier settlements, as well as in the growing cities, were remote from the book marts of the East and heartily welcomed a visitant periodical so well suited to their needs. And it was from these remote regions—from the plantations and mountains of Virginia and from beyond the Rockies that the first fruits of the American harvest in magazine literature were to come—elements that were to break up the eclectic mold of *Harper's*, substituting for fine literary selections from the current writings of Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and De Quincey the graphic descriptions, quaint characterizations, and humorous reflections of "Porte Crayon" and J. Ross Browne. Both are well-remembered visitors of our editorial sanctum, during the later period of their activities, as are also Thomas W. Knox, who traveled for the Magazine in Russia, Siberia, and China; Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer; and Paul Du Chaillu, of African memory, once with his stuffed gorilla!

It is not difficult to understand that

features of this kind, and there were others besides travel sketches — romances of history, of science, of mechanical progress—entering into the early volumes of the Magazine, outrivaled, in the esteem of American readers, even the interest of Victorian fiction. But none of these are to be found in the first volume to such an extent as to account for the popular circulation of fifty thousand; and the fiction presented did not happen to be of a thrilling character. We are compelled to fall back upon the simplest of explanations—the unappeased desire of American readers of that time for good, unadulteratedly pure literature. Due allowance, too, must be given to the peculiar circumstances which made the time auspicious for the appearance of a periodical of this type, as a circulating medium of such literature and as an incentive to American writers and artists, who, as it soon proved, were ready to occupy the new field opened and make that literature distinctively American. The publishers were themselves so imbued with the American spirit that they were prepared to back a movement in this direction with all their resourceful enterprise and equipment; and the result, within another year, was a rejuvenated magazine and a doubling of its circulation. Yet at that time the art of advertisement was in its infancy. Indeed, it was not until years after every other important periodical in the country—and after 1870 these abounded in number and variety—had admitted advertisements as a source of revenue that this obviously profitable custom was adopted by *Harper's Magazine*.

Readers of to-day find it difficult to comprehend that those of 1850, in a large portion of this country, as in England, did not regard fiction as the chief allurement of a periodical. "Harper's Library of Select Novels," started in 1830, proved unsuccessful and was interrupted from 1834 to 1842, when it was resumed with better results because of its cheaper form. Outside of large cities, the best market for fiction was in the Southern States. When *Harper's Magazine* was started, the most characteristic novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, and Charlotte Brontë had already been published; and these had done much to stimulate the appetite for fiction, which grew by what it fed on, at first slowly, and then with surprising momentum, so that in the 'sixties it became an imperative consideration in the conduct of a magazine. In the mean time the other features to which we have referred, more original, more characteristically American, and more directly associated with the development incited by this Magazine, were regarded as of paramount importance; and upon these the growing wealth of pictorial illustration was chiefly lavished.

If we add to these elements of romance the humors of American life, always with peculiar emphasis appealing to American sensibility, even in Puritanical New England, and especially heightened in the 'fifties by freshly accumulating disclosures of character as developed under pioneer and provincial conditions and in the anachronistic seclusion of Southern plantations in old slavery times, we cannot wonder that the selection of literary "gems of purest ray serene" was so soon displaced in the pages of a magazine so quickly hospitable to the pen and pencil delineations of such character, or that "pure literature" itself should so soon suffer a very interesting refraction.

The professional humorists who so abundantly flourished in America in the 'fifties, and for a long time afterward, did not find their way into the Magazine, where humor was an inherent quality, as generally it later came to be in Mark Twain's writings. But in the "Editor's Drawer," from the first a miscellany of anecdote, fun for its own sake found its proper place. While George William Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," maintained the Addisonian tradition in a *causerie* pertinently reflecting the features and manners of American social life, there was always, alongside, this never-failing fund of native and racy anecdote and mirthful incident.

Other periodicals, like *Littell's Living Age*, starting as eclectics, profitably and usefully maintained that character, but *Harper's Magazine* was too close to the American people not to immediately reflect its swiftly changing moods, and especially its indigenous humor—in so

far as the changes were progressive and aspirant.

Our special object in this brief retrospect of the Magazine, during its very earliest period, has been to show how, from the beginning, its Americanism grew to be its principal distinction. The later periods of this growth, more familiar to our readers, down to 1910, have already been sufficiently considered in former editorial retrospects. The latest period of all, including the few years that next March will round out the Harper centenary and bring nearly to its conclusion the one hundred and thirty-fourth volume of the Magazine, has disclosed a remarkable advance in American fiction. The most vivid instances of this are Mrs. Deland's *The Iron Woman* and Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* and the novels of Basil King. Among the new short-story writers who have shown original imaginative power are Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Forrest Crissey, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Clarence B. Kelland, Keene Abbott, Clarence Day, Jr., Howard Brubaker, Alice Cowdery, Fleta Campbell Springer, Margarita Spalding Gerry, Susan Glaspell, Zona Gale, Arthur Johnson, and Leila Burton Wells. Many of the writers of short stories who over a longer period have given distinction to the Magazine—Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Norman Duncan, Grace Ellery Channing, Margaret Cameron, Marie Manning, Jennette Lee, Maude Radford Warren, and some who have written for an older generation, like Harriet Prescott Spofford, Alice Brown, and Mary Wilkins Freeman, still frequently contribute to the entertainment of readers. We have not lacked the brilliant contingent of English serial novels, from such writers as Arnold Bennett, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, nor short stories from such masters as Joseph Conrad, Perceval Gibbon, G. B. Lancaster, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, and May Sinclair; but, in general, the American audience has learned to depend upon native writers for its most interesting fiction. As new writers come, we do not less sadly miss such long-familiar personalities recently lost to us as Howard Pyle, Thomas A. Janvier, and T. R. Lounsbury. Though dear old Mark Twain even earlier passed from us, the creations of his imagination have survived him—the last and most wonderful of which is now being published. Our regret for those gone makes us the more grateful that William Dean Howels is still with us.

The preponderance of American writers and American themes is even more evident in other fields than it is in that of fiction: in articles of a historical character, in travel sketches, and especially in the treatment of sociological subjects. Pure science is, of course, as cosmopolitan as creative fiction; but articles like those of Ellsworth Huntington on climate and kindred themes, those relating to archæology, those of Harrison Rhodes on our typical cities and holiday resorts, and others on our great rivers, are distinctively American. So are the fine and beautifully illustrated nature studies of Walter Prichard Eaton, Howard Shannon, and those of John Burroughs, who has contributed in these later years more generously than ever before; also the poetic interpretations in this field of Richard Le Gallienne.

The field of the essay has recently broadened out so as to include not merely the wisely humorous and idiomatic domestic sketches by E. S. Martin and the cultural aspects of college student life by Professor Canby, but the treatment of American politics, as in a recent paper by Prof. William M. Sloane, and in one still more recent and, for this Magazine, quite unprecedented in its directness of application, by Winston Churchill, entitled "The American Tradition."

The second century of the house promises to open most auspiciously for the Magazine, which is rejuvenated with each new number. If it should open upon some other site than Franklin Square—though that local habitation is haunted by personally familiar memories associated with individuals and with the ever-shifting sodality of authors and artists, and in a peculiar sense to the editor, the only survivor of the working force of the establishment in 1863—yet for readers memories of the house and of the Magazine are independent of any local association. Theirs is an abiding and essential familiarity.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Thoughts on Pedestrians

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

WHAT a strange creature a pedestrian is!

I have never felt myself an authority on this subject before; perhaps I have been too close to it for a proper perspective. But I have had my car for a week now. I can bow to acquaintances (for owning an automobile has not made me snobbish) and touch my cap without stopping or turning completely around and changing my plans. I can enjoy quick little views of the scenery as I bowl along at fifteen miles an hour. I know a number of the important words, such as differential, wheel-base, and ignition (though not necessarily distinguishing the shades of difference between them). So I feel competent to pass upon the quaint old custom of walking.

If anything I say may seem harsh, remember that I refer to pedestrians only as such. A pedestrian's private history may be above reproach; he may be an indulgent husband and a kind father. Pedestrians, I understand, have a social life of their own and, up to their lights, a certain crude morality. A scientist might find here material for a monograph, but it is no concern of mine. I have no interest in a pedestrian until he begins putting his feet upon the public highway.

Let me illustrate. I know a man named Fosling, a professor of economics in his quieter moods and a harmless, well-spoken man. He makes no secret of the fact that he spends his vacations in tramping over selected portions of our country. A state, in Fosling's opinion, is something meant to be walked across. Not knowing him for what he was, I once proposed to accompany him upon his next walking-tour from New York northward. His thin veneer of kindliness and helpfulness fell from him as soon as we reached the open road. His real nature lay bare before me. He had no capacity for leisure or dalliance, no appreciation of the charm of shady roadsides. His legs, I believe, were made of hand-forged, triple-expansion steel (we motorists will have our technicalities). Leaving him at Tarrytown, I went home by train and was able to be about in a few days. Fosling claims that he walked to Hudson Bay. I do not doubt that he *could* do so, but since owning a car I have no faith in the word of an essential pedestrian.

The young man who delivered my purchase seemed a competent sort of person (though not necessarily clean). He drove me about our suburban town and countryside for a time, and soon permitted me to take the wheel. Though he was my inferior



"I WILL NOT ENCROACH FURTHER UPON YOUR VALUABLE TIME," I SAID. "I CAN MANAGE NICELY AFTER THIS."



IN CRASHING INTO HIS CART I RUINED HIS SOURCE OF LIVELIHOOD, ALSO—I SAY IT WITH REGRET—HIS TEMPER

in education, I followed his orders exactly and got along splendidly. In parting, the fellow gave my driving a guarded, but I believe sincere, indorsement. He said he had seen worse.

"When shall I come to give you another lesson?" he asked, after we had put the car in my little garage. I use the word "we" advisedly, because it took two attempts to accomplish this—one by me and the other by him. I treated myself to a little *persiflage* at his expense.

"I will not encroach further upon your valuable time," I said. "I can manage nicely after this."

"All right," he said, handing me a card. "Here is my telephone number. We make repairs promptly and at the best prices."

After he was gone I fell to wondering what he meant by "best." Best for whom?

The next day I invited my wife to go out for a little spin, but she said she expected to be unusually busy for a week or ten days, and would I mind going alone. I took the car out, unaided except for the booklet of instruction, open upon the seat beside me. Following its specific orders, I backed out of the garage and into the road, but at this moment, unfortunately, the wind turned the page of the booklet. Simultaneously I failed to recall what the untidy person had said about ceasing to back up. So I had to turn into the street to avoid disaster. I managed this successfully except that I went in the opposite direction to that which I had intended—not that it mattered in the least. Thus I backed slowly along the street, confident that something would occur to me to do, and meanwhile trying to make it appear that I was rather an eccentric person who preferred to ride backward, other things being equal. I flatter myself that I succeeded in this, for such pedestrians as I saw made facetious remarks.

Presently I noted that one of the pedals was marked "C." Evidently, I thought, that means "cease," so I pressed it with my unoccupied foot. To my delight the engine stopped. When I recovered the place in the book, I found that the "C" referred to the clutch, and that I had inadvertently tried to go forward and backward at the same time. The car had halted, as it were, between two opinions. Although the booklet does not mention it, I shall always hold that this is an excellent device for ceasing.

Wearying of my rôle of an eccentric, I now followed the recipe for going forward, and found it substantially correct. So I drove with considerable success but little speed about the community, stalling my engine from time to time and being compelled, as we say, to "crank up." One man, with a pedestrian's ignorance of machinery, asked how far the thing was supposed to go on one winding.

Much as I learned about motoring on this journey, I learned even more about pedestrians. The latter I found self-centered, capricious, and with a certain fearlessness

worthy of a better cause. They strolled about, intent upon their own affairs and unimpressed by my warning signals. Mine is not a great, hulking car, I confess, but I can see no reason why an elderly lady, leading a child, should answer my "honk" with a pitying smile. Perhaps I should have a more terrifying horn. I am making a note to inquire the price of a horn that will inspire terror, at least in women and children.

I trust I am not intolerant. I do not say that pedestrians should be denied the use of the public highways, but I do think they should be restricted to certain hours. Mornings before nine would suit my convenience. A short period might be allowed in the evening to enable such pedestrians as have homes to go to them. This would only be good public policy, for a pedestrian's place is in the home.

When I had had all the motoring that my system craved, I turned homeward, and presently had to pass through the business portion of the village. This, unfortunately, was rather congested. I particularly recall a man strolling across the street from the post-office reprehensibly reading a letter, a lady carrying a paper bag (quite within her present legal rights, I admit), some boys at an undignified game, and, at the curb, an un-American person with a peanut-cart. Ordinarily I take little interest in such miscellaneous people, but these are indelibly fixed upon my memory, because in trying to avoid running over the letter-reader I endangered the happiness of the lady shopper, who, pedestrian-like, changed her plans three times and drove me in despair to choose between the boys and the peanut-vender. I elected the latter as being less numerous and more alien. In crashing into his cart I ruined his source of livelihood, also—I say it with regret—his temper. What he said to me was in the Greek language and need not be repeated here. By a fortunate coincidence I stalled my engine at this time, and so did no further damage. My car escaped injury except for a bad dent in the front of the commutator (I almost fancy I mean radiator, and that the commutator is somewhere safe in the interior). The cheaply constructed peanut-wagon not only collapsed utterly, but the roasting apparatus set the wreckage afire. The small boys left their play and indulged in odds and ends of peanuts, impairing their digestions, as I learned later, at my expense. The lady personally reproached me with the loss of her bag of carrots, which it seemed she had dropped in her confusion, and the constant reader, seemed to have some grievance against me. I now added unreasonableness to the catalogue of the unlovely traits of pedestrians.

Among the many people who took an unsolicited interest in my affairs was an officer of the law.

"I seen it all," said this ungrammatical constable. "Why didn't you put on your brake?"

In a flash I remembered that the salesman had mentioned the existence of the brake, but I hated to admit that I had forgotten it.

"The brake doesn't seem to be working very well to-day," I said. This, you see, was, if anything, an understatement. It hadn't been working at all.

"Is that so?" asked the officer, showing a flattering interest. "Explain that to the justice. He knows all about automobiles."

"Is he a motorist?" I asked, hopefully.

"He's not a motorist, himself," he replied, "but he often fines them."

My heart sank at the news that my case was to come before a prejudiced pedestrian. I believe in democracy within reason, but isn't it carrying things pretty far when pedestrians are allowed to hold judicial positions?

The officer took my name, the license number, and the name of the Greek, which I fancy he misspelled. We all repaired to the justice's office—all adults, I mean, for the boys seemed to prefer peanuts to legal proceedings.

The justice, unhappily, had a book which contained the names of all motorists in the state, and my number did not correspond with my name, which did not appear in the book at all. Moreover, my license plate, it was shown, was that of the previous year. There was a plausible explanation for all these shortcomings, but nobody seemed eager to hear my story. By way of opening proceedings, the officer preferred against me charges of theft, using a last-year's number, inability to produce a certificate, running my car on the left-hand side of the street, maintaining a smoking exhaust-pipe, reckless driving, arson, and traveling with a defective brake. The justice looked at me almost affectionately, giving me the uneasy sense that he profited personally by the fines he imposed.

Perhaps because I am a fire-insurance man I resented most warmly the charge of arson. The justice reluctantly dismissed this complaint on the ground that the peanut-vender was a non-voter. Even so, there seemed to be enough charges left to send me to the penitentiary, disfranchise me, and confiscate my property.

"This automobile," he said, "appears to be the property of one Judson Hoppinger. Does he charge the defendant with theft?"

I now explained that Jud Hoppinger was my neighbor, and that, as my license num-



"YOU CONFESSED TO THE CONSTABLE," HE SAID, "THAT YOUR BRAKE WAS DEFECTIVE. THIS IS A MOST SERIOUS OFFENSE—A FELONY, AS I REMEMBER IT"

ber had not as yet arrived, I had gone over to Jud's house to borrow his. Unfortunately both he and his car were out, but in his open garage I found two license numbers. I fastened them to my own car, thinking to rally Jud when I saw him again for forgetting to take them with him. Instead, it now appeared, they were old-style licenses. "That explains everything," I concluded, "and if you will excuse me I will be going."

But the justice had other plans for me. He fined me for various matters that occurred to him out of his rich experience and ordered me to pay the Greek for damages, including refreshments for spectators. Finally, as a climax to the day's entertainment, and rubbing his hands with pleasure, he opened the subject of the brake.

"You confessed to the constable," he said, "that your brake was defective. This is a most serious offense—a felony, as I remember it."

Here I was facing imprisonment for a crime which I had admitted but not committed.

"I do not know much about brakes," I said, desperately. "I take no interest in the internal affairs of my car. I am not mechanical by nature. My line is fire insurance. Suppose you summon the man who sold me the car and ask him to examine it. I may possibly have been mistaken."

The untidy man came and reported that there was nothing the matter with my brake, that, in fact, it had scarcely been used at all. He pursued the subject with unnecessary heat. He spoke highly of the car for which he was the agent and which, he said, had no superior. The car was equipped with everything a motorist needed except —I am sorry to have to report this—except brains. I got the impression that he was trying to advertise his wares at the expense of my reputation for intelligence.

The constable seemed disappointed, and to soothe his tender feelings the justice fined me for making false charges against myself. He took a professional pride in this, because it was the first case of the kind that had come under his jurisdiction. He dismissed me in a burst of friendly feeling and assured me that I would always find a hearty welcome in his court.

All this because pedestrians are allowed to walk fast and loose about the village, reading letters and carrying carrots at will; because in society as now constituted motorists have no rights which pedestrians are bound to respect. Yet since my license arrived I have scrupulously avoided running over them, tempering justice with mercy.

I have not been out to-day, however, because in attempting to start my car in the orthodox manner a rattling noise ensued—rather violent in its nature, as if a person had dropped a tomato-can into some vital part. The noise attracted Jud Hoppinger's small son, James by name, who came over and conversed with me in loud tones. He said, apropos of nothing, that they were studying the battle of Gettysburg in school.

I cannot imagine what causes the uncouth noise. I have put in water and gasolene from time to time. I have not put in oil, because I do not remember where the man said the oil should be inserted, and I do not care to insert oil at random. I must remember to ask him when he comes to ascertain my trouble.

Let us hope it is nothing serious, because I should hate to become, even temporarily, a pedestrian. I think one should avoid even the appearance of pedestrianism.



"John, do come away from that rail, it always seems as though the boat tips more when you go over there"

Worth While

JAKE JACKSON, a native of Georgia, was summoned to court on an assault charge. The state brought into court the weapons used—a huge pole, a dagger, a pair of shears, a saw, and a gun. Jackson's counsel produced as the complainant's weapons an ax, a shovel, a scythe, a hoe, and a pair of tongs. The jury was out but a short while and returned with this verdict: "Resolved, That we, the jury, would have given five dollars to see the fight."

A Costly Example

A SCHOOL-TEACHER received the following note:

"Dear Madam,—Please ixcus my Tommy today. He won't come to skule, because he is acting as timekeeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3½ miles an hour to walk 2¼ times round it. Tommy ain't a man so we had to send his father. They went early this morning & father will walk round the field and Tommy will time him, but pleas don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family."

Spring

THE air is full of balmy throbs,
The sun is cutting shines;
And little fuzzy thingumbobs
Are budding on the vines.

The daffodils are tossing high,
The tulips flaunting red,
And Easter Day has just gone by,
And May Day just ahead.

A glad and vibrant poesy
Gets into everything,
And merely living seems to be
A jingle of the spring.

And as the moments gay lilt past,
I *have* to jot them down,
Each one a radiant jewel cast
From Nature's springtime crown.

Yet it will take three months, at least,
To get this thing in print;
Then all these wonders will have ceased,
Faded each young fair tint.

But, oh, that fragrance in the breeze,
That sun a-cutting shines,
That green-tipt glory of the trees
The day I wrote these lines!

CAROLYN WELLS.



TOURIST (horrified): "*What's that awful noise?*"
GUIDE: "*That, sir, is the echo of the sound you made when you blew your nose!*"

Hardships of the Poor

SEEING a tramp hurrying away from a large house, a fellow-professional asked him what luck he had had.

"It ain't no use askin' there," was the reply. "I just had a peep through the winder. It's a poverty-stricken house. There was actually two ladies playin' on one pianner."

Two of a Kind

THE dean of a Western university was told by the students that the cook at the dining hall was turning out food "not fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Sir," said the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."

Obeying Instructions

THE purser of one of the boats plying between New York and Norfolk tells of one trip when there were on board a young couple accompanied by their little son, aged six. As is very frequently the case, father and mother were very seasick, while little Henry was the chirpiest thing on the ship. In the morning while the parents were lying in their steamer-chairs, hoping that they would die, little Henry was playing about.

Now Henry had done something of which his mother did not approve, so she said to her husband:

"Clarence, please speak to Henry."

The husband managed to raise his head a few inches and look at his son and heir. Then, very feebly he muttered:

"How do you do, Henry?"

Unprofitable

A SIX weeks old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"



His First Arrest

"Now ye'd better come along peacefully, or there'll be an additional charge of resistin' an officer o' th' law."



AUTHOR (boastingly): "*Yes, I wrote my last popular novel in two weeks*"
BORED HOST: "*What delayed you?*"

One of the Family

MRS. WEST was on the street-car one day when one of the passengers suffered an accident. The conductor took the names of the witnesses, but Mrs. West, to avoid being summoned to court, gave a fictitious name and address.

The next morning her colored cook ventured the remark that "that man must 'a' been hurt mighty bad yesterday."

"Oh, were you on the car, Miranda?" asked her mistress. "I didn't see you."

"Yaas 'm, I was settin' right behind you."

"Well, Miranda, I hope they didn't get your name, for I couldn't spare you to go to court."

"Oh, no 'm; I didn't give 'em my right name. They'll never find me."

"What did you tell them?" asked Mrs. West, wondering how far Miranda's imagination had led her.

"Well 'm, I heard you say 'Mrs. Hawkins,' so I sez 'Miss Hawkins.'"

A Reasonable Request

MRS. H. had promised her six-year-old son a birthday party, but when the time came she told him he would have to wait, because she was too busy to attend to it. The next week she was very ill, and so it had to be postponed again. The following week he came in one morning looking rather tearful, and said:

"Mother, can't I be born to-day?"

Different Pronunciation

A PROFESSOR from Iowa had occasion to visit London last fall, and while there he was introduced to a professor from an English university, who welcomed the American warmly. During the evening the two men touched on many subjects, when finally the English professor said:

"I met one of your colleagues last year. We had another professor from Ohio here to visit us."

"But I am from Iowa," interrupted the American.

"Iowa, indeed! How very interesting. I am sure the other gentleman called it Ohio."

Worth Trying

ONE of our prominent authors and clergymen was attending a dinner recently when the conversation turned to charity, whereupon the distinguished guest remarked:

"Speaking of charity reminds me of the millionaire who lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:

"'If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the church, will my salvation be assured?'

"The minister answered cautiously, 'I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying.'"



"Oh! mother, those colored men offered to carry your bag. Aren't they kind?"

Beyond Politeness

A PLEASANT lady customer was looking at tea-kettles. The patient clerk handed down large tea-kettles and small tea-kettles, aluminum, porcelain, and copper. Finally the pleasant customer said, "Well, thank you very much. I was just looking for a friend."

"Wait," said the patient clerk. "Here is one more. Perhaps you will find your friend in that!"

Who Was It?

THE kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest the kindergartner said, in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, as I came to school to-day in the trolley-car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"

A Perfectly Natural Choice

AN Idaho man tells of an unusual response made by the accused to a question very usual in the circumstances.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you'd like to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

Whereupon the prisoner looked toward the door and remarked, pleasantly, "If it is agreeable to the company, I should like to say good evening."

Sufficiently Logical

A TEACHER in the primary department had been holding forth on the three great divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question:

"Who can tell me what is the highest form of animal life?"

A little girl bounced from her seat and with the certainty of being right exclaimed: "The giraffe, mum."

My Dachshund

HALF dog, half seal he looks there on the rug,
With red-brown flippers on squat bow-legs set,
Beneath a drawn-out barrel, black as jet
And rolling, barrel-wise, as he doth lug
His ebon-nailed fat paws. Complacent, smug,
And truculent, a perfect silhouette
Of mirth, a rakish, swaggering gargoyle; . . . yet,
When his old, bristled, beauty-spotted mug
Is on my knee, and upraised topaz eyes
Meet mine, no brute looks out—a soul instead,
A wistful soul, side-tracked from Paradise.
"Schnapsel," I whisper, cheek against his head,
"Thou'lt always love me?" Swift his tail replies,
"Thy servant is a dog—no male biped!"

ISABEL VALLÉ.



Painting by W. J. Aylward — Illustration for "The Nutmeg Coast"

THE WATERSIDE LIFE AT MYSTIC IS A HAPPY BLENDING OF OLD AND NEW

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THE BARGES ARE THE DRUDGES OF THE CARRYING-TRADE

The Nutmeg Coast

BY WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

INDULGING a fancy for the grandiose, it is pleasant to think of Long Island Sound as a broad, bright highway from the sea and its sunrise to the glowing metropolis of the New World. In fact, we find it a greater harbor to New York, which one enters more than a hundred miles from the city itself—an arm of the sea within an island barrier; a passage-way, smooth and wide, for an abundant coastwise commerce; its beautiful shores and protected waters a delight to travelers and a pleasance for urban thousands, who turn to it when the more accessible and ephemeral joys of excursions down the bay and up the Hudson have been exhausted. As to the commuter who faces the East, his dream is a house with an unobstructed view of the Sound.

Sentimentally the Sound beckons the leisurely traveler who would browse

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along its shores. In its older ports he finds suggestions of sailors' tales and of old, sea-going adventure. Here are ancient stone wharves, warehouses of a rough solidity, and broad, elm-shaded streets in which are square, white mansions such as captains loved to build from the gains of lucky voyages. The people receive the stranger with an ease of manner that would appear a heritage of days when sailors from distant seas rolled ashore over Sound-side string-pieces, among them a sufficient sprinkling of sea-rovers to prompt a politic acceptance of each new-comer at his own rating; for one cannot gainsay that through several generations pirates, slavers, privateers, blockade-runners, and smugglers occasionally favored the Sound with their presence. The worst of them came hither soberly enough, ordinarily on business that had to do with refitting ship or landing goods taken under warmer skies, and so long as they conducted themselves with decorum no one sought to hale them to the gibbet. Their more respectable slave-running brethren of later times were rid of the reek of the barracoons long before their jib-booms rounded Montauk Point, for here were their home ports; while the local patriots who evaded enemy taxes in war-time or cruised under private colors against enemy commerce had no apologies to make, and sailed openly to and from their home docks along the Sound whenever the king's ships were not in the offing. If blood were to be shed, it was an affair of war; if not, of business. It was not the concern of the Sound ports to sit in judgment on the sea-goer, and it is not to-day.



THE BEST OF BARGE LIFE IS THAT THE SKIPPER MAY TAKE HIS FAMILY ALONG

But the yesterdays of the Sound and its ports are far less objective than its colorful life of to-day. One must seek out its traditions in quiet byways, while its appeals to current interest press upon one. This particularly is true along the Sound's north shore, the coast of the Nutmeg State. Here, as one makes the first stages of his journey eastward from New York, leaving behind the city's fringe only to find himself passing through a succession of brisk towns where the glow of war prosperity is turning brass and iron into gold, he is conscious of touching a throbbing pulse of action and travel; for the Nutmeg Coast is a thoroughfare between the metropolis and the populous northeast corner of the United States.

Your traveler of sailorish tendencies, journeying along this coast by water,

proceeds with a broader vision than the pilgrim of the touring-car or Boston express. In journeying hither from New York he may expect to see pass in review before him every sort of craft one ordinarily meets in American waters except the Atlantic liners, which would have difficulty in turning the sharp corners of Hell Gate and its forecourt, the narrow channel winding among points and islands from the East River to the open Sound. Native vessels nearly as large as they, the high-decked Sound steamers plying to Eastern ports, pass through a stream of lesser shipping here morning and evening, much as a ten-ton motor-truck would navigate crowded Broadway. Standing on the upper deck of one of these big boats as she sweeps past a coasting-schooner in the channel, one actually may look down the companionway of the little ship below and see the cabin table set for the captain's supper.

Fog, the common enemy of the coastwise sailor, often adds its hazard to navigation in the Sound's dense traffic; but the commander of the steamer has now a subtle ally against it in the radio. When the turns of the upper channel have been left behind and the steamer is on her course in the open Sound for Stratford Shoal light, we will suppose, the captain may turn to his radio operator for a view of his path ahead. He learns that a freighter is passing through the Race, the Sound's eastern gate, a hundred miles ahead of him.

"Ask him how he has the weather," is the captain's order.

"Foggy, sir, and calm," is the response.

"Anything in the way?"

"Four-masted schooner anchored in the channel just this side of Little Gull. Several westbound tows in sight when the fog shut in, ten minutes ago."

Your captain has been warned of a danger, in the form of that becalmed



VESSELS OF MANY TYPES LURK IN EACH BIGHT AND BEND OF THE COAST

four-master anchored on his course. As to the tows, they are part of the run. They are to be met anywhere and everywhere on the Sound. The barges are the drudges of the Sound carrying-trade, working day and night, freighting crude supplies from the coal roads and the pipe-line terminals of New Jersey to the cities of the Eastern coast.

One would say, to look at them as they trail their stout tug on the end of a long steel towing-hawser, or when they are hustled about with peremptory orders of the whistle in the process of shortening scope for the pull through Hell Gate and East River, that there are few compensations in life aboard one of them. Surely it has little reward, when a man's name even is unknown to his mates as they take his frozen corpse ashore on some wintry beach—for hawsers part or deeply laden barges founder in the Sound as elsewhere—but if you look on board one of them, perhaps a woman will be there, and a cradle, and children playing around the deck. That is the best in barge life—the skipper may take his family with him. On the sea-going barges that round Cape Cod this privilege is most exercised in summer, when dangers lessen; but on the cheerful, bright-painted inland craft that come down from the Hudson to the Sound ports, with hay or ice or brick, one may see childish faces whenever one sees the barges. Bridgeport Harbor is a famous place for meeting these up-country craft, and canal-boats as well, that may have come the breadth of New York State, through green countrysides and past comfortable farm-houses, to land their burden at the American Essen. These craft give one the impression of being homes, and when their time comes to depart they start off like the houses of an odd, peripatetic village.



REVELLING IN SUNSHINE AND WATER AT HIGH TIDE

Although steam yearly increases its economic importance in the traffic of the Sound, the cruiser never lacks the company of sailing-craft. They relieve with a touch of poetry the prosaic efficiency of the steam fleet, and on a bright day they animate an always charming prospect of bright water and green shores. One sees many sorts of craft among them. Here is a shapely great schooner, one of the modern "coalers," having six masts—and a donkey-engine to get up her sails. Yonder is a smart little coaster plying between New York and Sound ports. The old, plumb-stemmed two-master with the square yard on the fore, sporting a raffee, betrays by her lines and rig that she is a "laker," a different breed from salt-water craft, drawn hither from the inland



MARBLE PALACES AND FORMAL GARDENS CROWN THE HEADLANDS

seas by high freight money. Behind her comes, a plumb-sterned "St. Johnsman," with rudder hung outside, and snubbed bowsprit pointing skyward, laden, one would say, with piling for South Brooklyn. The rusty old *Nancy Ann* of Rockport is a Maine "limer." She dodges along in fair weather and sticks to her anchors in foul, with full knowledge that a single good wave over the weather bow would mean a fire in the deck-load. These, with an occasional neat little Nova Scotia topsail schooner, painted white, lumber laden if bound westward, or carrying grain or general cargo "down home"; a brig or a bark; a smart Gloucester fisherman bent on chasing mackerel off Block Island or farther east; and always on summer days, footing daintily among them, a trim yacht or two, make up the rank and file of the sailing traffic of the Sound.

Mingling with the shipping at the Sound's upper end, on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, holidays, or certain club regatta days, one sees an extraordinary array of pleasure boats, from the largest to the smallest, in the propulsion of which sail and power divide honors. They pour into the Sound from all the creeks and navigable waterways within fifty miles of Hell Gate. Each bight and bend in the coast shelters a yacht club. Yachting here is followed by more sorts and conditions of men than on any other body of water I know. There is a boat and a club for every size of pocketbook and every degree of social aspiration. The owner of a smart sailing-yacht may find himself in a brush for a weather berth with his own plumber or tailor, and neither be surprised; the chowder-party on a rusty launch is unimpressed with the superior equipment of the glistening steam-yacht.

There is room enough for those who



THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MORRIS COVE

follow both sport and work in the Sound's generous breadth—at its widest part it is twenty miles from shore to shore—but sometimes not so much as may be wanted by an ambitious yachting skipper in a race when he sees a tarred old coaster drifting athwart the finish-line he is trying to make in a trifling air with a rival close on his quarter. The language of the yachting-man to the coaster's captain on a certain occasion I recall was not polite; but the skipper, thrusting a bearded countenance over his rail, returned the retort courteous with, "Sorry, son, but I didn't make this breeze."

At certain times the upper Sound is void of wind, and swooning calm broods for hours over its waters. It may have been this that led an early voyager here to name it "The Devil's Belt." At other times the wind is fickle, as when in summer it blows from the northwest. Then, if it dies suddenly, and thundercaps rise, pearly and tiered, in the west, the experienced yachtsman keeps an eye to his light sails and prepares to dodge a black squall that may take pleasure in whipping out his mast. The southwest breeze here brings satisfaction in fullest measure. Then the coasters bound "down the Sound" ease sheets for a fast run, and yachtsmen know they can get the best out of their racing programme. Esthetic values also are in this summer breeze, for in its train comes a soft amber haze—in which the sails of distant craft look like old ivory—and a fragrance and tonic quality in the air, a mingling of salt from the ocean and sweet scents from the woods of Long Island, warm and yet invigorating, like the water in which everybody on the Sound for pleasure takes a daily plunge.

A cruise along the Sound is enlivened with gay little groupings of people reveling in sunshine or water. Bathing is not confined to beaches. In almost every little harbor and creek you find a

float, at high tide peopled with men and maids; the latter a merry crew of lissome young creatures, gracile and clean-limbed, a delight to the eye in their frankly revealed beauty of person and a fillip to the spirit in their zest in life. At any of the smaller Sound ports—where "summer folks" find genial entertainment—the cruiser on arrival is accepted offhand as one of the transient family. His heart may be warmed before he reaches an anchorage by a graceful, laughing hail from youth and beauty in a passing party-boat.

Of the breezy summer life of the Sound, women have a liberal share. You may meet a young girl at the tiller of a yacht in mid-Sound, busy with getting around a six-mile triangle in the shortest possible time. Along shore a girl cranking a refractory boat engine, or freeing halliard or downhaul jammed in a block, may scorn assistance. The yacht clubs, once the sanctuary of man, have now a wing for women, or admit sweethearts and wives to the common quarters. Some are built as social centers, with yachting among their offers of entertainment. On regatta days their approaches are filled with parked automobiles, and neighborly groups fill their cafés and verandas, chatting, eating, drinking, and incidentally watching the racing boats on the sparkling Sound.

The American tendency to gregarious participation in sport, thus expressed, finds its fullest revelation hereabouts at New London every year in June, when the public displays its ebullient, periodic interest in the annual varsity rowing race. At such a time the old town on the Thames is stormed by eager holiday-making thousands of well-dressed and well-fed people of both sexes and all ages, whose diverting elegance of costume and equipage quite outdoes as a spectacle the contest between the shells. At such a time the attending yachting fleet also is a brave show. Sea-going steam-yachts of steamship size; barks, brigs, and schooners, power craft of surprising swiftness, racing yachts that include among them the latest fragile machine constructed to sail for the America's Cup—all the quality of American yachting are here assembled. Some of the larger vessels anchor in the broad mouth of the Thames that is New Lon-



ABANDONED SHIP-YARDS ARE REMINISCENT OF OLD SEA-GOING DAYS



STRATFORD SHOAL LIGHT

don's harbor, but many pass through the railroad bridge to line up, with lesser craft, along the four-mile rowing course, and make it gay with bunting, presenting a bright picture for the gratification of a vast, animated, joyous crowd lining the river-banks.

Should you visit New London again in August you would see most of the larger yachts again in the harbor, with many others in company, as participants in the country's smartest maritime show of the year, the annual cruise down the Sound of the New York Yacht Club. When at "colors," after a night in port, the sailing yachts begin to blossom in canvas, snowy or buff—as the sailmaker may have used Sea Island or Egyptian cotton; when gleaming mahogany launches are flitting between the fleet and the shore; when steam-yachts and power craft, gleaming in white and mahogany and brass, are shortening their anchor scope to prepare for departure; when the tugs that will mark the starting-line and log the course for the day's run are sending up their official bunting and red signal-balls; when white-clothed sailors are moving about swiftly and silently on the decks of the racing yachts, or climbing like spiders in filmy rigging —there is something in the movement and color and beauty of it all quite stirring to one's pulse and satisfying one's ideal of water-borne pageantry. Undeniable millions are here afloat, invested in property that is created for recreation solely and perishes quickly. Wealth's power to create pomp and beauty is here displayed, and the revelation gives one a very vivid glimpse—a "close-up," the photoplayers would term it—of the opulence of America's present age of gold.

If you are cruising in your own little boat you may feel in the company of this elegant fleet that the law of compensation gives you full measure, for in the course of your cruise you may enter sundry little pockets of harbors that are barred to large craft, where at night you may take your ease in seclusion after a day of action in sunny breeze and splashing water. One such snug haven is at the Thimble Islands, a charming group of wooded rocks east of New Haven. The wildness of the Maine coast is suggested here; yet you are

near enough to the main to hear express trains thundering along the steel highway toward Boston or New York, and to see their lights as they flash through the dark across the nearest creek. You sit on the deck in the twilight afterglow, and, looking out on the Sound, see a great luminous steamer pass, or trace through your glass the slow course of a red or green light below the dark sails of a coaster beating up toward New York, as you would sit in a darkened room and watch the lights of vehicles on a boulevard. The broad, glittering Sound, that has charmed you all day, still holds you captive to its charms at night.

Wherever you sail along the Sound's north shore you find the coast quite fulfilling the mariner's dream of living where a man may make his boat's painter fast to his bedpost. The coastline is a succession of little rocky capes and islets, and serpentine tidal creeks, winding through bronze-green marshes. In every creek you may see a boat, or several, moored bow and stern to stakes, or lying at a snug little shore-side pier, that more often than not is at the bottom of a tight little lawn, before a low-browed cottage of the New England farm-house type.

The points and creeks are the distinguishing features of the shore for one hundred and twenty-five miles east of New York; and in their possession there appears to have been observed a fair division—the rich man has the points, which are picturesque, and the poor man the creeks, which are of practical value. The result at times is a sharp contrast in the physical aspect of beauty spots. I have in mind an instance of this, some thirty miles from the Battery. On a point stands a marble palace; a formal garden and pergola are within its high sea-wall. There is an Italian campanile, and a water gate for the boat-landing. All is exquisite. Its near neighbor, in a cove where the owner's steam-yacht has its moorings, is an oysterman's landing. A steamer's pilot-house serves as a dormitory for workers whose labors have formed a great pile of oyster-shells near by. Boats, broken anchors, oyster dredges, and rusty debris are all about the shore. The land is valuable, but conservatism holds it above love of gain.

As you fare eastward the coast rises in places in high, rough pastures, sprinkled with gray boulders and sentinel cedars. These have become the setting of picturesque country estates. The houses are designed and colored to blend into the rich, low-toned coloring of the landscape. No attempt is made to smooth out the wrinkles on the face of the land. Something of the best that affluence attains is in the unostentatious richness of these palaces amid the rough fields and pastures on which the settlers must have looked with dubious eyes, when land here was a living, and nothing more. In consonance with this studied simplicity is an absence of lodge and gate, of walling and hedging, that is gratifying to the American sense of fitness.

In traversing the Nutmeg Coast the leisurely voyager constantly is reminded of earlier days and ways. The shore about Greenwich, Stamford, and Norwich always will be remembered for its whaleboat-men, who in the Revolution were wont to cross the Sound at night to raid the manor-houses of loyalists on Long Island. Certain practical citizens of these ports had a hand also in the "London trade" of the war, by which English goods were smuggled across the Sound for Yankee use. At Stamford were stored sundry bales of cloth brought home by the unhappy Captain Kidd on his last voyage, and transferred from his sloop to another off Gardiner's Island, at the Sound's eastern end. At New Haven you may sit on the piazza of a comfortable yacht-club-house at Morris Cove and, looking up the harbor, across the smoke of the busy city, see the red-stone cliffs in whose caverns Whalley and Goffe, who as patriots, with many others, sat in judgment on Charles I., hid from Stuart vengeance. Their memory is kept green in New Haven by the simple process of advertising "the Judges' Cave" as a point of interest in a trolley trip. Around the corner from the club-house is one of the oldest structures near the Sound, the Morris House, built while the unhappy Regicides still were hiding in the wilderness of New England. Thomas Morris erected its

roof-tree in 1673, when the lands about "Solitary Cove" were as yet uncleared. When the house was more than a century old the British put it to the torch; but it was built of tough native stone, and its walls remained unharmed. To-day the broad white gable of this substantial early farm-house is the most attractive bit of Colonial architecture that one may see hereabouts. It is not, however, without compeers in interest among the picturesque old villages that one may visit in the fifty-mile stretch of coast between New Haven and New London—a section claiming some of the earliest settlements in Connecticut. Two towns have always stood for all the others in those parts in my mind's eye. They are at the mouth of the Connecticut River. To the east, behind richly colored marshes, lies Old Lyme, a town much loved and painted by artists. Its graceful church spire — "Everybody paints the church at Lyme," the artists say—rises above deep waves of billowing trees that on acquaintance prove to be noble elms lining streets abundantly broad. You find the same sort of streets and similar great trees, in majestic colonnades, at Saybrook, across the river; and, like Lyme, the town is proud of its big old houses and its history. The fort in which the settlers of Connecticut made their first stand against the savage Pequot Indians was here, and here also was the original seat of Yale University.

There is charm in the broad mouth of the Connecticut. If you enter it at night you may hear its current rippling over shallows. There is mystery and poetry in the sound, suggesting the northern valleys and the farms and villages that this water has passed in its long journey from the hills; but there is also an explanation of the absence of shipping in the river, an absence that makes its tall, white lighthouse tower seem out of proportion to its work of to-day. Hartford uses the river, but only sparingly. The stream's importance in traffic was much greater before the era of steam than now. The river was a natural highway of early trade.

Open beaches with modern cottage colonies lie along the coast eastward of the Connecticut, but one comes again at New London into contact with reminders of old sea-going days. They are along Bank Street chiefly, in a section of the town that was the center when the West India trade had headquarters here; when New London privateers cut deep into the profits of British merchants, and when whaling and commerce brought fortunes hither. Here a touch of the old port remains, in a rough-hewn granite mansion, now dusty and neglected; in byways that have outlived their names, as Sparyard Street; and in the old wharves at the Cove. This section is busy after its kind, with ship-chandlers' shops surviving, and the ships' knacker at home, amid mountains of junk and the hulks of defunct yachts. Down the shore a bit you come upon a characteristic establishment, the plant of a modern wrecking company, whose boats are called to succor big craft in distress, both within and outside the Sound. The master-wrecker showed me with pride a collection of souvenirs of the business — the nameboards of wrecked craft. "Here is the steamer *City of Columbus*," he said. "She was wrecked on Gay Head. That one up there—the *Witch Hazel*—used to run to Mosquito Inlet." This latter was said with gravity, but with a following twinkle of the eye. I learned later that the quality of the joke lay in its truth.

"Wrecking isn't what it used to be," said the master-wrecker, in saying good-by. "Wireless and the Coast Guard cutters have spoiled it."

An odor of pitch and pine shavings, and a pleasant clink of calking-mallets and a rattle of blocks, in ship-yards and around marine railways, are reminders, in this part of the Sound shore, that local business in shipping is not all with craft which have made their last voyages. At Noank, around the point from New London, I found a famous old ship-yard taking on new life, with repairs going forward on various large schooners. One was receiving a new keel. "She was three months high and dry on the beach at Barnegat," said the ship-builder, "but we are making her good as new." Up the shore a bit, in a row of lobster-men's shanties and boat-builders' shops, I came upon an old-style Yankee craftsman at work on a sturdy boat. "Nobody was ever drowned in one of



Painting by W. J. Aylward

THE BOAT RACE AT NEW LONDON—A BRILLIANT WATER PAGEANT

my boats for want of fastenings," he said, as he headed up a burred rivet on a stout oak timber.

Mystic—though you are sorry to see it a seaport in a pocket, embayed by a railroad embankment and bridge—still is a seat of the art and mystery of wooden ship-building. Business depression a few years ago left here the frame of a large schooner half done on the ways, which passengers on the trains roaring across the railroad embankment rarely regarded without interest. The foreman of a gang of men who finally articulated the weathered skeleton for salvage purposes told me its story in three words: "Money gave out." A sudden change in shipping prospects brought the shipwright with his auger and adz back to the old yard, and when I last visited it the builders were preparing to launch a trim little coasting schooner from the slip that so long had held the evidence of sea-borne trade's mutations.

It is a happy blending of old and new that one notes in waterside life at Mystic. On the shore lie sundry rotting hulks, and beside the wharves various craft that seem ready to join them. From a viewpoint on a busy wharf you see the steeple of an old white church, rising on a hillside amid neat village homes, framed in the spars of the good schooner *Scotia* of Islesboro, that leans heavily against a pier, as if ready to make an end of her travels in this comfortable berth. The old wharves, however, are not wanting business. Small fishing-craft find Mystic an important port, for gasolene-engines, the modern fisherman's friend, are made in numbers hereabouts.

While the fisherman tinkers his engine at the wharf-side, talking to it, *sotto voce*, in a tongue that Mystic does not understand, and the Yankee ship-carpenter on the point is busy among his chips, representatives of the great American public, linened and begoggled, flash across the bridge at the harbor's head in touring-cars and are gone. They may have caught a fleeting glimpse of harbor and boats in passing; but the loungers at the waterside feel that these hurried travelers are missing something in not halting awhile at mellow old Mystic.

A few miles farther on the motor traveler may stop near Stonington, for luncheon or dinner, at an early-Victorian villa of many gables, standing in wooded grounds and extensive gardens. Its dining-tables are set on the broad veranda, which commands a view of Stonington Harbor across a foreground of marsh and salt lagoon. A dreamlike place it is as the evening shadows fall among its flowery walks and the birds call their good-nights in the trees. Long ago this house was the scene of gay parties, or decorous afternoon teas, when the family of the New Orleans capitalist who built this for his summer home surrounded themselves here with young people of the neighboring towns. The place serves a proper purpose to-day in giving the stranger an intimate glimpse of the beauties of the farther Nutmeg Coast, and of marshaling for his mental view some pleasing pictures of the past. In complete harmony with these is the aspect of old Stonington village, near by—the veritable home-town of the Ancient Mariner it looks, with its square church-tower, its harbor light, and its signal mast on the point, all as fancy would have them—lying as a foreground to your view from the wood-embowered villa. Three cycles of prosperity the old town has had, and evidences of the last, when it flourished as the port of a line of Sound steamers, remain in large wharves and vacant railroad-yards, now weed-grown and deserted. An occasional warehouse and spacious old mansions tell the story of earlier epochs of affluence, due to whaling, privateering, or general sea-going. A tablet on one of the mansions tells the stranger that here lived Capt. Nathaniel Palmer, discoverer of the Antarctic Continent. Here also lived Edmund Fanning, who discovered the Fanning Islands in the Pacific, and his younger brother Nathaniel, who fought the main-top of the *Bon Homme Richard* in Paul Jones's battle with the *Serapis*.

At Stonington your voyage down the Nutmeg Coast comes to an end. Beyond lies Watch Hill, in Rhode Island, on which, we may believe, the old merchants of Stonington kept vigil for their overdue ships.

"Bonjour, Monsieur!"

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THERE were certain things which Mr. Stephen Potter knew. He knew, for instance, that if a man ate three good, substantial meals a day—meat and potatoes and bread—solid, sensible food, no fancy frills—and kept his mind on his business, he would never have occasion to complain of his health. He knew also that there was no such thing as "nerves." Mr. Potter knew these things without, as he said, thinking twice. But then the secret of it was that Mr. Potter was not a man who "ran after this and that." He merely used the sense the Lord gave him, by which simple means any man could know as much.

Now Mr. Potter would never deny having seen in his school Physiology certain full-page color-plates of "The Nervous System," along with the full-page plates of the stomach, the heart, the circulation, and the lungs; yet he dismissed the whole nervous system as "flub-dub," denied the existence of nerves altogether. By all of which one might infer Mr. Potter to be a student of some esoteric philosophy denying existence altogether to matter. But no, Mr. Potter was, without doubt, a materialist, and would quite readily have admitted the existence of the heart, the lungs, and the stomach; the liver dwelt, it is true, in a sort of borderland, yet not so entirely in the realm of unreality as the nerves.

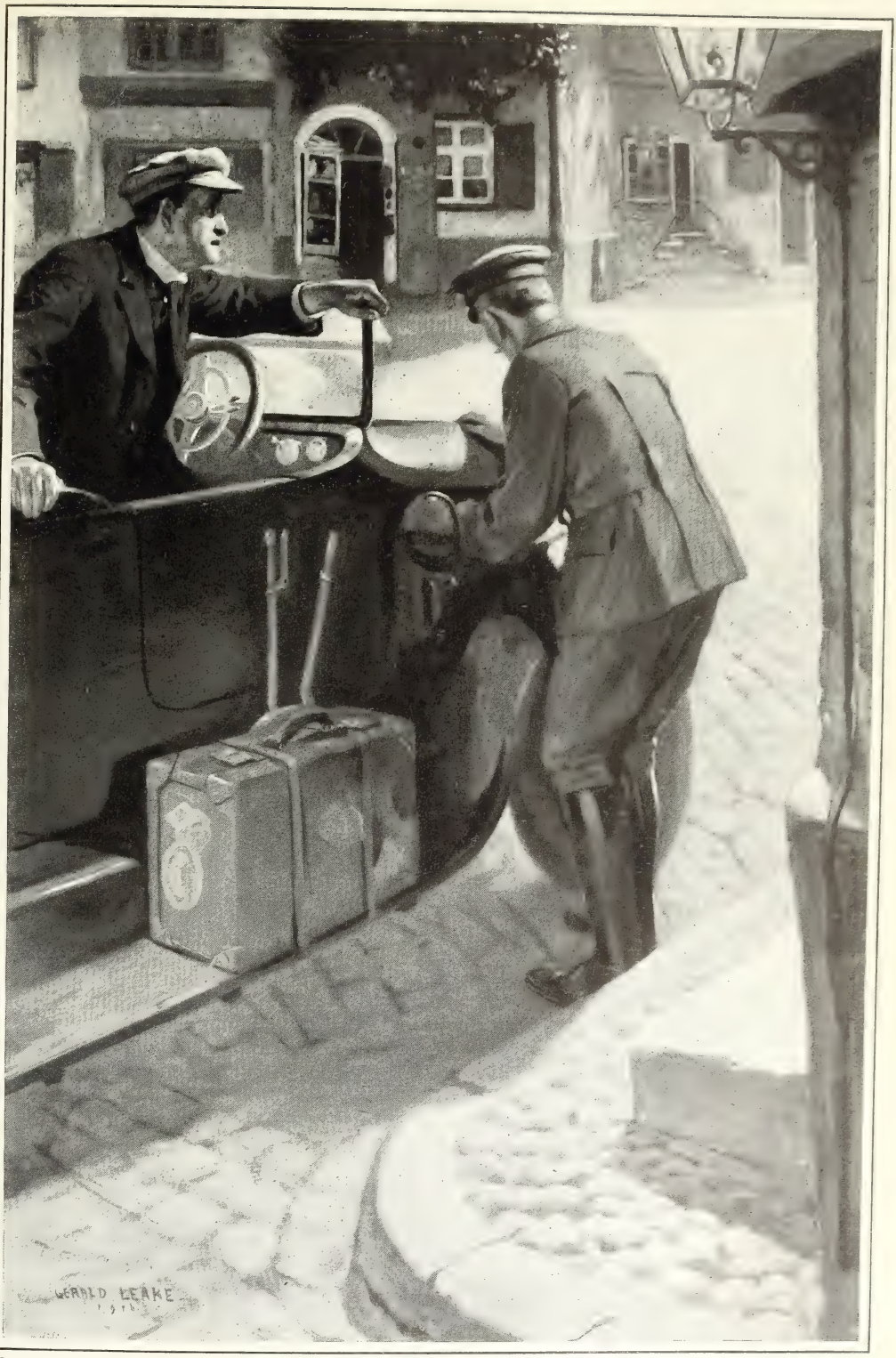
Why he chose to discriminate against the nervous system alone was a question he never sought to solve, for the simple reason that to Mr. Potter it presented no question. Does one consider what does not exist except in the minds of women? Does one, least of all, take the trouble to discriminate against it? No, whatever Mr. Potter did was based on common-sense logic, on fact.

And so, when for the first time in his life Mr. Potter arrived at his office one morning feeling a little queer, and discovered an alarming disinclination to think about the commission business, he decided straightway that he must have "caught something." For Mr. Potter found it perfectly compatible with common-sense logic and fact to believe in that mysterious process whereby one person may have a thing, and another, by merely coming into his presence—without visible, external means, or any act of his own whatsoever—finds the disease, by a sort of physical telepathy, suddenly transferred to himself.

All morning Mr. Potter sat in his private office and wondered what it could be he had caught. He remembered that he had been awake twice the night before, and he had been a little restless the night before that. Whatever it was, it had probably been coming on. Hanson, his bookkeeper and vice-president, came in twice, and Mr. Potter wondered why he had chosen that particular day to ask every fool question in his system; the man ought to know *something* about the business after seven years.

That night Mr. Potter slept badly, and when next morning he arrived at the office with a still more pronounced disinclination to think about the commission business, he did not delay the matter at all, but went at once, as a sensible man would, to consult a doctor.

And when he had told the doctor his symptoms, and about his sleeplessness, and how he wasn't able to keep his mind on business, and the doctor had put everything down on a neat, square card in the blanks for answers to the printed questions, he folded his hands across his breast, leaned back in his swivel chair, and told Mr. Potter that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that he must stop business and go away somewhere for an absolute rest and change. He might



Drawn by Gerald Leake

HE REMAINED TRANSFIXED, FOR HE HAD SEEN THAT STREET BEORE

avoid the break, if he took it in time; but his nerves were in bad shape. After the little silence that followed his announcement, the doctor went on to say that nothing, in a case like this, was equal to a complete change of scene—say, drop business entirely, take a steamer, say, to Marseilles, get an automobile, and spend a few weeks motoring around through the south of France. That would do more good than any amount of medicine; medicine, in fact, would do him no good at all. And, he added, there was danger in letting these conditions run on; they had, very often, consequences of a most serious nature. Therefore, the sooner something was done the better.

Of course, Mr. Potter knew that the doctor was wrong; so, not feeling in the mood for contradiction, he listened patiently, paid the consultation fee, and got away as quickly as possible.

Three days later Mr. Potter, struggling into his overcoat preparatory to leaving the office, stopped beside Hanson's desk and casually announced that he was thinking of making a business trip to France.

Hanson looked up from his ledger, but Mr. Potter was busy rubbing imaginary dust from his hat with his coat-sleeve.

"France in *Europe?*" said Hanson.

"Yes — France. I've been thinking I'd like to—well, broaden out a little—so I thought I'd go over and look around—see what the chances are."

Hanson's astonishment kept him silent. And in that moment his entire opinion of his employer was changed. He began to respect Mr. Potter more than he had ever done, and to glimpse mysterious and unsuspected depths of business profundity in that nonchalant allusion to "broadening out" and "looking around." And when Mr. Potter hurried out, forgetting his customary "good night," Hanson was struck with the realization that Mr. Potter was a much bigger man than he had ever known.

After that Mr. Potter went about like a man trying to keep a secret from himself. He wore, even when he was alone, an air of weighty abstraction, of being burdened with matters too serious and important to consult any one about. One day toward the last of the week he stopped again at Hanson's desk and told him that he was starting the following Wednesday.

On Sunday afternoon he met his landlady in the hall, and, in the manner of a man in danger of missing a train, told her abruptly that he was going to France Wednesday and would be away several weeks, he couldn't say just how long. Then he dashed out the door, leaving her staring speechlessly after him. He had occupied her spare room for twelve years, and she had never known him to go farther away than Staten Island or Connecticut in all that time, or ever to stay overnight. It was suddenly as if he had told her he had been leading a double life. What he was about to do seemed to shed its color backward over an uneventful past.

On Monday evening he came home to find a new steamer-trunk sitting in the middle of his bedroom, and striking all at once so immediate a note of reality that he seemed for a moment in danger of discovering his secret. It somehow changed the whole aspect of that room in which, year in and year out, things had remained exactly as they had been the day he rented it twelve years before. And although Mr. Potter could not accurately have described a half-dozen articles in his room, and everything in it had long since sunk itself in the general scheme and taken on the unfamiliarity of things seen daily, yet the shifting of a picture on the wall, or the change of a chair from its usual position, would have given Mr. Potter the feeling that something was wrong.

That night he packed—a methodical, orderly process—taking down things from their accustomed places, his ties from the rack over the dresser, and his hats from the polished antlers in the corner, so that in the end the room took on so foreign a look that Mr. Potter felt as if he had actually started.

The steamer was to sail at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, and at precisely a quarter to eleven Mr. Potter, still wearing his air of weighty abstraction, arrived on board carrying his bag in one hand, and a huge bundle of morning papers protruding from his overcoat pocket. He was shown to his state-

room, disposed his things methodically, and then came up on deck again. As time passed he took out his watch at regular intervals with the air of a man to whom an hour's delay meant being an hour too late for an important engagement at the other end of the journey.

The trip across was—well, Mr. Potter's business had taken him frequently to Staten Island on the ferry, and this was of course just about the same thing, except that it took nine days instead of half an hour, and the people made bigger fools of themselves. He discovered the reason for this last difference when on the second day out he found himself in danger of being approached by two young ladies on the subject of throwing quoits. He had seen them approach two other men and ask them to play, and now they turned their heads in Mr. Potter's direction and whispered, then began to saunter over toward him. It was in that moment that Mr. Potter, looking involuntarily first up and then down the length of the deck for some means of protection, made his discovery. There were no police on board to *keep* people from making fools of themselves, and Mr. Potter, turning suddenly as if some one had called him, walked hurriedly off into the smoking-room.

After that he stayed in his state-room and played solitaire, or walked up and down deck meditatively, wrapped in impenetrable solemnity. There was on board a thin, worried-looking man who had a way of halting abruptly and standing perfectly still in one spot for an hour at a time staring straight before him as if he saw something no one else could see. On the third morning out this man asked Mr. Potter for a match, and then, apparently inclined to talk, vouchsafed the information that he was going over to see if he could get his nerves in shape, that he was "all shot to pieces." Mr. Potter did not tell him the business which was taking him across, but whenever the man was in range of his vision after that Mr. Potter watched him, fascinated. The presence of this man filled Mr. Potter with a vague uneasiness and a queer kind of anger which took the form of saying aloud in the privacy of his state-room that the fellow was "crazy."

They reached Marseilles early in the morning, and by noon of that day Mr. Potter had decided that he didn't want to stay another day in a fool town where nobody could understand a word he said. That afternoon he succeeded, not without difficulty, in finding an automobile and a chauffeur who could speak English. The chauffeur inquired where Monsieur wished to go, and Mr. Potter answered that he wanted to "just motor through the south of France." Whereat the chauffeur, brightening understandingly, made a gesture indicating freedom, and said, "Ah, only for pleasure!" Mr. Potter found himself unaccountably resenting this inference. The truth was bad enough, but it had never occurred to him that any one could think he was traveling about without any object at all. And, feeling suddenly that it was due the driver to know, he said: "For my health. Doctor's orders."

The chauffeur looked his commiseration. "Ah, Monsieur is ill? I did not know."

"Nerves in bad shape," said Mr. Potter. "All shot to pieces," he added, and the chauffeur, not quite following the connection, looked up quickly as if he expected to find Mr. Potter wounded. But Mr. Potter was looking away with so fierce an expression that he decided if anybody had been shot to pieces it had not been Mr. Potter.

It was arranged that they should start the following morning at nine, the direction and itinerary to be left entirely in the hands of the chauffeur, since he knew the country and the distances between villages where the best accommodations were to be had.

And so, promptly at nine o'clock next morning, they drove out of Marseilles and into the bright countryside, and for a week they "motored through the south of France," with Mr. Potter sitting perfectly still in the peculiar hunched-over attitude he had acquired from years of riding up and down in the Dyckman Street subway, taking up miraculously less room than was required by his bulk; while the chauffeur grew more and more convinced of the seriousness of the malady which kept the strange American gentleman from enjoying the beauties of that beloved

southern country and caused him to stare unceasingly at the road ahead as if his sole concern was to reach the next stopping-place in time.

And then suddenly one morning, as if the landscape, piqued by the stranger's indifference, had determined to bring itself to his notice, Mr. Potter came face to face with his astonishing Experience.

They had been riding for an hour between rows of ancient trees, when, following an abrupt turn of the road, they came suddenly out into the sunlight, to find themselves facing the main street of a tiny village. The chauffeur, wanting some minor repair, stopped the car. Mr. Potter leaned involuntarily forward, and looked idly down the sleepy little street.

He remained leaning forward, staring, transfixed. *For Mr. Potter had seen that street before!* Those red-gabled, green-shuttered houses, that oval-shaped iron sign over the door of the shop to the left, the overhanging second story of the tall house next to it, the flat stone doorsteps, the bay-window opposite jutting out into the street—all were as familiar to Mr. Potter as the block in lower Broadway where his office was. But it was a familiarity not of the same kind, a familiarity which filled his soul with sharp, unworded alarm, as if he had seen a ghost, though not believing in ghosts. The realization came upon him that he had stood, not once, but many times, on that very spot.

The chauffeur, standing beside the car, was speaking: "I shall go and make inquiry. You will wait here, Monsieur?"

"Yes," murmured Mr. Potter, still leaning forward as if he had been hypnotized.

He watched the chauffeur go down the street with a strange sensation of his having no place there—of his trim, gray figure striking a wrong, an impossible note. He watched him go up on the flat stone step before the shop door—a stone he recognized instantly; watched him go in at the open door of the shop. He knew that shop—knew the uneven lettering of the sign across the window.

A sudden horrible fear possessed Mr. Potter that he was going insane. He waited for what was to come. He closed his eyes, held them shut, then opened them again. Nothing was changed. The street seemed to regard him, like an old friend whose face is familiar but whom you cannot place. And then, with a little shock, his eyes fell upon a building which he did not recognize—a narrow, two-and-a-half-story house of flesh-colored brick at the farther end of the street, which he knew he had never seen before! It was as unfamiliar as the others were familiar. It intruded itself into the street as the figure of the chauffeur had done. *It had not been there when he was there before!*

The chauffeur emerged from the shop, paused a moment on the broad stone in front of the door, and stepped out into the street. Mr. Potter watched him approaching, yet when he heard him speak he gave a sudden startled glance downward at the man as if surprised at his proving to be a reality.

"I have found what I wished. We can go on."

He got into the seat and started the car. Mr. Potter, realizing suddenly that they were moving, seized the chauffeur's free arm. "No! Wait!" he commanded.

The chauffeur threw in his clutch and stopped the car with a jerk. He waited for Mr. Potter to speak, but Mr. Potter only continued to stare down the village street.

"What is it, Monsieur?" he asked, presently. "You wished me to stop?"

"Yes," murmured Mr. Potter, without taking his eyes from the street.

The chauffeur began to be alarmed. He waited a moment, then touched Mr. Potter on the arm. "Monsieur is ill?"

Mr. Potter shook his head. "No," he said, shortly. Then, seized with sudden suspicion, he asked, sharply, "Have we been in this place before?"

"No, Monsieur; certainly not."

"I think I'll stop here. I'll get out. You find some place to stay."

"For how long, Monsieur? Will you be here—to-night?"

"I don't know—*how* long." Mr. Potter was clambering out of the car. On the ground, he motioned the chauffeur to move on. "Find some place," he said, and the chauffeur, accustomed to obey, started the car and moved off, leaving Mr. Potter standing alone in the middle of the road.

Twenty minutes later he returned to say that he had arranged accommodations at the inn, and found Mr. Potter still in the same position, as if the spot had bewitched him.

In that time Mr. Potter had said over and over to himself that he had never *been* in the place before; he had never been in *France* before, or anywhere out of America, so he *couldn't* have seen it. And then some new outline, some detail, would find its counterpart in his memory with amazing distinctness, as if he had seen it yesterday, and he would know that he *had* been there before. Even the cobblestones struck their clear note of recognition.

He studied longest the narrow, high house of flesh-colored brick, the one house in all that street which seemed strange. He tried to recall it, tried to fit it in with the others, but it continued an intruder, an alien. He had never seen it before. Was not that, then, proof that he *had* seen the others? He ceased to ponder the question. Only the how and the when loomed before him, unanswered.

He saw the chauffeur returning. A caution, a strange sort of secretiveness, seized him. He would say nothing. He would pretend he had taken a fancy to the place.

The chauffeur reached his side. "I have engaged rooms at the inn."

"Good," said Mr. Potter.

"Do you wish luncheon, Monsieur?"

"Yes—certainly, yes."

Mr. Potter walked at the side of the chauffeur down the street, with a fantastic sensation of penetrating the heart of a mystery. They turned to the right at the end of the street and entered the courtyard of the inn. The landlord served them at a little table outside the door, but Mr. Potter had no idea what he was eating. From this angle the street took on a bizarre air of wishing to disguise itself. It annoyed Mr. Potter. He wanted to go back to the place where he had first seen it. He compelled himself to sit longer than he would otherwise have done; then, rising, he lighted his cigar, waited until it was drawing properly, then, with the remark that he would go for a stroll, sauntered, with a great effect of leisureliness, out into the street, past the open doors of the shops, and on until he stood again on the spot where he had first stood that morning. He turned and faced the street as he had done that morning, and again, stronger almost than at first, he had the sensation of *remembering* to have stood on that spot before. And suddenly, like a flash of that old memory, he seemed to miss something, something that had been there before, something he had seen in that street. Dimly he seemed to feel an absence, a lack. He began to study the street again, house by house. His eye fell on the flat stone outside the door of the shop in which the chauffeur had gone that morning—and suddenly the picture was complete! There should stand on that broad stone step a young woman, a girl, in a full, red skirt, and wearing on her head a curious high-peaked bonnet of white. He had seen her stand there! When, he did not know, or who she was, or what she had meant to him. He gazed at the spot, half expecting to see her appear. But no one came out of the shop. The sun fell slanting across the stone, the place where she should stand. The whole thing was wrong without her. An old woman, carrying a deep, two-handled basket, came out from one of the houses and crossed the street farther up, disturbing his vision.

All through the afternoon Mr. Potter waited and watched. Now and then he turned about deliberately and walked away, looking out toward the open country, but the next moment he would be back again, fearing suddenly that he had missed her. By a tremendous concentration of will he had been able once or twice to hold the vision so clearly before him that he could see her face; a face which he recognized instantly, and which he felt to have had some intimate connection with his life—yet which remained always not quite distinct, immobile, and strangely secretive.

For the first time in his forty-three years Mr. Potter began to feel, deep down in the depths of his being, a stirring of something like romance, compounded strangely, half fear and half fascination. For the first time in his forty-three years he was interested in a woman, and knew that he should not leave that place until he had seen her.



Drawn by Gerald Leake Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME," HE SHOUTED. "DID YOU EVER SEE ME BEFORE?"

Of the villagers who occasionally came and went in that quiet street, or the shopkeeper who emerged to stand for a moment now and then on his step, not one seemed so real to him as the young woman in the red skirt and the peaked white bonnet who was not there.

At sundown Mr. Potter went back to the inn. It gave him a distinct shock of surprise to find his chauffeur sitting inside the window. He had forgotten him altogether. Had the fellow been watching, he wondered? Well, what if he had? A man had a right to stand in the street all afternoon if he liked.

Mr. Potter ate his dinner in preoccupied silence, and when he had finished asked the chauffeur to inquire of the landlord if his room was ready. He wanted to be alone, out of danger of questions.

The chauffeur returned at once to say that the room was in readiness, and showed him as far as the door.

"Does Monsieur go on in the morning?" he asked, as he touched his cap.

"Why—there's no hurry, is there?" Mr. Potter affected annoyance, pretended to think it extraordinary of the chauffeur to ask.

"Oh no, certainly not—if Monsieur has taken a fancy to this place—"

"I'll let you know when I want to leave."

"Very well, Monsieur. Good night."

Alone, inside the closed door of his room, Mr. Potter was assailed by an excessive weariness and a stiffness in his limbs, caused by the strain of standing all afternoon in the same position; and, trying not to think, he went straight to bed, and, except for fitful floating visions of the young woman in the red dress and the peaked white bonnet, and of the uncannily familiar street always *without* the tall building of flesh-colored brick, slept heavily the sleep of exhaustion—which was a good thing for Mr. Potter, since that was the last calm sleep he was to know for many wakeful, harassed nights.

Four days passed, and Mr. Potter still lingered from morning till night under the spell of the little street—wandering up and down or standing hours upon hours at the spot where he had met that first unmistakable look of recognition, of greeting, from the street itself. Villagers had begun to look at him queerly over their shoulders, and a little buzz of conjecture sprang up whenever he passed. He was reputed to be fabulously rich, and there were some who said that he planned to buy the whole town, tear down all the buildings, and build himself a palace on the spot where Pierre Malot's shop now stood.

But of these things Mr. Potter had remained entirely unconscious. He had heard none of the whispers, and if he had seen anything strange in the expressions of the people who looked at him, he had seen stranger things in that street—things with which he had more concern.

He had had one shock. It was on the third day when he had determined at last to ask a question. It was a question about the tall, narrow building of flesh-colored brick, and he had decided to ask the landlord of the inn, through the chauffeur.

He had gone back to the inn at once, and found the chauffeur playing chess with the landlord. "Ask him how long ago that tall brick house across the street was built."

The chauffeur said something in French. The landlord calculated on his fingers with an air of great deliberation before he replied.

"He says," the chauffeur repeated, "that it was built in 1871."

It was then Mr. Potter received the shock, for 1871 was the year before he was born! He did not know *why* it shocked him; why it had seemed to ring a bell somewhere inside him. He felt that it ought to prove something, and instead it deepened the mystery further, for now it was impossible that he had seen the street *without* the building; it had been built there before he was born!

It was a pity that Mr. Potter knew so little about reincarnation, for it would have been a great comfort to explain things by, even if he hadn't believed in it himself. But if he had heard about it at all, it had remained in his mind a wholly subjective memory, one which failed to make itself felt objectively now except as a vague and uneasy foreboding that there were things in the world not dreamed of in his philosophy. It could so simply have explained what followed.

The landlord had gone on talking, and the chauffeur began again to translate.

"He says, Monsieur, that before that year, his father, who was a wheelwright, kept his wagons in that lot."

"Wagons!" cried Mr. Potter—"wagons!" For he remembered to have seen wagons there! He remembered them as perfectly as the rest of the street—heavy-beamed, wide-spoked farm-wagons—two of them left carelessly near the street! What—what could it mean?

Mr. Potter could trust himself no further, and though there were questions he very much wished to ask, he had an unreasonable fear of the answers. He turned and went out abruptly, and into the street.

From that time forth there had been no peace, day or night, for Mr. Potter. He went about wholly absorbed in his amazing adventure. He fully expected that something would happen.

And one day, just as he knew it must, something did happen. Standing there at the end of his street, in the spot which had become his almost fixed post, he had turned his eyes away for a moment, and when he turned them back again he might have been seen to start violently forward. For there, on the broad stone step of the shop, stood a girl in a full, red skirt, whose immobile gaze seemed directed inscrutably toward Mr. Potter! Only the high-peaked bonnet was missing; but the red skirt!—and the look!—

The next moment Mr. Potter, fearing the vision might vanish before he had crossed the intervening space, stood, excited and breathless, before her.

"Do you recognize me?" he shouted. "Did you ever see me before?"

The young woman said something rapidly in French, but remained standing perfectly still on the stone, without taking her eyes from Mr. Potter.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Potter in anguish. "Can't you speak English? Is it *you?* . . . Where is your bonnet?" And he began in desperation to make motions indicating the outlines of the bonnet about his own head, pointing commandingly meanwhile at hers.

With a cry of alarm the girl turned and fled into the shop. "Pierre! Pierre Malot!" she called shrilly, as Mr. Potter followed her in.

The shopkeeper came in through the back door, a whirlwind of interrogation. The girl began talking very fast, gesticulating with both her hands and her head, and pointing accusingly at Mr. Potter, who was saying at regular intervals, "Please—wait—please—" while Pierre Malot looked more and more frowningly in his direction, going close to the girl as if to protect her.

Then there appeared in the door the gray figure of Mr. Potter's chauffeur.

"Monsieur!"

Mr. Potter whirled at the voice.

"What have you done, Monsieur?"

Pierre Malot and the girl broke into a torrent of French, the girl repeating Mr. Potter's pantomime about her head.

"Mademoiselle tells me you frightened her, waving your arms about, so."

"I was only asking about her bonnet!"

"Her *bonnet*, Monsieur?"

"Yes, bonnet—*she'll* know—*you* ask her. Tell her I want to know if she ever wore a big white thing on her head like this." Again he outlined the high-peaked bonnet over his own head.

The girl asked a quick, sharp question; Pierre Malot repeated it like an echo. The chauffeur, with a little deprecating lift of his shoulders, translated Mr. Potter's question into French.

Suddenly the girl, grasping Pierre Malot's arm, exclaimed something rapidly, something which caused both Pierre Malot and the chauffeur to look queerly from Mr. Potter to the girl.

"What did she say?" Mr. Potter demanded.

"Mademoiselle says, Monsieur, that you have described the bonnet her grandmother wore."

The three stared in astonishment at Mr. Potter. He had fallen back a step as if the news had been a blow. He seemed to be trying to connect it with something else.

"Her grandmother!" he said to himself; then asked suddenly, "Where is she?"

The chauffeur repeated the question, and the girl answered:

"She has been dead many years, Monsieur."

"Dead!" cried Mr. Potter—"dead!" He thought for a moment. "Did she live here—here in this town?"

Again the question was repeated and answered in French.

"Here in this very street, Monsieur, she lived her whole life."

"Ask her if her grandmother was a *young* woman!"

The chauffeur laid his hand on Mr. Potter's arm. "Come, Monsieur," he said, gently, "did you know the grandmother of Mademoiselle?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out!" cried Mr. Potter, excitedly.

"Regard then, Monsieur!" The chauffeur spoke earnestly, gently, making every word count. "If you will go with me now, back to the inn, and there tell me why you wish to know about the grandmother of Mademoiselle, I shall myself promise to discover for you whatever you wish."

Mr. Potter, driven to the last extremity of bewilderment, seized upon the offer of help as a drowning man seizes upon a rope.

"I'll do it! I'll tell you the whole thing! Maybe you'll figure it out!"

With an apology to Mademoiselle, and a significant look over his shoulder to Pierre Malot, the chauffeur waved Mr. Potter out of the shop.

They went back to the inn, sought a corner deserted at that time of day, sat down together at a small, round table, and there Mr. Potter related his story. He told it all from beginning to end, from the moment they stopped that morning at the end of the street—told how he had not recognized the building of flesh-colored brick; about waiting day after day for *her* to appear, in the red skirt and the high-peaked bonnet. And the chauffeur listened sympathetically through to the end.

He waited a moment then, as if considering how to begin. He leaned forward across the table.

"What Monsieur has told me is—very extraordinary. I shall, for Monsieur's sake, speak plainly. It is not the first time I have heard of this kind of—what shall I say—this kind of a case. I have watched Monsieur carefully since we have come here, and I am not surprised in the least. Monsieur, you are ill. It is often like this when one has trouble with the nerves. One is the victim of hallucinations. One thinks one sees what is not there; one believes what is not so. Monsieur, my mother's cousin had what you call 'nerves,' and he also had such hallucinations—it was very sad! Ah, Monsieur, I can no longer accept the responsibility of your care! I beg of you to leave this place and go home at once to the physician who sent you here!"

Mr. Potter remained rigid, staring straight across at the man. He had forgotten altogether about his nerves! Could this, he wondered, be true? He had a sudden vision of the man on board the steamer, standing for hours, looking at something no one else could see! And he, too, had come away on account of his nerves! He saw the doctor leaning back in his swivel-chair, hands folded across his breast, telling him that he was in bad shape, that he must take it in time, and that there was danger in letting the condition go on. Perhaps he had been worse then than he knew! But the doctor—he had been able to see it—he knew what was coming!

Consternation, panic, seized Mr. Potter. He had his return passage folded up in his pocket.

"You're sure it's imagination—that I never *have* seen it before?" He asked it as if the chauffeur had been the physician himself.

"Certainly, Monsieur; it is plainly hallucination, since it is impossible for you to have seen it before without having been here—unless, to be sure, Monsieur believes in reincarnation."

A moment passed tensely in silence; then, "I'm not a crook," said Mr. Potter, but a strange thrill had gone through him and mingled uncannily with his resentment. Fear came upon him.

"How soon could we make it back to Marseilles?"

"To-night, Monsieur, if we go at once."

"Get out the car, then," said Mr. Potter. "I'll be ready to start."

They said good-by to the landlord at the door of the inn, drove out of the court, past the building of flesh-colored brick, past the shop of Pierre Malot. Just at the end of the street Mr. Potter looked back. A feeling of guilt, of in-

fidelity, gripped him. He *had* seen it before!

On the steamer doubt and anxiety filled Mr. Potter. For hours upon hours he stood gazing steadily toward the line of the deck-rail, or into the blue, sparkling waters beyond. But he saw neither deck-rail nor water. There were things which did not go together. *Why*, if he had imagined it all, had he remembered the wagon-lot of the landlord's father? And *how*—how could he have known that the building of flesh-colored brick had not been there forever? And, if it had been nothing but nerves, could any doctor account for his having described, so that it was immediately recognized, the bonnet worn once by the grandmother of Mademoiselle? She haunted him still—that girl of the full, red skirt and the high-peaked bonnet of white—and it seemed to Mr. Potter that her face, which had never become quite distinct, and was always secretive, held now something accusing, something sad, in its intimate, steady regard.

One instant he thought he had come away too soon; the next, he pinned all his faith to the doctor who sent him—to the far-seeing man of science who knew from the first what to expect.

He was the first man down the gangway when the ship came to dock. He would go at once to the doctor. He went in at the first telephone-booth. The doctor was not in; he would not be in until four. Mr. Potter decided not to stop at the office. He would take the subway and go up to his room.

There was no one in the hall when he came in. He took out his key and let himself into his room—the cluttered, familiar room that had sheltered him for so long. Mr. Potter felt suddenly that it was good to be there, and the room seemed almost audibly to welcome him back.

He put his suit-case down on a chair. He would wash up a bit before he went to the doctor's. He hung up his hat on the polished antlers in the corner without even noticing that he had done it. Then he walked over to the dresser and took off his collar and tie, and reached up, as he had always done, to hang them on the rack over the dresser.

But Mr. Potter's hand, with the collar and tie, remained poised in mid-air, and Mr. Potter himself remained in the same rigid position, his eyes fixed hypnotically upon an ancient gilt-framed lithograph which hung, as it had always hung, two feet to the right of the dresser-top, a colored print made fifty years ago, of a red-gabled, green-shuttered village street. To the left was a house with an overhanging second story, and across from it a bay-window jutted out into the street. Farther on, in a vacant lot, two or three heavy-beamed farm-wagons stood carelessly near the walk. In the foreground, on a flat stone step before the open door of a shop, with uneven lettering across the window and an oval iron sign above the door, stood a young woman wearing a full, red skirt and a high-peaked bonnet of white. She gazed steadily out; her face, faded a little and not quite distinct, strangely immobile, secretive!

Underneath, in bold-face black type, ran a line of print, bearing, in the fashion of fifty years ago, this succinct and intelligent message: "*Bonjour, Monsieur.*"

For a long time Mr. Potter continued, like a manikin in a haberdasher's window, to hold aloft in that awkward pose his collar and tie and to gaze before him with unwinking eyes. At last, as if he were paid by the hour, he relaxed his pose and went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. He spoke, after a moment, aloud, with an air of great finality and of proving a point long contended.

"I knew that doctor was a fool," he said.

The Tyranny of the Congregation

FATHER was consecrated to the Lord when he was a baby. Being a minister in a small town did not come so hard on him. He had been trained for it from babyhood. I have often heard grandmother tell of her prayer for a boy after a maddeningly long succession of girls. She said she went down on her knees one day in the garden where she was setting out tomato-plants and promised the Lord that if He would send her a boy, she would dedicate him to the ministry. In those days they thought nothing of making a sort of bargain with the Lord. They would agree to do so much if He would do His part—my brother Charlie used to say that they proposed a sort of partnership compact with the Almighty.

Charlie and I did not mean to be irreverent. We had religion administered in such overwhelming and in such insistent and curiously inconsistent doses that we were compelled to furnish our own antidote to maintain a balance—a stabilizer, as it were. Many a time after a protracted session of Sunday services and endless serious talk of the church and its problems, Charlie and I would slip out to our special corner of the woodshed, where we went to talk over the affairs of the universe that puzzled us, and relieve our feelings by saying "damn." We had no special application for the word; but the mere explosive use of it seemed to soothe our pent-up feelings, especially as we knew it was forbidden as an extremely wicked expletive.

It was not that we wished to be profane, but that we needed a relaxation after the solemn conversations that most of our callers seemed to think were necessary. Often they demanded prayers as well. Everybody knelt, and one after another offered up long prayers, taking much comfort in the rolling, unctuous sentences. The trouble was that both Charlie and myself had inherited mother's brain and her keen power of analysis and fund of humor, without inheriting either her broad faith and belief in religion, or father's. Mother accepted life meekly and uncomplainingly, as all the other women did.

Few women in the congregation did their own thinking. They allowed the men in their family to do it for them and accepted the result without question, quoting their males quite simply and without malice. They were proud of their men-folks' ability to think; but they seldom dreamed of trying it for themselves. The popular conception of God among the children of the congregations, as taught by our elders, was a fiercely impatient Personage sitting on a throne high in an invisible heaven and invariably mad at us. He was supposed to punish us instantly for every transgression. We feared Him as a child would fear an irate parent; but we did not dare to love Him as we loved our own parents.

Father was consecrated. So was mother. They practically devoted their lives to their religion. They did it cheerfully and joyfully. It was a vital element of their lives. There are thousands like them in the small towns in this country. I used to pity my mother with a vague wonder. Our meager experience offered little chance for comparisons; but I felt dimly that mother never had a chance. I wanted to see her well-gowned and leading a meeting at the women's clubs, as other girls' mothers did. She was prettier and sweeter than any of them, yet she had few clothes and almost no comforts. But mother was gentle and uncomplaining, and with a flashing spirit of humor that sometimes bubbled up when we were alone in our family circle, only to be as quickly suppressed, lest some one drop in and deem her undignified. Mother would have

been a wonderful woman if she had ever had a chance to adjust herself. A wonderful woman to the world, I mean, for she was always wonderful to us children. Religion meant much to her, and she was always happy with her family. Her pride in father was pathetic.

It was different with father. He had been brought up to the idea that the ministry was the noblest calling to which man could attain, and he looked upon himself as being unusually fortunate in having been specially dedicated to it. As a minister, he was entitled to privileges that we could not share. Besides that, mother used always to keep as many of our worries from him as possible. Father had to dress well, to appear properly before his congregation, and mother saw to it that his black broadcloth suits were never shiny or shabby. He was generally sure of so many good meals away from home that he did not often notice the poor ones we served at our own table. Like nearly all the ministers in a small town charge, he had a country appointment. It meant that every Sunday afternoon he must drive from five to ten miles to a country church to hold services. On these occasions he would be invited to eat dinner or supper with some of the congregation. You know how it is—they always set the best in the house before the minister. He was sure of chicken and preserves and good vegetables and plenty of cream for his coffee.

Sometimes we had only bread and butter at home. When we had a parsonage with a yard, we kept a cow, and Charlie and I milked her in turns. This helped out wonderfully. Usually we had a garden. Otherwise we would have gone hungry many a time. My sisters and the other boys in the family took things as a matter of course; but to Charlie and myself it seemed unfair to see men not nearly so intelligent as father having sufficient income with which to support their families in comfort and under no obligation to consider a congregation in any way.

Until I was sixteen I never had any new clothes. I wore what was handed down to me from my mother or what the congregation furnished. The one yearning of my childhood was to have an entirely new outfit, purchased expressly for me. I wanted a dress, hat, gloves, and shoes all new at once. My mother understood my longing, and with the first money I ever earned, when I was sixteen years old, she bought for me the first really new garments I had ever had.

Our luxuries were few and far between, naturally. To me, a chocolate ice-cream soda represented all the pleasures of life. To be able to walk carelessly into the village drug-store and order a chocolate ice-cream soda seemed to me to be more bliss than would ever be my lot—for when fate handed me an ice-cream soda I generally had a small sister or brother whose innate helplessness almost demanded the larger share. I used to dream of the day when I could eat all I wanted without feeling selfish about it.

I said the congregation managed to clothe me somehow. I grew fast, and I never seemed to be able to meet the seasons with my garments. When spring was fairly launched on a surprised and welcoming world, I was still wearing heavy underwear because there had been no way found to provide me with those for spring. My wrists and ankles could not restrain themselves modestly within the garments offered me, and I was such a general misfit that I shrank from observation when I went to church or to school, for the girl whose hat had fallen to my lot looked at me with what I deemed a patronizing air, and the former owner of my shoes was wont to glance at her own smartly shod feet and then gaze meditatively at mine until I was crazy to jerk those shoes from my feet and throw them at her head.

We never dreamed of laying these things at our parents' door. We saw no fault in them; but we did see error in the religion that seemed to pay very poor and exceedingly few returns on the investment.

I remember one evening hearing my father tell mother of an old friend of his. The friend had exchanged into an Oklahoma conference in the hope that things would be better financially. Later on he wrote to the Conference and asked to be honorably dismissed and to have his name taken from the Conference list. He said that in the past three years he had succeeded in collecting only four

hundred and eighty-five dollars of his salary, and that this amount hardly sufficed for the support of a family of six. He said he thought it was time that as a man he should endeavor to get into some line of business that would maintain his family, since he could not support them in the ministry. He said he believed God was still in the church, but not often in the congregation.

Charlie and I retired to our consultation-room in the woodshed when we heard that, and he said he wished father would do the same thing. He said he was so tired of living on prospects that he would rather stand honorably on the street-corner with a handful of shoestrings and lead-pencils and beg openly and aboveboard for a living.

For when you come right down to it, we were little less than professional beggars. Many ministers' families are. They deny it, of course, and cite you long precepts in which they point out that the laborer is worthy of his hire—which is true, but the ministerial laborer in the small town can not always collect his hire.

When we went on visits to our country parishioners for a day we were always on the alert to know what they were going to give us to take home. Poor, distracted mother would craftily plan to visit in the country along about the time that our lard ran out, because she knew everybody in the country had plenty and might replenish our stock. Mother, bless her anxious soul, did not know she was a beggar; but she was. The church had always doled out her living in this way, and she had always so accepted it.

We always expected something. But we expected it with an air of polite nonchalance. We would appear intensely surprised when they handed us the basket of apples or potatoes or fresh pork as we left. They were accustomed to it, too. But while they respected father for his ministerial ability, they despised us for our dependence on them. They despised us while they fed us, even at the annual donation-parties.

How we hated those donation-parties! One man used to save all his specked potatoes for the donation-party which was expected to take the place of an increase in father's salary. They brought a lot of good things and ate them all up themselves, including whatever delicacies mother might have stored away in her preserve-cellar against unexpected company. At these parties they used up our reserve table-cloths and napkins, and upset the house and scattered crumbs about, and mother and I had to clean seemingly for days to get the house in order again.

We used to covertly feed those specked potatoes to the chickens later. If they had given us the money the things cost, we could have lived sensibly for weeks on it. They seldom thought to bring flour or coffee or sugar or hams, or other things that would keep. They brought perishable things—and helped eat them. The curious ones had a chance to snoop about in mother's closets and note their condition—to talk about later with their neighbors.

At the last donation-party we had, Charlie and I went out into the kitchen and, under the pretense of helping, sequestered a whole roast chicken, a grand loaf of the famous Jones chocolate cake, plenty of fresh rolls and peach preserves, and jelly and butter enough to last awhile. We had some good eating for a few days. But when mother thanked Mrs. Jones—who always helped serve at the donation-parties—the latter looked thoughtfully at Charlie and me and seemed to be recalling the fact that she could not find that cake or chicken on the night of the donation-party, when she wanted to cut them for the guests. Mrs. Jones was noted for her cooking. I have often heard guests pass by a plate of cake at a party and say, patiently: "I don't care for any, thanks. I think I'll wait for Mrs. Jones's chocolate cake."

Mrs. Jones was kind-hearted, and said nothing. She had been a minister's daughter herself in her day. She was one of the really fine souls who were our comfort in our congregation. The only trouble was that the people worth cultivating sat back in the church work and let the other set run the church. The other set were inclined to be aggressive, and to offer father and the Almighty a great deal of gratuitous advice on affairs in general.

One of the deacons came into the parsonage one night and reproved father because he had not preached a sermon on Hell in a long time. Poor father used to hold off from that subject as much as he could. In his blessed old heart of hearts he did not believe in eternal punishment at all; but the congregation expected an old-fashioned sermon on Hell about once a year. Father used to preach that sermon fast and get it over with visible relief.

Deacon Brown also brought up the matter of our trading at Byrnes's instead of with Simmons. Byrnes was a Presbyterian, and Simmons a Methodist. Mother broke in with the gentle defense that Byrnes had the best and cheapest groceries; but Mr. Brown retorted that the discipline of our church required that we trade with members of the church wherever possible. It did, too. Charlie and I looked it up.

I advised father, after Brown had gone, to go down and trade up a good-sized bill with Simmons—he hadn't paid his quarterage that year. At least we might have had a few good meals on the strength of it. Father reproved me gravely, and my heart sank with remorse, for the poor old dear had trouble enough without having his children, who adored him, make him more worry by our unrestrained behavior. You see, the average minister is flayed by the lash of a thousand whips. And no laborer in the city ever harbors a more sincere fear of losing his job than does the minister in the small town. A black-list in the church is a thousand times more deadly than a black-list in industrial life.

Father was of the type that is inclined to leave too much of the practical details of life to God. His was the religion that goes with the long black coat and somber black ties that seem to be the badge of service of the old-fashioned minister. In one of the towns in which we lived there was a minister—he was a Presbyterian or a Baptist—who scandalized the people of his church by insisting on wearing ordinary business clothes on week-days. He donned his livery on Sundays only. Once, when he had waited three months for the stewards of his church to have the leaking roof of the parsonage repaired, he went down-town and bought a pair of overalls, put them on, and climbed up on the roof in full view of the passing public and mended the leak himself. The congregation raised a dreadful stir over this lack of dignity, but I always admired that minister.

We belonged to the tribe of moving ministers. We moved every other year or so. Father was a saint on earth, and he would come home from each Conference with news of another move and full-up with enthusiasm and renewed energy and plans for doing good and enlarging his congregation. He would also come home with pledges for half his year's salary, for missions and funds and endowments and all the other things that are brought up before the Conference. At such times the ministers, unless they are restrained by prudent wives, become overzealous, and are apt to pledge large amounts in the name of their congregations.

Sometimes the congregations did not agree with father about these pledges. Then mother must get out and hustle and plan for socials and entertainments to make up the money, and the congregation would growl about it, and object to sending the money out of town. That is the reason why so many ministers' wives try to attend Conference with their husbands. They act as a restraining judgment, so to speak.

Not but that the Conference is a sort of vacation to the wives. It is the one time of the year when they can eat good meals without having to worry about cooking or washing dishes. They revel in the steam-heated rooms and the luxury of white bath-tubs and hot water and of wearing their best clothes every day. They sit around and exchange experiences in a ladylike manner—poor dears!—and warn one another about the queer parishioners and the warring factions of the charge to which each may be sent.

We dreaded the pledges almost as much as the moving. Many times we had to go without things we needed to pay up those pledges when the congregation refused to meet them. And as for the moving, no sooner were we fitted down into the grooves of our new appointment and become accustomed to

the ills we wotted of, and grown to like the many good and kind friends and how best to avoid rasping the others, than we had to move on again and encounter new hardships. So, either way, we did not care much for Conference.

I saw a poor chap the other day in a city park. He was settled in the sun for a comfortable snooze. My heart throbbed with sympathy when a policeman tapped him on his feet and invited him to "move on." He had been there as long as the law allowed. I knew exactly how that tramp felt when he rose meekly to his feet and shambled away. He will never know that the reason I gave him a bit of money that day was because I knew what it meant to be tapped by the Conference officials and bade to move on.

Mother used to strain every nerve to go with father to the conferences as a matter of precaution. It was cheaper in the long run. Usually she took but little part in the women's meetings; but one day in the midst of a woman's missionary meeting at Conference she started something. Some one in the meeting had reproved her because she would not pledge twenty-five dollars for foreign missions. So mother got right up in meeting and said she did not propose to let her own children go without clothes any more since one of us had caught pneumonia from wearing thin shoes so that she could pay for shoes for little colored children who lived in a warm climate and seldom cared to wear clothes anyhow. She said at least the savages provided for their own families first, and that was a trait that might well be emulated by some Christians.

She told us about it when she came home. Her cheeks were flushed with remorse, and she felt rather ashamed of her outburst. But we hugged her and shouted with approving laughter. And even father smiled indulgently when Charlie cried, dramatically, "Bully for maw!"

If we seem to have run to slang it was only because we had to have some outlet for our emotions; otherwise we would have burst. Father recognized that, and both he and mother wisely turned a deaf ear at times. This saved us later, for I have always believed that one reason why ministers' children have such a sinister reputation is that the change from the suppressed and restricted home atmosphere to the relaxation they encounter away from home goes to their heads and intoxicates them into unrestrained enjoyment of their liberty.

I used to wonder what the congregations thought we lived on. They knew that they never quite made up father's salary; but they never seemed to worry about it. He wasn't commercial enough to demand it, as they say ministers do in some places. He had a fixed belief that the Lord would provide somehow. But often the provision was so dilatory and so far from being up to specifications that we grumbled considerably over it. The only thing we really had firm faith in was mother's prayers.

You see, the wedding fees in any parsonage, from time immemorial, have been turned over to the minister's wife. She has them in fee-simple. This is the one bit of extra money a minister's wife ever gets. We used to long for weddings. We fervently believed in matrimony. We would have encouraged it in every way possible. For those wedding fees bought us the only new garments we ever had. When we noted signs of interest in any young couple—coming with the loved one to morning service was generally a pretty sure indication—we used to wait hopefully. Sometimes we heard of the engagement of some young couple outside the church, and we would race home to mother with the news and wonder wistfully if they would ask father to marry them. We would have made a grand publicity staff for him, if we had known what publicity meant. And if there seemed to be dull times in the marriage market, we goaded mother to her wedding prayers.

Somehow we never placed much hope in father's prayers. We took them for granted. But mother was different. Her prayers were specific. She asked right out for things she needed, whereas father wandered about a good deal in his petitions, and used phrases that did not seem to mean anything particularly. But when affairs verged on the stringent in the home, we would snuggle up to mother and whisper:

"Pray for a wedding, mother."

And mother prayed for the wedding, and it frequently came. So we had strong faith in her prayers. She never tried to fool herself about those prayers. She knew she was praying for material comforts for her family, and she told the Lord so right out plain. It convinced me that we got better results when we acted square with the Lord and did not attempt to deceive Him with specious motives.

Many times mother was too tired and weak to drag herself about the house; but it would have offended the congregation horribly if we had wasted any of their money on hired help. We were expected to do our own washing and ironing and sewing. It never ceased to be their money, you see. They did not figure that father really earned that salary. They thought they gave it to him as a testimonial of their religion, and they considered themselves mighty nice folks to give it to him at all.

I remember once sitting in a meeting of the Ladies' Aid in a city where an hour was spent in wrangling over the fact that the minister's wife had asked for a new tea-kettle for her kitchen. The parsonage was furnished, and the tea-kettle had sprung a leak. To me the important fact was that it had never occurred to her to go down to the ten-cent store and buy a new one for herself. I would have boiled water in the dish-pan before I would have humiliated myself by sitting through that session of argument as to whether the parsonage kitchen was to be endowed with a new tea-kettle. They looked upon it as extremely careless on her part. They allowed her one, in the end; but that tea-kettle cost too high a price to have afforded me any satisfaction, if it had been my kitchen. But she was a minister's wife, and she had been a minister's daughter, and so the fact that she was practically a pensioner on the congregation did not occur to her.

Father never seemed to have the knack of getting ahead. He did not know how to cultivate the men who could have procured for him the better appointments in the larger cities. We had the places no one else wanted, and father accepted them without a murmur. He did his work quietly and conscientiously, and never learned the art of bragging about it or reading glowing reports at the quarterly conferences. Charlie says you have to pull wires for the best places at Conference the same as you do in political conventions. Father never complained. He believed that the Lord knew what He was doing when He gave him mighty stony ground to work on. It didn't seem to me that the Lord was to blame; it was more because of father's lack of initiative.

Our position as children of the minister was a negative one. Charlie could not play baseball or football as these were not considered nice recreations for a minister's son. As a minister's daughter, I occupied much the same position in society in the different towns in which we lived as a parsnip does in the vegetable garden. A parsnip is a good, sensible vegetable, useful to fill out or to season soup; but who wants a parsnip as a delicacy or a treat? A young man will think twice before he braves the terrors of a minister's parlor to call on the minister's daughter. If he has the courage to do so, he is not generally the man her friends would select for her. If he is of the noble, high-browed, and negative type, he is not the man she would choose for herself. For a minister's daughter has her dreams of romance, too. If she could choose for herself, you might be surprised to know how often she would prefer the solid young business man who will bring home, without the need of appeals from the pulpit, a salary that will pay the bills comfortably and have a little left over. About the only class of men we had an opportunity to meet were the impecunious ministers.

I remember once at Conference, when mother took me because we lived near the Conference city and I needed some dental work done, that I saw an old minister superannuated. He did not want to be superannuated. He made a pitiful appeal to the bishop in front of the audience. He had no other means of livelihood to turn to. He had been preaching the gospel, as well as he could, since he was twenty. The bishop did not like to do it. I heard him tell father that "dead timber" must be dug out of the Conference. Father winced, and

I knew what he was thinking of, for he knew that he, too, was becoming "dead timber," and that some day he would have to be dug out. I could understand that the dead timber must be removed if there was to be a healthy growth in the church, but I could not reconcile myself to the conditions that made dead timber out of once thriving and sturdy material.

Once in a while we had good charges. The salary was paid regularly and we found an appreciation in the congregation that tended to raise our self-respect. And then what Charlie called the "game law" would run out on us—our term was up—and we had to move on like the tramp in the park. Sometimes I have asked as to these conditions among other ministers' daughters. I find that practically the same conditions and the same rebellion in them exist in every denomination. Sometimes I strike colorless creatures, made so by colorless and repressed environment, and they are shocked at my inquiry and ask anxiously and plaintively after the state of my soul. I remember once how I startled such a young woman when she told me sweetly that it was God's will that the workers in the vineyard should suffer for the cause.

"Don't you think we blame the Almighty for a lot of things He is not responsible for?" I asked her. She shrank from me as if I had uttered blasphemy.

Once my mother's sister sent her a pink-silk waist. It was very becoming, and she wore it to a church social. But the congregation complained that a pink-silk waist was not dignified for a minister's wife, and she had to dye it black before she wore it again. Mother did not belong to her family; she belonged to her congregation. We all loved her in the pink waist, but she did not dare to wear it in the face of the disapproval of the congregation. No salary was included for her in the contract, but she was expected to work just as hard as father in her public career as a minister's wife, and to keep up her full share of the business of being a wife and mother as well.

Religion in the small town always afforded me much interest because of its strict division. In every town it was the same. The Presbyterians quarrelled constantly with the Methodists, and both were on cool terms with the Baptists. All of them picked on the Catholics, and everybody considered the Episcopalians "stuck up." There are faction fights all the year around, and the yearly revivals are the grand clearing-houses of emotion. People in all the churches sort of saved up for the revival, and all differences of opinion were held in abeyance until the revivals closed, when they broke out again fiercer than ever. They would bring in an expensive evangelist to preach and a good old exhorter to bring the mourners to the bench after the sermon had melted them. The motion pictures, however, have crowded the revivals pretty close of late years as an emotional outlet. Of course, we as minister's children would not have been allowed to attend motion pictures. We were barred from all healthy recreation, and the joys of religion had to suffice for the minister's family.

Sometimes we would encounter the worn-out ministers. There was but one vocation open to them. They became colporters. Others called them book-agents. They were not generally successes at the business, and sometimes their wives had to try sewing or selling extracts and perfumes from door to door—the last mile-stone on the road to despair. When I would see mother drop her work and sit looking out of the window on days when things had been going wrong, I knew she was wondering whether she could ever sell extracts and perfumes.

We missed most of our happiness because we were always at the beck and call of the congregation. We never owned ourselves, either individually or as a family. The only woman I ever knew who had the courage to insist on being merely the wife of the minister and not the parish aid was a young woman who had a profession of her own and could have gone out and earned twice as much as her husband earned when he began. But she had the courage of her convictions, and her husband is a minister in a prominent city church now at a salary that we would not have believed possible in the old days.

Nobody expected a minister to earn much.

Yet sometimes a yearning for the old days in the shabby parsonage, crowded with children and filled with affection, comes over me. I had a friend who was to be married. There was no time for wedding plans, for the wedding-trip was to be a journey to a foreign land as an adjunct to an important business affair. She was a minister's daughter, and she instantly caught my meaning when I suggested that she hunt up the poorest minister she could find to officiate.

"Remember those happy days when a generous wedding fee brought joy to the family?" I said.

So we telephoned to the Board of Missions for a list of the ministers in the small charges. We found one at the edge of the city. And as we stepped into the shabby little parsonage parlor our delighted eyes roved about and telegraphed the message, "We have found the place—just like home."

We recognized the tidies and the faded pictures and the worn and scratched furniture—heroes of many a valiant move—and the sofa over the worn spot in the carpet to hide it. It looked just like home, and it took the place of home to that bride, for the minister had the calm, strong, serene face of the patient, overworked minister in a small charge. His wife took the bride by the hand and kissed her and wished her happiness, just as I have seen my mother do scores of times to the brides who had stood in our shabby parlor.

It did my heart good to see that wife's face light up when the young husband handed her a modest little roll of bills, There was enough there for a whole new spring outfit, and we hoped with all our hearts that she would get it. I saw the delicate face of a fifteen-year-old girl from behind the parlor door, and I saw her beam as she looked at the money in her mother's hand—just as I used to beam when mother had a ten-dollar fee instead of the five that most of them gave. The minister's face was lined like father's. I saw the shadow on the brow of his wife like that mother had—the shadow that came from the fear of being dug out as dead timber.

Some day we shall see these things all as they should be—strong, virile, and abiding. And then the minister's wife and daughter may emerge from their shackles—the Tyranny of the Congregation.

Day's End

BY DANA BURNET

THE earth is fragrant as a flower,
The drowsy vespers of a bird
Fall from the forest's leafy tower
Like some far choiring, faintly heard.
A moment since, the cleansing shower
Came sweeping with its silver brooms
From out the twilight-troubled West;
But now, upon the evening's looms
Are threads of pearl and amythyst!
Along the arches of the sky
The last fair patterns merge and die,
And all the tapestry grows dim. . . .
The sun has touched the mountain's rim!

So passes, in a wondrous way,
That splendid commonplace, the Day.

Green Fields

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

McKITTREDGE loved the country. Born in the biggest town in the States and reared to the unending song of motor and truck, his soul yet thirsted for dandelions. To his mind a kindlier race dwelt in the open spaces. There, women were softer, men more simple. When he was eighteen he selected an agricultural college in the Middle West to be his ultimate salvation, but his people sent him to Harvard, where he barely escaped making plays. Life is like that. Hills are always green when far away, and the bird in the hand sings never so sweet as the one in the bush. At twenty-two, McKittredge got his sheepskin, scowled at it, and threw it in the bottom of a trunk. Nevertheless, it fetched him work. A friend of his father's took him on, and for three unhappy years tolerated the half-hearted efforts of disgruntled youth to sit as a square peg in a round hole. At the end of that time McKittredge left a note, one night, and eloped with his soul.

"I've got a job—a real job—at last," said the note, and mentioned a lumber company in a remote district of the South. "I've always been dissatisfied here—you and father know that. Now I've got a chance at my own kind of life, and I'm taking it. I hate this infernal town. I hate all towns. I was born for the open. Don't you worry, mother darling—I'll write often. I'm clearing out like this to save talk. You might send a few of my books after me." Then followed an address. Mrs. McKittredge wept a little over the note and packed the books next morning. McKittredge père washed his hands of the situation and fired a stenographer as soon as he got down to his office.

As for the boy, he took the Pennsylvania Railroad as far as he could; left it and traveled on a small line; left that for a creeping, crawling local, and so found himself at last in the open and back to the soil.

Glenwood, the scene of his future operations, consisted at first glance of a white-and-drab railroad station, a flowerbed spelling "Welcome" in dusty coleus, a couple of saloons, a Grand Southern Hotel, and a handful of shops extending along a narrow Main Street. Later, the residential portion, as they say in real-estate folders, revealed itself, stretching away among a variety of trees, scattering stunted cupolas at intervals, and interspersing weather-beaten bay-windows with much Victorian gingerbread.

McKittredge, whose work lay even beyond this outpost of culture, had dinner at the hotel, hired a vehicle, and proceeded into the wilderness.

Glenwood depressed him a little, but that, he told himself, was purely because of its meretricious attempt to reflect an urban atmosphere.

Seven miles out of Glenwood he came to a lumber-mill and a huddle of unpainted houses set in the midst of a whispering forest. McKittredge paid the man who had driven him out, and picked up his bags himself.

"Wonderful air!" said McKittredge.

"Uh-huh! G'-by," said the man, and drove off.

McKittredge drew in a deep breath and swept with his eyes the serene and vasty blue above the pine-tops. A sense of freedom thrilled him.

"This is the life!" said McKittredge, reverently. Shortly after which this story properly begins.

She was a quiet, elfish, dark-eyed creature whom McKittredge met one day at the edge of his woods, and her name was Mary Johnson. She taught school in Glenwood.

Upon the occasion of that first meeting she had caught her skirt on a nail getting over a fence, and McKittredge freed her. She was the first girl he had spoken to since his arrival, and she had

a quaintly humorous quality of her own that drew him at once.

He lifted her down from the fence, and she thanked him.

"It's my second-best skirt," she explained—"worse luck! That's what I get for making a sportive cow of myself. I should have gone round—there's a gate a half-mile farther down."

"I suppose you were in a hurry," McKittredge suggested, smiling.

"No," said Mary Johnson, reflectively—"no, I haven't been in what you could really call a hurry for five and a half months."

He learned later that this was the exact length of time she had been teaching in Glenwood.

They walked as far as the public road together, and he told her that he was with the lumber-mill people.

"Like it?" asked Mary Johnson.

McKittredge said he did. "There's a wonderful sense of freedom in this kind of life—nothing like it—if you ask me—"

"Yes—" drawled Mary Johnson. "Yes?" She looked at him kindly out of her dark, soft, unsmiling eyes. She seemed a little pale, but her lips were delicately colored. At the last minute of parting she put out an impulsive little hand and smiled for the first time. "Come in and see me sometimes, won't you?"

"If I may," said McKittredge, "I certainly will."

He went back through the woods whistling, and exactly one week later he called upon Mary Johnson in Glenwood.

Because she had been recommended to do so, on the day of her arrival, Mary Johnson boarded with Mrs. Wicks, a stout old lady who wore black in the warmest sort of weather for a husband some fifteen years or more—and opportunely at that—deceased. But Mrs. Wicks's parlor was small and stuffy and full of crayon portraits of the late husband, and Mrs. Wicks's porch was even smaller, with a mere suggestion of steps; so, the night being gracious and moonlit, Mary Johnson took her company down the walk and seated him on an uncertain bench in the shade of the only tree the yard afforded.

"It's a funny thing," said Mary Johnson, "but in the country they never seem to have trees around a house. Have you ever noticed that?"

McKittredge admitted that he had. "On the other hand," he reminded her, "isn't it rather wonderful to you—it certainly is to *me*—to feel yourself as free as you are, out here? No beastly little conventionalities to tie you hand and foot—no shams—no fooleries—no struggling to keep up appearances—no eating a lot of fool things you don't need, and drinking a lot of fool things that 'll leave you sick of the world next morning. Things are just honest and natural. You've got clean air to breath and enough work to make you sleep at night. What are you smiling at?"

"You," said Mary Johnson. "How long have you been out of college?"

McKittredge told her.

"And I finished only a year ago this June," said Mary Johnson. "I reckon it must be true that women age quicker than men. Where do you live when you're at home?"

McKittredge named the biggest town.

Mary Johnson heaved a sigh. "Heaven," she told him sententiously, "gives almonds to those who have no teeth to crack 'em with. Tell me more about the country. I, too, was born in Arcadia."

So McKittredge mounted his hobby and caracoled pleasantly.

"I hate the city," he said; "I've always hated the city—noisy and dirty, and always running hard and never getting anywhere. You give it all you've got and get no return. It's mercenary and hypocritical and sordid and shallow. You live a false life in it and you sell your soul for false values. In the country people have got time to be true to themselves—time to live like human beings, not like ants. . . . They take a decent, human interest in one another."

"I see," said Mary Johnson, thoughtfully. She looked at McKittredge with a sort of whimsical indulgence. "How long have you been in the country?"

"Just a few weeks," said McKittredge, "but I've been trying to get to it all my life." He added, with an uncontrollable burst of rhapsody, "It's the only place where you really live—"

"I see," said Mary Johnson again. She seemed so small and quiet and kind

that McKittredge told her all about himself—past, present, and simple, glowing future.

"I might have gone on all my life," he finished, ardently, "in a city office—think of it!—if I hadn't kicked myself loose. Now I'm satisfied—"

"Which is bad for any ambition you might have had," said Mary Johnson. When he asked her what she meant, she refused to repeat it.

"Well, you—" suggested McKittredge—"you must have had some such reason yourself. How did you happen to come here?"

Mary Johnson looked up at the moon and grinned a dry little grin. "Money," she told him, briefly. "As soon as I finished college I had to get out and teach. It's easier getting a school in the country than in town—and cheaper living."

"But you like it?" insisted McKittredge, uneasily. He was always an incorrigible idealist.

"What good would it do me if I didn't?" asked Mary Johnson, briefly.

She may have thought that McKittredge might have found talk more worthy of a night in April. In any case, she laughed, and flung across the yard a little stone that she had been turning in her hands.

"Let 'em rest!" she said. "Let all the schools in the world rest in peace! I don't have to think about 'em after four in the afternoon. Thank the Lord!"

So McKittredge spoke of other things, and stayed till eleven, which was, though he did not know it, a distinct infringement of Glenwood's social code. In Glenwood your casual caller departs at ten; your "marked attentions" at ten-thirty, and only your signed and warranted fiancé stays till eleven. But McKittredge went whistling home to the lumber-camp ignorant of his transgression. That week he called twice on Mary Johnson, and on Sunday they took a picnic lunch and went for an all-day tramp in the woods.



SHE WAS THE FIRST GIRL HE HAD SPOKEN TO SINCE HIS ARRIVAL

By the end of a month it was "Mary" and "Mac." His Walt Whitman reposed on her table, and her *Brushwood Boy* traveled about in his pocket. He paid urchins to gather white violets in the woods for her; and she made him candy, for which he had an unalterable and school-boy craving.

Given twenty-two and twenty-five,

April in the country, and a definite lack of other congenial companionship, the rest is easy.

Soon she was meeting him at the fence where he had found her that first day, impaled, and he was writing back to the biggest town for books for her.

"We never could have got to know each other so beautifully soon anywhere else," he told her. "Could we, now?"

"Couldn't we?" asked Mary Johnson.

It was Saturday afternoon, and they were sitting on a little bluff that overhung a tiny creek with a tall pine standing sentinel, and the remainder of a bounteous luncheon at their feet. The fragrance of the woods hung almost visibly in the air about them. Crows cawed in the distance, and the sunlight sifted golden through the long aisles of pines.

"I've lived in town for years and years," said McKittredge, musingly, "without ever meeting my next-door neighbor." He felt for his cigarettes.

"Unfortunately," said Mary Johnson, with an adorable little grimace of regret, "that doesn't seem to be possible in Glenwood."

When he had asked permission with his eyes and she had given it with a nod, and she had watched the first blue wisp of smoke trail off into upper air, she spoke again, sitting forward, her eyes on the brown pine-needles at her feet, her hands linked about her knees.

"Mac, Mrs. Wicks asked me last night where I met you—and when."

"Tell her?" asked Mac, serenely. He added, with a realizing flash of resentment, "None of her business—is it?"

"She said," Mary Johnson went on, not looking at him, "that somebody had told her I'd never been introduced to you, but she couldn't believe it. She was sure I was too nice a girl to do anything like that. She said that unless I'd been properly introduced to you, she knew I'd never have let you set foot in her yard—"

"My Lord!" said McKittredge, quite honestly.

"Glenwood," said Mary Johnson, demurely, "is very strict on the subject of introductions. If I'd known, I should never have let you take me off that nail—remember? I should just have hung there until some one came along who'd been properly presented."

"You mean to say she actually questioned you about it?"

"Questioned is a pale little word, Mac—cross-examined would be better."

"In the first place," said McKittredge, angrily, "it's nobody's business but our own."

"There's no such thing in Glenwood as 'nobody's business.'"

"And in the second place—why, anything more harmless—"

"She says she's afraid I'm being talked about."

"The devil she does!"

"Funny! Eh, Mac?" said Mary Johnson.

"I don't get the joke."

He stood up and she got to her feet beside him, shaking the needles off her gray-corduroy skirt. The collar of her white-silk blouse rolled back from a throat as brown as a boy's. Her eyes were clear as Amontillado in her small, sunburned face.

McKittredge knew a sudden, breathless impulse to run his fingers through her brown, bobbed hair. While she stood looking up at him, her hands in her skirt pockets, in a sort of gamin deviltry of pose, he suppressed a mad desire to feel the velvet smoothness of her cheek.

They walked off, side by side, toward the road.

"It seems," said Mary Johnson, calmly, "that you danced with nobody but me at the Episcopalian strawberry supper—and you stay too late when you come to call. Also, we should sit on the porch where we can be seen. She asked me if we were engaged."

"Did you say we were?" asked Kittredge.

"I did not," said Mary Johnson, "and no more we are. I'm not responsible to Mrs. Wicks for my behavior—or lack of it. Thank you just the same, Sir Walter."

McKittredge cut a switch from some low-growing bush and twisted it between his fingers as he walked.

"It makes me rather sick," he said, abruptly, "to have anything so innocent as our friendship—"

"And anything so extraordinarily nice—" said Mary Johnson, quickly.



"MRS. WICKS ASKED ME LAST NIGHT WHERE I MET YOU—AND WHEN"

—"misinterpreted so abominably. Thank you, Mary Johnson. And it makes me still sicker to think that I should have subjected you to it."

"Don't be absurd," she said, coolly. "I've done just as much subjecting as you. The whole thing is characteristic of 'em—I dare say it's characteristic of any place of this size. Why, Mrs. Wicks knows just how often I get letters from home. She knows just how often I buy a pair of stockings; she knows just when I turn off my light at night, and just how much of my salary I put in the bank every month. Where do you suppose she gets it? They talk. They all talk. The war that's tearing the world in two isn't half as important at Glenwood dinner-tables as the fact that Dr. Mabie drove down Main Street last night with Joe Griffin's wife—" She stopped with a laugh a trifle shaken. "I'd give my eyes for a neighbor I could live next to for years and never meet—"

"It's a rotten shame," said McKittredge, slowly. "Do you want me to stop coming, Mary?"

"If you do," said Mary Johnson, unsmiling, "you'll give 'em a fresh start, conversationally speaking, and I shall be very lonely."

McKittredge caught her hand—they stood at the edge of the woods—he held it tight, his eyes troubled. "Mary," he said, clumsily, "will you marry me?"

"I will not," said Mary Johnson. "Under the present circumstances I wouldn't marry an archangel. You don't love me, Mac—and I don't love you." But she looked away from him while she said it.

"Who's the best judge of that?" McKittredge demanded.

"Not Glenwood," said Mary Johnson. She laughed, but her fingers quivered in his hold. "Let me go, Mac."

And McKittredge let her go. He stayed awake that night for some time,

considering the strange tide of gossip which had risen around him like a secret sea. He had never before asked a girl to marry him—not but that there had been episodes, the normal and pleasant philanderings of the honest male—but his offer and Mary Johnson's refusal stayed doggedly in his mind as something bigger.

"You don't love me, Mac—and I don't love you—"

"But, damn it, I believe I do!" said McKittredge, greatly astounded, to his inner inquisitor. He had not intended to love any woman seriously as yet. In planning his life he had rather fancied that he might marry at thirty, a blond for preference—the sweet, ethereal sort. Mary Johnson's little-boy grin came back to him strangely.

"How does a man know?" thought McKittredge, horribly perplexed. How, indeed!

Next day he had a curious and unpleasant little scene with the owner of the lumber-mill, a gentleman called Mahaffey, who commonly wore a pipe in one corner of his mouth and sprinkled a gentle flow of conversation with extraordinary oaths.

"Little bit late gettin' over to the office this mornin', wasn't you?" inquired Mr. Mahaffey at lunch-time.

"Ten minutes or so," replied McKittredge, greatly surprised by the question. System was not the most conspicuous feature of Mr. Mahaffey's régime.

Above a diminishing supply of salt meat and turnips, Mr. Mahaffey pursued the subject stolidly. "Up kinder late again last night, I guess. You can't trail round after a gal and do your work at one 'n' the same time. Find that out soon'r or later—"

The other men had finished their meal and gone. Except for a slovenly woman piling dishes at the far end of the table, the rough dining-room was almost empty.

"What do you mean?" asked McKittredge, coldly.

He experienced a sudden feeling of distaste for the spotted, red table-cloth, the murky dishes, and the oil and vinegar cruets in the middle of the table.

"Keep your shirt on," advised Mr. Mahaffey, rinsing his mouth with coffee from a large, white cup, and swallowing the fluid thereafter without haste. "Keep your shirt on. I 'ain't said anything, have I? I just want you to see that you get over to the office on time after this. Is that askin' too much of you, Mr. McKittredge?"

McKittredge bowed stiffly and left the room in a fury of surprise. He had found Mr. Mahaffey, up to that time, pleasant enough if unimpressive, and McKittredge knew, moreover, that work at the mill was just then slack; no reason beyond some unseen, personal grudge could have inspired his employer's reproof.

Toward the end of the next week McKittredge put his pride in his pocket and rode into town to see Mary Johnson. He thought her eyes, when she came toward him between the green-velvet chairs in Mrs. Wicks's parlor, were a little shadowed, and it came over him with a sensation like a physical tug at his heart-strings that she had the sweetest smile in the world.

"Well," she said—"well, Mac! I thought you'd gone back on me. Come on outdoors. I don't feel up to all these portraits to-night. Do you?"

McKittredge had meant to spend an irreproachable evening beneath the crayon gaze of Joseph Wicks, but his resolution melted. "Let's walk down to the drug-store and get something to drink," he suggested.

So they walked down to the drug-store, which was innocent enough; and, after they left the drug-store, walked out Main Street to its end and stood on the bridge that, crossing the creek, leads off to the woods—a procedure which in Glenwood's thousand eyes was not so innocent by half. It was a lovely night, stirred with a south wind and prodigal of stars.

McKittredge told Mary Johnson of his ludicrous encounter with Mahaffey, and told it lightly, meaning to make her laugh, but Mary Johnson did not laugh.

"He's Mrs. Wicks's brother," she said, simply. "That's the answer. Didn't you know that? And Mrs. Wicks has a niece—haven't you ever noticed Lorna Mahaffey round the post-office? with whom you've never even danced? Do you see, now?"

"I begin to see," said McKittredge, slowly. He added, after a moment, "Been bothering you any more?"

"No," said Mary Johnson; "not to any extent. Don't let's talk about 'em." She pushed the hair away from her eyes with an odd little gesture of nervousness.

"But I can't get it out of my mind," McKittredge told her, "this mixing up of business with little, personal grudges. What do they care whether I—we—"

Mary Johnson would not let him finish. She broke in hurriedly, as if she feared what he might be going to say:

"There's another pleasant little complication. Old Mahaffey is president of the school board."

"No!" said McKittredge, with a low whistle of surprise.

"Yes," said Mary Johnson. She laughed briefly. The water flowed under the bridge, and the stars flickered over it. The night was not so dark but that Mary Johnson could see the smooth whiteness of McKittredge's face. She laughed again and patted his coat-sleeve with two chilly little fingers. "Dr. Mabie resigned last week, and Mahaffey succeeded him—so, being as we're already under suspicion, Mac, suppose we don't stay on this perfectly good bridge any longer, but go back and sit on Mrs. Wicks's front steps until it's time for you to go. I've got my job to consider—"

"Come on, then," said McKittredge, grimly, but at the very last plank of the bridge he stopped and caught her hands, holding her still. "You don't admit they're right? This seems the most beautiful and most innocent thing in the world to me!"

"I think they're unpleasantly crazy," said Mary Johnson. She persisted, "But I need my job."

"Mary," he said suddenly and a little huskily, "I haven't been able to get you



"YOU CAN'T TRAIL ROUND AFTER A GAL AND DO YOUR WORK AT ONE 'N' THE SAME TIME"

out of my head—all week. I—I can't think about anything else. Have you—thought of me?"

"Yes," said Mary Johnson, in a tired little drawl. She tried to free her hands. "Oh yes, Mac!"

"I love you," McKittredge heard himself say in a voice he scarcely knew for his own. He said it twice, then put his arms around her and held her close, and in the darkness found her mouth. He felt her tears on his cheek as his lips touched hers.

That was a very wonderful and beautiful moment—the sort of moment that does not come too often into any man's life, and that leaves a trail of white fire behind it; the sort of moment that sets a man's feet in the straight and narrow way toward the altar, no matter how thick the primroses grow in the wider path.

It was unfortunate that into that moment came the comparatively quiet wheels of Mr. Mahaffey's new Ford. Mr. Mahaffey's new lamps shed an unexpected radiance, and Mr. Mahaffey crossing the bridge, as requisitions demanded, at not more than ten miles an hour, indubitably saw what he saw.

"I think we'll go back," said Mary Johnson, coolly. "If you ask me to marry you, now, Mac—I'll know you're doing it because you think he saw us, and I shall be very much hurt. If you love me, you won't say another word about it—to-night."

"All right," said McKittredge, grimly; "but I'm going to stay at the hotel, and I'll see you first thing in the morning."

Next morning he telephoned Mary Johnson at eight o'clock and she refused to see him.

"Yes," she said at once, "this is Mary. . . . I don't know. I'll know to-night. Sorry—I've got to go on to school now. Good-by."

McKittredge inferred Mrs. Wicks in the background, where indeed, to do her



"I FORBID HER TO SET FOOT IN THAT SCHOOL-HOUSE AGAIN"



"CITY OR COUNTRY—WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE!" HE SAID, SOFTLY

justice, she firmly stood. After about an hour he went on out to the mill, in default of any immediate help he could offer Mary, and spent a restless day. Mahaffey was nowhere visible.

That night, a little before dark, McKittredge went into town and went at once to Mrs. Wicks's cottage. There was a light in the parlor, and he heard, as he went up the steps, voices a little raised in an undoubted tension.

He flung his hat on a chair in the arid little hallway and entered the room.

Beside the center-table, with its pile of gift-books, its photograph-album, and its painted match-safe, stood Mary Johnson. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes burned. Mrs. Wicks had obviously just arisen from a chair by the fire-place, and Mr. Mahaffey still sat on the green-velvet sofa. He looked stubborn, but faintly uneasy.

"Good evening," said McKittredge.

"Good evenin'," responded the older man, disagreeably. "Thought you might be along after a while."

"Any reason that you know of why I shouldn't?" McKittredge demanded, icily.

With no preparation at all, the stuffy little room became a scene of battle.

"I dare say not," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Now that the young lady's lost her job, I dare say not."

"You forget," Mary Johnson reminded him instantly, "that I resigned—"

"I was on my way to fire you, after a special meetin' of the board, called this morning."

Mrs. Wicks pursed a full-lipped mouth. "It's about time to resign," she observed, crisply.

"However, seein' as it's only two weeks to the close of school, you'll stay and finish the term or you'll get no salary for this month—you understand that, Miss Johnson!"

"She'll do nothing of the kind!" said McKittredge. He came forward till he stood at Mary Johnson's side, facing the green-velvet sofa and its occupant. He had gone white with anger—there is no opponent like your disillusioned idealist—and his eyes were blazing. "I forbid her to set foot in that school-house again. You pitiful set of curs, you—that couldn't keep your tongues quiet about a defenseless girl! You low-minded fools that had to see evil where none existed! You rotten gossips! You cowards!"

"Mac!" cried Mary Johnson, in a half-frightened whisper, but even then a tiny smile twitched at her lips. Her Quixote had so proudly tacked on his course.

"You're fired!" said Mahaffey, when he could speak.

McKittredge laughed. He had a sudden vision of the roads of the world and all the work that lay along them, waiting to be asked for.

"Much obliged, Mahaffey," he said, very much as his father himself might have said it. "In that case I don't have to give you any notice, do I?"

Then he said to Mary Johnson, whose shaking little hand clutched tightly the edge of Mrs. Wicks's photograph-album, "The minister is waiting for us, Mary!"

About two hours later they sat in a day-coach on their tortuous way to the biggest town, and McKittredge, whose hand beneath the sheets of a folded newspaper inclosed passionately the hand of Mary Johnson McKittredge, said, as coherently as so recent a bridegroom might:

"I was a fool. The country is squalid and sordid and mean. It's the city that's alive and wonderful."

"No," said Mary Johnson McKittredge, and it was astounding what a beauty she had blossomed into under the look in his eyes—"no, it's—it's just a difference in perspective, that's all. People in the country see too much of one another—not enough of the world outside. They live too close."

McKittredge's visionary look came back. "City or country—what's the difference!" he said, softly. "The whole world has existed from the beginning of time just to put you and me here, together—to-night!"

And, after a fashion of speaking, he spoke the truth.

Faith

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

If on this night of still, white cold,
I can remember May,
New green of tree and underbrush,
A hillside orchard's mounting flush,
The scent of earth and noon's blue hush,
A robin's jaunty way;

If on this bitter night of frost,
I know such things can be,
That lovely May is true— Ah! well,
I shall believe the tales men tell,
Wonders of bliss and asphodel
And immortality.

The Department of State

BY GAILLARD HUNT

Chief of Division of Manuscripts, Library of Congress

"THERE is an amiable tradition in the Department of State," said Secretary Blaine in a letter to President Harrison, in 1892, "that no one is removed from its service without being appointed to another place, if nothing morally or personally offensive is attributed to him. . . . The department has always been distinguished for the long tenure, the marked ability and faithfulness of its clerical force. It had this characteristic before the Civil Service rules were instituted. In fact, from the first Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson, to this hour, the appointees of the Department have been rigidly maintained in their places during good behavior."

The occasion for Mr. Blaine's observations was a recommendation he had made that one of the chiefs of bureau in his department should be appointed a consul abroad. He had not himself, however, always followed amiable traditions with respect to public office, but, being a militant politician, had accepted the tradition that offices were the spoils of party warfare; and, even as Secretary of State, he made no effort to discontinue the practice of using the diplomatic and consular service as an invalid camp for lame politicians. When it came to the management of the State Department itself, however, he drew a line at the entrance and required that domestic politics should remain on the outside while merit should have free entrance. He dismissed no one except for misconduct; he selected his assistants because of their knowledge of international affairs or their special aptitude for the work of the department; he called in as advisers several international lawyers who were Democrats.

Doubtless, this course was congenial to his higher nature; but he followed it also because it was the only safe way to conduct the foreign affairs of the nation; for a man who may be willing to try experiments and take chances when he is engaged in domestic political warfare will hesitate before he takes risks when his antagonist is a foreign government, and the consequences of any blunders on his part may be destruction, not to the political party of which he is a member, but to the nation of which he is a citizen. Experience, precedent, and training are the guides which, it is supposed, will keep foreign relations in the safe path; and our State Department is so wedded to them that people in the other departments humorously describe it as a place of dignified repose where moss and cobwebs gather, as an asylum for the aged and infirm, as a jail in which young men are locked up and not shown to the public until they are white-headed, and so forth. You can hear similar jokes leveled against the foreign offices in other countries, however. When nations deal with one another, they stand on strict ceremony and are tenacious of forms. They are quick to take offense, so no nation dares to inaugurate reforms in international intercourse. When a nation is on friendly terms with the rest of the world the effort of the foreign office is to keep it so. Mistakes are abhorrent to foreign offices, and safety is believed to follow conservatism. A few human instances of the conservatism of our State Department will illustrate.

In 1899 there died in Washington an old gentleman named George Bartle, who had been employed in the State Department for more than fifty years and had been the actual keeper of the great seal of the United States for nearly the whole of that time. He had begun his service as a messenger in the department, and had been appointed a clerk, in 1852, by Daniel Webster. He was the friend and admirer of Mr. Webster, often dined with him, loaned him money

(which he returned), and exchanged pocket-knives with him. No one now hears any one speak of a public man in the tone of deep reverence which Mr. Bartle used when he began a sentence with, "Mr. Webster once told me," and what Mr. Webster had once told him he never forgot and often repeated. From prolonged mental contemplation of the great man he came to look like him. His heavy eyebrows, sober mouth, and rugged, handsome features suggested Webster's impressive countenance, and his courtly, stately manners were such as we associate in our minds with the great men of the past. Mr. Bartle was the chief of what was known in his day as the Bureau of Commissions and Pardons. It was his duty to write out and record commissions to office, nominations to the Senate, and similar documents, and to affix the great seal to those august executive acts which are not valid until this mark of supreme authority has been impressed upon them.

When a document was brought to him to have the seal put on it he always went about the work with deliberation. First, he would paste a white wafer upon the document in precisely the right spot; then he would place precisely the right spot over the matrix of the die of the seal; then, holding the document securely in place with his left hand, with his right he would give a vigorous swing to the heavy steel bar with a ball at either end which lowers the upper face of the seal. As the two faces of the die met with the paper between them there would be a subdued thud, and then, with an air of quiet triumph, Mr. Bartle would draw forth a completed proclamation, or a letter to a king, or a treaty, the supreme law of the land. The wags in the Department used to say that there was a music-box hidden in the seal-press, and that it played "Hail, Columbia!" when Mr. Bartle operated the seal. He always affixed it in the same way; he always did everything in the same way that he had done it before; he never made mistakes. Everything that he did he did carefully; he compared and verified his work so that when it left his hands you could stake your life upon its being correct. He was the soul of integrity and discretion. No one outside of the department ever dared to ask him a question about the department's business; no state secret ever leaked through him; no one ever doubted his perfect loyalty.

One of Mr. Bartle's contemporaries in the department was the translator, Henry Livingston Thomas. He survived Bartle by four years, dying in 1903; but he had entered the department twenty years after Bartle. He was a scholar of rare attainments and knew foreign languages as a scholar, for he could write and speak them as well as translate. He was appointed in the department by Hamilton Fish, and, like him, was of Revolutionary descent and a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. His learning, however, came from the cultivation of his natural tastes, and I do not believe that he had ever been to college, although at one time he had been a school-teacher. Except for a brief visit to the West Indies, he had never heard foreign languages spoken in foreign lands, yet he knew nearly all languages ancient and modern. He was a Hebrew scholar, and once wrote an official letter in that language which John Hay signed. It was printed in a Hebrew newspaper, and many people were astonished at the learning of the Secretary of State. He had a knowledge of Arabic; he testified in court in a criminal trial as an expert in modern Greek. On one occasion he insisted that the wording of a draft of a treaty which a Latin-American envoy had written should be changed. The envoy had a literary reputation and was enraged that any one should impeach his Spanish; but, after reflection, he admitted that Mr. Thomas was right. Secretary Frelinghuysen once remarked to Thomas, "You may know more Spanish than I do, Mr. Thomas, but I can beat you at Latin and Greek"; but the secretary flattered himself. He could quote his Homer and Horace, doubtless, but Thomas knew Latin and Greek as well as he knew modern Greek and Spanish, and had capped Latin verses with Gildersleeve himself. He was a book-lover, and bought a great many rare grammars and books in strange languages; and, as the books accumulated about him, they brought dust which accumulated upon him. There were

people employed to sweep his office, but, after his wife died, it was nobody's business to sweep that of Mr. Thomas. Nevertheless, he had a gentle, attractive personality, and his manners, like Mr. Bartle's, were those of the old school. He had a soft voice and a pleasing way of speaking English with deliberate correctness, as if it were a foreign language which he had learned thoroughly. He had a full sense of the responsibility of his office; and it was a responsible office, for upon the true translation of a word or phrase in a treaty or a note from a foreign government may depend weighty matters. There is still pending a dispute with Turkey over the correct translation of an article in the treaty made with that country by the United States in 1830, and upon the translation depends the question of whether or not Americans charged with offenses committed in Turkey shall be tried by Turkish courts or American consuls.

Bartle and Thomas are dead, but there are still Bartles and Thomases in the State Department, and, for that matter, in foreign offices generally throughout the world. At the same time, all countries consider that the most important of the government departments is that which has control of their foreign relations, because the very existence of the State may depend upon its foreign relations, and self-preservation is the first law of nations as it is of nature.

As precedent plays such an important part in the conduct of the State Department, it is a matter of interest to know how it was started on its career and how the precedents began. The first Secretary for Foreign Affairs was Robert R. Livingston, of New York, a statesman and jurist who ranked high among the giants who ruled the Continental Congress and carried the country through the Revolution. He created the department in the face of difficulties which would have driven a less courageous man away from his work, for in the Congress there was a general fear of government and a general disinclination to depute any governmental powers. So the executive departments which were created were kept in leading-strings, and were not allowed to go beyond reaching - distance of Congress, their mother and master. The Department of Foreign Affairs was created in 1781, and Livingston was put at the head of it. He resigned in June, 1783, and the department was suspended until John Jay was made the Secretary in September, 1784. Since then it has had a continuous existence, having been expanded into the Department of State in 1789. Livingston had charge under Congress of the conduct of the country's foreign affairs; he gave advice and information to Congress; he was the medium for instructing our ministers abroad and of communicating with the French minister in this country; he had an office with assistants and clerks, and systematically organized an executive department. Let the editor of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution, Dr. Francis Wharton, describe the father of the State Department.

"Livingston," he says, "though a much younger man than Franklin, possessed in his dispassionateness and his many-sidedness not a few of Franklin's characteristics. From his prior administrative experience as royalist recorder of New York he had at least some acquaintance with practical government in America; his thorough studies as scholar and jurist gave him a knowledge of administrative politics in other spheres. As Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1781–1783, he did more than any one in the home government in shaping its foreign policy. But the system he indicated was, . . . not the 'militia' system of unsophisticated impulse, but that which the law of nations had at the time sanctioned as the best mode of conducting international affairs. His course as secretary was based on the law of nations as thus understood by him."

So experience was regarded as important in the administration of our foreign affairs from the very beginning, and Livingston, although he once spoke disparagingly of the "pedantic compilers" who made books on international law, was well versed in that science. In this respect, however, he was no better equipped than Jay, Jefferson, and Edmund Randolph, who were his contemporaries in the Continental Congress, and each of whom succeeded him at the

head of the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Department of State. The early history of the department is a record made by professional men.

How the Department of Foreign Affairs under the Continental Congress and the Articles of Confederation graduated into the Department of State under the Constitution is the story of an afterthought. The Constitution having been ratified and George Washington elected to be the President, the first Congress had the duty of erecting the machinery by which the new government could be administered. The executive departments under the old government must be expanded and recreated. Accordingly, James Madison, who was the leader of the House of Representatives, brought in a preliminary resolution to the effect that bills should be introduced providing for Departments of the Treasury, of War, and of Foreign Affairs. This was agreed to, and on July 27, 1789, the act was signed creating the Department of Foreign Affairs. Before the bill had passed, however, another problem of government had arisen which had no connection with foreign affairs, finance, or the military establishment. Who was to be the custodian of the great seal? Who was to promulgate the laws? Who was to keep the records of the old government? The Secretary of Congress, Charles Thomson, had kept the seal and published the laws under the old government; he had been in some sort the secretary of state; but the new Congress had two coequal chambers and had no general secretary. Furthermore, the seal was not a legislative mark; it was not impressed upon laws, but upon commissions, proclamations, and other executive acts. Besides, the new President was actually in possession of the seal and the records of the old government, for Thomson had turned them over to him when the old government ceased to exist. Thomson, being a private citizen, could not keep them himself, and there was nobody but the newly elected President to whom he could transfer them. Upon examining the subject, it seemed to the Congress that the promulgation of the laws was the first step in their execution and was accordingly an executive act. So a committee of Congress recommended, as the simplest way of meeting the necessities, that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs should become the keeper of the seal and should publish the laws. But these were not the functions of a foreign office; they were the functions of a Department of State; so a bill was drawn up changing the name of the Department of Foreign Affairs to the Department of State. It had the unpretentious title of "An Act to provide for the safe keeping of the Acts, Records and the Seal of the United States and for other purposes." It required the Secretary of State to be the custodian of the laws of the United States and of the great seal, but he must not affix the seal to any document until it had been signed by the President. This law was approved September 15, 1789, and the Department of Foreign Affairs passed out of existence after a life of fifty days. It never had an official head; but John Jay, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Continental Congress, had administered its affairs without formal designation. Soon Jay was made the Chief Justice, and Jefferson, returning from his mission to France, became the first Secretary of State. He held the office for three years only, and quick rotation in it has been the rule. In the one hundred and thirty-five years of its existence only four men have held it for more than seven years, and not one for more than eight years. For example, President Washington, in eight years of service, had three Secretaries of State; John Adams in four years had two; Madison had two; Jackson had four; and McKinley had three. Secretaries of State come and go in rapid succession, while the personnel of the regular staff of the department changes little; and the lower officials are changed seldom because the highest official is changed often. Rarely does a man assume the office of secretary who has had experience in the department itself, and rarely does he remain long enough to become familiar with all the ramifications of the department's work. He is dependent upon his subordinates, and he would not feel safe if he changed them. Before he has gained the knowledge which would enable him to make changes in his staff intelligently he resigns himself. And

here I must mention one of these trained men, who was in a position of authority for so many years that he came to be the State Department personified.

William Hunter was a greater man than George Bartle or Henry Livingston Thomas, of whom I have already spoken, for he had more knowledge and more authority. He was the son of a Senator from Rhode Island, and had always enjoyed cultivated surroundings. Because of defective eyesight he left West Point before he graduated and was obliged to abandon his ambition to be an army officer. After he had studied law, he entered the State Department as a clerk in 1829, when he was twenty-four years old. Andrew Jackson was then the President and Martin Van Buren the Secretary of State. He died in 1886, when the President was Grover Cleveland and the Secretary of State was Thomas F. Bayard. He was then eighty-one years old and still in the service, having held office for fifty-seven years. In 1833 he became a chief of bureau in the Department, and in 1852 Daniel Webster made him the chief clerk, a position which then corresponded with an assistant secretaryship. In 1866 Congress created for him the office of Second Assistant Secretary, and he filled it until his death. In all the years that followed after he became a chief of bureau no important action affecting our foreign affairs was taken that he was not a part of. Nearly every note, instruction, and treaty which came from the State Department passed through his hands, and many of them he himself wrote. As must happen in the case of an under official, his fame was swallowed up by the institution of which he was a part. He wrote state papers which other men signed; he suggested policies which other men adopted. Only the inner circle knew when William Hunter had made the treaty or written the state paper which caused a stir in the world. He was a modest man and loved his work for its own sake. He was a man of learning; he had prodigious powers of memory, and his industry was indefatigable. His temperament was genial, and he was fond of gathering his brother-officials about him of an evening for a game of cards. He knew everybody in the department, which, however, was not a difficult thing to do, for before he died all of them had come into the service after him. He served under twenty-eight successive Secretaries of State, and was the trusted adviser of each one. He knew more about the foreign affairs of the government than any man alive. When he died, Alvey Augustus Adee, the present incumbent, succeeded him. Thus the office of Second Assistant Secretary of State has been held by only two men, and, counting from the time that Hunter became a chief of bureau, the combined years of their service in authority is eighty-seven. In a less degree the tenure of the chiefs of bureau also is stable, and the main volume of business is carried on by the bureaus. Not one of the seven chiefs of bureau now in office has been in the department for less than twelve years; one has been there for forty-six years; another, for more than thirty years.

The average man knows little about the State Department, but his ignorance is not so reprehensible if we look at the matter from his point of view. He never deals with the department himself, and, unless he lives at a seaport where there is direct foreign intercourse, he sees nothing to remind him of American interests abroad. He takes the executive government at Washington for granted and does not concern himself with the question of how it operates. Yet the regular business of the State Department is extensive and important. I make no apology for telling what a few of the duties are.

It manages the consular service, and the map of the world is dotted with American consuls. The service numbers more than twelve hundred people —two hundred and eighty-nine principal officers, three times as many vice-consuls and consular agents, besides clerks, consular assistants, interpreters, and student interpreters. The American consular service is the largest in the world and second to none in efficiency. Before the reform measures of 1906 put it upon a permanent merit basis it was an inferior service. There were a few men of a high order of ability in it, but the average was low, for the consuls were appointed at the instance of poli-

ticians, and politicians chose their friends and henchmen. The State Department used to try to train them, but they were dismissed before they were trained, and some of them were not trainable. Happily, these conditions have passed; now active young men are selected for the consular service after they have passed a severe examination; the tenure of office is reasonably certain, and promotions come if the record is good. It is not an easy thing to be a good consul. The responsibilities are heavy and the duties are multifarious. The State Department has prescribed the regulations which govern the consuls and has printed them in a handbook which is divided into some three thousand paragraphs. Some of these paragraphs apply to all consuls, and all of them apply to some consuls. When a consul blunders, or is ignorant or negligent, the State Department corrects him, teaches him, or reprimands him. Sometimes it recalls him, for there are many temptations in a consul's path, and occasionally one stumbles and falls. The correspondence with the consuls is large in volume and varied in character. It embraces every subject imaginable, from a consul's personal debts to the system of drainage used in his district. To manage the service requires a wide range of knowledge. There is a consul at Sandakan, North Borneo, not far from the country of the cannibals, and one at Niagara Falls, in Canada, not a day's journey from New York; at Harput, in Armenia, where Turkish massacres of Christians take place, and at the virtuous old city of Ghent; at Zanzibar, which is the market for elephant tusks and rhinoceros horns, and at Cologne, where the Farina family distils the perfumed waters; at Nice, where gay entertainments are the order of the hour, and at Guadeloupe, where the only invitations the consul receives are to funerals. Everywhere in the world there are Americans and American interests, and everywhere there are consuls to protect them, acting under the supervision of the State Department.

The management of the diplomatic service is not so varied a task as the management of the consuls, for there are only about two hundred American diplomats, and they are concentrated at the capitals. Moreover, their duties are not so diverse as those of the consuls, although at times they are of greater importance. In normal times—if times ever are normal—diplomatic agents can lead agreeable lives. Of course, the State Department is always watching them, as it also watches the consuls, and it criticizes them without regard to their feelings. It lies in wait for blunders, and pounces upon them, and, as a consequence, a diplomat or consul who has not got a grievance against his home government is a rarity. Our diplomatic service is not as excellent as our consular service. Secretaries of Embassy and Legation are appointed, as the consuls are, after a hard examination; but they cannot expect promotion beyond the lower grades, so the best talent does not seek admission to a career which offers poor prospects of advancement. It is not strange, therefore, that some of the young men who do seek it are of the class who accept Edmond About's definition of diplomacy and think it is "the art of tying one's cravat." They are rich men's sons or the husbands of rich women; they are men of the parlor and not of the office. It is true that they are conscientious and trustworthy, and in certain branches of a diplomat's duties they are useful, but they are not the material out of which to build a good diplomatic service. Our system of selection is bad, both in the lower and the upper branches of the service, but this is not the place to discuss the question, for this article is on the State Department and not on the diplomatic service.

As the cravat-tying duties of a diplomat are a necessary part of his life, the State Department, in order to instruct him, must go from subjects which are grave to subjects which are gay. There is a vast amount of correspondence in its archives dealing with the question of whether our representatives should wear pantaloons or breeches when they go to visit a queen; and one of our great Secretaries of State, William L. Marcy, was described in his day as a furious tailor, brandishing a pair of open-jawed shears with which he savagely snipped the gold lace off the clothes of our ministers and their attachés. Yet these

things, which appear to us so trivial, may take on an important phase, for foreign governments are displeased when the representatives of other governments do not conform to their established customs. The State Department tries to keep its agents from blundering in minor matters as well as in matters of higher concern, and must consider the trivial questions seriously. Generally it has some official on its staff who likes them and makes them his specialty. It is when greater questions are up, however, such as treaties defining personal and property rights, or for the extradition of criminals, or for reciprocal trade facilities, or for the arbitration of disagreements with nations, that the best talent in the department puts forth its best efforts. In dealing with one of these questions the whole department participates. There may enter into it reports from both ministers and consuls, opinions from the law-officers of the department, memoranda or reports from each of its bureaus, all centering in the office of the official who has immediate charge of the question under consideration. The state papers which issue from the department, in consequence, may have been written by one man or by several men, but in their composition many have had a part.

When a state paper takes the form of a note to a foreign power through an American ambassador or minister he may be allowed to embody it in a note of his own, but the tendency is to restrict his action more and more. Formerly, he was allowed often to interpret his government's instructions, but in latter days he is expected merely to repeat them. He deviates from his instructions at his peril, and, if he blunders, his career may terminate suddenly and without honor, for the State Department has no compassion. If the State Department itself conducts the negotiations with the foreign representative in Washington, it must take the blame or credit for the outcome from public opinion.

In no capital are there as many foreign diplomats as there are in Washington. This is because all the Latin-American states, as well as European and Asiatic, have embassies or legations in this country, and some of them do not maintain full missions elsewhere. Not all of these foreign representatives are kept busy by their regular duties, however, but they communicate with the State Department whenever an opportunity offers, and sometimes they create the opportunity. Their notes must be treated with punctilious consideration without reference to the importance of the contents. One note may be only a request for an order to admit free of duty at a custom-house a basket of champagne, and another may inclose the draft of a treaty, but the State Department must attend to the champagne as well as the treaty, otherwise it will irritate the representative of a friendly nation.

But all of these are the duties of a foreign office, and we are discussing a Department of State which has domestic functions also. When it began operations Thomas Jefferson said it embraced "the whole domestic administration (war and finance excepted)." At that time it had jurisdiction over territorial affairs and also managed the mint of the United States. It was the Attorney-General's office, and received reports from federal judges, attorneys, and marshals. It issued patents, took the census, registered copyrights, prescribed the rules for weights and measures. All of these and several lesser functions were taken over by other departments, especially by the Department of the Interior when it was formed in 1849, and by the Department of Justice, which was created in 1870. The domestic duties which remain with it will always be a part of its functions. Perhaps the most important of these is the supervision every four years of the election of the President and Vice-President of the United States. The electors who register the voice of the people, which has already been expressed at the general election, meet in their states and cast their votes; the governors of the states send the votes to the Secretary of State; the Secretary of State publishes them in a newspaper in Washington and sends certified copies of them to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. If any governor neglects to send the vote of the electors in his state —and this neglect sometimes occurs—

the Secretary of State sends a messenger to get the vote. If one who is elected to be President or Vice-President declines to accept the office, he must notify the Secretary of State of his refusal, but thus far no one has declined. If the President or Vice-President resigns, he must send his resignation to the Secretary of State. No President has ever resigned, but in 1832 John C. Calhoun resigned as Vice-President, sending his resignation to Edward Livingston, the Secretary of State. In the event of the death of both the President and the Vice-President it is the duty of the Secretary of State to call on the states to choose electors to fill the vacancies in two months' time.

The Secretary of State has charge of amendments to the Constitution after Congress has proposed them. He sends them to the states, receives their ratifications or rejections, and when a sufficient number of states have ratified proclaims the fact.

He receives and promulgates the laws, and is custodian of the original laws. Formerly he used to publish them as they were approved in two newspapers in each state, but in the course of time they became too numerous to permit of this form of publication, and now they are printed by the Secretary of State, and distributed to the states by him, and gathered together and published by him at the close of each Congress under the title of "The Statutes at Large." He is the custodian of the two fundamental laws of the United States upon which hang all the law and the prophets—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

The State Department is the most important and dignified of all the executive offices next to the Presidency, and the Secretary of State is the premier, so the office has attracted to it public men who have shaped the destiny of the country. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the great triumvirate who dominated our politics from the time of the War of 1812 until the decade immediately preceding the Civil War, each served for a time as Secretary of State. So did that other triumvirate, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, who administered the government in the beginning of the last century and passed the Presidency on from one to the other, so that it remained in their hands for twenty-four years. On three successive occasions the Secretary of State stepped directly into the President's chair, and six of the Presidents served as Secretaries of State in the course of their careers. Several great lawyers who were also statesmen have held the office—John Marshall, Edward Livingston, Marcy, and Black; and, if I may name men who are still alive, Olney and Root. Some of the men who have been Secretaries of State we do not think of chiefly in connection with the office; they gained their renown in other and more popular fields; but to a few it was the chief mark of their fame. Hamilton Fish, John W. Foster, and John Hay performed no other public service that is so well remembered as their service at the head of the State Department. The list of secretaries contains the names of a few men who also had military titles, but of none who were famous soldiers. Our Presidents who were also Secretaries of State did not rise to the greater office through the lesser, but by other and more conspicuous service to the public. On the other hand, instances can be pointed out of men who enjoyed public favor when they took the office of Secretary of State and lost it in consequence of their conduct of the office. The public attitude toward the office is extremely critical.

The State Department has no constituency; it does not touch the people directly as the departments of Agriculture, Treasury, and Post-Office do. To the body of the people it is a distant, formal place, which does not invite intimate acquaintance. Nine-tenths of the secretary's official acts are actually performed by his subordinates. Over the broad question of policy, however, the control is his—always under the President. Nevertheless, subordinate as they may be, ambitious, intellectual men like the office; and there is hardly an instance in our history of a man who has presided over the Department of State who has not retained delightful memories of the service.

The Soldier Man

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

TWO men sat at the study windows of the one large, pretentious house on the main street. One was lawyer Jennings; the other, Dr. Wayne. They had been talking; now they sat gazing out of the windows at Henry Ludd. A little farther up the street was a small house painted green; at the right were rows of hothouses glistening in the sun with great patches of blinding light. In and out of the hothouses dashed Henry Ludd. He carried flower-pots and garden utensils, moving always with such intensity of velocity that it was fairly startling.

"That man is a psychological problem," said Wayne. "Theoretically he is not strong enough to do a day's work at the rate he is working now, but he does the work of ten men. He lacks physical strength, but he never gives in. No wonder they call him the Soldier Man. Sometimes it seems to me as if he were wound up to go a certain length of time like a mechanical toy-soldier and nothing on earth can stop him. He can't even stop himself."

"He does go like a soldier," Jennings returned. "He holds himself like one, walks as if he were drilling, and runs on the double-quick. They tell me he has had a hard life."

Jennings had lived in the village only a few years. Wayne and Henry Ludd had lived there all their lives.

"He has had nothing but a hard life from the time he drew his first breath," said Wayne. "He inclines one to believe in births under adverse stars. No use going over it all. The disasters would sound petty, but they were cataclysms to him. Henry's father came of an overwrought strain—as complex a network of intermarriages as if he had sprung from a royal dynasty. He died under forty, simply not enough strength to live. Henry's mother is of another type. Her race has for generations been possessed of an exceptional vitality of body and an abnormal vitality of mind, which has, in individual cases, amounted to menace. Sophia Ludd was a Jennings, and for two generations the Jenningses have been terrors. Sophia is one of the queerest of them. She seems to be a good woman, one that completely outdoes the wicked women in pure cussedness. She has kept all the Commandments to do them all the days of her life and tempted most people who have come within a stone's-throw of her to break them. Henry adores her. There he goes now, in to dinner. I don't believe he will eat enough to keep him alive. He gets thinner and thinner, but he must have a strong strain in him. He keeps on his little war-path."

"He is coming out again and going to the hothouse," said Jennings.

"He must have forgotten the flower for his mother. The poor devil is cursed with sentimentality with all the rest; always puts a fresh flower beside his mother's plate every meal. My housekeeper had it from Mrs. Jordan—the cousin who lives there."

"Yes, there he comes with a daffodil," said Jennings.

The men watched Henry dash into the house, bearing the long-stemmed golden flower.

Henry stopped in the kitchen to wash his hands and face at the sink. Lizzie Jordan, his father's second cousin, who lived with the Ludds, was taking some steaming vegetables from the stove. She cast a glance at the flower which Henry had laid carefully on the table while he was washing. She was an elderly woman, with a long, pale face which took on an expression of extreme scorn and impatience. She sniffed delicately with thin nostrils.

When Henry turned, after wiping his dripping face on the roller-towel, she

spoke pleasantly enough. "Feel any more appetite this noon?" she asked.

"I guess so, Lizzie. I eat enough, anyway."

"You don't eat enough to keep a cat alive, and you know it, Henry Ludd!"

Henry laughed. His weary face was extremely sweet when he laughed. Lizzie felt a throb of affection for him. "It is the cat's own fault when the cooking is as good as yours, Lizzie," he said.

"More than cookin' 's needed sometimes."

"Now, Lizzie!"

"You work too hard."

"Nonsense!"

"And it ain't altogether the work. Every laborer is worthy of his hire. You don't get your hire, Henry Ludd."

"Nonsense, Lizzie!"

"You have never had your hire," repeated the woman, firmly. "This is some of your own new asparagus, and I do hope you relish that."

Henry looked disturbed. "You know how many bunches I have promised to sell," he said. "Of course I want mother to have some, but —"

"I counted the stalks," replied Lizzie. "That's all right." She was arranging the asparagus on toast. She held her face, which wore a queer expression, averted from Henry.

When Lizzie summoned the others to dinner, there was a tall vase of flowers directly in front of Sophia Ludd's plate concealing it from her son. Henry had eaten his asparagus, which had tempted his poor appetite before he noticed something, his mother had pushed her plate aside and was gazing at it with a scornful, catlike majesty.

"Why, what is the matter, mother!" asked Henry, anxiously.

"Nothing," replied Sophia Ludd, in a thin voice of strained sweetness like a bird's. She said "Nothing" as if it were the universe.

Henry peered around the vase of flowers. "Why, mother!" he exclaimed, in dismay. "You have all the ends. I must have had the tips myself." He looked reproachfully at Lizzie.

She met his eyes unflinchingly. She lied without a qualm. "My goodness!" said she. "I made a mistake. I mixed up the plates."

"And I have eaten up all the good asparagus," said Henry, mournfully. He eyed his empty plate, then his mother. He whitened a little before her direct, dark gaze. Sophia Ludd had magnificent dark eyes in her old woman's head.

Lizzie took another slice of bread. She always said she did not care for asparagus, until there was so much in the garden that Henry did not care to sell all of it. Lizzie lied a good deal, but had no moral scruples regarding it. She claimed that lies were a necessity if she lived with Sophia.

"I will get some more asparagus, and Lizzie will cook it," declared Henry. He half rose from his chair.

"Set down," said Sophia.

Henry sat down with an air of conciliation and alarm. "I am real sorry, mother," he said, tenderly.

"Queer how I came to mis the plates," said Lizzie. Her tone was perfect. Nobody in their senses could have suspected a woman with that pale, almost stern, face of cherishing in the depths of her soul a fairly malignant impishness. Even Sophia, keen old woman, suspicious by nature, did not suspect Lizzie Jordan. She was, however, coldly indignant with her. She refused with a glare a proffer of custard-pie.

"Poor mother didn't eat any dinner at all," Henry said to Lizzie afterward when they were alone in the kitchen.

"I set her pie in the pantry," said Lizzie, coolly. "Don't you worry, Henry. I guess your mother will eat it by and by. She most always eats a bite between meals."

"I hope she will," Henry said, pitifully.

"She will," said Lizzie.

After Henry had returned to his work, Lizzie laughed to herself over her dishes. "He got that asparagus down, anyhow," said she, quite aloud. She had good nerves. She did not start when Sophia close at her side said, "Hey?"

"Hey what?" said Lizzie.

"What did you say?"

"Me say? I didn't say anything. What's the matter, Sophia?"

"You were talkin'."

"Guess you were dreamin'. Who was I talkin' to? There ain't a soul here.

Drawn by Walter Biggs *Engraved by H. Leinroth*

Didn't think I was talkin' to the tea-kettle, did you?"

Sophia looked dazed. She was slightly deaf, and that made her less confident. She shook her head and rustled away. Sophia, old woman, very old woman though she was, had never capitulated to black raiment. She wore a gown of thin wool, bright blue in color, sprinkled with little crimson roses. It was an ancient fabric, but still in fair condition. The nice, white ruche at the throat was fastened by a large hair-brooch, set askew. There was always one askew note about Sophia. Her hair had never turned gray. It was auburn and smoothly crimped, and laid over her ears, fastened by a carved comb in the back. Her face was triumphantly beautiful, with a strange stateliness of beauty. Her skin was thick but very clear, and rose-tinged on the cheeks; her eyes were very large, dark, and clear. Her mouth was set in a smile which was unswerving. Sophia had smiled through life. It was a mask-smile, but few realized that. They said Mrs. Ludd always looked so serene and pleasant. The constant smile had produced some hard lines around her mouth, but the firmness of her skin modified them. She was very erect, although she carried herself with a slight stiffness. She seated herself beside a front window and folded her hands in her lap. They were smooth and white and showed no prominent veins. Sophia kept glancing at them. She was proud of her hands, which were not the hands of an old woman. Sophia used no beauty devices to preserve her youth, but she fought age with a steady, forbidding front of mind. Her one concession was in the matter of idleness. She was perfectly aware that physical ravages of years could no longer be held in check, should she attempt to perform the tasks of youth or middle-age. She therefore sat quite still during the greater part of her days.

Henry passed the window, rake in hand. He glanced up at his mother, half worshipfully, half anxiously. His mind was still on the asparagus. Sophia understood quite well what the look signified. She looked back at him with her unvarying smile.

Not long afterward she heard Lizzie go out. The kitchen door always banged. She knew she was taking the dinner scraps to feed the chickens. Sophia rose, stole stealthily out to the pantry. She found her custard-pie and devoured it greedily. She then washed the plate at the kitchen sink and returned to her station at the window. The woman was in reality a queer character. Beyond an unswerving concern for her own welfare and pride in her own personality, she might hardly be said to exist. She never read; she never used her fingers for light feminine tasks. It seemed doubtful if she even thought, but she commanded from her son adoration, love, and the utmost sacrifice. She must have been aware of that, though it apparently afforded her no satisfaction. Henry, and his father before him, had always stepped and spoken as she wished. She was an unopposed creature, absolute in her petty place. She was primeval in her simplicity of self-interest. Henry years ago had fallen in love with Adela Dyce. Then Sophia had shown the subtlety which usually accompanies intense self-esteem. She had not made the least opposition. She had invited Adela to the house; she had talked about her as a daughter; she had made much of the girl; and Adela a few months later had told Henry flatly that she would never marry him unless he could furnish a separate establishment—that she refused to live with his mother. Poor Henry Ludd had been overcome. When he had asked faintly if his mother had not treated Adela well, the girl had replied, dryly, "Well enough, but won't live with her."

The engagement was broken. Henry could not afford the separate establishment and would not in any case have left his mother. Sophia had had her own way. Adela had not married. She was a music-teacher, and flitted about the village with a music-roll, prettily dressed and alert. Henry often met her, and she greeted him, but hurriedly. It was as if Adela feared lest Henry should renew his wooing. Nothing could have been further from his thoughts. He still loved her, but he had renounced her. When he heard of some other man paying her attention, he felt even a sad delight. He thought it hard that she

should not be married and have her own home, but spend her life teaching music to other people's children. Henry had at first suffered at the collapse of his love-dream. Now he suffered no longer. Adela had become to him as a sweet passed day of youth.

He wondered still concerning her attitude toward his mother. He had expressed that wonder to Lizzie Jordan at the time the engagement was broken. "Don't ever speak of it, Lizzie," he had said, "for it would break poor mother's heart, but Adela thought she couldn't live with mother. Mother was as nice and loving to her as could be, too. I don't understand it."

"Yes, it does seem strange," assented Lizzie.

When Henry then had gone out, Lizzie, who was a rather young widow, her husband having just died, shook her thin fist at the parlor where Sophia sat. "Live with you and married to your son!" said she. "Lord! I'd as soon marry the old Harry himself and live with his mother!"

As the years went by many people who had blamed Adela Dyce for her attitude toward Sophia and her treatment of Henry gradually took another view. In some way Sophia had been at least partly found out. Lizzie Jordan had perhaps dropped a few hints. People began to say that Adela had shown sense in not marrying Henry and going to live with his mother. She was still pretty and popular. She sang in the church choir. Sunday after Sunday Henry heard Adela's clear soprano soaring in the lilt of sacred song. He heard it peacefully. Occasionally he glanced at her, seated before them all in her Sunday bravery, and there was peace and courage in his look. It would have torn his heart had Adela looked sad and old and ill-kempt, as if she had ceased to value herself. He was glad that she was prosperous. He had a curious pride in her which his mother never offended.

Sophia seldom spoke of her; when she did, it was with praise and a sympathetic undertone for her son. "She is a real smart girl," she said one day when she had watched Adela trip past the house in her pretty gray suit, with roses nodding on her hat. "I suppose a lot of girls like her that can earn money do hate to marry and settle down to housework, and they may back out and hurt feelings without realizing what they're doing."

"Guess you are right, mother," said Henry.

When he went out in the kitchen and saw Lizzie over the cook-stove with her face flushed, he tried to feel glad that she was not Adela. He thought how sweet his mother was, how kind and understanding. He returned, with no repining, to his back-breaking labor.

Gradually the epithet "Soldier Man" was fastened upon him. It may have been from his almost painful erectness of carriage, as if he would disavow all the burdens of his life and keep in step with the rank and file of the successful who had lived to see the fulfilment of their hopes of youth; it may have been from his speed of movement which suggested attack upon labor itself with a stern purpose of conquest; it may have been for some subtler reason in the character of the man which people recognized but could not specify. It is certain that, laboring year in and out without the personal benefit which a man has a right to expect from his toil, he labored like one under marching orders, which were not for him to disregard or question, but to obey with his cheerful might. He charged the fertile ground with seeds. His flowers and vegetables, standing in brave order of life, might have been a host which he commanded, not for self, but for something beyond his humble outlook.

Henry unquestionably derived much pleasure from his brilliant flower-beds and his glass-houses steaming with the green breaths of lusty plants, from his vegetable garden which was wonderful and brought him considerable profit, and mostly from the comforts and luxuries which he added every year to his mother's possessions. He furnished the little parlor anew in a manner which to him savored of magnificence. He bought a talking-machine on the instalment plan, and it gave him intense delight. Although Sophia liked it, the fixed smile on her face did not intensify while the thing sang and made music and talked,

but in her watching son's face was a rapture which was almost holy.

The machine was not a very good one. Poor Henry had been cheated. Lizzie Jordan knew, but she lied and praised it as a wonder. Lizzie was not quite old enough to be Henry's mother, but she loved him as if he were her son, carpingly, adoringly. She thought him at once a fool and perfection. Lizzie alone made Henry's home for him, although he did not know it. The complacent old creature in the parlor window filled to his mind all the requirements of home. Sophia was as a lily of the field, made self-conscious of its own importance. She sat in her parlor as in a crystal of regal isolation. There was something stupendous about so much satisfaction and so much pride over so little. Sophia Ludd was as complacent with her life as any woman could be, until the cold winter of the catastrophe. The catastrophe was the burning to the ground of poor Henry Ludd's greenhouses and the destruction of their flowers and ferns and palms. It was the more cruel because it happened just before Easter, and hundreds of stately Easter lilies were sacrificed. Henry saved a few, almost at the risk of his life. He felt as if he were saving children as he carried them into the house. The house was never in danger because the wind was blowing a gale away from it. Sophia stood at a window and watched the fire. On her face was a curious expression—the combination of her unswerving smile and a balked rage of eyes and brows. Sophia did not wish the hothouses to be burned. She could not understand why, since she did not wish it, they should be burned. She was very quiet. Nothing could excite her, at least on the surface. When Henry came bringing in his rescued lilies, she observed, calmly, "Put some water on that fire and put it out."

"Land sake! 'ain't she got any sense, standin' there and seein' our fire company and the two others they sent for playin' on it and not puttin' it out because they can't?" said Lizzie.

Either Sophia did not hear her or did not choose to admit she did. "Put some water on that fire," she ordered again.

"Don't you worry, mother," said Henry. He stifled a groan as he went out. He carried no insurance, and he faced a great calamity. Still he moved with his usual erectness, and did not for a moment lose his self-control. He saved what he could, and worked to as good purpose as he could with the crash of glass in his ears and the dreadful sight of his cherished nurslings shriveling in white heat. When it was all over and the fire companies had gone, and only a few sympathizing neighbors were left, he maintained his steady bearing.

"It's a shame, Henry," said one man. Another clapped him on the shoulder and bade him not be discouraged. Henry smiled. Then his face stiffened into a new expression which it wore the rest of his life. His mouth looked like that of a hurt and wondering child; the upper part of his face dominated it with a stern invincibility. The neighbors stared at him as he went into the house. "Pretty hard luck, I call it," said one. "Henry has worked like a slave all his life and he 'ain't got anything out of it. He built those greenhouses himself, poor feller," said another.

The door opened, and Lizzie Jordan came with cups and saucers and sugar and milk on a tray. Henry followed, bearing a great tin coffee-pot. Lizzie had made the coffee. It was a cheap brand and boiled—not a delicious beverage, but the neighbors, who had worked hard to save Henry's property, had never drank much better, and they were grateful. Henry, still with that new expression on his face, followed Lizzie about, filling the cups. There were both men and women in the throng. Some of the women wept as they sipped the coffee. "Poor feller!" they whispered to one another, "thinkin' of givin' us coffee when he's met such a dreadful loss!"

After the people had all gone, Henry watched the glowing bed of coals where his beloved hothouses had stood. He feared lest the wind should change and there be danger for the house. He did not go in until the east was pale with dawn and the wind had gone down. His mother was in her bed in her room off the parlor, and she called him. "Henry Ludd, you come here," said she.

Henry obeyed. He stood beside the

high, white billow of bed and looked down at the beautiful, old, accusing face. Sophia still smiled, but her eyes were like black ice covering terrible depths of self.

"Why didn't you put water on and put that fire out?" said she.

"Don't you worry, mother. We all did the best we could. There were three fire companies, and they worked hard."

Sophia snorted. "Better have tried to put that fire out with my tea-kettle," said she. "Fire companies! They don't know how to put out fires."

"Don't you worry, mother."

"What you goin' to do now, Henry Ludd?"

"Just the best I can. Don't you worry, mother."

"You 'ain't got anything to sell, except them few lilies you brought in. What you goin' to do?"

"Don't you worry, mother."

"That ain't answerin' me. What be you goin' to do? You have got outdoors left, and when summer comes you'll have things to sell out of the garden, but you 'ain't got them greenhouses. What be you goin' to do?"

"I am goin' to build some new greenhouses, mother; have them up in a jiffy. Don't you worry."

Suddenly Sophia Ludd sat up in bed and stared at him. "Stand in front of me. I want to look at you, Henry Ludd," she ordered. Henry obeyed. "What have you been doin' to your face, Henry Ludd?"

Henry passed a hand over his face in a bewildered fashion. "Is it black?" he asked.

"No, it ain't black; but you don't look natural. What makes you look that way, Henry Ludd?"

"I guess I don't know what you mean, mother. Don't you worry. It is going to be all right."

Sophia sank back on her pillows. "Well, if none of all you men couldn't put water on that fire and put it out before everything burnt up, I can't help it," said she. "I'm goin' to try and get a little sleep. You hadn't ought to have had the fire in the first place. You might have known how it would upset me."

"I can't think how it started," Henry said, thoughtfully.

"It don't make much difference now how it started," said his mother, with asperity. "What made the difference was, it burnt down with a lot of men standin' round and lettin' of it. Shut my door when you go out, Henry Ludd."

Henry went out, closing the door softly.

Lizzie Jordan was waiting for him. "You come right in and have your nice hot breakfast. I've made some fresh coffee for you," she said. Henry obeyed with a sort of stern apathy. Lizzie watched his face in a puzzled way as he ate. "Don't you take it to heart too much, Henry," she said.

"Oh no, I won't take it to heart too much, Lizzie," replied Henry. "Don't you worry. I am sorry about poor mother. I had planned to build a bay-window in the parlor for her this spring and have the piazza screened. I can build the greenhouses again. I shall catch up all right. But I am sorry about poor mother. Somehow she doesn't seem to sense it just right."

"No, she don't," agreed Lizzie, dryly. "She keeps on asking why we didn't put the fire out. Everything was done that could be. Poor mother doesn't understand."

"No, I guess she don't. Have you any idea how that fire started, Henry?"

Henry regarded her in a puzzled way. "Why, no, I haven't the slightest idea. I left everything all right. Of course it is nonsense to think they were set on fire."

Lizzie Jordan looked at Henry Ludd. At times her long, pale face had the expression of a mystic. It had now. "I think your greenhouses were set on fire, Henry," she said, firmly.

"Lizzie!"

"I think they were set on fire. I think the fire was 'lotted out to you just as other hard things have been. You were born to bad luck, Henry. No use talkin'; you know it. You fight your luck and you're goin' to win out in the end, because you're a born fighter, but you were born to bad luck. It was your bad luck set that fire."

"Lizzie!"

"It is so. When folks are born to bad

luck just such things happen. Your greenhouses were set on fire by your bad luck. They burned up because they were *yours*, and you were made so you wouldn't own you were beat, but would set to and build 'em up again. Maybe they'll burn again. You will keep on buildin' and fightin' and—you sort of like it."

Henry regarded her with his strange new expression—that of a fighter of the world, made up of the unquestioning obedience and wonder, before fate, of a child and of the indomitable purpose of a man. "Maybe you're right, Lizzie," he said. "To tell the truth, I don't feel as discouraged as I should think I would, and I'm going to see about new glass and lumber this morning."

"Eat a good breakfast," said Lizzie.

Henry ate heartily, and was off.

It was later than usual when Sophia Ludd rose. She came out in the kitchen, in her nice gray skirt covered with a lace-trimmed white apron, with her blue-flannel dressing-sack. Her hair was carefully arranged, and she smiled as usual, but her face looked hard, almost cruel.

"I'll get your breakfast ready in a minute," said Lizzie. "Pretty hard lines for poor Henry, ain't it?"

"He had ought to have seen to it that the fire was put out," said Sophia, firmly. She sat down in the rocking-chair by the south window, and the sunlight illumined her crinkly auburn hair. She gazed out at the lamentable ruins of her son's hothouses. They still smoked, and here and there fire gleamed out in a gust of wind. "After I've had my breakfast," said Sophia, "I wish you would bring them lilies Henry lugged out of the fire, in here. They are so sweet they are sickish all through the front of the house."

"All right," said Lizzie.

"Whose little boy is that comin' in the yard?" asked Sophia.

"Why, that's Sammy Harkins. I guess he's comin' with your paper. I guess he's been down to the post-office and his folks told him to get it, because they thought Henry would be busy this mornin'. Mis' Harkins is real thoughtful." Lizzie went to the door and returned with a letter.

Sophia reached out for the letter. She scrutinized it carefully, but did not open it. After Lizzie had set her breakfast out on the kitchen-table, she ate. Then she went into her parlor. Lizzie had moved the lilies, but the room was still sweet with them. Sophia sniffed angrily, still smiling. She sat beside the window, holding the still unopened letter. Neighbors began to come in. They talked about the fire and condoled with her. Many brought offerings of cake and pies and tumblers of jelly. They told her not to worry herself sick about the fire, and Sophia smiled and regarded them with her hard eyes, and observed that the fire ought to have been put out. She seemed not to hear the assurances that everything possible to extinguish it had been done.

She did not open the letter until noon. Lizzie came in and saw that Sophia had opened it. She said nothing. She paused imperceptibly, but the other woman gave no information. Lizzie went out with a little flounce. "Let her keep her letter to herself if she wants to," she muttered. Sometimes Sophia's deafness was an unworthy source of satisfaction to Lizzie Jordan.

Henry came home at noon. He looked tired but unconquerable. He did not talk much. Sophia said nothing about her letter. She did not tell him until that evening. Lizzie went to evening meeting, and when she returned Sophia had gone to bed, and Henry met her in the kitchen.

"Mother, it seems, had a letter this morning," he began, abruptly.

Lizzie nodded.

"She has just been telling me about it. Has she told you?"

"No, she hasn't."

"Well, it seems that Aunt Jane, out in Ohio—mother's only sister, you know—"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, her daughter has just married a very rich man and gone to California to live, and Aunt Jane didn't want to give up her own home. She is pretty well fixed, you know."

"Yes, I know. Jane is the same relation to me that your mother is. I always knew she married a man that made money."

"Well, it seems that she has a nice place and plenty to run it, and keeps two girls and a man and horse and carriage, and she is sort of lonesome since Cousin Clara got married, and she wants mother to come on and make her a long visit. Mother seems to want to go."

Lizzie looked at Henry. "Why, Henry Ludd, you poor man!" she said. She saw Henry's tired, brave eyes shining with tears.

Henry gave his head a quick lift. "Oh, it's all right," he said, steadily. "I can see how poor mother feels. She hasn't seen her sister for years, and Aunt Jane lives nicely, and, now I've got to build up again, I can't do as much as I would like to for her. Aunt Jane says she knows a man that's coming on this way on business, and he'll take charge of mother out there, and Aunt Jane sent a check for money for expenses."

"Henry Ludd!"

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Your mother hasn't been writing Jane that she hasn't had enough done for her!"

"Mother wouldn't dream of such a thing!" said Henry. "Lizzie, I'm ashamed of you."

Lizzie said nothing.

"I guess mother 'd better go," said Henry.

"When?"

"Two weeks from to-day, mother says; the man will stop here on his way and take her along. Mother seems—quite—pleased. She hasn't had much, no change at all for years.

"Neither have you."

"I have my work. All poor mother has had has been to sit there by that window day in and out. It will do her good. First I thought she was too old to take such a trip, but mother seems a good deal younger than she is, and I guess it will do her good."

After Henry went out, Lizzie said to herself, "She wrote to Jane just as soon as she heard Clara was married."

Sophia went. The man from the Ohio village created a furor by motoring out from the city and taking her and her little trunk in to catch the Western train. Henry went to see his mother off. She looked strange, seated in her section in the sleeping-car, strange and very remote. Poor Henry felt himself beneath his beautiful old mother traveling in state. Sophia smiled as ever when Henry bade her good-by. She showed no regret whatever.

Henry, returning home, called upon all his store of courage. When he walked up from the station, the neighbors, looking out of windows, remarked that they guessed it was a sort of relief to poor Henry to have Sophia go.

Lizzie had a nice supper ready for Henry, but he could not eat much. When Lizzie was washing the dishes she wept a little, softly, out of pity for him.

The next day Henry worked as if for his life. He had been obliged to mortgage his house to obtain money for his new hothouses. When Sophia had been called upon to sign the mortgage she had made no demur, but Henry felt mortally shamed. Henry did most of the work himself. Then Lizzie Jordan's half-brother Tom came and offered to work for his board. He was a silent, elderly man and a good worker. Henry was glad to have him.

The hothouses were finished and affairs moving much as before the fire, when a letter came from Sophia. Jane wished her to remain there as long as she lived if she only would; Sophia realized that she had been a great expense to Henry, and now there was the mortgage and the interest to pay, and she had everything she wanted and was more comfortable than she could be at home, and she knew how much Henry would think of that.

Henry turned ghastly white when he read the letter, but he told the news to Lizzie and her brother Tom without a flinch. "You see it is pleasanter for poor mother out there," he said. "She always wanted a bath-room, and she has one just for herself; and she has a screened piazza to sit on, and she is waited on hand and foot."

"She was here," Lizzie could not help interpolating.

"Of course she was, Lizzie, but there is more to do with there. And mother always liked nice things, poor woman! She writes about the beautiful things she has to eat, and she goes out to ride every pleasant day. I don't blame her for wanting to stay."



Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE SCARCELY REALIZED THAT SHE WAS SERIOUS IN HER INVITATION

Henry walked just a bit unsteadily as he left the room. "A saint with a pig for a mother if ever there was one!" Lizzie said to Tom. "How in the world Sophia Ludd ever had such a son as Henry!"

Tom grunted. He was a very silent man, but very much attached to his sister and Henry.

It was not long after that when Adela Dyce stopped and spoke to Henry. They were both coming out of the post-office. Adela inquired for his mother, and Henry replied that she was well and enjoying herself.

"Is it true what I hear, that she is going to live out there?" asked Adela. Then she flushed a deep crimson, and Henry saw it, and his schooled heart stirred.

They walked along together, and he told her about his mother. Adela decided that Sophia would most certainly live out there. She glanced up at Henry. Once she had loved him, or thought she had. He was not a bad figure of man, with his erect carriage and his expression denoting depths of firm character. Although he went rather shabby, his clothes were neat. Adela was growing older and had no suitor. When they parted, she asked Henry to call and see her.

Henry did not go. He scarcely realized that she was serious in her invitation; besides, he did not yet exactly care about going.

Soon they met again at the post-office, and Henry had just read another letter from his mother. The letter sounded fairly snobbish with pride and delight in her mode of life. There was something wistful in the man's attitude as he listened again to the woman he had expected to marry. He went to call on her that evening.

It was not long before everybody knew that Henry and Adela were to be married, after all. Henry told Lizzie. "We want you to stay here just the same," he said. "You and Tom. Adela doesn't want to give up her music scholars. She says that, after all these years, she has got her hand out of housekeeping, and she feels she had better keep on with the music. I don't quite like to have her, but she seems set on it, somehow."

"Most women you have anything to do with do seem set," retorted Lizzie. Her face was flushed and there was anger in her voice. She disliked Adela Dyce.

Henry looked anxiously at her. "You don't mean you won't stay, Lizzie?"

"Oh, I've stood a good deal, and I guess I can stand a little more," said Lizzie.

When Henry had gone to see Adela that evening she spoke her mind to her brother. "Land! it's bad enough for a man that's a mix betwixt a saint and a soldier of the Lord to have a pig for a mother without having a pig for a wife," said she.

Tom grunted and looked melancholy.

However, the general feeling in the village was one of kindly congratulation. Everybody agreed that they were glad that at last poor Henry Ludd was to have some good luck. Even people who had not entirely liked Adela saw her glorified by Henry's long, faithful love, and approved.

Unexpectedly Henry's business affairs took on a more prosperous aspect. A contract to supply a large city market with vegetables was offered him, and Henry's vegetable garden was more successful than ever that season. He saw his way clear to soon paying the mortgage. He was going to marry Adela in the fall. Insensibly he had ceased to regret his mother's absence. There was apparently no reason why Henry Ludd should not be happy, and yet he did not look as well as he had done. Something seemed missing which had tended to his retention of more than the strength of youth — the fighting strength of the man. He no longer walked soldier-wise. He stooped slightly. He no longer moved as if in a swift charge upon untoward circumstances. People observed with wonder that Henry Ludd did not look as young and well now that he was happy and things were going his way at last.

Then came the letter from Sophia, informing him that she was coming home. She insinuated gently that her sister Jane was not easy to live with, also that she missed her dear son.

The true reason for the return Lizzie Jordan did not doubt. She had told her

brother Tom, soon after Henry's engagement, "You mark my words, Sophia Ludd ain't goin' to stay out West and have Adela Dyce here usin' her things."

Henry read the letter calmly. He told Lizzie calmly. He showed no disturbance, if he felt any. That evening he told Adela. The two were sitting in Adela's studio, where she had her music classes. "Mother is coming home," he said, abruptly.

"To stay?" asked Adela. She immediately knew that she was brutal, but the situation was brutal for herself.

"Yes," replied Henry. When he spoke he knew that his romance was now over for all time. He did not even ask Adela if she would live with his mother. He accepted the fact. "I am sorry, Adela, that it must happen again," he said, quite simply.

Adela looked at him in a stunned fashion. She was not altogether an unselfish woman; she was not of an affectionate nature, but such love as she had to give she gave Henry. She gave in larger measure than before. The man now represented more than he had done years ago. Henry looked at her white, shocked face. Adela was still pretty. The expression in her blue eyes clutched at his heart. "I know it don't seem fair to you—the second time," he said.

Adela looked about the studio. "Well, we must make the best of it, I suppose," she said, in a despairing, listless voice.

"Adela."

"Yes, Henry."

"I don't see quite why you feel as you do about mother."

Adela did not answer.

"She treated you real well, it seemed to me."

Adela looked at him. She was a shrewd woman. She understood the man's mother. The man loved *her*, and Sophia was not there. She opened her mouth to speak. Then she closed it. There was something noble about her face. "She was never unkind to me," she said.

"Then—?"

"It is no use, Henry. I think a great deal of you, but I know it can't be," said Adela, firmly. She rose and stood before Henry, tall and pale and pretty in her blue dress. She put her hands on the man's shoulders and drew his face down. He kissed her. "There," said Adela, "we must make the best of the snarl of life we are in. Cutting the snarl would be worse than you know, and trying to unsnarl would only make the cutting inevitable. You will have your mother, and your love for her is the best thing about you. Though I feel as I do, I am not sure that I don't think more of you just because of that. You will have your mother, and I have my work."

"Music means a great deal to you?" asked Henry, wistfully.

"Yes, a great deal," said Adela.

He went soon afterward. He did not feel as unhappy as he had expected, not even although he knew that his contract with the city market was at an end. Some man had underbid him. He felt dimly the return of something—of some superlatively good thing which he had missed during his weeks of happiness and success. If he had heretofore walked like a soldier, he now walked like a general at the head of an army which spelled victory.

The next morning when he went out a man said to another, "Henry Ludd looks like himself this morning."

Lizzie Jordan watched him when he entered the yard at noon-time, and said to herself, in her colloquial mutter: "Henry has had bad news about business and he ain't goin' to be married. He looks like himself." Then she added, thinking of her own personal interest, "Well, I know what I have to put up with livin' with Sophia Ludd, but I was kind of in the dark about Adela Dyce."

Henry came in and ate his dinner. He told his news calmly. "Well, it seems Adela and I have thought better about getting married," said he," and mother is coming home."

After dinner Henry attacked his work with his old magnificent energy. Some souls are truly themselves and truly at home only on the battle-fields, great or petty, of their lives. Henry was one of them. Steeled to meet disaster, he had a strange weakness, which might in time have tended to deterioration before ease and happiness. He harked eagerly back to the fight, which was, after all, the love of his life.

We Discover the Old Dominion

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

PART II

I ENJOYED one of my dishonorable adventures soon after we motored away from Frederick. The Maryland road was so good that W—— was looking for a toll-gate. The search was father to the find (or whatever is the axiom), a toll-house looming up ahead which was so satisfactory that we stopped on the "nigh side" for him to make a sketch. When he had almost completed his task, I went up to the lady who kept the gate to say that we ought to pay toll for the house as well as the road.

"Toll?" she repeated. "'Tain't a toll-gate."

I came over to her closely. I didn't want the Illustrator to hear. "It's got to be a toll-gate. My husband has been looking for a typical one, and he says this is perfect."

"'Twas a toll-gate once," she admitted. "Tolled the road mighty nigh a hundred years, I reckon, but I plant tomatoes now. No, 'twon't cost you a cent."

"But don't you see," I whispered, excitedly, "it's got to be an active toll-gate. If it isn't he'll tear up the sketch, and I do so want it in."

"In?" I told her about my literary intentions. She stared at me in a sort of happy daze. "This old ramshackle in a magazine? Well, what are we coming to!"

I saw an opening. "It's up to you. I tell you what." I watched the Illustrator from afar as the plan took shape. "When we come along here, you just hold out your hand and say, 'Ten cents,' and then I'll give it to you. Say fifty if you want to. It's worth it."

She laughed and laughed at my nonsense. "Land sakes!" she kept repeating. But we finally effected a compromise. She went into the house and picked a ten-cent piece out of her poor, worn purse, giving it to me. Four minutes after that, as our car rolled up, she came out sternly, and "Ten cents" she demanded like the best actress on Broadway.

So swift was our pace that we arrived and left Boonsboro before we knew it, and drove back a little to turn sharply to the left for Antietam Creek. The tablets along the country road began much sooner than we had expected. It gave us a thrill to see "Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac" marking where the tents had been pitched. It was a field of grain then, it is a field of grain now. Between that point and the creek, the bridges of which were so fiercely contested, were many markers, great open scrolls, which gave the divisions of the Federals, told us when they were despatched to the bridges, when they were relieved, and by what regiments.

We went on through more peaceful country, fields of May wheat rich in promise, along the ridge which Lee's despatch had granted him. A fine old house stood at the bottom of the hill across which the guns must have thundered. We asked a scrap of a boy with soft brown eyes who was swinging on the farm-yard gate what he had done when the shooting began, and he said, "I don't just remember." One could hardly blame him, but I was sorry I couldn't find out some way or other, for it has always been a mystery to me how houses are evacuated during such times of stress. But he could only tell me that he was Mr. Nicodemus's little boy.

The Burnside bridge over the stream is very lovely. Above rose the heights which Hill's men had wrested from the advancing Federals. It could have

been no easy task to climb that steep. On one corner of the bridge Colonel Pope has erected a granite stone to the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts:

"Who crossed the bridge and went up the lane and left there 214 killed and wounded.

"Gloria est pro patria mori."

So ran the inscription.

We secured at Antietam what we missed at Gettysburg—the vision of a battle. It did not come from government roads, nor acres of land turned into park — the former yield of the good brown earth nullified. It came from the fields of grain serving as they had served in war times, fulfilling their mission as the soldier fulfilled his.

We stopped at Sharpsburg for luncheon. The hotel was getting a new coat of paint, and they said they never had anything to eat when they painted. We were served at the Nicodemus house farther along by a young girl whose brown eyes were like those of the little chap who doesn't quite remember what he did during the Civil War. The pretty girl was



THE OLD TOLL-HOUSE ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN, MARYLAND.



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE AT ANTIETAM, WHERE THE MOST FURIOUS FIGHTING TOOK PLACE

his cousin, and used to live in that very farm-house. She graciously served us, talking of what the Nicodemus family did when Lee leveled his guns at the foe across the valley. "They just naturally all cleared out," she told us, which was a very sensible thing to do considering that the thick brick walls are still incasing the lead of both armies.

When we arose to go and I reached for my purse W—— began hissing to me, "Don't insult her, not a single cent," like a nest of snakes. This would have been surprising—for he is an honest



THE POTOMAC AT HARPER'S FERRY WHERE THE FERRYMAN IS NO LONGER HAILED

man, and had eaten a great many eggs—had I not understood his fear that I was going to tip her. I would as soon have thought of tipping the First Lady of the Land as of offering anything beyond the price of the meal and our thanks to pretty Miss Nicodemus, and I said as much when we got outside.

Thus varying the day with pleasant wrangles we came to a new diversion, perhaps one should say division, for it was the Potomac River spanned by a long bridge. W—— went ahead to take a picture of it with our car magnificently crossing, but he had no sooner reached the other side and began waving for us to start than the chauffeur discovered a sign overhead which threatened a heavy fine if we passed without paying toll. There was no one about to take our money, still both of us were cautious as to our expenditures, and the enraged W—— had to return to tell us that the toll-gate was at the far end.

A very dear old toll gentleman explained that they had put up the sign

as a horrible warning. "I cain't always ketch 'em," he said, which was the truth, as in a running contest he couldn't have caught a crab going backward. We asked if any one was mean enough to escape tolls, and we learned that there are people who make a regular business of it. They have an instinct for it like pickpockets, counterfeiters, or safe-breakers. I thought it must be very uncomfortable to be handicapped by such an instinct. It would not be as lucrative a pursuit as pocket-picking, and the field of one's industry would be limited, for he would have to spend his life hanging about toll-gates, whereas pockets were in every part of the world.

"It's goin' to rain," our old new friend tolled (forgive me) as we left him; "the Baltimore *Sun* says so." And this raised the question as to the state we were in. Anybody in Maryland would believe the Baltimore *Sun*, but could its blighting prognostications be taken seriously in the Virginias?

It was West Virginia, and after some driving along a country lane, fields right to the motor's toes, we came to Harper's Ferry. High on a bluff overlooking the merging of the Shenandoah River with the Potomac is a fine hotel. It is managed by an intelligent colored man and his wife, and that is the finest monument which could be erected to the memory of John Brown.

"He wasn't any more crazy than I am," said the intelligent colored proprietor of the stately inn. "He showed that at his trial. But when you believe in only one thing and you believe in it hard you seem crazy to people who don't care much. It appears to me to keep your balance you got to believe in a heap of different things."

The hotel proprietors withdrew to welcome a luxurious motor, and Anna Dore with her two little friends next occupied our attention. Anna Dore was of a dark skinniness familiar to my youth, and she was the self-elected leader in the game of rolling colored Easter eggs down the hill. Each had her basket of eggs, the contents of which were rolled rather gingerly, the egg getting the farthest winning the other trophies. It was an encouraging refutation of the old adage which is being continually applied to me by an anxious family that "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

They had another game which consisted of tapping upon each other's shell to see which cracked first. "Do you pick?" said Anna Dore to me very politely.



A RELIC OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS, THE TAYLOR HOTEL AT WINCHESTER.

"She does," returned the Illustrator, and as I did not wish her to get a wrong idea of married life I hurried on to Toby.

Sharp at the state line which bounced us into Virginia, we struck some bad going. The road was probably built by one of the First Families of Virginia—and never touched since. It was not the welcome we should have planned, although it was something we feared. But we were distracted by a youth plowing the rich clay of a field. He wore a dull-blue snirt, and his face was glowing from too long a task. There were four great black horses straining at the plow, but as we passed he pulled them into inaction. He watched us, and I thought there was a terrible despair in his face, despair that he must plow of a sweet spring evening while we drove by. I longed to tell him that he made the finest picture I had ever seen, and my first picture of Virginia. But I could only wave to him, and immediately what bitterness there was left him—or he was too proud and too courteous to show it; he lifted his broad hat and swung it in the air, then went on with his work.

And while the road behaved itself a few yards farther on, I found this first experience over the state line entirely Virginian. When the way is bad lift your head and hear the mocking-bird, turn your head and see the beauty about you. Look to the people, and the road will be easier by the smile they give to you. It is unending—and takes no toll.

There was a progressive hotel in Winchester, Virginia, which sent out advance notices of itself like a well-billed play. "Hungry?" read a sign on a tree, with the name of the hotel underneath. "Bath?" it continued farther on.



THE IVY CLAD TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH, STAUNTON.

"Sleepy?" Indeed, every inducement was offered except "Dog?" and for that reason we passed it when we reached the old town, stopping at the newer Hotel Jack.

We walked up the street after an excellent meal to see the fine old house that was once General Sheridan's headquarters, which had been described as opposite the new library instead of the new library opposite it. Both buildings were impressive, although we mistook the character of the more recently built edifice. W—— was saying that it looked as a library should, when one of the ladies of Winchester sent "daughter" in to buy "five twos, three ones, and a postal card." It was just as satisfactory in the character of post-office; and across the street was the new library, excellent, too, but not in the Georgian style suitable for the home of Elsie Dinsmore, or the books concerning her.

I knew that I should go into this library and find out historical truths about Winchester, but I knew also that I wasn't going to do it when it was so much pleasanter walking about the streets listening to what people were saying. "Daughter" had come out of the post-office, and she went on with her elders, joining in the conversation with that grown-up freedom which young people enjoy yet do not take advantage of in the South. They were all agreed that Mrs. Kendall had right pretty hair, and daughter said that whenever mother saw her coming up the street "she hollers out, 'Here comes Mrs. Kendall with her pretty hair!'" as though Mrs. Kendall might not have it with her every day.

They drifted up the best street, while we cut into a narrow alley for no reason in the world save that we could do exactly as we pleased, and came out on the highway before a most beautiful old hotel. It was denied its original purpose, but a small portion of it served at the time that we were there as a showroom for antique furniture. There could be no better shelter for the old mahogany of the South than this splendid antebellum building. We stood before it a



THE HOTEL AT HOT SPRINGS, WIDE-WINGED AND WARM IN COLOR

long time, and I went back (in the rain the Baltimore *Sun* had sent us) later in the evening to look up at its wide, silent verandas and sad, unlighted windows.

The rain (set up in heavy type) continued, and I could get no encouragement from the colored waiter at breakfast over its possible cessation. A little girl who sat at table next to me was equally discomfited because—new and alarming child—she couldn't go to school. "And it's French day. And I do like my French. And I get good marks in my French."

Griefs are relative, but you can't make the aggrieved one admit it. I had wanted all my life to see the Shenandoah Valley, and she wanted to have her French lesson, yet I suppose her disappointment was as great as mine. I had one advantage over her—I was going, just the same. The touring motorist who is stayed by rain would stop and turn back at the first mud-hole though the sun shone.

At least, we were going after I had visited the Taylor Hotel, for that was the name of the old inn. I abandoned the bills and bags to the Illustrator, and borrowed an umbrella at the office. The clerk carried it down the steps for me and opened it with so great a show of good manners that I went off in a daze, forgetting to thank him. Once at the furniture-shop a man oiling an old table came forward to say that the proprietor, an antiquarian of note, was moving his effects across the street, but to make myself at home. This I did, weaving my way about beautiful mahogany at very low prices, and telling myself that I already had one sideboard and no dining-room. I passed into the court, now roofed, but that had once been open; the rooms gave on galleries running about three sides of the hollow square, while the stage-coaches and post-chaises were driven in from the fourth side after the fashion of old English inns.



THE GIANT HOSTELRY AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS DELICATELY SHADED IN A WOOD.

I did not get all this by intuition, but was gracefully apprised of it by Mr. Noonan. Mr. Noonan appeared suddenly from nowhere with a nickel device of some sort on his blue cap which I took to be the insignia of nothing less than a colonel. It was hard to believe he was a roundsman going around, hard to believe from the information he gave me and his manner of delivering it. One would

never stop a New York policeman to ask him if the block-house in Central Park was put up as a protection against the Indians or the English. But officer Noonan had the history of Winchester and of the Taylor Hotel at his tongue's end.

It was just as good as I felt it would be—this old place. It had been built in the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was known as the Edward McGuire Tavern. They had all been there: Washington, when he assisted Braddock, and General Braddock himself, fighting the Indians stupidly in British formation, demanding it of others, and going to his death. Davy Crockett had stayed there. I couldn't find out why, though I gleaned from one history that "with little education he became a noted hunter." Henry Clay rested his horses on his way to White Sulphur Springs; Daniel Webster, in 1852, leaned over the railings to address the people below.

But I must get beyond the first toll-gate, for there are nineteen of them on this route. You pay for the whole lot at once, and it is a bargain, as the long slip of tickets have been reduced gradually from $4.65 to $1.79. W——, who believes in statistics so long as other people collect them, was filled with pride of me when I told him at the end of the run that the tickets were collected by three old men, four young men, eight old women, four young women, and two whose age will receive the benefit of the doubt. As the darky expressed himself concerning the fowls that had furnished the chicken hash at breakfast, they were kind of "so-so" as to their years.

Some one in Winchester told us to ask at the second gate about the woman stationed there in war-times who held up and demanded toll from the scouts of the Union Army as they were seeking Stonewall Jackson.

We couldn't get a word from the toll-gate lady about the story so vaguely outlined at Winchester. But she thrust out a warming-pan for the ticket just as her predecessor might have thrust a gun, and while it is a brave deed to hold up scouts—even Boy Scouts—I should think that a woman at a toll-gate would, from long experience at holding up, be in a state of preparedness which renders her deed less remarkable.

We couldn't care much about the doubtful story, anyway, as we had to concentrate our weak intellects on Sheridan's ride up the valley. In these days of swiftly covering the ground *en auto* it is difficult to give any credit to the feat of galloping a horse almost twenty miles, but let the motor break down and let the motorist walk back three miles to a village, or trot back with a borrowed horse, and he will have an idea of the momentum of General Sheridan when he reached his troops in two hours' time. He even had breath enough left to rally the disheartened and give General Early's men the second surprise of the morning.

It is all very well to speak lightly of these things and of the meeting of these armies at Cedar Creek on that day of October, 1864, but there wasn't anything funny about it then. It is never funny to us now when the commemorating shafts of marble begin.

Some distance beyond the battle-ground we ourselves were met by an opposing force which stood valiantly in the middle of a bridge we were crossing and waved for us to stop. It was a petticoat power, the whole costume a glare of red, yet we all felt guilty as we lessened our speed, wondering if one of the constables had so disguised himself. Coming nearer, we found the flaring beacon to be an unusually pretty gipsy begging in broken English that we assist her band. There, just beyond the bridge, we came upon the Romany up to date. They were all packed into three old automobiles, probably stolen, since purloining little boys has gone out of fashion, and not one of the cars would, as the French say, march.

It would have been a very dismal situation for me, with all the bedding piled into the tonneaus as wet as the magnetos evidently were, and for the sake of old days when W—— and I would spend many an hour on foreign waysides looking appealingly at passing motors I importuned both of the men to do what they could for the strangers in a strange land.

They flung themselves upon the machines, although they appreciated that very little could be accomplished until the coil dried out, and I was immediately surrounded by the women and children. I gave the one with a baby half a dollar that I might escape further grafting, and out of gratitude, so she said, the beautiful young girl began to tell my fortune. I did not wish to hear anything about a handsome blond man, as that might set me to looking for him, but she was persistent. She was persistent to the point of asking for a silver piece—which she would return—the better to read my palm, and I watched her with amusement as she extracted from my purse, under cover of my handkerchief, several coins and proceeded to distribute them over her person.

When she had finished telling me about the blond young man who was not as distracting as she had imagined he would be, I asked her to replace the money. In fact, I commanded her to put back the money. My blood was up.

"Put back that quarter up your right sleeve. You have a lot of cheek, with my men helping your men. Stop palming that half-dollar in your left hand. Drop it in the purse. Is this the gratitude of the Zingara? And I used to sing songs about you. Now that ten-cent piece between your fingers. No, I didn't say you could have it." I called the Illustrator, and the two men got into the car. The self-starter started. She stepped off the running-board, her face contorted with rage. "Now we're going to leave you. And here's something for you to reflect upon: Where are the rubes of yesterday?"

We went on up the valley, the occupants of the car admiring me hugely and not aware that I was as scared as possible. Perhaps all the valiant ones are really terrified—those who control howling mobs, calm rebellious directors' meetings, or subdue cooks on the eve of a dinner-party. Perhaps (since I am wedging myself into that class) they're all the more valiant for entertaining fear. One passion merges itself into another, or possibly all passions are the same with different names. I know that I found myself hungry.

Yet when, finally, we did get to the hotel at Harrisonburg, the dining-room had been closed fifteen minutes, and Gabriel's trump couldn't have opened it. I made a polite speech to the proprietor. I said he advertised as catering to motorists, that the arrival of this new vehicle of travel brought prosperity to a community, and it would create a pleasant feeling between host and guest if there could be some arrangement made to entertain, no matter how simply. And while it made no impression upon him, I am glad I made this speech, as it gives me the opportunity of repeating it here.

A friendly bell-boy who mistook the chauffeur for the owner of the car directed us to Friddle's Restaurant, whispering that it was all just as well. And it turned out to be so, for Mr. Friddle sat on a high stool and entertained us as we ate, reading out bits from the Harrisonburg paper.

The industrious motor bound for Warm or Hot Springs makes the run from Winchester to Staunton and from there crosses the mountains to the springs in a day. But as long as we grasshopper ourselves through life I don't suppose we will ever make any time, or hay, or anything to keep one alive when one grows old.

When we reached the hotel at Staunton, W—— thought I should not go in and ask the clerk the name of the pink flower with which the chauffeur had decorated our car, whereas I thought an armful of it might screen Toby. We had heard of fierce anti-dog rules. He was right. The clerk, as he leaned over to examine the corolla, or whatever the thing is, spied our dear little friend hiding serenely on the lee side of the desk far away from storms. So we were turned away, finding shelter in the hostelry where President Wilson always stops. And serve him right, say I.

We have always found it as difficult to leave a town as to reach it, but our efforts to quit Staunton were unusually retarded by a combination of circus and art student. The art student came first, urged on, I fancy, by the chauffeur, who had met him the night before and had added to his artistic development by treating him to a moving-picture show.

He brought his sketches to the hotel,

which was very hard for the Illustrator, as he wanted to say they were good, yet found them not promising. He skated about it kindly. It is impossible to tell the blunt truth, anyway, to one of artistic endeavor—if not of talent. You are simply not believed.

W—— took him out for a drive to see how he felt about composition while he sketched an old church, and Toby and I started off to secure luncheon for the sixty-four villageless miles across the mountains. The chicken and ham sandwiches would probably have grown into a very successful order had not the proprietor of the café suddenly burst out at me with, "Will you tell me, ma'am, what that kind of a dog is good for?" And this so embarrassed both Toby and me that we rushed out of the establishment, for he knows as well as I do that he is not good for anything except to be loved and to love us. And that is the real reason there wasn't any pie, or root-beer, or crackers and cheese, or green bananas when it came time to eat.

I understand now that the restaurateur mistook our position in life. An old colored woman outside the door elucidated the situation slightly by wanting to know if "he slep' in de caige," but even then I didn't hitch up Toby with the event occasioning the gala air of the streets. It was near the court-house that we watched a long file of soberly clad citizens pass by. I stood among the loafers admiring the dignity of what I took to be the makers of our laws and those who sit in judgment on us. Eager to pay a compliment to the citizens of Staunton, I remarked upon the excellent appearance.

"Court and jury?" I questioned politely.

"No, ma'am," replied the loafer. "That's the insane asylum going to the circus."

We left the town shortly afterward with our position in life firmly established. We had not intended to head the procession. Our car had started to turn from the side-street where the hotel stood into the main thoroughfare before we appreciated that the traffic had ceased and that the great red-and-gold band-wagon had already passed. There was a hiatus between this band-wagon and the elephants, and the ever-courteous Southern policeman, seeing us with our baggage strapped on, wished to speed our departure by slipping us into this space.

When we were once in we could not get out. I won't say that Toby and I cared to get out. This circus idea had been forced upon us, and we accepted it, but the Illustrator's face was pitiful.

"Are we going to make monkeys of ourselves all our lives?" he asked me, the perspiration rolling down his face.

"Not monkeys," I shouted, for the band had struck up. "They think we're the proprietors. The monkeys are in the wagons. We really ought to be throwing out hand-bills."

It was very dull after this to go up the hill toward such a respectable place as Churchville, and we were in no hurry to reach it, for the good road ended there, as even a hotel proprietor is forced to admit.

We stopped at Jenning's Gap to take a picture, because we liked the hamlets title. How splendidly fitting are mountain names in Virginia — Lone Fountain, Windy Cove, Panther Gap, Cowpasture River! And the thing that surprised me most about the Virginia mountains was their looking as I had expected them to look.

After we had forded the two rivers that were seriously deep we met a large blue limousine at the side of the road waiting for the occupants to eat their luncheons out of a basket vulgarly capacious. I was hoping something would distract the Illustrator's attention from the lavish display, and it was held by the approach of their chauffeur. He had just been told by a car ahead of us marked "Touring Information" that it would be impossible for his car to ford the streams. As we had just crossed them, he was much relieved, and we all wondered how "Touring Information" had managed them itself if the thing couldn't be done.

I agreed heartily with anything that W—— said after we had left them, with the view of blotting out the memory of the *páté* pasted on the crisp biscuit which they had been champing. "Kind hearts are more than crackerettes" was the plank in my platform. It might have worked had we

not suddenly come upon "Touring Information" in front of the village store at Deerfield nibbling away at the best the shelves had to offer.

"Touring Information" was the oldest car in the world containing two of the youngest inhabitants of the globe. They were stamped bride and groom without the addition of a white bow of ribbon anywhere upon the ancient rigging. "How do you like it?" called the bridegroom to us cheerily as we peeped at them through the rain.

"Fierce," answered my consort. We were past them in a trice, but I was not past the Illustrator. "Fierce," he repeated, turning to me—"fierce that every one should be eating and we have only three sandwiches."

I was ready for the Illustrator with blandishments. I said that the three sandwiches were for stop-gaps, not for luncheon. I had thought it would be pleasant to dine with some of the mountain people.

"Dine with 'em?" he repeated, just as though he did not know about Southern hospitality.

"Certainly. You choose a house where you want to eat, and I'll go in and arrange it."

With a promptness that was disconcerting he picked out the one we were passing.

I had my speech ready; it was something about strangers and kindness of the road. A fine, large woman, with her hair over her shoulders, came out on the side-porch, and "My goodness!" I said instead, "you're washing your hair. I did mine last night."

We became as thick as thieves as I hung over the gate. "I put ammonia in the water," she said, "and it makes it so fluffy I can't do anything with it."

"For days I can't do anything with mine, either."

"Ahem!" said W—— from the car.

Millie Elizabeth, the pretty girl who helped, had also washed her hair, but they both put on caps, and, since it was long past the dinner-hour, started up the kitchen fire for biscuit. I went into the living-room with the two little girls, Mary Susan and Annie Harriet. Annie Harriet had never liked her middle name, so she had changed it from "Annie Haih-yet," as she pronounced it, to "Annie Rooney." I sang the song as well as I could to Mary Susan and Annie Haih-yet while the rain poured down outside, and the Illustrator hung out of the car talking to "Touring Information," which was through its lunch and heading for Hot Springs.

It was nice to see how Mary Susan and Annie Haih-yet quieted down when we were all ushered into the bright dining-room. I didn't hear a word out of them beyond one ecstatic exclamation from Annie as she discovered Toby. "Looks like a little ole wite hawg," she said.

It was hard to get away. We were all having a pleasant time except Toby, who after the "white hog" epithet was rendered even less spirited by a tortoise-shell cat. He was thoroughly cowed—if a dog can be cowed by a cat—and kept asking me "where was Hot Springs at" as a gentle reminder.

He might well ask. One could not believe it possible that a cluster of fashionable hotels lay anywhere in these wilds. The road beyond was admitted by our hostess to be "right slick," and there were two passes to cross as yet. When we prepared to leave she said something else as I exclaimed over the modest sum for her trouble and the outlay. It was so charming in her that I hope no one will notice that it was also charming about us. "Think what you gave us of your table," I said.

"Think what you gave me of yourselves," she replied.

This—and the food—made W—— very young again, and he started after "Touring Information" with the incentive that a pacemaker always gives. The two young hearts were spending their honeymoon sign-posting the best way to Hot Springs for the automobile club of a large city. The back of the tonneau was full of neat wooden placards with the names of the towns painted thereon, "Danger" in red, arrows with "Hot Springs" on them, and bandboxes of milady.

As their honeymoon was just as important as sign-posting a road already very decently marked, we did not deplore his lack of activity in the getting out and nailing up of directions. Yet

we found some evidences of effort on the part of the young man. The road was indeed "right slick" and at one point they had stopped awhile. This was where we found the sign-posts, not on the trees, but in a mud-hole. "Winchester 22 mi." had served for the right wheel, "Sound horn," badly splintered yet looking up at us as one whose cause is just, had helped the left wheel of the happy pair.

There was an insouciance about the use of these carefully prepared and timely hints which bred in me a desire to know better the gay wreckers. Our eyes were fastened to the marks of their tires in the clay, and we finally came abreast.

The mud, with the landscape, grew wilder and wilder. Our two cars took the turn ahead, the leader waiting now and then for the other to catch up. "Touring Information" may have tried to do its level best, but it was only at its best on the level. Yet we managed the ascents, stopping to breathe when we reached the summit of Warm Springs Mountain. The rain had ceased; it was almost sunset, and if we hadn't been so cold the view would have been most engaging.

There is a love of an old toll-gate at the summit, presided over by an old man who ran to take down the coats hanging on the long porch before we made a photograph. He wanted the place to look nice, he said. He had always hoped some one would care to take it, but they had ever been in a hurry to get to the Springs. This story has a bad ending, as it was too late in the day for a successful picture, and it is up to any of you traveling that way to change the finis by taking a snap-shot of the house and sending it to him. His name is William D. Rowe, and he goes down the steep mountain every day for chance letters. So you must mail it to Warm Springs, Virginia. Now do this for Mr. Rowe, who may still be tramping wearily up and down for a paper view of the thing he sees every day of his life.

"Hot," to adopt the parlance of the Southerners, lies seven miles beyond "Warm," and we might have spent the night there, for the hotel was very comfortably nestling at the foot of the mountain, but it was not yet open. So we went on, taking the right hand of a choice of ways at a fork, as the mark read, "Both roads to Hot Springs." Toby was already a clay dog, and, owing to his gyrations acquired since he became firmly of the circus, I was wearing a clay effect on my chest like a misapplied antiphlogistine poultice.

In this manner we approached the famous Homestead Hotel, as wide-winged as an aeroplane, and so warm in color that one felt from afar the welcoming rays of an unaffected hospitality. Despite our dirt, we hoped that we might yet be allowed to rest our weary heads there. That we made our entry in the most indirect fashion was due to an idiosyncrasy of the Illustrator.

It has always been his idea, an idea entirely his own, and deepened into a belief without encouragement, that a hotel possesses an automobile entrance. That somewhere, built into a modest nook, is a porte-cochère under which we roll and there denude the car of its baggage, avoiding the cold gaze of clean guests rocking in rocking-chairs. For years he has gone in circles around great inns looking for this sheltered coach door of his dreams. Therefore it was not surprising to find him motoring past the impressive front and bringing up at the rear of the hotel before a collection of doors without any particular character save that they were the kind servants went in and out of.

"Why are we stopping here?" I demanded.

"Because it is the automobile entrance," he answered, firmly.

"My dear"—acidly—"these are the kitchens."

"These are the automobile entrance—" He was very tired.

We waited. After a space of time a darky came out of one of the automobile entrances and upheld me in my contention.

"Then," said the Illustrator, triumphantly, as though it was what he had wanted all along, "we will turn around and go there. Though I can't understand why they don't have—"

He never finished the sentence—which was redundant, anyway. Nor did we turn around. The mud had done its

work. Whereas Galatea grew from clay to flesh, we had turned from flesh to clay. It had entered the soul of us—it had plastered the steering-gear. With a great deal of over-humor, considering the situation, our chauffeur rose to an unusual height. "Our name," he said, "is mud."

By the morning of the second day in Hot Springs, so thoroughly was I relaxed, there was no use searching for the date of the month in the calendar (provided I could find the calendar), as I didn't know the day of the week. I was as one who awakes from a heavy sleep, forgetting his name or his whereabouts, and terrified at the block of vague light which turns out to be the window. It was as though the spirit had gone wandering and was late getting back into the suddenly waking body.

The best I could do was to ask for to-day's paper, very insistent upon its being "to-day's," and, fixing on the top-liner, set my mental watch by it. We seemed to be such a vast distance from Washington it was surprising to find how early the morning papers arrived. I suppose all of the guests had come to Hot Springs for complete relaxation, yet they continued avid of news. The long corridors and the wide porches were lined with men and women scanning the columns.

There is not so much quick turning from the first sheet to those pages in lighter vein as there was before the war. Yet I wonder if others reading the daily reports of the carnage do as I do—let the eyes stray from the account of misery for an instant to something alongside of almost no import: an item concerning the killing of a mother-in-law whom we do not know, or an advertisement in which we have no interest. I find that I must do this, although I return to the awful truth after the momentary relief. I suppose it is one of the ways for us to keep our balance.

Try not to be bored with this matter seemingly extraneous to Hot Springs. It is a point in favor of just such great hotels as those in the Valley of Healing Waters. The mild playing here makes one gasp when one reviews the strife of a large part of the globe at present. But it has its place—it is for balance. It is to get away for a little that one can go back fortified to endure more sorrow.

From this hotel we drove in the afternoon over the macadam to Warm Springs. One of our best friends who comes here often told us we must surely stop at "Warm," as all the lovers of the country stayed there in the early spring. I don't know where, unless it was at the village store, for the hotel was not open until the first of June.

There were colored workmen about, ancient servants who, my friend said, were always delighted to point out Hollyhock Row, a little line of houses, one of which Thomas Jefferson had occupied when he went to take the cure. My eye was pleased with an old chap wearing a lamb's-wool beard who was trundling a wheelbarrow aimlessly about, and who was as delighted as she said he would be—not to talk, but to put down the wheelbarrow. Yet he disremembered which was Hollyhock Row, and when I pressed him further for news items concerning Thomas Jefferson he repeated (while he should have scratched but did not scratch his head): "Mistah Jefferson? Mistah Jefferson?" as though trying to recall his lineaments.

"He's dead," I told him.

"Daid?" He started off with his wheelbarrow. "Then he don' come hyar no moh." He was a very commercial old darky, having no use for any one who could no longer fill the coffers of "Warm."

I could have told him myself that very little money was ever made out of Thomas Jefferson. One will always notice that a man who writes himself down as simple is shrewd as well. Judging by his manner of traveling to the Springs, he was more shrewd than simple. In the old Warm Springs ledger there is an account of one week's board for T. Jefferson and entourage, which amounted to thirty-five dollars. He disputed this sum, and went to law over a bottle of wine costing two shillings and some odd pence. All of this seems very simple until we learn that the entourage consisted of a valet, two outriders, a coachman, and eight horses—when it becomes very shrewd.

The next day was as the one which

preceded it, which no doubt sounds eminently satisfactory to a large part of the world. It was distinguished only by an absence of laundry work on Toby. Distinguished by that and a remolding of the Illustrator's earlier avowal that he could stay there forever to an oft-uttered conviction that we must either stay or go on.

The first few idle days anywhere are, to those addicted to work, extremely full of hours. In a little while we grow accustomed to doing nothing, barely finding time to accomplish even this. I don't suppose that saint who spent his life on top of a column ever wanted to shin down and run about a little after a month of elegant leisure. As we had a circular tour to make *pro bono publico*, we did not wish to become habituated to a column—even to a colonnade—and long before the dancers had ceased whirling in the ball-room on the second night I was packing away my evening frock, taking the flowers off my hat to pin them back on my dinner-gown, and compressing my thin tailor suit into the size of a homeopathic pill.

The matter of linen while traveling is a troublesome one, and we have decided that it is easier when motoring in our own country to cut down our traveling-bags by sending home the used linen and having fresh relays mailed to us at points designated ahead. I say "mailed," for this is the day of the parcel post, yet—while I do not wish to bias you—it would be better to express them. I own five shares of an express company, and we are not doing any too well.

"Why," demanded my exasperated family, "did you buy express stock just as the parcel post came in?" And, tracing it back, my only reason for this investment was overhearing an old lady say that her company had passed a dividend. So I hurried off with my money, under the impression that passing a dividend was related to cutting a melon.

We are on the road to White Sulphur Springs! It seemed that every bird in the valley had come out to greet us, and they do have a wonderful way of piping up when they catch the hum of the engine. It is as incongruous as a canary, which always begins to sing during a family quarrel (*one's* family quarrel, not yours or mine). I think it is very generous in them to respond with their best notes to such unlovely ones, for a motor, while lovely to us, could not be to them, nor, surely, family bickering. Possibly birds are more conventional than we think, and wish to cover all unpleasantness with a social air, like nervous hostesses when hosts are grumpy.

We descended from the car frequently, attracted by the verdure and glad to note by our boot-heels that the soilure was less. ("Soilure" is a very good word. It is employed constantly by some of our newest writers, and I have managed to get it in before the Illustrator has even heard of it.) We said we would not descend, as we wished to lunch at White Sulphur. Forty miles is a mere nothing to the hotel clerk, but the name Falling Springs Valley, and the condition of the roads, very delicately reminded us of the probability of falling springs if our pace were too swift. After having made this good resolution we immediately broke it, as though it were the 2d of January, to investigate a series of little ponds, like those in a sunken garden, with a sort of green fluff over them.

The chauffeur promptly said the fluff was water-cress. He was a man of wide knowledge. We could not blame him for lacking any great familiarity with an automobile, as one cannot know everything. And he was always right—about the other things. Although disputed by me, it *was* water-cress.

This fact made less absurd the actions of a number of men who were wading out in the ponds and slicing off the fluff with long knives. It was the Falling Springs Cress Company, as a very agreeable Mr. Reed told us. The cress grows the year round, for the spring waters which feed the little lakes are warm, and thousands of barrels are sent away to the city markets. I can't imagine any pleasanter method of making a living than to go out in rubber boots and slice off a few barrels every morning, cutting your bread and butter as it were.

There are many places of interest on the twenty miles between Covington and

White Sulphur, and, stimulated by the guide-book, I was going to pay close attention to them, but we had not gone far before we overtook a tired-looking pedestrian with several awkward parcels in his arms, and a checked gingham cap that had already burst its paper bag and was literally on the man's hands to his great discomfiture. We took the tall mountaineer on the running-board, and were glad that we did, for he was one of those inept, tragic-eyed creatures who are put down by their neighbors as "not worth a darn." But he had walked ten miles to put flowers on "mah little grave," and was walking ten miles back. It was to be Children's Day soon, and all the "folks raound aboot" there fixed up the little graves while the little live children had games and marches and cakes.

His friends passed, greeting him with the good-humored contempt that is always apportioned the gentle ones in life.

"See yuh got a new machine, Jeb."

"What 'd yuh trade foh it, Jeb—one of them chil'ren?"

Jeb only smiled. "We all got ten chil'ren and the one in the little grave," he explained to us. "But I wouldn't swap nariest one of 'em foh yer machine —though it's almighty purty," he added hastily.

There is a residence on or near the route to "White" which I had determined to see. It was built by Lord Milton, and was, very Englishly, named Oak Hall.

I never got a sniff at it. No sooner had we put down the mountaineer than we took on an ancient colored man clad in a green-black PrinceAlbert and brown derby. I did not rebel at this, although it passed through my mind that a concentration on Lord Milton's estate would have been a better preparation for the proud and haughty resort. I was entirely wrong. The darky had come from one of the very best families in Virginia. "We wuz owned by one fahm'ly; we wuz nevah sole away from 'em, and we have wukked foh 'em evah sence," he said. To be the best of your kind is just about as fine a type of aristocrat as we have in America.

He was in high feather. On Sundays he was a preacher, and he had recently bought a church at a bargain. He had demanded of them the very lowest price, and they said five hundred dollars cash, and afterward three hundred dollars cash, then two hundred dollars. So the bargain was concluded.

"And you paid him two hundred dollars down?" asked W——, eying him respectfully.

"No, suh. Ah done pay 'em twenty-five dollars down, and hev lef' de res' to mah congregation an' mah Gawd."

White Sulphur comes upon the traveler of the road so suddenly that our arrival might have been as great a fiasco as at Hot Springs. One can imaging nothing more stimulating to the guests than bringing up before the very white structure of the Greenbrier Hotel with a very black man enjoying the ride with us. It was the old fellow himself who asked to be put down, for no one is more observant of the proprieties than one who serves, and, unimpeded, we swung past the iron gates and drove through the lovely wood to the great circular steps. The supreme elegance of country hotel life was ours. As a woman we knew had said of rapidly climbing friends, "They have arrived. They have gone from Warm to Hot to White."

The motorist must form his impression as he makes his flight. Motoring discoveries are not made by taking a house for the summer and getting acquainted with the natives. His indignation might be allayed if he knew why certain towns were smoky; his pen stayed if he was assured by the selectmen that the apple crop had precluded mending the road that year; his heart softened toward the urchins who stone his car if told that their mother was ill of a fever. But in failing to record the discomforts of travel he would be as dishonest as a worm insisting upon writing up a bird's-eye view of the earth. He must tell what he sees, granting that, as his trip is a flight, his impressions are equally fleeting.

All this not to preface any attack upon White Sulphur, for I am sure if we had stayed longer we would have found it not less, but more lovely. I only regret that I can but scratch on the surface charms of the old springs.

Since we admire "Hot," we were relieved that they were too dissimilar for comparison of any sort. The buildings were white, white as the servants who waited upon us. The inclosed wood as intimate if not as beautiful as that of Del Monte. It was a sheltered place, and there were probably many subtle social bars which I had no opportunity to notice.

I walked about the grounds as W—— sat himself down to sketch, unhampered by crowds, for one is too well-bred to hang about the artist in this pleasant wood. Beyond the Thermal Establishment is the White Hotel. "White of White" I think it should be called, where the Southerners go in summer; and in a semicircle about the grounds, like little Greek temples to inconsequential gods, are many "semi-detached villas." They are generally apportioned to unmarried men, I believe; at least they are known as Bachelors' Row, delicately suggesting that bachelors, while detached, are not entirely or eternally so. There is one villa of greater antiquity—and height—than the others, where the French photographer told me "Leeve the Presidonz." No one could tell me just what Presidents have stayed there, although a great deal of screaming went on between his wife and himself on the subject — an altercation which I ended by suggesting that it would be better *not* to know, as it might be some of them I didn't like.

"You don' like the Presidonz?" he asked, in awed fashion. He was of a republic, but he still held his rulers in respect.

As W—— wisely said when we got into the car, "It was just this time yesterday," which was not to be disputed. But we had a longer way to go on our return to Covington than over the primrose path of macadam from "Warm" to "Hot." For the third time that day I determined to concentrate on points of interest, but I find in my notebook, "We went under the railway a number of times," which seems to be as important as Mark Twain's "Got up, washed, and went to bed," or the Illustrator's diary when he was a little fellow which reads mainly, "Am well."

We were to spend the night in Covington, far removed from luxury, snatching such sleep as we could in a hotel along the railway track. I had been warned that it would be fearfully stupid, but any transition is agreeable—besides, we always managed something. This time it was a wreck of freight-trains directly in front of our windows. Now, I ask you, could anything more unusual be prepared for a stranger than a wreck without leaving his room to enjoy it? We watched the whole procedure—the lifting of the cars, the beating back of the curious citizens, the flashing of signals, and swinging of lanterns. And I am glad to say—I mean that I try to be glad to say—no one was hurt. By the time the night express thundered through, the track was cleared, and Covington went to bed without having visited a single movie. We found ourselves so tremendously tired that I remembered calling in to W——:

"Did I tuck you in or did I kiss you good night?"

I don't know yet which I did, as I fell asleep before he answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Simeon Small's Business Career

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

MY mind is of the sort that constantly reaches out for new fields of concrete information. I may say with perfect truth that I am an exceptionally energetic individual, and that, fortunately, I have a talent for adapting myself to conditions and people which greatly facilitates any investigation which I have in hand. It is not only my nature to investigate what may prove of interest to me, or of service to the country at large, but to take active part therein. In other words, I learn by doing.

If, for instance, I wish to scrutinize with scientific purpose the—shall I say epidemic?—for skating, I do not merely sit by, but I procure for myself skates and essay upon the ice. In this way I discover that people skate, not for the pleasure to be derived, but from a hardy spirit of adventure—out of a species of bravado. I learned this by that process of ratiocination called *reductio ad absurdum*. Namely, there can be no other reason for skating except to publish to the world that you do not fear sprained ankle or wrenched back, therefore that reason must be the moving reason.

When, therefore, my lawyer came to me with certain papers of a business character for my signature, I became aware that here was a phase of our national life with which I was totally unfamiliar. Of business, which seemed to form so large a part of the conversation among my male acquaintances, I knew less than the average school-boy does of the scientific philological reason for the presence of the so-called diphthong in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. To realize a shortcoming is, with me, to remedy it at once.

"Mr. Elmer," said I, "I find myself lamentably ignorant of the science—if science it may be called—of business. I am right in assuming that I am connected in some way with business by investments, am I not?"

"You are," said he, "a sort of icicle hanging from the eaves of business."

"I do not follow you," said I.

"An icicle," said he, "is an encumbrance which circumstances compel the eaves to support."

"Ah," said I, "you will doubtless be surprised—and delighted—to learn that I am about to add to the value of my investments by giving the benefit of my services to some or all of them."

"Heavens!" said he.

"In other words," said I, "I am going into business."

"I presume there is no use arguing against it."

"None," said I, with that air of finality which is an attribute of a strong nature.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not," said I, "care at once to take over the responsibility for all my interests. What I desire is to become a part of some enterprise of moderate size where I can carry on my investigations, and at the same time be of some service to the world of business. What would you recommend?"

He considered the matter with what seemed to me unnecessary care.

"How," he asked, "would you regard suspenders?"

"It is a matter I have never given thought to. If you wish an unstudied opinion of them, I would say they undoubtedly have been of service to civilization. They are contrivances which deserve only commendation. Suspenders," said I, with increasing enthusiasm, "may be regarded as an American institution."

"Very interesting," said he, "but it was not your academic opinion I sought. How would you like to identify yourself with the manufacture of suspenders?"

"It would be excellent," said I. "I

shall," I went on after a moment's thought, "study the subject and write a brochure on the history of the suspender and the not unimportant part it has played in the development of our social life. Why, sir, without suspenders where would trousers be? We might," I said, "be wearing skirts like the Albanians."

"You are," said he, "a majority stockholder in the Bulldog Suspender Company. Its secretary resigned Monday."

"I do not wonder," said I. "What gentleman would care to remain secretary to a concern manufacturing suspenders for bulldogs? I do not like bulldogs. Their habits are reprehensible—"

"No, no," said he. "That is but a name. It signifies that the suspenders grip the—er—trousers as tenaciously as the bulldog does his—er—antagonist."

"Ah," said I, "a figure of speech. A rude one, it is true, but an indisputable figure of speech. You may consider the matter decided. I shall become the secretary of the Bulldog Suspender Company. When, may I ask, can I be inaugurated?"

"Monday," said he, succinctly. "I have a feeling," said he as an afterthought, "that the Bulldog Suspender Company will from that day require all the blind courage of its namesake."

I thanked him for the compliment intended by his words, though I confess it was not apparent to me. However, one must not dispute with good intentions.

On Monday morning, accompanied by my lawyer, I went to the offices of the Bulldog Suspender Company, where I was introduced to various individuals, male and female.

"Mr. Ferren is General Manager," said my lawyer. "I will leave you in his hands, Mr. Small. He will give you the information you will require about the duties of your office."

Mr. Ferren and I repaired to my private office.

"Mr. Small," said he, "probably the most important part of the secretary's work is the management of our sales department."

"Sales department?" said I. "Have we a sales department? And why, pray? I fancied our business was manufacturing, not selling."

He glanced at me briefly. "I understand," said he, "you have it in mind to introduce improvements into the business. You might begin with that, if you can manage it successfully. You have no idea how much work it would save if we could devote all our time to manufacturing and didn't have to bother with selling our product."

"I will scrutinize the matter," said I, "and see what can be done."

"But meantime," said he, "the sales department must go on."

He then launched into a mass of wearisome, uninteresting matter about prices and markets and discounts and salesmen and territories, to which I listened courteously, or, rather, appeared to listen. Actually I was working on a problem of real interest and importance. I have acquired the ability to allow a person to talk to me, and, while appearing to pay him close attention, nevertheless to become quite unaware of his existence and to carry on an independent train of thought undisturbed. At this moment I was puzzling over the seemingly inexplicable fact that among most peoples, no matter what their language, a nod of the head signifies affirmation, while a shake of the head signifies negation.

"Am I making myself clear?" asked Mr. Ferren.

"Perfectly," said I, "perfectly." I have no doubt he was—to any one who cared to listen. But I was there to study business, not to sell suspenders. It seemed absurd the man should bother me with trifles.

We heard a strident voice outside and Mr. Ferren slapped his knee. "Good!" said he. "Here is our Mr. O'Brien. Covers New York and New England. Best suspender salesman in America. I'll have him in. You must meet him at once, for he'll be able to give you a heap of pointers."

"Very well," said I, with resignation.

Mr. O'Brien appeared and was presented. He was—how shall I characterize him?—superabundantly and vociferously energetic. He shook my hand in a manner to disturb the legibility of my handwriting for a period of three days. Arnica had no effect.

"Listen!" said he, bellowing like the Bull of Bashan; "here's one I pulled myself, alone, without the aid of false mustaches or springs in the sleeve. Was in N' Yawk last week. Went to the theater. 'How much?' says I to the duke in the box-office. 'Stalls two dollars and a half,' says he. 'Neigh, neigh,' says I, just like that. Quick as a wink." He prodded me in the cardiac region and laughed immoderately. Mr. Ferren also laughed.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I perceive no cause for laughter. Perhaps I did not follow you."

Mr. O'Brien stared at me in a manner which seemed to indicate his sensibilities were injured.

"Was it a joke?" I asked. "My familiarity with jokes is negligible. I did not catch the point, but I confess I am interested. May I trouble you to explain?"

He did so, with detail, and I have entered the curious thing in my notebook. It seems the joke was based on the fact that the word "nay"—the archaic negative—is identical in sound with the word "neigh"—the verb indicating the cry of the horse. Also upon the fact that the word "stall" applies alike to the portion of the barn in which a horse reposes and to a seat in a theater. I set the joke down thus:

"I said to the person in the box-office of the theater, 'How much?'

"He replied, 'The price of stalls is two dollars and fifty cents.'

"To which was rejoined, 'Nay, nay (Neigh, neigh).'"

It was a curious fragment of data. I shall make use of it as an illustration of the depraved purposes to which our language can be put by certain types of mind.

"Mr. O'Brien," said I, "I have come into this institution with the object of studying business. I am, by nature, an investigator. Later I shall embody my observations in a pamphlet, perhaps even a book. Inasmuch as you are, I take it, a business man, I should like to ask you what you know about the subject."

"What do I know about business? Eh? Easy. It's rotten. Belts! That's what's the matter. It's gettin' so I throw a fit every time I see a belt. At this rate in another five years nobody 'll be wearin' suspenders but New England selectmen with whiskers and Methodist deacons."

"You interest me," said I. "Why selectmen and deacons?"

"Because," said he, "the selectmen wouldn't have any place to put their thumbs in the summer, and the deacons are still wearin' the pants they were married in in 'seventy-one—the kind of pants a belt wouldn't have any influence over."

"Mr. O'Brien," said I, "in spite of your appearance, which I must confess is not promising of such an attribute, I perceive that you are something of an observer of humanity yourself. The data you furnish me is quaintly instructive."

Mr. O'Brien regarded me for a moment, then turned and regarded Mr. Ferren. "Say," he ejaculated, presently, "if I could kid a man with as straight a face as that I'd burn my samples and do a monologue in vaudeville."

"Kid?" said I. "I have heard the word used to signify the young of the goat, and by the lower classes to denote a child, but as a verb—never."

"Surely," said he. "Thus: I kid, you kid, he kiddest. See?"

"I must confess I do not." The man was proving a veritable mine of interest. "As you use the word, what does it mean?"

"Ferren," said Mr. O'Brien, "does he *mean* it?"

"He does, indeed," said Mr. Ferren.

"Well, I'll be— Say, Mr. Small, you'll excuse me while I go out and talk to myself a few minutes. I ain't as strong as I used to be."

"What a strange individual," said I to Mr. Ferren. "Is it a type peculiar to the suspender business? Or is not all as it should be with him mentally?"

"I imagine," said Mr. Ferren, cryptically, "that your opinion of him coincides with his opinion of you—barring a difference in terminology."

Presently Mr. Ferren left me alone, a thing I very much desired, because I wished to scrutinize and tabulate the data that had presented itself. Already I was aware that business had much of

childishness in it; that, in short, it did not seem an occupation worthy of the efforts of a mind of the first class. For instance, I discovered it is the business of one department to sell suspenders. It will astound you to learn that it was the affair of another department, called the credit department, to refuse to sell to the very persons the first department had sold to. Was it not futile? I determined that one or the other of these conflicting powers should be abated.

Another waste presented itself glaringly. I saw no less than five young women writing in books or typewriting figures on small pieces of paper. On making inquiry, I learned they were getting out what was quaintly termed monthly statements. A monthly statement is in the nature of a letter or other communication, I take it, except that it informs the recipient of the fact that he is indebted to the sender in certain sum of money. To the logical mind this was absurd, indeed.

"Why," said I to one of the young women, "send these so-called monthly statements? Do not those to whom they go know they are indebted to us, and how much?"

"Of course," said she.

"Then," said I, "even you, with the mediocre mentality you doubtless possess, will perceive the futility of it. Why waste money and labor telling a man a thing he already knows?"

"I got all that but the part about mediocre mentality," she said, with lips compressed. "If that's some high-brow way of gettin' fresh with a workin' girl, I give you notice right here to cut it out. The shippin'-clerk's my gentleman friend, and he went six rounds with Buster O'Rourk once."

I gave thanks mentally for the remarkable memory with which training has equipped me. I was able to remember her exact phraseology, weird, uncouth, incomprehensible as it was. Doubtless she had some thought in her mind. Possibly she presented it in a manner to be understood by certain individuals, but I have never deciphered it. What, I often ask myself, did the shipping-clerk accomplish by going six rounds with the O'Rourk individual? And what, or where, are six rounds? The Austro-Hungarian empire suffers under a multiplicity of dialects; I fear America is heading toward the same chaos.

Toward the end of the day my head was quite in a whirl, so I repaired to my office, closed the door, and, for recreation and to give ease to my fatigued brain, I read for two hours from that entertaining, mildly instructive, if somewhat frivolous volume by Dr. Elbertus McWhinney Sauerbrot, entitled, "An Elucidation and Comparison of the Processes of Ratiocination which Determined the French to Name the Potato *Pomme de Terre*, and the Lower Classes of Hibernia to Denote it by the Word 'Spud.'"

I arose much refreshed and was driven home.

Next morning I found my desk piled with communications, most of which requested data as to the price of suspenders and as to the quality or method of packing those articles. One individual requested to be informed if we could present him a lower price for one hundred gross than we could if he should purchase in quantities of one gross only. His question, as will be seen at once, was ridiculous. I replied to him spiritedly:

DEAR SIR,—As a so-called business man you should be aware how nonsensical is your question. The idea that we can sell you a large quantity of suspenders at a lower price per dozen than a small quantity is so absurd as to demonstrate to me that your intelligence is not of a high order. Manifestly it requires more labor to manufacture one hundred gross of suspenders than one gross. Therefore, one hundred gross should bring a higher price comparatively than one gross. I find it is the custom of this business to charge no higher rate, however; an oversight which I shall correct.

To this diplomatic reproof I signed my name and mailed it with no little gratification.

In the same mail were letters from two individuals, one signed J. S. Plumm, the other H. R. Dauber, giving the information they were about to call upon us for the purpose of arranging purchases of considerable quantities of our wares. I exhibited them to Mr. Ferren.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Plumm 's buyer for the Moggle chain of stores—

fifty of 'em. Dauber 's buyer for Piddie & Smiler, the big mail-order house. We want that business. And it's up to you, Mr. Small. When they come, you drop everything else and show them a good time. Treat them as if you loved 'em to distraction. Get the idea?"

"The idea of loving to distraction is abhorrent to me," said I. "One should never permit sentiment to interfere with one's intelligence."

"In this case," said he, "don't let your intelligence interfere with sentiment. We need that business. It's money in *your* pocket—and a nice piece of money, too."

"Very well," said I; "I shall entertain these individuals as though they were guests invited to partake of my own hospitality. I feel sure I am competent to care for the matter as you suggest."

"Good!" said he, and went out with his face denoting great pleasure. What there was in the news to produce that feeling I was far from discovering.

It was the next morning when I was notified that the individuals had arrived and were at the hotel. I therefore called my chauffeur and drove down to greet them. I asked first for Mr. H. R. Dauber. Presently there stepped off the elevator a woman of commanding presence. I fear "commanding" is a weak word to convey my impression of her. Possibly I have seen a taller woman, but I doubt it. Her other dimensions corresponded with her height. She was not young, nor was she endowed with pulchritude. Her features, indeed, bore a not distant resemblance to unwrought granite.

She looked about her, then walked directly to me.

"Mr. Small?" said she.

I bowed.

"Dauber 's my name," said she.

"Ah," said I, suavely, "Mr. H. R. Dauber's wife, I take it."

"*Nobody's* wife, you may take it," said she with marked emphasis. "*I* am H. R. Dauber."

"Indeed!" said I, unable in my consternation to achieve one other syllable. But presently I recovered my composure and assured her of a hearty welcome. "I must delay you a moment," said I; "there is another gentleman—that is to say, *a* gentleman—who also is to be of our party."

"Who?" she said, shortly.

"Mr. J. S. Plumm," said I.

She sniffed. "Gentleman!" said she. "Is that Plumm on deck again? Plumm, Plumm, Plumm. You'd think somebody 'd hired Plumm to trail me around."

Not seeing the precise reply to make to this ejaculation, I evaded the difficulty by excusing myself and sending up my card to J. S. Plumm. Three minutes intervened before a young woman, best described by the French term *petite*, tripped lightly from the elevator and, seeing Miss Dauber and myself, came toward us. I am not what might be termed a connoisseur of women, but this example impressed me as being wholly admirable. I found it a pleasure to regard her.

"Hello, Hester," she said, sweetly. "Is this Mr. Small?"

"I have that pleasure," said I.

"I am J. S. Plumm," said she.

"I—you will pardon my astonishment—but I expected two gentlemen."

"Sorry to disappoint you. Neither of us are gentlemen, but I can assure you we're perfect ladies, aren't we, Hester?"

"I know *I* am," said Miss Dauber, acidly.

"I must alter my plans," said I. "My car is waiting. We can commence our day by driving about, can we not? I—you will pardon me if I say I am embarrassed. I was directed by Mr. Ferren to—er—entertain you as though I—er—loved you to distraction. Manifestly that is impossible considering your sex. I shall speak to Mr. Ferren about it."

"It oughtn't to be so difficult," said Miss Plumm.

"Huh!" said Miss Dauber, with a species of snort.

We went out to my car, into which I handed the ladies. I was about to seat myself beside the chauffeur when Miss Plumm arrested me, saying:

"Don't be unsociable. Come back here with us."

I could not refuse, and presently found myself seated between the redundant Miss Dauber and the—shall I say exquisite?—Miss Plumm.

"Need I express my surprise," said I, "that you are interested in suspenders?"

My remark was directed to Miss Plumm; indeed, it had reference to her exclusively, for I could well imagine Miss Dauber having an interest in suspenders, or in pig-iron or siege guns, for that matter. Nevertheless it was Miss Dauber who replied:

"I am interested in anything that can be bought right and sold at a profit."

"Indeed," said I.

"Oh yes," said Miss Plumm, "Hester is. But do not misjudge her. The fact that suspenders are so utterly masculine does not add to their attractions for her. Does it, Hester?"

"Masculine! Huh!" Miss Dauber snorted again. She seemed to look upon the snort as a desirable conversational asset.

I directed the chauffeur to drive us into our more desirable residence district, where directly we arrived at my own house. We turned in through the gate.

"What's this?" asked Miss Dauber, abruptly. "A park?"

"No," said I; "this is my house. I thought you might be interested to see the grounds."

"*Your house!*" said Miss Dauber, and scrutinized me searchingly. She turned from me to regard the house intently. After a moment's silence she said, "Married?"

"Indeed no," said I.

"Huh. . . . Relatives living with you?"

"I'm alone."

"How old are you?"

I told her.

"I'm only three years older than you," she said, and Miss Plumm made a little sound that was not a cough, not a sneeze. I looked at her anxiously, fearing she might be taking cold. She assured me she was not.

"I," she said, "am four years younger than you."

Miss Dauber positively snorted. I could see no occasion for it whatever.

"What are you fooling with the suspender business for?" she asked, and I explained to them at length my purpose in entering business. It appeared to interest them greatly, but really to move Miss Plumm, for she frequently uttered little sounds and put her handkerchief to her eyes. I judged her a most sympathetic individual—one endowed with rare powers of feeling.

I began to feel a decided interest in Miss Plumm. It was evident she was a woman of capacity and mentality, else she would not have occupied the position in the business world that was hers. I have already alluded to her personal appearance. As for her disposition, which is a matter of no small importance, I am told, when one is considering a member of her sex, it seemed agreeable, not to say charming. I was surprised to find myself appraising her qualities with such avidity.

Miss Dauber interrupted me. "You should marry," said she, with force.

"I have been thinking of it somewhat —very recently," I replied, and looked at Miss Plumm with significance. It was daring, but, as my friends know well, I am a man of determination and boldness.

"A man like you," said Miss Dauber, "ought not to marry a giggling ninny of a girl. You should find some woman of experience and ability."

"You have no idea," said Miss Plumm, "how tremendously experienced and able the buyer for a mail-order house must be."

I recalled that Miss Dauber was a buyer of that description, and said, "That must also be predicated of the buyer for a chain of stores, must it not?"

Miss Dauber made a gurgling sound in her throat.

"Your sales talk is splendid, Hester," said Miss Plumm, "but you don't display your goods very well."

This was not plain to me, but Miss Dauber seemed to understand and resent it. I could feel her quiver with an emotion which I could not but suppose to be rage.

"Let us discuss suspenders," said I, suddenly remembering it was my mission to manufacture those articles. "Have you looked into their history and development? I confess I have not, but have found much pleasure in speculation regarding them. For instance, we may assume safely they are of comparatively modern origin. It is clear to me they do not antedate civilization, for the rea-

son that prior to the advent of a degree of civilization no individual was addicted to the wearing of a garment such as would make them necessary. Do you not agree with me?"

"Mr. Small!" exclaimed Miss Dauber.

"Miss Dauber," said I.

"You're such a joker," said she, and smiled at me in a manner that made me vaguely uneasy. Nevertheless I resented her charge.

"Miss Dauber!" said I, with dignity.

"Mr. Small," said she.

"I am no joker," said I.

"You may depend on it," said Miss Plumm, "he is not."

"Thank you," said I, and looked at her with an expression of no mean warmth. I wondered if she perceived my intention.

I became preoccupied. A problem was before me—namely, to separate Miss Plumm from Miss Dauber, and, in some manner not offensive to the latter, to dispense with her society wholly. I desired to cultivate Miss Plumm's acquaintance in greater privacy. While I studied the matter we came abreast of the Country Club, and, the hour being past noon, I invited my guests to luncheon.

I may say without undue boastfulness that I am a man of resource. Before the luncheon was completed my plan was formed.

"Ladies," said I, "business demands my attention briefly this afternoon. Doubtless you would like to pass the time in some place of amusement?"

"Thank you," said Miss Plumm.

"Your tastes differ," said I. "It is unlikely the same event would please you alike."

"True," said Miss Plumm.

"In that case," said I, "I shall make arrangements which will, I trust, be a real treat to both. If I am correct, Miss Dauber would prefer to witness a theatrical performance, of which there is said to be a commendable one available. Miss Plumm, I believe, would prefer something a trifle more intellectual. Therefore I shall provide her with a ticket of admission to the exhibition and lecture given to-day under the auspices of the Society for Philological Research."

The ladies expressed their pleasure.

It was my intention to permit Miss Dauber to attend the theatrical performance alone, while, without her knowledge, I should join Miss Plumm at the lecture. That Miss Dauber might be disposed of for some time, I informed her my car would be waiting outside the theater and would be quite at her disposal. I determined to direct my chauffeur to drive her into the country to a distance which would make speedy return impossible. I went over the plan carefully and found it excellent.

After leaving the ladies at their hotel, I went to my office, where I prepared and made notes of what I desired to say to Miss Plumm that afternoon. I was careful to use circumspect language, only hinting at my real wishes, but striving, nevertheless, to make them vaguely apparent to her. It did not seem to me that a twelve-hour acquaintance warranted a man of my habitual caution and powers of scientific analysis in offering his hand in marriage. Still I did not wish to leave her greatly in doubt as to my attitude.

In due time I left the office and walked up the avenue, where I equipped myself with a large box of confectionery and a bouquet of no little pretentiousness. I am told that women regard these matters as proper matrimonial preliminaries. Then I proceeded to the hall where the lecture and exhibition were in progress.

Scarcely had I entered the hall when a hand was laid on my arm and a voice, in which notes of pleasure were unmistakably present, said: "Oh, Mr. Small, I'm so glad you came. I was hoping you would come."

I turned suddenly and beheld—not Miss Plumm, but Miss Dauber. Need I say that I gasped? She moved closer to me, and, prompted by the instinct of self-defense, I poked my candy and flowers at her as one would interpose a shield in warfare. She grasped them and uttered a sound similar to that which pigeons sometimes make in the trees near my window—a very disturbing sound.

"For me! How lovely of you! Oh, Mr. Small!" Then she seized my arm.

"You are *here*," I said, in my bewilderment stating a perfectly evident fact.

"Miss Plumm and I exchanged tickets," she said, "and now I am *so* glad."

"Um-a-hum," said I, which ejaculation I found reason to repeat three times before articulation was restored.

"I wanted," she said, in a more businesslike manner, "to see you alone."

"Indeed?" said I. "To discuss suspenders, I presume?"

"No," she said, shortly.

"It is my business to discuss suspenders," said I. "You are here to buy suspenders. In short," said I, "we have nothing in common except suspenders."

She sniffed. "Come in here where we can talk," said she, pointing toward a species of parlor.

"Impossible," said I. "I must go. My presence is required elsewhere."

I thought to effect my escape and join Miss Plumm at the theater, but this woman, in effect by *vis major* overawed me and compelled me to obey her.

"Your presence is required *right in there*," she said, clutching my arm and uttering each of the three last words with ominous emphasis.

"Sit down," she directed in a moment.

I did so.

"Now, young man," said she, "I have been watching and studying you. You need a woman with a strong will to take a hand in your affairs. To be brief, you ought to marry, and at once, for many reasons which I shall not mention. I have no especial need of a husband, but I am tired of buying suspenders. A husband will be a change, at least, and apparently you have enough money, so there would be no worry."

During this harangue I was conscious of uttering choking sounds and of endeavoring to struggle to my feet, but she held me down. It was exceedingly humiliating.

"Therefore," she went on, inexorably, "I have determined to marry you."

The air of finality with which she pronounced this was indescribable.

"Heavens!" said I, shrilly, and, the shock giving me fictitious strength, I was enabled to tear myself from her and leap to my feet. I shook my finger in her face as I backed away. "I will not have you marrying me," said I. "I shall not submit to it. The idea is intolerable. What do you mean by going around the country seizing and marrying people? I will not have it."

"Don't be frightened, Simeon," said she, a trifle more gently. "Perhaps I was abrupt, but that cannot alter matters now. My decision is made. I shall marry you."

"Madam," said I, "this is unthinkable. It is a reversion to barbarism. You, madam, are an atavism. Twenty thousand years ago you would have issued forth with a stone club; you would have seized me, borne me shrieking from my cave to your own."

"Probably I should if I wanted you," she said.

"Keep off," said I. "Do not lay a hand on me. I shall not submit. Besides, I desire to marry quite another woman."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You may regard—*this—matter—as—settled*," she said, and at each word she poked at me with her index finger. It was frightfully disconcerting. The determination of the woman was appalling. Lest her will should override mine, I sought safety in flight, yet flight was impossible.

Outside the parlor door gathered a throng of people, their backs to us, waiting to pass up the aisle. They blocked the way. Despairingly I rushed to them and endeavored to force my way through. It was in vain. Despite my frantic efforts I was imprisoned in that small room with that ravening woman!

I turned upon her. "Madam," said I, "if you utter one more word to me not directly connected with suspenders, I shall raise my voice and cry for assistance."

"Don't be silly," she said. "You act like a high-school girl. Now come with me where we can discuss this matter reasonably and quietly."

I felt her powerful fingers clutch my arm. She led me through the crowd, out of the hall, and up the street in a silence that only increased my apprehension. It seemed possible she was conveying me directly to a minister of the gospel to carry out her purpose of marrying me without delay. The prospect came very, very near to unmanning me, yet, by a tremendous exertion of the will, I remained master of myself. In that extremity I called on my intellect, which to this day has never failed me. Now it responded. Half a block away

I saw an officer of the metropolitan police, and the sight of him was an inspiration.

I ceased to struggle, to draw back, but pretended to accompany Miss Dauber with greater willingness. Her hold relaxed somewhat, but she did not unhand me.

When we came opposite the officer I did a thing of incredible daring. No man not endowed with a stern, fearless, uncompromising nature such as mine could have dared as I dared. With a sudden wrench I broke away from Miss Dauber, rushed to the large plate-glass window of an abutting store, and, with the frenzy of a drowning man clutching at a straw, I raised my foot and drove it through the glass. Not once, but several times, did I repeat this outrage upon property and propriety.

It was enough. The officer emitted an inarticulate bellow and rushed upon me. His heavy hand fell crushingly on my neck, but the feeling of it was delicious to me. He jerked me backward and demanded what I was at. I replied, with all possible impudence, that I considered it to be no concern of his, which had the desired effect of rendering him implacable.

He rushed me to the nearest signal-box, Miss Dauber following a few steps behind. She resembled an overlarge, exceedingly perturbed hen. She even tried to take me away from the officer, but he kept me safely.

Presently the patrol-wagon arrived and I was ungently assisted to mount to a seat. With an ear-splitting clamor of the gong we left the spot, left Miss Dauber standing on the curb gazing after us with disappointment, with what conflicting emotions of rage and despair one can but inexactly imagine.

But I was safe. At this moment I am safe. I am in a cell in the police station, from which, it is true, I cannot issue forth at will, but into which, by no force or cajolery, can Miss Dauber penetrate.

I have but one drawback to my satisfaction. As we neared the station we passed my car. In the rear seat were Miss Plumm and the salesman O'Brien, who made the queer joke about the theater seats. His brazen arm was about her waist.

Here, in perfect quiet and seclusion, I have been given time to reflect. My conclusion, after mature deliberation, is that the scholarly, scientific mind is not wholly fitted to encounter the class of individuals who make a living by commerce. In short, I shall have no further dealings with business, with business men, but most emphatically of all, so emphatically in short that my determination is like to the laws of the unchanging Medes and Persians, will I ever encounter, converse with, or permit myself to be brought into propinquity with a woman who makes a living by earning money.

Climbing Fujiyama

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

"THE Mount Fuji — that graceful, sublime, and sacred mountain—is renowned as a grandeur of the extreme Orient. There are mountains and mountains, but there is none so elegant, majestic, and inspiring. The spectacle is simply weird and sublime." Thus spoke the guidebook, and with keen, descriptive effort.

I had lived in Japan for three years; I had passed perhaps a score of times under the shadow of the Sacred Mountain; but Fuji always wore her "cloud cap." And by a constant gazing at clouds I began to suspect Fuji might be merely an invention of the poets, like most of the other wonders of Japan that the Occident is fed upon. Japan's daintiness, Japan's politeness, Japan's passion for beauty, these I had found to be but pretty myths. And a tingling suspicion spread along my veins—perhaps Fujiyama is only a myth, too!

So on this panting day in August I called my boy, Masaji. "Masaji," said I, "is Fujiyama only a myth?"

The lad studied me in huge-eyed astonishment. "Why no, sir," he answered; "Fujiyama is a sacred mountain. I climbed it last year. It rises twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea. It is the highest mountain in Japan. The goddess that lives on Mount Fuji is very jealous; until recent years she would permit no woman to climb to the top."

"Does this temperamental goddess permit foreign barbarians such as I to climb the Holy Peak?" I fatuously inquired.

Masaji remained contemptuously silent. So I asked him if he would that very day conduct me on a tour of discovery, a trip to the sacred top.

He acquiesced to my proposal without the slightest show of emotion. He said that thousands of pilgrims ascend Fuji every year during August and September, and that we should not lack for company in our adventure.

As I made preparation for our departure, he regaled me with much guidebook information. He said that the mountain might be ascended by five routes, but that we should make the ascent from the southeast, starting from Gotemba, a town thirteen miles from the summit. By setting out from Gotemba at dawn, so he declared, it would be possible to reach the summit and descend again in a working day of fifteen hours—ten hours being allowed for the trip up, two for religious contemplation above the clouds, and three hours for the dash downward to reassuring commonplaces and the snug shelter of familiar things. He pronounced the mere muscular feat of climbing to the summit to be absurdly disappointing. It is possible to continue to the very crater on horseback, he said, though the common practice is to hire a horse for the first six thousand feet, after which the accomplishment of the remainder is merely a question of perseverance.

That evening found us locked in the sweltering compartment of a little Japanese train. The engine went fussing and panting through the night, and the engineer blew the whistle at capricious intervals, apparently amusing himself during the dark hours.

The day broke close and foggy. The map showed we were near Fuji's base. But except for a fleeting strip of pines, and a border of rice-fields, and a racing line of thatched huts, that all spun in dizzy succession through the margin of fog, the world without demanded an act of faith. Then the rain began to form glinting and beaded zigzags along the dirty panes, and the landscape deepened between the slanting vistas of the downpour.

About noon we pulled into the station at Gotemba. The rain came down in a good drench. I squeezed into a closed jinrikisha that smelled of wet rubber and oiled cloth, and rode off to a Japanese inn—the Furokwan. The inevitable frowzy, fat maids called out the shrill alarm, "Honorable Guest" ("Okyaku San"). And master and mistress and cooks and coolies and bath-boys, like rabbits from their warrens, scurried out to see the Foreign Curiosity take off his shoes.

As Masaji and I sat on the floor of our paper-walled room and ate raw fish and unseasoned rice, and the other conventional fare, the master of the inn appeared at the door and bowed and sucked in his breath; and in classic Japanese I explained our trip to him. We wanted food for the ascent of Fuji; we wanted a guide—*goriki*. We wanted horses for the nine miles from Gotemba to Ni-go-me. Then complications began. The horse for Masaji would be one dollar and fifty cents, but for the "Foreign Devil" twice as much. Said our host, innocently, "Foreigners must always pay double." And for the *goriki* I was demanded double charge. I explained that Masaji was hiring the *goriki*, and I was but Masaji's guest. But our host summarily dismissed such heretic subtleties; all *goriki* demand double pay to ascend the Sacred Mountain in the company of a "barbarian." Would I have a bath before my ascent? The clouds were beginning to break—Fuji would soon be visible.

I climbed, fuming, into the sweet-smelling wooden Japanese tub. As I bathed, the bath-boy, who had been astonished to hear I had never seen Fuji, put his close-cropped head in at the door and darted a demonstrative finger out of the window he slid back. It was Fuji through the rifting clouds. I sat in the bath-tub and enjoyed the view.

With all the perversity of Diogenes, I determined to permit myself no superlatives of hackneyed admiration. Fuji stood in bland repose against a flaming sky. The clouds lay like long, agate lizards across the mountain's Ethiopian throat. The Fuji of my expectation was snow-capped and furrowed with deep ravines. But the Fuji that rose before me flat on the August afternoon, deep purple at its base, aspiring to a dull and somber red above, was naked of snow and as smooth as a tiger's thigh. I asked the bath-boy how the sight struck his honorable spirits. He puckered his lips, tilted his head judicially, and gave a half-hearted grunt of patronizing approval. He said that since many people seemed to have an unaccountable passion for mountains, a well-behaved volcano was a useful source of national revenue. For himself, he took more interest in idle tourists than in dead lava-cones.



MASAJI AND OUR RETINUE

The rain over, we decided to begin our ascent at 4 A.M. on the following day, and until dinner-time we slept as much as we could.

During dinner, pilgrims from the top of Fuji came pouring increasingly into the town. They were dressed in all styles; some in the conven-



FUJIYAMA—THE HOLY PEAK OF JAPAN

tional pilgrim's garb of white, some in trousers of whimsical cut, some choked with high collars, and some actually wore frock-coats. But all donned the large, flat, pilgrim's hat and swung the pilgrim's staff. There was the passing of horses and the confusion of growing crowds. By dark the streets were swarming, and I walked out with Masaji to buy some canned food for the ascent and to enjoy the hubbub.

Everything was bustle and preparation, and there was the tension of great schemes afoot. Every hotel was jammed, and beyond the open paper doors moved figures in all degrees of dress and undress —eating, smoking, drinking, singing, writing, bathing — packed indiscriminately in all the rooms. It was a sleepless town, this Gotemba on this August night; quiet and deserted by day, but feverish in its nocturnal confusion, in its din of departure. Ahead Fuji blotted the sky—a black fan dangling from night's limp hand.

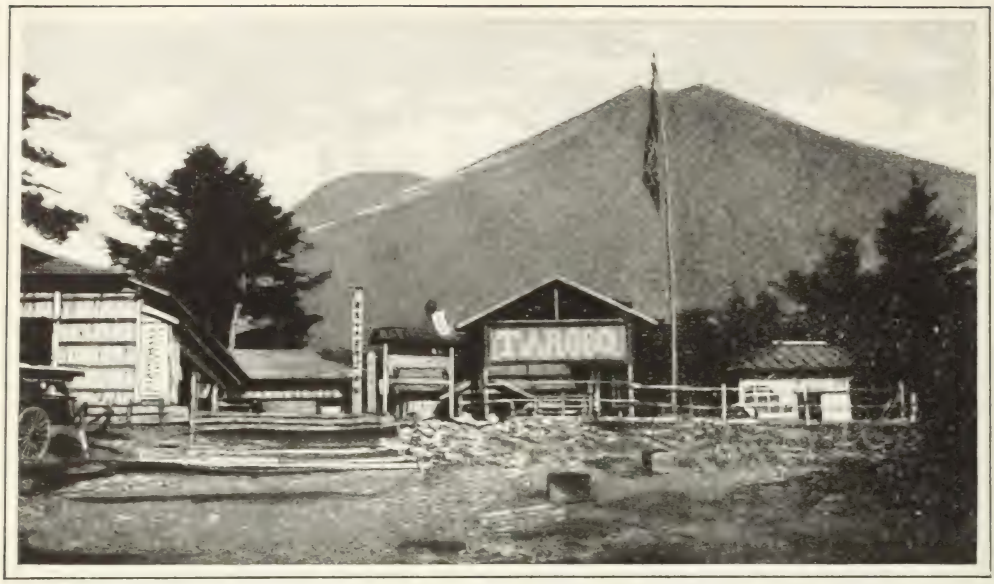
It was nearly one o'clock when I stretched out to dream, and it was three when the maid pushed open the screens and got me up, still asleep.

As the day broke we attempted a half-hearted breakfast of unseasoned eggs, unbuttered toast, and some pale-blue milk. I finished with a swig of brandy to wash it all down.

We found our horses waiting below; sorry old nags, led by a gaunt old farmer and his smiling wife. The *goriki* shouldered our pack. Along the unbroken road we jogged as the sun came up, Fuji ahead.

From Gotemba to the top of Fuji is calculated as thirteen miles, but for not more than one-half of this distance does the road offer any feeling of toilsome ascent. Fuji rises from the rolling country at its base in a broad, compliant bend. From a dead level the road swings along over an open and gently rolling country for the first seven miles, rising gradually, almost imperceptibly, to Uma-gaeshi; then, in an irresistible line of sweeping assurance, the way rises more consciously for a mile or two; beyond this the path becomes increasingly steep, growing in impetuosity as it rears itself to take the zenith.

Out of the village we jogged, among the rice-fields and past occasional tea-houses and farmers' huts, the households already astir. The sky slowly gathered



TAROBO—WHERE THE REAL ASCENT BEGINS

glow, and as the sun came up behind we came into a thinly wooded waste country. There was an unexpected wildness about the scene, and I recalled the old story of the Yoritomo bore-hunt at the foot of Fuji, and the famous tale of revenge, all enacted hundreds of years ago among the same tangled brush, with Fuji red and tawny in the sun as now.

On horseback we stumbled on the seven miles to Uma-gaeshi where the horses are supposed to be left, to Tarobo (so-called from a goblin who is there worshiped), a mile beyond. Tarobo is a scattering of a few rough shacks that reminds one of the embryo of a mining town. Here we rested a few moments; and while I mechanically drank green tea and munched hard cakes, Masaji went audibly to sleep. Then we mounted again and pushed on.

Just beyond Tarobo the road took a more decided upward slope, the trees grew more and more sparse and stunted, and before long we had left the last shelter behind.

For miles on all sides lay the reddish flanks of Fuji tilted upward, and bounded only by the sky, and, to my amazement, as smooth as drifted sand. Fuji was not upreared in pliant and easy grace as when seen from afar, but flattened and smooth and massive; an enormous pile of red ash, unobstructed by rocks or undergrowth; a trackless waste; a titanic ant-heap, pediculous with the microscopic specks of white-garbed pilgrims who crept slowly upward.

The road, like a dusty crimson thread, spun out before us up the mountain. At irregular intervals along the roadside rough rest-houses showed as brown spots. In the unordered file of pilgrims afoot and pilgrims astride we jolted slowly along the road that was marked by hundreds of cast-off straw sandals and the litter of paper, lunch-boxes, egg-shells, and beer-bottles. In our comical straw hats and our capes of matting we sat sleepily on our spiritless nags and tacked back and forth up the mild ascent.

Forty-five minutes beyond Tarobo we drew up at Ni-go-me. Ni-go-me is the second of the ten chief stations that are distributed along the way from Uma-gaeshi to the top. Between these stations half-way stops like Tarobo are frequently to be found. At Ni-go-me we left the horses; from this point our climb on foot was to begin.

Ni-go-me was a long, low, wooden shack, unfinished as if thrown up overnight, built of rough boards, windowless, with two large doors in the front. The shingling was held in place by a generous

scattering of rocks. As at Uma-gaeshi and at Tarobo we found the place well crowded with pilgrims, each of whom, as the Japanese manner is, went about the satisfaction of his own wants with a godlike disregard for the wants of the rest of creation. In the center of the hut an old Buddhist priest squatted in his billows of fat and doled out moralized guide-book information to a party of querulous and elderly ladies he was conducting to the shrine on the crater's brink. He aired the long nail on his little finger, and with declamatory comment noted in his account-book the price of the tea and extras his flock consumed.

It was nine o'clock, and hot. We had stumbled along uneventfully for five long hours, and I had begun to wonder when, if at all, the serious climbing was to begin. There had been no fine feeling of effort, none of the exhilaration of toilsome ascent. We sat down to a breakfast of the uninviting fare we had brought along, and debated whether we should push on to the top and descend as far as possible before dark, or, as the usual practice is, if we should climb leisurely to Station 8, there spend the night, and manage to toil to the summit for sunrise. In the end we made no definite plans.

From Ni-go-me the slope rose at an angle of about thirty degrees. The path did not adventure a straight ascent, but tacked back and forth in a leisurely zigzag. The guide struck into a slow, even pace along this zigzag path; I followed in his footsteps, and Masaji trailed in our wake. Ever on, on, on, at the same monotonous pace we trod over the same unvarying waste of cinders. Station 2½ we reached, and Station 3, and Station 4 we left behind. I lost all count of time as we crept ever upward. The higher we got the more the world lost all sense of actuality. The distant stretches of lakes and mountains and plains below grew ever more curiously unreal, like a photograph taken from a balloon, or a relief map made from a geological survey. My head took on a strange lightness, and my ears began to ring. The temperature fell as the altitude increased, and the colder it became the fewer were the pilgrims who ventured forth from the rest-shacks.

It was after three o'clock when we reached Station 5. Since ten o'clock we had eaten no Christian food; we had hardly rested. The three of us were



THE REST-HOUSE AT TAROBO

tired and hungry, so we sat on the straw mats inside of Station 5 and spread out our hampers of viands. I asked Masaji how he felt, and he replied by telling me that I had been losing complexion since Station 3. In fine contempt for paleness, I made an inroad upon my whisky-flask, and instantly my spirits stood a-tiptoe. The sight of this miracle prompted Masaji to ask that I pour a little of the water of life into the condensed milk he was drinking. I administered a homeopathic dose, and we continued our ascent.

After Station 5 the path became steeper; but the difficulty was not increased, for here the first lava cropped out, and this offered better foothold. Station 5, unlike the lower rest-huts, was not built of flimsy wood, but was banked completely about by rocks, and primitive in the extreme. At Station 6 heavy clouds began to cling about the base of the mountain, and above Station 7½ we were for a few minutes pelted with hail.

It was after five when Station 8 came into immediate view. I called back to Masaji, "We shall put ahead for the night." Masaji answered with a gleam of teeth, and the guide was eloquent in his failure to protest.

At the entrance we were greeted with the weak flutter of a helpless crowd that formed a little elegiac synod in the center of the hut. The self-conscious and tense silence was heightened by an occasional unsteady suggestion thrown out in a tentative staccato. At regular intervals, from the dark center of the frightened group came agonized groans and gasps for relief and prayers for instant death.

"It's all up with him," incanted a withered old witch. And she wasted no emotion over spilled milk.

"Put his feet in hot water," pronounced a student in torn uniform.

"Put ice on his brain," suggested a little man with an ambitious mustache.

"Burn him in the hollow of his back," growled a brown old farmer with an ape-like face. All threw out unconsidered suggestions, but stood passive in their advice.

"Bleeding will only kill him—bleeding will do the deed!" piped a distracted little woman. Then came more agonized groans from the focus of the group, and then silence and the sharp clink of a knife dropped into a basin.

The moment was ripe for the *deus ex machina*. "A little adoring look," I demanded, and pushed my way through to the heart of the mystery.



NI-GO-ME—THE SECOND OF THE TEN CHIEF STATIONS



OUR HALT FOR LUNCH AT STATION FIVE

A half-naked man lay supported on the knee of an impromptu surgeon who had made a gash in the groaning man's upper arm. The crimson stream spurted out in soft, sick throbs, laced the flesh with dark and moving threads, and splashed heavily into the basin. There was a space of breathless expectancy and a whisper of futile comments.

"This won't do at all," I broke out.

I felt that if there were any danger to the prostrate man, it lay more in the remedy than in the ailment. It was evidently a matter of high altitude and weak heart. I was ignorant of medical matters, but I knelt down, nevertheless, with an assuring show of authority, determined, if needs be, to kill the man in a heroic endeavor to save him from the bloody intentions of frightened ignorance. We dressed the wound, which gaped like a toothless mouth. We put some snow on the man's head. We administered a small dose of my brandy. We laid him out flat and wrapped him up warm. Then I undid all the plans of Masaji and the guide by announcing I was determined then and there to proceed to the top. I left Mosaic commands that the sick man be undisturbed until I returned from the Sinai above, whither I was bound.

The guide at first protested, but in the end maliciously assured me the rest of the ascent was easy enough. Guides are notorious liars. The way led over rough cinders, wound among loose rocks, and lifted exhaustingly over steep inclines. It was bitter cold, and near sunset. There was no well-trod path; each must pick what footway he could. I followed close behind the guide, but Masaji began to lag, and I knew this show of utter fatigue was rankling his tender pride. He struggled on with fine determination, however, and I could elicit no complaint.

Station 9 was a small stone hut jammed in at the top of a rocky gorge of large, red cinders, wild, barren, and frigid. Patches of snow lay in the rifts in the lava-rock. The scene was one of utter desolation. But for us three, no living soul was in sight.

We sat in the small hut, and the two young men who kept it fanned the fire that struggled in the thin air two miles above the sea. We were offered a thick, sweet, clear, steaming drink; and as I held a cup of it, it cooled before I could finish drinking. So I gulped it cold, and rose for the concluding dash to the summit, said to be twenty minutes above.

The moment I set foot upon the cra-

ter's lip an instantaneous transformation took place within me. I knew the delight of Pilgrim when the load fell from his back. A second before I had been sick, disgusted, and fierce with impotent desperation. In an instant I was exultant, drunk with satisfaction at duty done, delirious with accomplishment. I stood upon Fuji, and the world lay below my feet. In my glee I fairly danced, and just missed running into the arms of a wrinkled old fellow who stood bow-legged vending water before a spring that bubbled from the rocks. He invited me to drink at Gin-mei-sui—Famous Silver Water. I took an ice-cold cup, and as I quaffed it exultant I gazed earthward with all the curiosity of Lot's wife. Below, all the world was blotted out, blanketed in billowy masses of dense white vapor. Nothing could be seen but this vast ocean of cloud, pierced by Fuji's jagged uptilt, red, and eager lips—the only island in the world.

The summit of Fuji consists of a series of peaks surrounding the crater, which is an ugly bowl not far short of 2,000 feet in diameter and 450 feet in depth. All round, except where the path leads easily down to the bottom, the rocky walls fall precipitously. As I stood trying to make out the small stream-beds that are said to intersect the crater floor, a large piece of rock with a loud, crackling sound like musketry detached itself from the wall on whose brink I stood and rattled down below.

Turning to the left, we started off on a circuit of the crater's lip. On the west side of the crater we climbed to the top of Ken-ga-mine, the highest point in Japan. Here, before dawn, the pilgrims betake themselves to await the sun's rising. As the orb appears they greet it devoutly with chants and the rubbing of rosaries. Descending from Ken-ga-mine, the path led over *Oya shirasu ko shirazu* (Heedless of Parent or Child), a way so dangerous that one can give no thought even to nearest of kin who might share one's peril. Continuing north, the path led us along the outer edge of the cone to a huge and precipitous gorge called Osawa, which clove the mountain and plunged into the ocean of clouds that submerged the world below. Past "Thunder Rock," on the north, we walked around to the line of stone huts on the



THE EDGE OF THE CRATER



ON FUJI'S UTMOST ELEVATION—THE HIGHEST POINT IN JAPAN

east side of the crater. Just beyond this we were surprised to find steam issuing from the soil in several places. According to the guide's statement, a few inches below the surface the heat is sufficient to boil an egg. When we came to the post-office we had almost completed the circuit. Here I addressed to myself in Hiroshima an affectionate little note to make certain that upon my return home I would find some mail. Just beyond the post-office lies the shrine to Fuji's great god. Here I priced some of the more promising-looking charms, and asked the ceremonially dressed priest if he would guarantee the efficacy of his ware. His business was to sell, not to proselyte, and he took amiss my invitation to theological disquisition. But I bought a collection of his sacred trinkets, to restore his humor, and prayed three times to the Goddess of Mercy, who dwells calm above the ways of men, "Namu Amida Butsu!"

The trip around the crater took about forty-five minutes. It was after six, and as I wanted to get as soon as possible to lower altitudes and a breathable density of atmosphere, there was no time to be lost. So I shouted to Masaji and the guide to follow my lead, and with a fine sense of reckless exhilaration down among the treacherous rocks I dashed. A few minutes brought us to Station 9, and then Station 8½, and then Station 8. Here I spent just four minutes of hasty inquiry for my snow-capped patient. He was lying peacefully upon his back dreaming. He had left me a curiously shaped piece of lava, and had asked that this be presented to me in gratitude for the fiery drink that had saved his life.

Darkness was coming on in leaps and silent bounds. The guide tried to dissuade me from venturing on farther, and urged me to put up for the night at Station 8. The floor of the hut was adorned with a serried file of pilgrims lying geometrically in pairs upon the three-by-six mats, each wrapped in his quilt and prone on his anvil-shaped pillow. There was the silence of low snoring and smothered speech. Despite the guide's adventures in prophecy, I determined to descend to Station 6½, a less-advertised hut, less palatial, and less likely to be crowded.

A lamp was flickering within when we got to Station 6½. Two young men and a boy, keepers of the hut, sat blowing a charcoal fire in a corner that served for kitchen; and this trio made up the inhabitants of the house. I knew it was due to the efficacy of the charms bought above that we thus had the villa all to ourselves.



THE POST-OFFICE ON THE TOP OF FUJI

Masaji and I squatted at a low, square table and indulged in an intimate little supper. Like children, we pretended our insipid food was a variety of delicious viands. Masaji was keenly hungry. I ate very little—some "make-believe" beefsteak and tomato sauce, some cocoa and whipped cream (to be had in Japan only as a gift of the Maju), some raspberries and frozen custard. Masaji was ignorant of most of these dishes, and it was difficult to convince his imagination of their deliciousness. But he accepted my word and consumed his condensed milk and cold eggs and half-boiled rice with a heroic relish.

I was tired utterly, and under normal circumstances could have fallen asleep standing on my head. But I hesitated before the prospect of sleeping under the old quilts hired without question to any pilgrim for a night. It does not provoke Elysian dreams to feel rough about one's chin a quilt that has brushed the chins of lepers, bards, and bearded crater-specialists. But there was no alternative; under the unclean quilt contumeliously I crawled. I was painfully sleepy, but I could not sleep. Fleas—the national pest—by regiments and battalions came out to devour me. On the hut floor I lay stark on my back, my eyes closed, half wrapped in the loathsome but necessary cover. The two men who kept the station, thinking me asleep, buttonholed the guide, and the three in a stage-whisper struck up a conversation about my history and the prices I should be charged.

About one o'clock came calls from below, as from a party in distress, and there was the sound of heavy tramping among the rocks, shouts and laughter, and faint answers from afar. A party of some fifty soldiers burst in upon us. There was loud bluster and explosive talk, the clatter of swords, the pungent smell of *saki*, and the heavy odor of tobacco and leather boots. Then one by one out of the great square door they passed. Black against the vast and star-pierced sky they filed upward, and their calls were lost in the higher air.

At last, from utter weariness, I fell asleep despite the fleas. When I awoke the sky was flooded with an amber pink. Water was scarce, so I was forced to make my toilet in some of the Seltzer I had put in the *goriki's* pack. As we made our breakfast of the remnants of last evening's banquet, the sun came up. Sunrises are fine sights in their way, but

there is a theatrical sameness about them all that is fatal to descriptive effort; though perhaps I have not witnessed enough daybreaks to institute comparisons. The Japanese, who are early risers, show in their literature an interesting indifference to solar effects. It is a mannerism of stay-a-bed poets to apostrophize the dawn.

I put on puttees to keep the ashes out of my shoes, paid my bill, and at five we were ready to start below. For the descent we took a steeper way—a glissade from Station 7 to Station 2½. The path was soft with cinders and inclined to half a quadrant. In flying leaps we skimmed over the soft ash, sliding some feet with each leap, and trailing clouds of pink dust in our flight. It was a headlong, devil-may-care skimming through space, thrilling in the extreme, so spectacular was the result, so slight the fatigue or effort. The Japanese stood aside as we bounded past with seven-league strides; and doubtless they enjoyed the dust we left in our wake. In less than thirty minutes we reached Station 2, where our horses were awaiting us.

It was nearly noon when I climbed wearily into the sweet-smelling wooden tub in the Furokwan. I had the bath-boy close the window to shut out the disturbing view.

Transmutation

BY GEORGE STERLING

I SAID: "O Beauty, Beauty yet to be,
Where sleep thy faint beginnings? On what sky
Shall one behold thy wings afar and shy?
What realm is thine by what unsounded sea?"

From out the dust my soul a murmur found:
"Thou treadest me, O questioner! The flow'r
Abides below thy foot her fragrant hour,
And I shall weave my raiment of the ground."

From somber skies the softer tidings came:
"Of these gray mists the wind shall rear my throne,
In lands of sunset where I wait alone
And clasp the lilies of a fading flame."

From out a stagnant pool a whisper crept:
"Hidden am I. Thou seekest me in vain;
Yet shall I find the silvern veils of rain
And arch the rainbow when the day has wept."

And then her voice in wider music rang:
"In all that seems to-day most far from me
I slumber, till to-morrow's eyes shall see
The face thy harps of yestereven sang."

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART V

MARGET announced a party, and invited forty people; the date for it was seven days away. This was a fine opportunity. Marget's house stood by itself, and it could be easily watched. All the week it was watched night and day. Marget's household went out and in as usual, but they carried nothing in their hands, and neither they nor others brought anything to the house. This was ascertained. Evidently rations for forty people were not being fetched. If they were furnished any sustenance it would have to be made on the premises. It was true that Marget went out with a basket every evening, but the spies ascertained that she always brought it back empty.

The guests arrived at noon and filled the place. Father Adolf followed; also, after a little, the astrologer, without invitation. The spies had informed him that neither at the back nor the front had any parcels been brought in. He entered, and found the eating and drinking going on finely, and everything progressing in a lively and festive way. He glanced around and perceived that many of the cooked delicacies and all of the native and foreign fruits were of a perishable character, and he also recognized that these were fresh and perfect. No apparitions, no incantations, no thunder. That settled it. This was witchcraft. And not only that, but of a new kind—a kind never dreamed of before. It was a prodigious power, an illustrious power; he resolved to discover its secret. The announcement of it would resound throughout the world, penetrate to the remotest lands, paralyze all the nations with amazement—and carry his name with it, and make him renowned forever. It was a wonderful piece of luck, a splendid piece of luck; the glory of it made him dizzy.

All the house made room for him; Marget politely seated him; Ursula ordered Gottfried to bring a special table for him. Then she decked it and furnished it, and asked for his orders.

"Bring me what you will," he said.

The two servants brought supplies from the pantry, together with white wine and red—a bottle of each. The astrologer, who very likely had never seen such delicacies before, poured out a beaker of red wine, drank it off, poured another, then began to eat with a grand appetite.

I was not expecting Satan, for it was more than a week since I had seen or heard of him, but now he came in—I knew it by the feel, though people were in the way and I could not see him. I heard him apologizing for intruding; and he was going away, but Marget urged him to stay, and he thanked her and stayed. She brought him along, introducing him to the girls, and to Meidling, and to some of the elders; and there was quite a rustle of whispers: "It's the young stranger we hear so much about and can't get sight of, he is away so much." "Dear, dear, but he is beautiful—what is his name?" "Philip Traum." "Ah, it fits him!" (You see, "Traum" is German for "Dream.") "What does he do?" "Studying for the ministry, they say." "His face is his fortune—he'll be a cardinal some day." "Where is his home?" "Away down somewhere in the tropics, they say—has a rich uncle down there." And so on. He made his way at once; everybody was anxious to know him and talk with him. Everybody noticed how cool and

fresh it was, all of a sudden, and wondered at it, for they could see that the sun was beating down the same as before, outside, and the sky was clear of clouds, but no one guessed the reason, of course.

The astrologer had drunk his second beaker; he poured out a third. He set the bottle down, and by accident overturned it. He seized it before much was spilled, and held it up to the light, saying, "What a pity—it is royal wine." Then his face lighted with joy or triumph, or something, and he said, "Quick! Bring a bowl."

It was brought—a four-quart one. He took up that two-pint bottle and began to pour; went on pouring, the red liquor gurgling and gushing into the white bowl and rising higher and higher up its sides, everybody staring and holding their breath—and presently the bowl was full to the brim.

"Look at the bottle," he said, holding it up; "it is full yet!" I glanced at Satan, and in that moment he vanished. Then Father Adolf rose up, flushed and excited, crossed himself, and began to thunder in his great voice, "This house is bewitched and accursed!" People began to cry and shriek and crowd toward the door. "I summon this detected household to—"

His words were cut off short. His face became red, then purple, but he could not utter another sound. Then I saw Satan, a transparent film, melt into the astrologer's body; then the astrologer put up his hand, and apparently in his own voice said, "Wait—remain where you are." All stopped where they stood. "Bring a funnel." Ursula brought it, trembling and scared, and he stuck it in the bottle and took up the great bowl and began to pour the wine back, the people gazing and dazed with astonishment, for they knew that the bottle was already full before he began. He emptied the whole of the bowl into the bottle, then smiled out over the room, chuckled, and said, indifferently: "It is nothing—anybody can do it! With my powers I can even do much more."

A frightened cry burst out everywhere, "Oh, my God, he is possessed!" and there was a tumultuous rush for the door which swiftly emptied the house of all who did not belong in it except us boys and Meidling. We boys knew the secret, and would have told it if we could, but we couldn't. We were very thankful to Satan for furnishing that good help at the needful time.

Marget was pale, and crying; Meidling looked kind of petrified; Ursula the same; but Gottfried was the worst—he couldn't stand, he was so weak and scared. For he was of a witch family, you know, and it would be bad for him to be suspected. Agnes came loafing in, looking pious and unaware, and wanted to rub up against Ursula and be petted, but Ursula was afraid of her and shrank away from her, but pretending she was not meaning any incivility, for she knew very well it wouldn't answer to have strained relations with that kind of a cat. But we boys took Agnes and petted her, for Satan would not have befriended her if he had not had a good opinion of her, and that was indorsement enough for us. He seemed to trust anything that hadn't the Moral Sense.

Outside, the guests, panic-stricken, scattered in every direction and fled in a pitiable state of terror; and such a tumult as they made with their running and sobbing and shrieking and shouting that soon all the village came flocking from their houses to see what had happened, and they thronged the street and shouldered and jostled one another in excitement and fright; and then Father Adolf appeared, and they fell apart in two walls like the cloven Red Sea, and presently down this lane the astrologer came striding and mumbling, and where he passed the lanes surged back in packed masses, and fell silent with awe, and their eyes stared and their breasts heaved, and several women fainted; and when he was gone by the crowd swarmed together and followed him at a distance, talking excitedly and asking questions and finding out the facts. Finding out the facts and passing them on to others, with improvements—improvements which soon enlarged the bowl of wine to a barrel, and made the one bottle hold it all and yet remain empty to the last.

When the astrologer reached the market square he went straight to a juggler, fantastically dressed, who was keeping three brass balls in the air, and took

them from him and faced around upon the approaching crowd and said: "This poor clown is ignorant of his art. Come forward and see an expert perform."

So saying, he tossed the balls up one after another and set them whirling in a slender bright oval in the air, and added another, then another and another, and soon—no one seeing whence he got them—adding, adding, adding, the oval lengthening all the time, his hands moving so swiftly that they were just a web or a blur and not distinguishable as hands; and such as counted said there were now a hundred balls in the air. The spinning great oval reached up twenty feet in the air and was a shining and glinting and wonderful sight. Then he folded his arms and told the balls to go on spinning without his help—and they did it. After a couple of minutes he said, "There, that will do," and the oval broke and came crashing down, and the balls scattered abroad and rolled everywhither. And wherever one of them came the people fell back in dread, and no one would touch it. It made him laugh, and he scoffed at the people and called them cowards and old women. Then he turned and saw the tight-rope, and said foolish people were daily wasting their money to see a clumsy and ignorant varlet degrade that beautiful art; now they should see the work of a master. With that he made a spring into the air and lit firm on his feet on the rope. Then he hopped the whole length of it back and forth on one foot, with his hands clasped over his eyes; and next he began to throw somersaults, both backward and forward, and threw twenty-seven.

The people murmured, for the astrologer was old, and always before had been halting of movement and at times even lame, but he was nimble enough now and went on with his antics in the liveliest manner. Finally he sprang lightly down and walked away, and passed up the road and around the corner and disappeared. Then that great, pale, silent, solid crowd drew a deep breath, and looked into one another's faces as if they said: "Was it real? Did you see it, or was it only I—and I was dreaming?" Then they broke into a low murmur of talking, and fell apart in couples, and moved toward their homes, still talking in that awed way, with faces close together and laying a hand on an arm and making other such gestures as people make when they have been deeply impressed by something.

We boys followed behind our fathers, and listened, catching all we could of what they said; and when they sat down in our house and continued their talk they still had us for company. They were in a sad mood, for it was certain, they said, that disaster for the village must follow this awful visitation of witches and devils. Then my father remembered that Father Adolf had been struck dumb at the moment of his denunciation.

"They have not ventured to lay their hands upon an anointed servant of God before," he said; "and how they could have dared it this time I cannot make out, for he wore his crucifix. Isn't it so?"

"Yes," said the others, "we saw it."

"It is serious, friends, it is very serious. Always before, we had a protection. It has failed."

The others shook, as with a sort of chill, and muttered those words over—"It has failed." "God has forsaken us."

"It is true," said Seppi Wohlmeyer's father; "there is nowhere to look for help."

"The people will realize this," said Nikolaus's father, the judge, "and despair will take away their courage and their energies. We have indeed fallen upon evil times."

He sighed, and Wohlmeyer said, in a troubled voice: "The report of it all will go about the country, and our village will be shunned as being under the displeasure of God. The Golden Stag will know hard times."

"True, neighbor," said my father; "all of us will suffer—all in repute, many in estate. And, good God!—"

"What is it?"

"That can come—to finish us!"

"Name it—*um Gottes Willen!*"

"The Interdict!"

It smote like a thunderclap, and they were like to swoon with the terror of it. Then the dread of this calamity roused their energies, and they stopped brooding and began to consider ways to avert it. They discussed this, that, and the

other way, and talked till the afternoon was far spent, then confessed that at present they could arrive at no decision. So they parted sorrowfully, with oppressed hearts which were filled with bodings.

While they were saying their parting words I slipped out and set my course for Marget's house to see what was happening there. I met many people, but none of them greeted me. It ought to have been surprising, but it was not, for they were so distraught with fear and dread that they were not in their right minds, I think; they were white and haggard, and walked like persons in a dream, their eyes open but seeing nothing, their lips moving but uttering nothing, and worriedly clasping and unclasping their hands without knowing it.

At Marget's it was like a funeral. She and Wilhelm sat together on the sofa, but said nothing, and not even holding hands. Both were steeped in gloom, and Marget's eyes were red from the crying she had been doing. She said:

"I have been begging him to go, and come no more, and so save himself alive. I cannot bear to be his murderer. This house is bewitched, and no inmate will escape the fire. But he will not go, and he will be lost with the rest."

Wilhelm said he would not go; if there was danger for her, his place was by her, and there he would remain. Then she began to cry again, and it was all so mournful that I wished I had stayed away. There was a knock, now, and Satan came in, fresh and cheery and beautiful, and brought that winy atmosphere of his and changed the whole thing. He never said a word about what had been happening, nor about the awful fears which were freezing the blood in the hearts of the community, but began to talk and rattle on about all manner of gay and pleasant things; and next about music—an artful stroke which cleared away the remnant of Marget's depression and brought her spirits and her interests broad awake. She had not heard any one talk so well and so knowingly on that subject before, and she was so uplifted by it and so charmed that what she was feeling lit up her face and came out in her words; and Wilhelm noticed it and did not look as pleased as he ought to have done. And next Satan branched off into poetry, and recited some, and did it well, and Marget was charmed again; and again Wilhelm was not as pleased as he ought to have been, and this time Marget noticed it and was remorseful.

I fell asleep to pleasant music that night—the patter of rain upon the panes and the dull growling of distant thunder. Away in the night Satan came and roused me and said: "Come with me. Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere—so it is with you."

Then there was a fierce glare of sunlight, and he said, "This is China."

That was a grand surprise, and made me sort of drunk with vanity and gladness to think I had come so far—so much, much farther than anybody else in our village, including Bartel Sperling, who had such a great opinion of his travels. We buzzed around over that empire for more than half an hour, and saw the whole of it. It was wonderful, the spectacles we saw; and some were beautiful, others too horrible to think. For instance— However, I may go into that by and by, and also why Satan chose China for this excursion instead of another place; it would interrupt my tale to do it now. Finally we stopped flitting and lit.

We sat upon a mountain commanding a vast landscape of mountain-range and gorge and valley and plain and river, with cities and villages slumbering in the sunlight, and a glimpse of blue sea on the farther verge. It was a tranquil and dreamy picture, beautiful to the eye and restful to the spirit. If we could only make a change like that whenever we wanted to, the world would be easier to live in than it is, for change of scene shifts the mind's burdens to the other shoulder and banishes old, shop-worn wearinesses from mind and body both.

We talked together, and I had the idea of trying to reform Satan and persuade him to lead a better life. I told him about all those things he had been doing, and begged him to be more considerate and stop making people unhappy. I said I knew he did not mean any harm, but that he ought to stop and consider the possible consequences of a

thing before launching it in that impulsive and random way of his; then he would not make so much trouble. He was not hurt by this plain speech; he only looked amused and surprised, and said:

"What? I do random things? Indeed, I never do. I stop and consider possible consequences? Where is the need? I know what the consequences are going to be—always."

"Oh, Satan, then how could you do these things?"

"Well, I will tell you, and you must understand it if you can. You belong to a singular race. Every man is a suffering-machine and a happiness-machine combined. The two functions work together harmoniously, with a fine and delicate precision, on the give-and-take principle. For every happiness turned out in the one department the other stands ready to modify it with a sorrow or a pain—maybe a dozen. In most cases the man's life is about equally divided between happiness and unhappiness. When this is not the case the unhappiness predominates — always; never the other. Sometimes a man's make and disposition are such that his misery-machine is able to do nearly all the business. Such a man goes through life almost ignorant of what happiness is. Everything he touches, everything he does, brings a misfortune upon him. You have seen such people? To that kind of a person life is not an advantage, is it? It is only a disaster. Sometimes for an hour's happiness a man's machinery makes him pay years of misery. Don't you know that? It happens every now and then. I will give you a case or two presently. Now the people of your village are nothing to me—you know that, don't you?"

I did not like to speak out too flatly, so I said I had suspected it.

"Well, it is true that they are nothing to me. It is not possible that they should be. The difference between them and me is abysmal, immeasurable. They have no intellect."

"No intellect?"

"Nothing that resembles it. At a future time I will examine what man calls his mind and give you the details of that chaos, then you will see and understand. Men have nothing in common with me—there is no point of contact; they have foolish little feelings and foolish little vanities and impertinences and ambitions; their foolish little life is but a laugh, a sigh, and extinction; and they have no sense. Only the Moral Sense. I will show you what I mean. Here is a red spider, not so big as a pin's head. Can you imagine an elephant being interested in him—caring whether he is happy or isn't, or whether he is wealthy or poor, or whether his sweetheart returns his love or not, or whether his mother is sick or well, or whether he is looked up to in society or not, or whether his enemies will smite him or his friends desert him, or whether his hopes will suffer blight or his political ambitions fail, or whether he shall die in the bosom of his family or neglected and despised in a foreign land? These things can never be important to the elephant; they are nothing to him, he cannot shrink his sympathies to the microscopic size of them. Man is to me as the red spider is to the elephant. The elephant has nothing against the spider—he cannot get down to that remote level; I have nothing against man. The elephant is indifferent; I am indifferent. The elephant would not take the trouble to do the spider an ill turn; if he took the notion he might do him a good turn, if it came in his way and cost nothing. I have done men good service, but no ill turns.

"The elephant lives a century, the red spider a day; in power, intellect, and dignity the one creature is separated from the other by a distance which is simply astronomical. Yet in these as in all qualities man is immeasurably further below me than is the wee spider below the elephant.

"Man's mind clumsily and tediously and laboriously patches little trivialities together and gets a result—such as it is. My mind creates! Do you get the force of that? Creates anything it desires—and in a moment. Creates without material; creates fluids, solids, colors—anything, everything—out of the airy nothing which is called Thought. A man imagines a silk thread, imagines a machine to make it, imagines a picture, then by weeks of labor embroiders it on

canvas with the thread. I think the whole thing, and in a moment it is before you—created.

"I think a poem, music, the record of a game of chess—anything—and it is there. This is the immortal mind—nothing is beyond its reach. Nothing can obstruct my vision; the rocks are transparent to me, and darkness is daylight. I do not need to open a book; I take the whole of its contents into my mind at a single glance, through the cover; and in a million years I could not forget a single word of it, or its place in the volume. Nothing goes on in the skull of man, bird, fish, insect, or other creature which can be hidden from me. I pierce the learned man's brain with a single glance, and the treasures which cost him threescore years to accumulate are mine; he can forget, and he does forget, but I retain.

"Now, then, I perceive by your thoughts that you are understanding me fairly well. Let us proceed. Circumstances might so fall out that the elephant could like the spider—supposing he can see it—but he could not love it. His love is for his own kind—for his equals. An angel's love is sublime, adorable, divine, beyond the imagination of man—infinitely beyond it! But it is limited to his own august order. If it fell upon one of your race for only an instant, it would consume its object to ashes. No, we cannot love men, but we can be harmlessly indifferent to them; we can also like them, sometimes. I like you and the boys, I like Father Peter, and for your sakes I am doing all these things for the villagers."

He saw that I was thinking a sarcasm, and he explained his position.

"I have wrought well for the villagers, though it does not look like it on the surface. Your race never know good fortune from ill. They are always mistaking the one for the other. It is because they cannot see into the future. What I am doing for the villagers will bear good fruit some day; in some cases to themselves; in others, to unborn generations of men. No one will ever know that I was the cause, but it will be none the less true for all that. Among you boys you have a game: you stand a row of bricks on end a few inches apart; you push a brick, it knocks its neighbor over, the neighbor knocks over the next brick—and so on till all the row is prostrate. That is human life. A child's first act knocks over the initial brick, and the rest will follow inexorably. If you could see into the future, as I can, you would see everything that was going to happen to that creature; for nothing can change the order of its life after the first event has determined it. That is, nothing will change it, because each act unfailingly begets an act, that act begets another, and so on to the end, and the seer can look forward down the line and see just when each act is to have birth, from cradle to grave."

"Does God order the career?"

"Foreordain it? No. The man's circumstance and environment order it. His first act determines the second and all that follow after. But suppose, for argument's sake, that the man should skip one of these acts; an apparently trifling one, for instance; suppose that it had been appointed that on a certain day, at a certain hour and minute and second and fraction of a second he should go to the well, and he didn't go. That man's career would change utterly, from that moment; thence to the grave it would be wholly different from the career which his first act as a child had arranged for him. Indeed, it might be that if he had gone to the well he would have ended his career on a throne, and that omitting to do it would set him upon a career that would lead to beggary and a pauper's grave. For instance: if at any time—say in boyhood—Columbus had skipped the triflingest little link in the chain of acts projected and made inevitable by his first childish act, it would have changed his whole subsequent life, and he would have become a priest and died obscure in an Italian village, and America would not have been discovered for two centuries afterward. I know this. To skip any one of the billion acts in Columbus's chain would have wholly changed his life. I have examined his billion of possible careers, and in only one of them occurs the discovery of America. You people do not suspect that all of your acts are of one size and importance, but it is true; to snatch at an appointed

fly is as big with fate for you as in any other appointed act—"

"As the conquering of a continent, for instance?"

"Yes. Now, then, no man ever does drop a link—the thing has never happened! Even when he is trying to make up his mind as to whether he will do a thing or not, that itself is a link, an act, and has its proper place in his chain; and when he finally decides an act, that also was the thing which he was absolutely certain to do. You see, now, that a man will never drop a link in his chain. He cannot. If he made up his mind to try, that project would itself be an unavoidable link—a thought bound to occur to him at that precise moment, and made certain by the first act of his babyhood."

It seemed so dismal!

"He is a prisoner for life," I said, sorrowfully, "and cannot get free."

"No, of himself he cannot get away from the consequences of his first childish act. But I can free him."

I looked up wistfully.

"I have changed the careers of a number of your villagers."

I tried to thank him, but found it difficult, and let it drop.

"I shall make some other changes. You know that little Lisa Brandt."

"Oh yes, everybody does. My mother says she is so sweet and so lovely that she is not like any other child. She says she will be the pride of the village when she grows up; and its idol, too, just as she is now."

"I shall change her future."

"Make it better?" I asked.

"Yes. And I will change the future of Nikolaus."

I was glad, this time, and said, "I don't need to ask about his case; you will be sure to do generously by him."

"It is my intention."

Straight off I was building that great future of Nicky's in my imagination, and had already made a renowned general of him and hofmeister at the court, when I noticed that Satan was waiting for me to get ready to listen again. I was ashamed of having exposed my cheap imaginings to him, and was expecting some sarcasms, but it did not happen. He proceeded with his subject:

"Nicky's appointed life is sixty-two years."

"That's grand!" I said.

"Lisa's, thirty-six. But, as I told you, I shall change their lives and those ages. Two minutes and a quarter from now Nikolaus will wake out of his sleep and find the rain blowing in. It was appointed that he should turn over and go to sleep again. But I have appointed that he shall get up and close the window first. That trifle will change his career entirely. He will rise in the morning two minutes later than the chain of his life had appointed him to rise. By consequence, thenceforth nothing will ever happen to him in accordance with the details of the old chain." He took out his watch and sat looking at it a few moments, then said: "Nikolaus has risen to close the window. His life is changed, his new career has begun. There will be consequences."

It made me feel creepy; it was uncanny.

"But for this change certain things would happen twelve days from now. For instance, Nikolaus would save Lisa from drowning. He would arrive on the scene at exactly the right moment—four minutes past ten, the long-ago appointed instant of time—and the water would be shoal, the achievement easy and certain. But he will arrive some seconds too late, now; Lisa will have struggled into deeper water. He will do his best, but both will drown."

"Oh, Satan! oh, dear Satan," I cried, with the tears rising in my eyes, "save them! Don't let it happen. I can't bear to lose Nikolaus, he is my loving playmate and friend; and think of Lisa's poor mother!"

I clung to him and begged and pleaded, but he was not moved. He made me sit down again, and told me I must hear him out.

"I have changed Nikolaus's life, and this has changed Lisa's. If I had not done this, Nikolaus would save Lisa; then he would catch cold from his drenching; one of your race's fantastic and desolating scarlet fevers would follow, with pathetic after-effects; for forty-six years he would lie in his bed a paralytic log, deaf, dumb, blind, and praying night and day for the blessed

relief of death. Shall I change his life back?"

"Oh no! Oh, not for the world! In charity and pity leave it as it is."

"It is best so. I could not have changed any other link in his life and done him so good a service. He had a billion possible careers, but not one of them was worth living; they were charged full with miseries and disasters. But for my intervention he would do his brave deed twelve days from now—a deed begun and ended in six minutes—and get for all reward those forty-six years of sorrow and suffering I told you of. It is one of the cases I was thinking of a while ago when I said that sometimes an act which brings the actor an hour's happiness and self-satisfaction is paid for—or punished—by years of suffering."

I wondered what poor little Lisa's early death would save her from. He answered the thought:

"From ten years of pain and slow recovery from an accident, and then from nineteen years' pollution, shame, depravity, crime, ending with death at the hands of the executioner. Twelve days hence she will die; her mother would save her life if she could. Am I not kinder than her mother?"

"Yes—oh, indeed yes; and wiser."

"Father Peter's case is coming on presently. He will be acquitted, through unassailable proofs of his innocence."

"Why, Satan, how can that be? Do you really think it?"

"Indeed, I know it. His good name will be restored, and the rest of his life will be happy."

"I can believe it. To restore his good name will have that effect."

"His happiness will not proceed from that cause. I shall change his life that day, for his good. He will never know his good name has been restored."

In my mind—and modestly—I asked for particulars, but Satan paid no attention to my thought. Next, my mind wandered to the astrologer, and I wondered where he might be.

"In the moon," said Satan, with a fleeting sound which I believed was a chuckle. "I've got him on the cold side of it, too. He doesn't know where he is, and is not having a pleasant time; still, it is good enough for him, a good place for his star studies. I shall need him presently; then I shall bring him back and possess him again. He has a long and cruel and odious life before him, but I will change that, for I have no feeling against him and am quite willing to do him a kindness. I think I shall get him burned."

He had such strange notions of kindness! But angels are made so, and do not know any better. Their ways are not like our ways; and, besides, human beings are nothing to them; they think they are only freaks. It seems to me odd that he should put the astrologer so far away; he could have dumped him in Germany just as well, where he would be handy.

"Far away?" said Satan. "To me no place is far away; distance does not exist for me. The sun is less than a hundred million miles from here, and the light that is falling upon us has taken eight minutes to come; but I can make that flight, or any other, in a fraction of time so minute that it cannot be measured by a watch. I have but to think the journey, and it is accomplished."

I held out my hand and said, "The light lies upon it; think it into a glass of wine, Satan."

He did it. I drank the wine.

"Break the glass," he said.

I broke it.

"There—you see it is real. The villagers thought the brass balls were magic stuff and as perishable as smoke. They were afraid to touch them. You are a curious lot—your race. But come along; I have business. I will put you to bed." Said and done. Then he was gone; but his voice came back to me through the rain and darkness saying, "Yes, tell Seppi, but no other."

It was the answer to my thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written on the Sand

BY MARY SYNON

HAD Kate Williston been a writer she might have set down this story of Persis Kendrie in Hawthorne's way, for she has all the peculiarly impersonal sympathy with the sinner and all the violent distaste of the sin that possessed the other New-Englander; but Kate Williston lives life, instead of narrating it, preaching in cheap little city missions instead of in print, soul-saving on the streets and in the dance-halls, delving down into the mud to bring to light those bulbs of souls from which lilies may one day grow. To know Kate Williston's place of work is to know a sea of shipwreck beating outside the placid shores of society. It is a gray sea of storm on which she gazes with clear, visioning eyes; but sometimes across it gleams the sunlight of faith, of hope, of charity. That gleam shone like a light afar for her when she found Persis Kendrie, even if it was to be dimmed through long nights of gloom before it rose again as a morning star to presage a pale dawn.

Persis Kendrie, tiny and blond, and irresponsible as a blue-eyed white kitten, must have been playing with her dolls in the little Illinois town where her father mended farm machinery at the time when Kate Williston, studying for the foreign missions, met old Dr. Abernathy at the Mission Training School and decided with him that missionaries were needed in Chicago as well as in China. Kate Williston had come from New Hampshire to the institution in the Western city, and so she took her decision with a hard determination that sent her out into the highways and byways of the town in spite of her acute distaste of the circumstances of her chosen task. She had conquered her first horror of contact with the underworld by her insistent creed of the divine spark in the soul of humanity long before Persis Kendrie came to the city, armed only with a weak knowledge of stenography and a weaker knowledge of men. Kate Williston's tall, angular figure and fine, kindly face were landmarks in the district when Persis Kendrie drifted into its eddying whirlpool.

Kate saw the girl dancing at Blomberg's. Blomberg's was the show place of the district, a big, glittering dance-hall where the district met the municipality on informal terms. By one of life's ironic twists Kate Williston had made it the barracks of her mission post. She was well established in it, with no one, from Blomberg's bartender to the police commissioner, misunderstanding her presence, when she saw the little blond girl floating around the room. Because Persis Kendrie's helplessness appealed to her protective instinct, Kate Williston turned her back on the older frequenters of the hall to devote her attention to the girl whose tragedy was older than Babylon, though her years had gone but a little way past childhood.

Since it was her task to fling out life-lines, not inquiries, the missionary never asked what had brought the girl to Blomberg's. She could only guess how old was the story as she watched her fluttering like a broken butterfly. One night she spoke to her, casually, as she spoke to all the women of the district. The girl answered with the small-town habit of friendliness that had not yet been glazed in the city's furnace. Being wiser in the ways of women than are most of her fellow-workers in the barren vineyard of city missions, Kate talked of dances and dresses. Persis Kendrie responded with the discursiveness of a suddenly lightened loneliness. Before long she was telling the older woman of the petty ambitions that had once inspired her. A sudden realization of the reason for their frustration seemed to erect a barrier in front of her frankness.

With a little shrug and a twisted smile she danced away.

Once in a while after that night she nodded to Kate Williston, but she did not return to the plane of their first meeting. From some of the other girls at Blomberg's the older woman heard occasional tales of Persis Kendrie's escapades, wild enough to win mention even in the lawless district. "She's desperate, Miss Williston," Molly Maxwell told Kate. "She's running around with young Glade, and she's staying at Dacour's, and, take it from me, something's going to happen."

Nothing more sensational than a motor-car accident occurred, however, through that winter that was to be the last of the district, and Persis Kendrie escaped from that without injury, although young Glade, son of a multimillionaire manufacturer, remained in the hospital for a month before he returned to his infatuation for the girl at Dacour's.

With his return Persis Kendrie donned an arrogance of power that made itself felt even in Blomberg's. The hope that Kate Williston had entertained for her flickered out before the high winds of the girl's recklessness. Under the stimulants of artificial excitements and artificial sentiments the little white kitten of the underworld was fast speeding down to the lowest levels of perdition.

Then one Monday morning young Glade was found dead at Dacour's.

There was a riot of sensationalism when the police reporters heard of his death. Tales of murder took wings in the district and whirled around the old red-brick police station where Madame Dacour and Persis Kendrie had been brought as witnesses for the inquest. Because of their fear of old man Glade's power, the police busied themselves with keeping the girl away from the hunting-hounds of the press. By one of the dispensations of Providence we call chance, the captain of the precinct shoved Persis Kendrie into the room where Kate Williston was waiting for the release of a prisoner.

White as paper, her lips blue with fear and her eyes wide with terror, Persis Kendrie groped her way through the dusky, dirty room and flung herself upon one of its hard benches. There, with her head sunk down in her hands and her awful stare piercing through the veils of atrophy that overhung her consciousness, she drooped brokenly. Her petrified misery, with its sharp contrast to the gaiety that had been hers such a little time before, struck Kate Williston to the heart. She moved toward the stricken girl. "What's the trouble?" she asked her.

Persis Kendrie looked at her unseeingly for a moment. Then, as if with subconscious understanding of the other woman's sympathy, she began to talk. Her words, dull and muffled, came like the speech of a sleep-walker.

"I found him," she kept saying over and over again. "I found him dead."

"Yes, I know," Kate Williston said.

"I see him," the girl went on—"I see him all the time; and he's dead, always dead. He doesn't answer me when I speak to him. He won't ever look at me again. He's dead!" Her voice went up to a shriek.

Kate Williston went over to her and took one of her limp hands. "And now that he's dead," she asked her, "what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Why, I don't know," said Persis Kendrie, vaguely. She seemed to be dragging herself back from an infolding distance to ask, "What must I do?"

"Do you want to go home?"

"No." The girl shrank.

"You don't want to go back—there?" Kate's nod toward the district defined the place of young Glade's death for the cowering girl.

"Oh no, no!"

"Will you come with me?"

Persis Kendrie looked at Kate Williston with the first glimmer of interest. "You are the missionary, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Will they let me go?"

"I think so."

"I didn't kill him," the girl said. "He didn't kill himself, either. He just died. And I found him." Her mouth sagged again, and her eyes dilated. Kate Williston jerked her up sharply. "Of course you didn't kill him," she said, "and no one will think that you did."

That there were people in plenty to hold the opinion, however, came to Kate Williston's knowledge almost before Persis Kendrie's hysterical insistence of her innocence of young Glade's death had ceased. Police and attorneys and reporters, flocking into the room, grid-ironed the girl with the fire of queries. To all of them she told the same simple story, not faltering now in its recital. But when the precinct captain asked her real name, the girl hesitated, glancing at Kate for an instant before she answered, "Pearl Truax." To that name she held through a terrible day of interviews, of torturing police inquiries, and of the final tension of the inquest. When the coroner's jury found that young Glade had come to his death through natural causes—the Glade lawyers had been glad to close the publicity by so simple a verdict—Persis Kendrie turned to Kate Williston.

"It's God's truth," she told the missionary, earnestly. "Everything I swore to was right but my name."

"You should have given your true name," Kate said.

"I couldn't," the girl declared. "My father's living."

"But a lie is the unforgivable sin," Kate Williston urged, voicing the creed of her New Hampshire conscience.

"Didn't you ever lie?" the girl asked her.

"Never."

"Not even when it wouldn't hurt any one?"

"No."

"Nor if it would help some one?"

"A lie never yet helped any one."

Persis Kendrie sighed. "I—I guess we're different," she said.

She was to learn how utterly different they were during the days when Kate Williston tried to make life over for her. The older woman's careful, methodical habits gradually inspired the girl to timid emulation as soon as she had overcome the lethargy that held her. Under Kate's care the youth in Persis Kendrie reasserted itself, not merely the physical youth that proclaimed its return in brightened eyes and softened cheeks, but the spiritual youth that had not been altogether annihilated by her wild whirl through the district. Dependent as always, she tacked the ivy runners of her plasticity upon the solid wall of Kate's moral uprightness. Even when she realized that she was no longer ill and that her recovery gave her no further claim on Kate, she lingered in the little apartment which looked out over the lights of the city.

"Can't I go to work," she asked Kate one night, "and keep on living with you?"

Kate pondered for a moment, balancing her desire for privacy against her memory of Persis Kendrie's pitiable hysteria on the day she had brought her home. "Yes," she said, "you may stay."

The Persis Kendrie who stayed became very like the girl whom Kate Williston had met at Blomberg's—quiet except for flashes of communicative friendliness, sad but for occasional flares of gaiety. She went to work in one of the big department stores of the Loop, walking to and from the place, doing her own washing, insisting on paying the missionary a nominal rental for her room, and living as thousands of self-supporting girls of the city do. She might have gone on for years in the rut of her labor had not Madame Dacour chanced upon her in the store. Persis, shaken by the meeting, walked out of the department when the Frenchwoman accosted her. "I can't stay there," she told Kate that night. "Of course you can," Kate insisted. "She won't bother you." But Madame Dacour, with the perversity of her kind, came back. Persis, reinforced by Kate's decisiveness of defiance against the district, held her ground through the woman's second visit, but with the third she lost courage. "I couldn't explain to any one how I'd known her," she told Kate, "and I see them watching me since she's been coming in." With Madame Dacour's fourth visit Persis Kendrie left the store. "Get me something to do," she begged Kate, "where I'll never meet any one from there."

Finding another place might have been easy had Kate Williston chosen to lie for the girl, but the woman gave up a half-dozen opportunities of employment for Persis rather than veil the truth. "Why won't you give her a chance?" became her plea. "If I told

you that she'd always been a good girl you'd take her without a question. But when I tell you that she's a girl who's struggling to be good, you shut the doors. Why won't you trust her?"

Only one employer, a woman, answered. "It's rather," she said, "that we don't trust ourselves. If we engaged her, we'd be forgiving her every time we passed her. And human nature isn't equal to that strain."

Because she sensed Kate's difficulties in helping her, Persis sought a place for herself, not scorning the untruths that deterred the other woman. After a day's tramping she found work in a real-estate office at her old task of stenography. "I'll catch up on it," she said. "I'll study nights, and I'll have my speed in no time." But before a week passed there came into the office a man whom she had known at Blomberg's. That night the cashier dismissed her. Another day of tramping found her a desk in a bond-house on La Salle Street. She worked there a fortnight. Then one night Kate found her sobbing in the dark. "That lawyer," she gasped, "the big man—you remember him—came in to-day. He saw me. He stared at me until he placed me. Then he scowled and went to the inner office. I didn't wait to be fired this time. I ran away."

Kate, remembering the scrutiny that the senior counsel for the Glade family had bestowed on the girl at the time of the inquest, understood her agitation. "Never mind," she said; "we'll get something else for you."

But nothing else came through the weeks when winter ran into spring and spring flowered into summer. Kate, coming home at hours past midnight, would find the girl kneeling at the window, looking out over the city's shadows. "I've tried all day," she would say, wearily, "and I couldn't get anything. Did you?" Since it happened to be in a time of industrial stringency, Kate Williston had to confess failure. "But don't worry, Persis," she would try to console her; "something will come. And I'm glad to have you looking after the apartment for me when I'm out."

"But you don't need me," Persis would declare. "No one in the world needs me."

Because Kate Williston couldn't lie, she couldn't comfort her with any assurance that she had need of her. That was the time when Kate Williston thought that she needed no one. Her spiritual self-sufficiency had lifted her to altitudes of loneliness where she had become so unaccustomed to human companionship that she felt no yearning for its solace. Persis Kendrie was, after all, only an incident in her life. Her work was full of other girls of the same weaknesses, the same strugglings, the same despairs. That Persis happened to live with her brought her a little closer than the others. She kept her as she would have kept a homeless kitten. When Persis realized that this was the truth, like the kitten that she was, she disappeared.

She left a note for Kate. "I'm only a burden on you," it read. "As long as I have a home, perhaps I can't really want to work. So I'm getting out. I'll do the best I can." She signed it, "Lovingly, Persis."

Kate Williston read it over a dozen times. Then her New Hampshire conscience cudgeled her until she decided that she had somehow failed in her duty to Persis Kendrie. "I don't know just what more I should have done," she told herself, "but there's something I have left undone. Whatever it is, I must find it and find her, and start all over again."

Her search for Persis took her back to the district, now dying under the onslaughts of a state's attorney who didn't wink at sins of commission. Dacour's was already gone. "Young Glade's father bought the ground," Molly Maxwell told Kate, "and cleaned out the place. They say he's put up money to wipe out the whole district." Everywhere Kate Williston saw evidences of the decadence of the neighborhood from its gilded coating of vice, but nowhere did she find trace of Persis until a waitress in a summer-garden gave her tidings. "She worked here for a while," the girl said, "but she left here to go to the Trianon." But the Trianon, disclosing Madame Dacour and the wiser rats from the sinking district, yielded no clue to Persis. Kate Williston, discouraged, gave up the search.

With the closing of Blomberg's Kate shifted her post to the Free Dispensary, where Dr. Abernathy, son of the old minister of the Training School, tendered service to all who sought him. She had been there but a week when Dr. Abernathy went to France with an American hospital unit. A tall, rugged Scotsman took his place. With the coming of Dr. James Graham, Kate Williston realized for the first time in her life that she needed any human force outside her own. For, with the complete self-abnegation of the woman past thirty who loves for the first time, she fell utterly and unreservedly in love with the big physician.

To her adamantine reserve and her rigid training she owed gratitude for the ability to conceal her overwhelming devotion to the blustering, surprisingly tender man who seemed to heal souls as well as bodies. Kate Williston could have given reverence to no man weaker than herself. Dr. Graham accepted her services as part of her work and of her character, never guessing that his arrival had in any way inspired the woman to a new glory in her labors. Day after day they worked together, Dr. Graham with entire unconsciousness of any personal relationship between them, Kate Williston growing more acutely conscious every hour of the man's power over her. Because he was magnificently human in his sympathies, Kate Williston grew human. Because she loved, wandering women became to her something more than souls to be saved. There began to grow in her a curious need of companionship that weakened the walls of her old assuredness. Strangely enough, it took the form of a desire to find Persis Kendrie again, to bring back the girl to the little apartment that she had deserted because of her belief that no one there had need of her. She was seeking new means of search when Persis Kendrie herself walked into the free dispensary.

She came in one wild September night while a storm of wind and rain swept through the city streets. She was pale and shabby and bedraggled. Her gold hair hung limply around her white face. Her piteous blue eyes stared searchingly around the big, spotless room of the dispensary. She was leading by the hand a little girl of not more than seven years, a thin, poorly dressed, frightened child. So pitiable they were as they stood under the rays of the blazing arc-light that Dr. Graham moved forward toward them with swift pity. But Kate Williston came to them before him. Moved by some impulse she could not fathom, she gathered Persis Kendrie in her arms. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "I'm so glad!"

Persis Kendrie began to cry, not hysterically, as she had wept when she had stumbled on Kate in the dark room of the station, but quietly, as if she had fallen into grief too deep for louder vent. The child beside her began to whimper. "She's sick," said the girl. "That's why I came here."

"Who is she?" Kate asked.

"Letty Andrews. Her mother was working with me at Keim's. She died. I promised her to take care of Letty. You see, Miss Williston, she needed me." She made the explanation as if to assuage any anger Kate might hold against her. "I've taken care of her as well as I could. We got along all right, didn't we, Letty, till you got sick? But her throat's awfully sore, and so I brought her here. I didn't know any other place."

"You couldn't have come to a better." It was the big doctor who spoke. "We'll fix her up, won't we, Miss Williston?"

"I hope so," Kate smiled. "Miss Kendrie used to live with me, Dr. Graham, until she thought she was burdening me. Then she ran away."

"I'm sorry," said Persis.

"I'm sorry, too," Kate said, "that you made things hard for yourself."

"I've had Letty," the girl said, giving to the child a smile of confidence that brought answering brightness on the pinched little face.

It may have been that smile that set Dr. James Graham thinking about Persis Kendrie. It may have been the utter pitiableness of the girl as she stood in the bare dispensary. It may even have been some force deeper than mind or heart that brought together a man with the power to win high fame in his profession and a girl who had once been at Dacour's. Whatever it was, their

eyes met that night in swift understanding of what they were to be to each other. Persis Kendrie turned quickly to Kate Williston, and Dr. Graham turned to the child.

Five minutes later he gave his decision. "Diphtheria," he said. The white sorrow in Persis's face smote him for his abruptness in giving the verdict. "We're going to take care of her, though," he said, "and of you."

For a week he battled with all his skill for the life of the child whom Persis Kendrie loved; but with all his skill he failed. Letty Andrews died one morning in Kate Williston's arms. He bore the news to the white-faced girl. "I can't live," she said, "unless some one needs me." Then she fell unconscious into his arms.

Through two months of anxiety Dr. Graham and Kate Williston fought for Persis Kendrie's life in the bright room of Wesley Hospital. Sometimes Kate gave up all hope of the girl's recovery. Dr. Graham never despaired. "I can't let her die," he said tensely one night while they listened for the girl's hardly audible breathing. The passionate insistence of his voice told Kate Williston the truth she had been dreading since the night when Persis came back. From that time of unconscious confession she seemed to be watching the physician bring the girl back to life. And because Kate Williston was bigger than her own desires she helped him with Persis Kendrie as if James Graham had been her brother and not the man she loved.

Slowly the girl groped her way back to strength. Kate, watching her, saw how she gathered power from Dr. Graham's visits. It was only after Kate had said "No" to her tremulous query, "Did I rave—much?" that Persis Kendrie seemed to fling aside the lethargy of mortal illness. Like a shy anemone blooming in the snow, she twined her flower of youth to the sun of Dr. Graham's abounding magnetism of personality. Kate Williston knew that the crisis must come soon. It did not surprise her when the girl lifted to her one morning a face whose joyous radiance was just beginning to cloud with fear.

"He has asked me to marry him," she said.

Kate Williston tried to smile, but her lips failed her mind's bidding. "Are you going to?" she asked.

"I—I don't know," the girl faltered. Her pleading eyes searched Kate's face. "Oh, Miss Williston," she cried, "I want him so! I love him so! I never cared for any one before in all my life. I've been wicked, I know, and I've been silly. But haven't I paid for my sin and my folly? O God, haven't I paid a hundred times for whatever I've ever done? Must I give him up, too? Oh, I can't, Miss Williston, I can't! I'm not like you. I'm weak, and I know it. I need some one to care for, some one to care for me. I can't struggle alone. I've tried, and I've failed. When I left you, I tried. You'll never know how hard. But I drifted back. I got out again, somehow, for I kept thinking of you and all you'd done for me. But I'd have gone back again if it hadn't been for Letty. And now Letty's dead, and I've no one in all the world but him. Oh, must I give him up?"

With dry lips Kate Williston asked her question. "What does he know about you?"

"Almost — almost everything. He knows that I met you at Blomberg's. He knows that you took me to your home from—over there." Her nod indicated the old boundaries of the district. "Isn't that enough?"

"Does he know about Frank Glade?"

"Oh no, no!" There was furtive fear in Persis Kendrie's eyes. "Why must he know that? Isn't it all part of the rest? Why must I tell him that? Oh, I can't!" she cried. "He—he knows Frank's mother. He told me about her. I can't tell him that!"

"I think that you should tell him," Kate Williston said, "but it's for you to decide. And, whatever you do, I hope that you will be very happy." She bent down to kiss the girl. "I believe," she said, "that James Graham is big enough to hear the truth without changing his feeling toward you."

"I don't dare risk it," the girl said. "Oh, Miss Williston, I'm so happy—and so afraid!"

The fear seemed to die as the happiness grew until Persis Kendrie was almost well. Kate Williston, worn by her

long vigil and by the struggle of her battle against her own love for the man who loved Persis, was gradually relaxing her care. One day, wearied by the strain of the problem, she fell asleep in the hospital room. She awoke to find Persis watching her.

"I was just thinking," the girl said, "that I owe everything in the world to you. If it hadn't been for you, I'd have killed myself in the station that day. I wonder why I haven't been better to you. Why haven't I even learned your lessons? Why, I can't even tell the truth as you do, and that should be the easiest thing of all."

"It's the very hardest task of all, my dear," said Kate Williston.

She came to believe, however, that the telling of the truth would be a relief in those days when Dr. Graham, getting back into his neglected dispensary practice, began to confide in her his love for the girl in the hospital. The big man's assumption that her kindness to the girl had constituted her a fitting confidante for his attitude was a stabbing poniard of emotion. "Poor little bairn," he would murmur over and over in his speech of Persis. "She's had a hard time in the world, but we'll see if we can't give her a better chance at life."

"I wonder," she asked him one day, "how comprehensive a man's forgiveness is?"

"There's but one thing in the world I couldn't forgive," he said.

"What's that?"

"The leading of another soul down to hell," he said.

She remembered the sudden hot passion in his voice when a week later he came into the dispensary one morning, white with rage, and tossed by some fury she could not fathom until he spoke.

"Will you tell me the truth?" he demanded of her.

"Have I ever told you anything else?" she countered.

"No," he said; "that's why I'm trusting you. Tell me"—his eyes blazed fire—"is Persis Kendrie the Pearl Truax who killed Frank Glade?"

Kate Williston looked him squarely in the eyes; but, even as she looked on the white face of the angry man, she saw a whiter face—Persis Kendrie's on the day when she had met her at the station, Persis Kendrie's on the night when she had stood under the purpling light of the arc-lamp holding Letty Andrews's hand. To that frightened, childish face she made her answer.

"No," she said.

As if through a mist she saw the man's face relax. "Thank God!" he breathed.

"Why would it have been so terrible?" she asked him.

"Because," he said, "the girl who killed Frank Glade killed him body and soul. Whether she really murdered him or not doesn't matter. She killed the spirit in him. And she killed more than that. She killed his mother's reason and broke his father's heart! Oh, I'm violent on this one case, Miss Williston. You see, I was the physician at Woodbine Lake when they called for his mother on the day when they learned of his death. She was one of the gentlewomen of this earth. She had worshiped her boy. She had believed him quite clean. The shock of it all drove her mad. She's up there yet in their wonderful home, with all the beauty riches can buy around her; but all she sees is the white shaft that marks her son's grave. Day after day, month after month, I attended her until I could endure it no longer. I gave it up. It was too hopeless. I came here." He sighed with relief. "Last night a man told me that your protégée was Pearl Truax, the girl who killed Frank Glade. I couldn't believe it. But I've gone mad over the mere idea. I love Persis. I know that she's had bad times. I'm going to try to make her forget them. I can forgive them. I'm no saint in heaven myself. And a physician, I suppose, sees reasons and causes that other men don't see. But if she had been that girl— Ugh!" He shook himself as if from a bad dream. "Wouldn't it have been awful?"

"Yes," said Kate Williston, "it would have been."

She went through her morning's work dazedly, watching her opportunity to slip away to the hospital. She must warn Persis. She had lied for her, committed for her sake the only sin she could never forgive herself, and she must add to the burden of her evil deed by

urging the girl into continuation of the lie. She dared not look at Dr. Graham as he went about his labors. When he seemed most occupied with his patients she left the dispensary and hurried to Persis.

The girl was out of bed for the first time. Propped up in a wheel-chair by the window, wrapped in a pale lavender gown, she looked like some timid violet of springtime. Kate, after her first hurried greetings, sat watching her for a long time in silence. "What are you thinking?" the girl finally asked her.

"I was wondering," the missionary said, "what old Dr. Abernathy would tell you. He was the wisest man I have ever known."

"Why?" the girl inquired.

"Dr. Graham asked me to-day if you were Pearl Truax."

"And you said—?" The girl's breath fluttered brokenly.

"I told him that you were not."

Tears, hot, bitter, rushed to Persis Kendrie's eyes. "You are a very great woman, Miss Williston," she said. "I am so glad that I have known you."

She looked out from the hospital windows upon the dull vistas of the city that fringed the view. Only the ticking of a little clock on the dresser broke the silence of the room. After a long time hasty steps sounded in the corridor. Then the door opened and Dr. Graham came in.

"Well, how's the patient?" he blustered cheerily.

Persis Kendrie leaned forward as if to see him the better, staring at him avidly before she spoke. Then her words came tonelessly. "You asked her," she said, "if I were Pearl Truax. She said that I was not. She lied for me. I am."

Slowly the man's head sank as he stared at the girl in the chair. Then, turning his back upon her, he strode to the window. She gathered herself for strength, then flung her words at his bending back. "I know what you think of Pearl Truax," she said. "I heard you speak one day of Frank Glade. I know your side of it. You must listen to mine. You say that I brought a good boy down into hell. Was Frank Glade good when he brought me from Woodbine to Chicago? Was Frank Glade good when he deceived me? Was he good when he took me to Blomberg's? Was he good when he came back to me after I'd flung him off and had tried to go straight? Was he good when he held before me every temptation of ease and luxury? I had thought I loved him. When I came to hate him for what he had done to me, I went mad, just as mad, I know, as his mother went when she heard where he died. I didn't care what became of me or of him. I didn't care for anything, till—till that morning when I found him dead. Was it worse for him to die in Dacour's than it had been for him to bring me down to living there?

The girl in the wheel-chair sank back with a quivering sigh, closing her eyes wearily. The man at the window did not move. Kate Williston crossed the room to him. "I wonder," she said, "why any one of us should sit in judgment?"

Dr. Graham turned toward her as she placed her hand on his arm. "Don't!" he said. "It hurts too much."

"Why?" she asked him. "You'd forgive her—you'd already forgiven her—if it had been another man. Why should you refuse because it was he?"

"But his mother—"

"The mothers of the world," she said, "have all sorrowed at Calvary more than did Mary, for she knew that her Son was sinless. Why should you deny love to this poor, broken child, the only real love she's ever known or that she'll ever know, because of your sympathy for a woman who deceived herself over an erring son? Don't you see that Persis has expiated whatever sin was hers? Don't you see that she's gone higher than either of us? The finest thing in the world, James Graham, is to tell the truth that will kill all your hopes. She has done that even when I, who have always been so proud of my honesty, lied. Can't you forgive her the rest for the glory of that?"

The man at the window turned toward the girl in the chair. Then suddenly, he knelt before her. Her hands rested on his bowed head. He lifted his haggard face to her luminous one. Kate Williston, going from the room, had a glimpse of vision of that which had once been written on the sand.

The Ancients of the Bow of the Tennessee

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THE great drawn bow of the Tennessee, which, ignoring modern boundaries, curves through northern Alabama, aiming at its heart, bears, like strung amulets, the relics of an ancient and peculiar culture. Upon its bluffs and more protected islets dwelt the makers of the burnt-clay graves; and thither, from the north, had crept some representatives of that other people whose stone graves give to America its diminutive convergence to the great dolmen tombs of the Old World.

They were not an opulent people, with the wealth that leaves its lasting record in mound and village-site and sepulcher—perhaps richer in the perishable things of this world, for their piercing implements of bone tell of the weaving of basketry and the working of skins. Yet out of this seeming poverty have sprung two of the most remarkable discoveries of the year in the field of archæology—a copper culture with symbolism yet undivined, and a widespread fire-cult impinging upon a local culture of unknown origin and relationship.

These, with certain single finds of great beauty or uniqueness, have been the reward of two years of patient research by Mr. Clarence B. Moore, working on behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. In his steam-yacht, *The Gopher*, the expedition's floating base, he explored the whole course of the Tennessee from its dissolution in the waters of the Ohio, through Kentucky, western Tennessee, and northern Alabama, and up through eastern Tennessee to the place of its birth from the union of the Holston and the French Broad. And scant had been his reward. Poor, parsimonious, or only "canny," the ancient dead had, for the most part, bequeathed but empty sepulchers. Then came the great surprises of the Bennett Place, just north of the boundary in eastern Tennessee.

Upon the former flood-plain of the river, close to its present left bank, lie three low, broad mounds, much reduced by the plow of the white man and by the elemental implement of that immortal proto-agriculturist, Father Time. In front, several small islets lift, at low water, their mounded heads above the stream. Here, as elsewhere along the river, the recent government engineering work has submerged the aboriginal sites. The dammed-up waters quickly filled the excavation in the rectangle of Mound B, and seeped into the trial-holes of the circular residential Mound C, but Mound A, though nearer the river and lacking a tenth of C's five feet of height, had kept its upper record dry. Its base lay at some undeterminable depth below the lowest of the water-levels now prevailing.

The first trial-hole revealed burnt clay, ruddy from fires not too long dead to kindle expectations. Carefully the earthwork was uncapped. Three feet below the highest point and correspondingly less beneath the slopes, stretched a level, strewn with burnt clay—not evenly, but thin in places, heaped in others to as much as sixteen inches. Beneath these piles nearly ninety of the ancients had left their blackened and calcined bones, above a layer of charred wrappings and mats, upon the hard-tamped floor of a prehistoric edifice. Above them, in the clods of clay, were the imprints of the reeds and woven withes that went to make it. Beyond the irregular oval line that bounded its thirty-four by sixty feet, were several skeletons, untouched by fire, unceremonially interred in the soft, untrampled soil.

The dead lay in all directions, and in



ANCIENT CEREMONIAL PIPE-BOWLS

every wise, some extended, others flexed with drawn-up knees, some disordered, and yet others mere bundles of bones. Their imperishable grave-gifts were few. Some wore beads of bone or shell, fire-blackened; others were armed with celt or hatchet, a flint knife or an arrow-point or two. The arrow-shafts were ashes, but the charred handles of celt and hatchet yet remained. Stone chisel, bone implements, a few coarse cooking-pots, tobacco-pipes, prayerfully used in this world and destined for service in the next—so ran the tale of the hard-souled things whose form-spirits went not up in flames. One man had borne a beautiful ceremonial ax of indurated shale, ground after the form of the slender copper ax of state. With another burial was the charred remnant of one of those rare wooden ornaments, carved after the milkweed pod, and once copper-coated. Its fiber imitation of the down unnoticeable ashes, its tiny mimic seeds unrecognizable, it bears but scant resemblance to the glittering pendent

that hung to the ear of some dusky maid or warrior.

The most painstaking and accurate observation, so characteristic of all Mr. Moore's work, has enabled him to piece together this crumbling record of dry bones, charred artifact, and ruddy clay, and reconstruct the later history of the mound.

Here, then, had stood in prehistoric times a structure, or structures, with floor blackened and beaten by the passing of moccasined feet, and walls of wattle and daub. Hither had been brought the tribal dead, mostly from that awesome house of the departed where their bones had rested awhile, some perhaps from more distant and temporary sepulture.



EARTHENWARE VESSEL
Northern Alabama

So they laid them down—their kinsfolk—these whom every village child could, but dared not, call by name, lest they be drawn back from the spirit-trail, and those, with bones no longer ligament-bound, whose deeds, to the hoary grandsire, were mere tradition. Then the brand was set to the building, which perhaps was no other than that same dread house of the dead—a ceremonial place it must have been, for it lacked the hearths of homely comfort. Doubtless they stood, an awe-struck circle, chanting a mournful dirge, watching the flames leap, the thatch flash up its signal-fire to the world of shades, the walls totter and fall, an incandescent mass. With implements fire-hardened, they scraped up the still red-hot clay, gathering it from the empty places, and heaping it above the corpses, till their bones were charred or burned or calcined, and the fabrics and mats, on which they lay, were but crumbling cinders. But here came hurrying some—perhaps bidden from a distance, but late to the ceremony—bearing the fragmentary relics of their dead, to cast them upon the yet glowing embers of the fallen walls. And there the expedition found them, a few skulls and disordered bones, their under surfaces charred, untouched by fire above.

Over this couch of fire was spread a covering of common earth, and, when the memory of the great burning had grown dim, or been wiped away by the coming of another people, a house was built upon the mound, its posts striking down through burnt clay and charred bones. Here man dwelt, unwitting or indifferent, building his fires and burying in turn his own beloved dead. Such was the child known as burial No. 3, a pathetic outline in the soil, with necklace of shell beads, and on the brow a handsome ornament of copper, stamped with the likeness of the sacred eagle.

Then once more the sky flushed with reflected flames, and the home was only a heap of ashes and hot clay. Over these also the earth was heaped, and men frequented it for unreckoned years, then the Great Reaper, having gathered his harvest, plowed and harrowed and left fallow the land for the seed of a new race from across the seas.

But these pyrographic records of Mound A—archaic as they are—sketch but the rude pictograph of their more recent history. Below the red stratum of the great burning other layers of burnt clay marked the use of fire—ceremonial or accidental—at various levels, down to the lowest at which the infiltrating waters permitted excavation. And it was at this sodden depth where, inch by inch, the spade, the trowel, the bailer, and the drainage trench fought a losing battle with the water, that the

explorers surprised the innermost secret of the mound—the grave of a little child. This was not a fire grave, but one of another sort—a diminutive stone box grave, with its flat-rock covering and the upright slabs of its walls. Yet the warmth of the hearth glowed in the hearts of the sorrowful makers of that grave, for in place of the bottom slab of stone they had reared it around an ancient hearth, and laid the little body upon the ashes of extinguished fires. A stone at the head, two at one side and three at the other, they had made the little box three feet, ten inches, by two feet wide, to hold the jewel of their hearts. But when all was ready, across their poignant and absorbing grief had flashed the thought of the long and lonely spirit-trail those little feet must tread through that mystic land where no loving hand would pound the tender maize kernels, nor dip the golden porridge from the seething pot, beckoning the weary wayfarer to refreshment and repose. So within the grave they had placed at the head a common cooking-pot, perhaps filled with broth or porridge, and over that a pretty painted bowl for its service, with two spoons carved from mussel-shell laid carefully within. Then, lest they be lost on the journey, some thoughtful hand had dropped in the hollow of the uppermost spoon four barrel-shaped beads of shell.



THE PAINTED SWASTIKA BOWL—BENNETT PLACE

But the stone casket was now too small for its jewel, so they had taken away the footstone and added it to the covering slabs above the unprotected and projecting feet. Beside the pottery vessels in the grave-head had probably stood the gourd water-bottle and the child's perishable trinkets, for the space was greater than required by the things which remain. Perchance there were sandals of rush, or doeskin moccasins—no longer with the holes carefully cut in their soles, that should prove to the calling shades that the child was unprepared for the journey. For this child of eight or nine had outgrown the baby moccasins and he had no reply when they summoned, but must fare forth with pot and painted porringer to the land beyond.

And that painted bowl came as a startling discovery to the explorers, for, either as to ware or decora-



THE PAINTED PORRINGER OF THE CHILD—BENNETT PLACE

tion, it resembled nothing ever found before in Tennessee, or in fact in the whole eastern United States. The design, thrice repeated upon its circumference, was laid on in maroon-colored paint over a yellow slip. This was not the red paint common to aboriginal ware, but darker and richer, with tones like the fire-changed red oxide of iron found by Mr. Moore two years ago in the graves along Red River in Arkansas.

One other bowl of this ware they unearthed at Bennett Place—also in the grave of a child—and bearing a peculiar form of the symbolic swastika that harks back to the distant region of the ancient Pueblos. It lay at the feet of the little two-year-old, along with a cooking-pot and a mussel-shell spoon, in a grave untouched by fire. The tiny traveler had gone richly adorned with necklace and anklets of shell beads—one hundred and three in all—and, pendent from the former, a gorget quaintly carved from shell. Upon it, in striking and unusual form, the world quarters have laid their symbol.



EARTHENWARE VESSEL
Northern Alabama

These two bowls from the Bennett Place are the only known pieces of this ware, but its shards are scattered in ancient sites northwestward along the river as far as the Citico Mound, thirty miles away. They mark the extension of a local culture whose origin and whose fate alike remain a mystery.

Citico Mound, nigh enough to Chattanooga to have been long the happy hunting-ground of the collector, stands, steep-sided and quadrangular, in the midst of a field that now spreads its golden harvest in the sun as richly as in those ancient days when they who dwelt upon the mound were laid to rest within it.

From the large residential mound there runs a ridge toward the rising sun for six hundred feet. Low, broad, flat-topped, it bears upon its eastern end a monticule of midden soil and shell. Here, then, upon the ridge, had stood the tribal line of wattled dwellings, flanked on the west by the residential mound of the chieftain and on the east by the tumulus of the notables. Here the ancient worker in shell had sat before his doorway in the sun, blocking out, from conch-shell columellæ, ear-plugs and pins, and, from the body-whorls, those curious gorgets in crude semblance of the human face, or carving, now with bold stroke, now with delicate line, upon the circle of a gorget, the looped-square symbol of the world quarters, the triskele or the intricate convolutions of the scaly rattler. And there, not far away, knelt the woman molding the conventional beak of a bird that should serve as a pipe for her lord and master. The carver of shell and the modeler in clay, with bent arms and drawn-up knees, lie alike indistinguishable among the burials, but the notable who wore the face gorget and smoked the pottery pipe shall be known as burial No. 78, the owner of the celts, for with him his mourning friends had laid his full store of stone treasure—seven celts, all neatly piled in a double row near the head.

There also, along that village street, the youth had rolled his chungke stone, the child his little potshard disk, and both had lost them—the prayerful symbol of the rolling sun and the mimic of its mimicry.

Hither likewise had come, in time of peace, the welcome extra-tribal traders: from the south, bringing conch-shells of

the Gulf, sometimes entire, sometimes, for pendent and ear ornament, those "hearts of shell" recorded in the quaint phrase of the early chronicler; from the north, bearing copper for celt and beaten ornament, now, alas! mostly green stains upon the bones; and then, from the east or the southeast, there came, on a memorable day, one who carried in his kit a handful of beautiful little axes of a new and wondrous stone that flashed like moonlight upon water and cut keener than blade of polished stone or ruddy copper. And he told, as the pipe went round, a marvelous tale of a new tribe on the shore, with pale faces and strange ways, and weapons that spoke like the thunder and slew as the lightning slays. And they who bartered for the new celts died in time and were buried, and the magic blades turned red-brown in the soil. But the settlement at Citico had ceased to be ere the white trader with his beads and bells and looking-glasses, iron knives and axes, and kettles of brass had spread his wares through the land.

Thus Citico site reaches up with one hand to pluck the fruit of early post-Columbian times; with the other it delves deep into the cultures of the past.

For the graves of the later people, proud possessors of that rare painted pottery, too precious even for their dead, cut away, at head and foot, an earlier burial where the red-hot clay had lain a foot deep in the grave above the charred remains of bone and fabric.

Citico also had its stone grave — primitive or decadent in form, we know not which—a little lean-to of stones above the burial of a child, sunk four feet in the midden soil of the ridge.

Stone graves of such aberrant form were found inlaid upon the bow of the Tennessee, and to Mr. Moore belongs the honor of the first report of stone graves of any kind in Alabama, and, more than that, the first record of a stone box grave occurring in that state.

This was on Henry Island, in the southernmost bend of the river. The site of an ancient settlement, it bears in its midst a broad and flat-topped artificial eminence, of residence or ceremony, and, at the island's head, rises a second once quadrangular mound, now more than half devoured by the hungry stream, and, within its shadow, protected or perhaps protecting, lies the half-obliterated swelling that marks the village of the tribal shades. Here, amid burials of ordinary type, lying at slightly greater depths, had been built a stone cyst, six feet, eight inches, by three,



STONE BOX GRAVE OF THE NOTABLE WITH THE COPPER HEAD ORNAMENT
Henry Island, Alabama

with nearly two feet of depth. The limestone slabs of its vertical sides were set into the soil several inches below the bottom of the grave; its floor, paved with slabs and chinked with fragments, covered, save in the matter of his transgressing head, the prone skeleton of a



EARTHENWARE VESSEL
Northern Alabama

man of powerful physique, buried but eight inches below, whether by accident or design. One of the covering slabs of the box grave above had slipped and partly fallen in, crushing the cranium of the upper burial. Upon the forehead of this ancient notable rested one of the great finds of the expedition—a copper ornament of rare design, once rectangular in outline and curved to fit the brow.

Crumbling bits of corroded copper, the ordinary pot-hunter, the seeker after treasure, would have passed it by. Carefully collected and patiently pieced together, it reveals the high attainment in the art of the aboriginal copper-worker. Made from fragments of native copper, beaten thin and riveted together, it bears in repoussé design the boldly executed head of the mythical eagle-man of ancient American lore. Here he appears in his human aspect, with ear-disk of copper, and perchance a mask with the mystical three-rayed avian eye which is his peculiar blazonry. His curious head-dress of nodding balls and plumes, perhaps the edge of a gorgeous crest, unfortunately was mostly irrecoverable on the sheet's corroded edge. Spirited in conception and firm in execution, it came red-gold from a master-craftsman's hand. It is worthy to rank in aboriginal American art with the famous copper hair-plume of the chief of Moundville, Alabama. Perhaps, indeed, it is the work of the same art craftsman in that prehistoric center of religion and of art which lay only one hundred and twenty-five miles southwest of Citico.

Yet in Alabama, not alone on the banks of the Black Warrior River, flourished the Copper Age. In the northwestern corner of the state the relics of another culture stud the shores of the Tennessee. From Colbert Island to Cave Creek, for eight miles, the mounds and village sites are thickly strung. Here on Koger's Island, on rising ground, had stood the wigwams of a pottery-making tribe, and at the island's eastward end they laid their dead away. To-day the plow and the rain have almost swept off the blackened soil of occupation, leaving but the frail fragments of human bone, arrow-points of flint, the potter's tool, the shards of check-stamped earthenware, and, over there, along the slope, round-bottomed, two-lugged pots of soapstone and their wreckage.

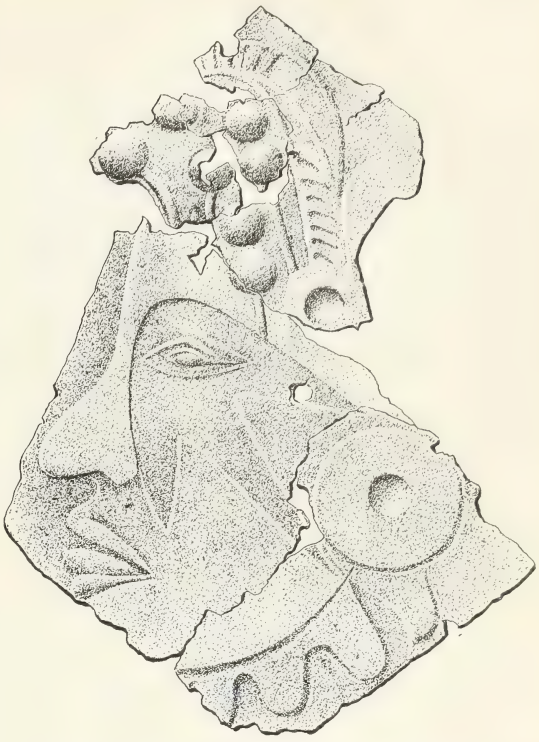
Behind the island, eastward beyond the river's lesser channel, a yet more ancient people had built their wigwams, raised their maize, their melons, and their gourds, and reared their mounded sepulchers. Here, in the vicinage of a goodly



EARTHENWARE VESSEL
Northern Alabama

source that gives occasion to the unromantic local name of Perkins Spring, dwelt the chiefs of the four-armed coppers. This was the Copper Age, yet to this people the ceramic arts were still a mystery. Not a shard was found among all the arrow-points, the knives, and lance-heads that strewed the broad fields of their domain, and only one of the meanest and most diminutive of vessels had been offered to their honored dead. And yet those very burials were strangely characterized by ceremonial deposits of pure clay, as if the potter's art had been in such repute as with that ancient Semitic tribe whose Arch-Potter so molded man. Mostly the yellow clay of the subsoil, but occasionally gray or red brought from afar, its lumps and layers contrasted sharply with the blackened earth of the grave, and sometimes served to mark a burial of which no other trace remained.

Of the three mounds on the Reeder Place, near Perkins Spring—all sinking with the weight of years—Mound A, the greatest, had at one time been domiciliary. Yet more than one interment had perioded the course of its upbuilding. From the center of the eminence, when it was yet young, a grave had been sunk through to the underlying yellow clay beneath its center. But such a grave! Eight and two-thirds feet in length by four and a third in breadth, and, in its midst, they had laid the dead, face down—so said the several dorsal vertebræ that in time had come to rest upon his copper celt, so placed beneath him that it lent them length of days and somewhat of its rich green coloring. The rest was merely a trace. What of vanished mats and hides and textilry had gone to line that ample resting-place may not be guessed; yet something had bulked nine or ten inches along its walls, and between that something and the body a long mass of pure gray clay ran, thirteen inches broad at the head, widening to sixteen at the feet which had rested on it, and, beyond them, to its five inches of thickness, it added another two. Here, beyond the feet, masses of pure red clay interspersed the gray. What was the meaning of this strange deposit? How was it placed



THE COPPER ORNAMENT OF THE EAGLE MAN
Henry Island, Alabama

there—loose? or in some lost container that lent it form? The occupant, armed with the shade of his copper celt and weighted with the masses of galena that lay at shoulder, knee, and ankle, ready for the festive painting of the world beyond, has journeyed too far to hear the question, and his companion was but a little child and perhaps never knew the answer. It lay on the opposite side of the pit from the deposit of clay, and the little traveler had worn for decoration a great bead of copper, spherical, with flattened poles. Whose was the grave? Was it the man's, and the child's comradeship an accident of time? Or was it the child's, and the man, prone, face downward, a slaughtered foe or a slave sent as guide, that the little feet might not wander from the way?

In time, as the elevation rose, other graves were sunk at various levels, but so ancient were even these that ofttimes only the peculiar arrangement of clay or the presence of a copper served to stamp its character.

And such coppers! Queer reel-shaped objects, four-armed and angular, some with double perforations in the median line; others, heavier, quite imperforate. Conventionalized to the last degree, what the insignia represented, brute or human, it were hazardous to guess. Yet, like Don Quixote's windmill, they seem instinct with life. These queer coppers call to mind the quaintly phrased unconscious humor of the Dutch ethnographer, the Chevalier van Panhuys: "When a man becomes an ornament, the first thing he does is to lose his head." Mayhap the brutes also are not devoid of vanity.

The four armed coppers were evidently worn suspended from the neck by a thong of varying length, for, while most had lain upon the breast of their quondam owner, some fell lower, and some had shifted, swinging sidewise till their perforations paralleled the burial-line.

Whatsoever their significance, they were peculiarly the ornament of the makers of the graves with ceremonial clay. Their distribution appears coextensive with that culture. True, a few of these rare objects had wandered abroad on their wearers—one to mid-Tennessee, one reaching southern Ohio, and one southward to central Alabama—but their place of origin was along the Tennessee in northern Alabama, where the Academy's expedition traced them as far east as the Roden Mounds—near Guntersville.

This was an interesting site. Between the river and the guiding hills stretch the broad bottom-lands, and, irregularly set upon the first low slopes, the six ancient structures bow their diminished heads. In the meadow-land, for unnumbered years, dwelt the ancients, while the black loam of occupation grew thick beneath their feet. In those early years, perhaps a special structure gave temporary shelter to their dead; perhaps those early graves, sunk in the level land, have been obliterated by the same process that has scoured the top soil from the plain by the river, where doubtless stood the primitive settlement. At any rate, the builders of these burial mounds brought much of their component mass from the village ground. Working in groups, and gathering their loads here to day, to-morrow there, they reared these chaotic piles of midden loam and virgin clay, thrusting them through and through with burials, then overlaying all again with the unstratified deposit.

They who built them were yet living in the Copper Age. Here was the outlined burial No. 8, with fifty-one tubular beads of copper, some with the stringing cord still in the hole, while the form of their wearer was but tracery. There, beneath a covering of yellow sand, lay burial No. 10, his four bracelets of rolled sheet-copper neatly piled beside his head, and the shell beads that formed the head-dress beneath the crumbling skull. And over yonder, burial No. 62, with its ceremonial four-armed copper so bent and broken by a blow—perhaps from the same war-ax that laid its wearer low—that, corroded through the shattered substance, only its fragments could be gathered.

Everywhere the reel-shaped, four-armed copper was notable. Singly, with its arms broad-stretched, or folded in ceremonial sacrifice—occasionally two, or even three, on breast or abdomen—sometimes gracing the grave of an adult, sometimes resting with a child, again alone in the soil where mortality left no trace.

Everywhere also the once glittering galena in lumps and masses of unprecedented size and number, some faceted with the record of ceremonies past, others yet unused, but ready for the rites of the world to come, marked the dominance of white paint in cults of the makers of the graves with the ceremonial clay. The clay deposit, the galena, and the four-armed coppers marked the tribal range.

The dating of the Roden settlement, spelled out for the archæologist in beads of shell, was held in the very heart of Mound A. The remnant of a skull, to be forever known as burial No. 44, had near by the fragments of a conch or helmet shell—perchance a drinking-cup—and five small shells, some much decayed, all pierced for stringing. And that was all. Yet those five fast-crumbling shells constitute the only record in American archæology of the presence of cowries in an ancient grave.

The story of the cowry has never yet been fully written. The great Genoese, starting in 1492 on his first voyage to discover a new route to the kingdom of the Great Khan, doubtless stocked his ships with a goodly store of these ivory-white porcelain shells. He had been in Guinea. He knew the requirements of the Gold Coast trade, and the casual references in his journal show that he fitted out with hawks-bells, brass rings, glass beads, red and green cloth—wares more suitable for barter with the naked or bark-clothed natives of Africa than for the silk-clad citizens of Cathay. Probably, though he fails to mention it, cowries, strung as for the Guinea trade, were part of his stock—an ill-venture, in competition with the shell ornaments of the Gulf Coast. Unlikely that the cowry ever came again as trade goods to the New World. So mayhap the five little shells were bestowed, by Columbus's own hand, upon a native of the isles, were carried across to the mainland on some trip of trade or of pleasure, and thence, from hand to hand, as curios, journeyed northward with an ever-growing wonder-tale of the great white chiefs from the East, some even as the great Lord of the Day himself, with hair of gold and of copper, and sheathed in strange metal that gleamed like moonlight on the water.

If not thus, then they had journeyed in dangling from the trappings of one of those noble steeds that shared the perils of the early explorers of the mainland; and then the wonder-tale that went with the string was stranger still, of great, glittering beasts, four-legged, two-armed, with tail all fringed and frontlet that fell like a mask over the bearded face—an uncanny creature.

Certain it is that they date from the close of the fifteenth or the early days of the sixteenth century. He who drank from the great shell cup and treasured the string of cowries knew nothing more of the products of the Old World.

Touching thus, with outstretched finger, the margin of historic times, it would seem possible to identify these white-paint people, wearers of the four-armed coppers. This the archæologist refuses to do—still less to name the folk that scattered the stone cysts from Ohio to Alabama, or to assign a place in history to the makers of the burnt-clay graves. Back to the field, for a wider sweep and a deeper knowledge of contiguous territory, is his only answer to the problem.

Along the middle course of the Tennessee dwelt at one time the Ucheans, unknown to the early explorers, shifting their habitat in large part southeastward to the upper Savannah River, to form a powerful people before 1670, when they first enter into written history. And how little of their life that history records!

That powerful Iroquoian tribe, the Cherokee, which, in the dim traditionary age, migrated from the Ohio Valley to abide in the mountains of southern Appalachia, and that other people, yclept the Ishmaelites of the Western world, the Algonkian Shawnee, who later came by invitation of the Cherokee to occupy their lands in Kentucky and in Tennessee, may dispute with the first their unproved claims to stone cyst or burnt-clay burials. And the shadow of the stone graves shrouds the molders of the painted pottery.

To the Muscogean congeries to the south doubtless belonged the ordinary burials with stamp-decorated ware.

Tribe after tribe have made the waterway of the Tennessee its method of migration, and all have left a record of their passing—here only an empty grave, stone-walled or clay-filled; there, a simple pit with shapely pots for furniture; and yet again, deep-sunk in bold pyrography, the communal departure of the people of the burnt-clay burials. So, pressing onward, they paused awhile to string those records along the magic bow, bent full-curved toward their constant goal—the fertile, sunny Southland.

A Tame Hero

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IN the open space back of the pickle-works baseball was evolved out of primeval chaos whenever the weather and the educational system permitted. The first-comer, if he had a ball, bounced it against the cucumber-shed or let it roll pleasantly off the slanting roof. The next sterling athlete joined him in catch—either plain catch or that fascinating gamble called, for some reason, "ante over"—the ball being tossed back and forth over the shed, alternately arriving out of mystery and disappearing into the unknown. As soon as a bat arrived there was knocking up of flies, and presently that onward and upward movement, one o' cat, two o' cat, and round-ball. Round-ball was a semi-civilized diversion in which the fielding positions were determined by lung power. It held within it the germs of its own dissolution: its very loudness attracted its executioners. When the eighth boy came it was doomed; with the tenth the poor, wabbly thing passed away unmourned, and choosing-up ensued. The visible world was now divided into the "uses" and the "thems," new antagonisms and solidarities were formed, class was arrayed against class—and baseball burst into bloom. That perfect thing which it cost the world generations of leisure and culture to produce these heirs of the ages often achieved in half an hour.

On that mellow May Saturday which was destined to have such an important place in his private history Ranny arrived at the scene of disorder when life was in its round-ball or barbaric stage. He accepted a position in the outfield—the fate of the new-comer—and prepared to rise upon other people's dead selves toward the home-plate and social prestige. As a fielder he cut no brave figure. The only ball which came his way did so at a time when he was lost in admiration of "Sausage" Buckly's dog. The ball rolled far beyond him into a vague region of burdocks and thistles, and he was pretty thoroughly reviled before he got it back.

Ranny was doomed never to break into the exclusive society of the infield, for presently there came a breach of the so-called peace from beyond the cannery building and the cry, "Choose up! choose up!" This hullabaloo was followed shortly by its author, Ted Blake, who, as he rounded the corner of the shed, elected himself captain and pitcher of one of the teams. Bud Hicks, who had possession of the ball in this crisis, became the other captain, and choosing-up followed with the aid of the ball-bat and all the recognized forms of chicanery. The outcome was that Ted found himself at the end facing the possibility of taking Ranny upon his team. He made a brief survey of the forces behind him.

"I don't need no outfielder," he said. "They'll be lucky if they hit the ball at all."

"I don't need none, either," said Bud Hicks, who, against the unanimous advice of his team, had appointed himself pitcher.

Ranny was therefore invited to be the keeper of the score and of the collection of valuables. The former was kept on the ground with a sharp stick, and the latter in a cap—an unimpressive array of losables, including two knives, some gaudy but not neat jewelry that came with candy, and Tom Rucker's imitation watch by which it was always twenty minutes after four. Ranny, deeply hurt, declined this doubly responsible position and withdrew to the shadow of the shed, where he sat on a board and refused to associate with the team which was having its innings.

"I guess he thinks we're playin' wood-tag," said Ted Blake, whose followers laughed loyally.

If Ranny had owned a good ball or a mask he could have bought his way into the game, but he had no more capital than skill. As a ball-player he was much like that luckless recruit to the Lakeville team of whom the *Bulletin* said, "Though a poor fielder, he is remarkably weak at the bat." As he sat there and watched Ted's elaborate imitation of the wind-up of Robby Ryan, Lakeville's permanent pride, he wondered whether it was not time he achieved some proficiency in this important phase of human life. He was already nine, and getting older every hour; yet it was a popular superstition that he could not hit, catch, or throw. As he sat there his only comfort was that Ted Blake's well-intentioned offerings were being batted into all unoccupied parts of the field. The Hicks contingent was almost powerless with merriment.

Suddenly an unaccountable hush fell over the face of nature. It was like the instant of awful silence in the circus before the extra double somersault which has never before been achieved in any of our leading hemispheres, yet it also had elements of resemblance to the moment in a public meeting when a United States Senator arises to add to the sum of human knowledge. The Bud Hicks rejoicers subsided into respectful silence. "Fatty" Hartman, who was catching for the "Blakes'," began striking poses; and Ted himself, who had been pitching with zeal if not success, laughed sheepishly as one caught playing with children. Ted was one of those disgusting youths who morally desert their own class at the sight of an adult.

From where he sat, Ranny could not make out the cause of this astonishing conduct, but presently it rounded the shed and revealed itself to the eye. Moreover, it joined Ranny upon his board, clasped its large, freckled hands about its knees, tilted its hat over its forehead, and leaned its fiery head against the building as if with intent to commit arson. Then it spoke:

"How's come *you* ain't playin'?"

Ranny was stricken with stage-fright. "Aw—I don't know; I don't wanta very much—they think they're smart."

"Not good enough for them, huh?" The man watched for a moment the travesty of the national game. Ted was bitterly accusing his team of non-support. "Must be pretty bad."



IT WAS A POPULAR SUPERSTITION THAT HE COULD NOT HIT, CATCH, OR THROW

One could afford to be modest in this distinguished company.

"I ain't so very good yit, Mr. Ryan," he said.

"What's your name?"

"Randolph Harrington Dukes." This was the formula used for adults, but he added, "Most generally they call me Ranny."

"Father own the wagon-factory?"

"Yes, Mr. Ryan."

"Most generally my friends call me Robby."

"Yes—yes, sir," said Ranny. His universe was beginning to spin and it was hard work managing the business of conversation. The companions of his lost youth were continuing to go through the motions of baseball. Robby Ryan intimated that with all his experience he had never seen a worse exhibition of pitching than Ted Blake was putting up.

"He wouldn't let me play," said Ranny.

"Come down to the rest'rant s'afternoon 'bout three o'clock and we'll toss a few. How 'bout it?"

"All right, Mis—R—Robby. I'd just as lief."

"Don't tell the other kids. We don't want a gang around."

Ranny went into a state of coma, but presently was conscious of the fact that his visitor was translating himself elsewhere. As soon as he was gone the boys, taking advantage of a dispute as to whose turn it was to look for the ball among the burdocks, crowded about and asked for the particulars.

"What 'd he say?" asked Ted Blake.

It is seldom that Nemesis comes as swiftly as it came to Ted Blake that sunshiny day back of the pickle-works.

"He said he never seen such rotten pitchin'. Neither did I," Ranny added as he arose to take his leave.

One who has sat upon the same plank with greatness and leaned against the same cucumber-shed cannot be too careful in his choice of associates. And since parents have a distorted view of such matters, Ranny did not tell his family at dinner-time what had come into his life. Father might feel the honor keenly, but mother would be afraid he would get hurt.

"Robin Redbreast" Ryan—so called by the *Bulletin* in expansive moments, but by the population more often named Robby than Reddy—was, like the bird whose name he honored, a summer resident. In fact there was something cosmic about Robby. People planted radishes by him when he turned up in the spring, and when, at the end of the season, his glowing head disappeared from Main Street, leaves dropped off of trees. Whenever he came, a position of honor and profit was awaiting him at the White Front Restaurant. The proprietor combined business with patriotism by installing Robby behind his counter, insuring to Lakeville the services of a man who was vaguely known as "the best pitcher in this part of the state," and to himself the patronage of the younger sporting set. For every dime that Robby took in over the lunch-counter he gave value received in edibles with baseball conversation as a premium. In the evening the place was crowded with earnest students of history; with Robby they went on little round trips through the ages from "Pop" Anson to Alexander the Greatest. The air was full of batting averages and indignation over umpires. A versatile man was Robby Ryan. The hand which he could wrap around a dollar-and-a-quarter ball like a red blanket could slide a plate of huckleberry-pie half the length of the counter and make it stop square in front of its ultimate consumer.

In a boy's-eye view the name of Robby Ryan would have come somewhere between those of Buffalo Bill and Benjamin Franklin, the prominent kite-flyer. Men knew that Robby was not the master he had been in his first youth, but boys are as reluctant to change their gods as to change their clothes. It was firmly believed that he was once a pitcher in a major league team—though under an assumed name. It was common knowledge that he had an "up-shoot" in his repertoire, but he never used it because his "out-drop" was enough to baffle any merely human batter. The boys' awe of him was made perfect by the fact that he never spoke to any of them. It is true that Bud Hicks claimed that the great man had once said, "Hello, kidlet," but, although

Bud pointed out the exact spot in the solar system where this occurred, the report was not given credence. Boys were not patrons of restaurants, nor, in the lucrative sense, of baseball games. It was not reasonable to suppose that this master of two noble professions would ever speak respectfully to anybody under fourteen.

It was therefore a transformed Ranny, outwardly calm so as not to attract a crowd, but with a thumping heart, who draped himself upon an iron railing near the White Front Restaurant at two, and who thereafter went down to the corner every five minutes to look at the court-house clock. He had often pointed out to father the importance of having a watch, and here was proof of his contention. On the stroke of three he entered the restaurant. Robby greeted him in a coldly impersonal way, as if he had come to buy a dime's worth of boiled ham.

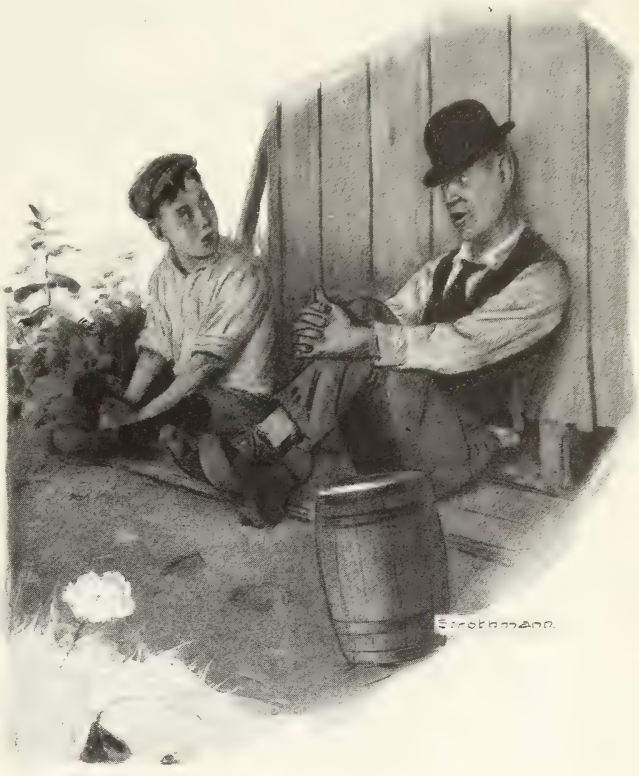
"Hello — R-Robby," said Ranny, with a sinking heart. "You said— m-mebbe—you know— three o'clock—I thought mebbe—"

"Oh, it's Ranny," said "Three R," who hated to see anybody suffer. "Sit down there. I'll be with you as soon as the boss comes in." Exactly as one man of the world to another!

The proprietor arrived shortly and relieved Ryan from the trifling duties of mid-afternoon.

"Well," said the pitcher, removing a ball and glove from behind the water-cooler, "now we'll see how the ol' wing is feelin'. I guess I'll have to go easy to-day."

They went back through the kitchen and established themselves in a comparatively open space among the barrels and boxes and assorted fragrances in the back yard. Ranny was placed in front of a high board fence and given a glove, and—as time went on—a lot of free advice, such as: "Freeze onto 'em; don't let 'em bounce out every time. Squeeze 'em; don't be afraid; I won't sling 'em hard. That's better. . . . Aw, there you go again! What's the matter with you?"



"HOW'S COME *YOU* AIN'T PLAYIN'?"

So life went happily until Robby began to feel the frosts of a hard winter coming out of his arm. Ranny now found that the ball was acting queerly; it was always in a slightly different place from what a person had a right to expect, and he got some hard raps on the ends of his fingers.

"A little stuff on that one, huh?" asked Robby, laughingly. Then for the first time Ranny realized that the great man was pitching curves, and that he, the humble son of a wagon manufacturer, was catching them. From that moment raps on the fingers had no terrors for him. They were honorable raps —painful but honorable.

But the "ol' wing" was enjoying the

spring thaw so much that it began to get beyond its owner's good intentions. The ball arrived at Ranny's glove with increasing force. In his fright he lost his head. The next thing was a cataclysm, a dark-red curtain over the daylight and an effect as of Roman candles.

Ranny did not lose consciousness, but he dropped promptly and clamped his hands over a throbbing eye. It took the best pitcher in that part of the state to pry them away.

"Open your eye." If it had been any one else one would have said the man showed signs of panic. Ranny opened his eye obediently, but closed it upon his own initiative.

"That's all right," said Robby. "It missed the eye—it's underneath."

Although the pain was great, Ranny could not cry in this exalted society. He only took a firm grip on his voice and murmured:

"You had some stuff on that one."

He was far from unhappy. To be knocked down by the greatest pitcher in Lakeville and environs was an honor that was reserved for the select. His face was like a toothache that has broken out of bounds, but his heart was playing pleasant little tunes.

At Robby's command the White Front cook (of an inappropriate color) came out with a piece of raw beefsteak, and the two men applied it to the devastated region. Robby presently went back to his work, but his victim sat on a box in the back yard, summed up his position in society, and contemplated the surprise of his companions when he displayed this black eye and described in detail how he had come by it. He had a thrilling idea that it was a jump ball which had caused his undoing—if it had been a drop it would have hit him upon the shin.

But when he was ready to go home the peerless pitcher had a sorry disappointment waiting for him.

"Don't tell anybody how you got this bloomer," said Robby. "Your folks might get sore at me. Don't even tell the kids." He must have seen the stricken look upon his victim's face, for he added: "I got an old glove around to my room. Drop in here some day an' I'll have it for you."

It was with mixed feelings of elation and disappointment, and with a large area below his right eye that recoiled from the touch, that Ranny took his way homeward and faced the ordeal of quenching his parents' thirst for information.

"I got hit with a baseball," he told mother. As the national game had been audibly flourishing back of the pickle-works all day, it was not necessary to evade further questions. And it was mother, not he, who misinformed father at supper-time.

"He got hit with a baseball back of the pickle-works. I don't think he ought to play down there so much. Some of those boys are too big for him." If mother had only known how big the "boy" was who had laid him low!

"He'll have to learn to take care of himself," said father, following his favorite theory, and he added, with faint praise, "He's no Clarence Raleigh."

The explanation, "I got hit with a baseball," also served very well for the teacher's ear—on Monday the area was still large and blue, and shaped something like the state of New Jersey. But it would not pass with the boys, who, among them, had occupied all grounds on Saturday, and knew that Ranny had not been near a ball-game. It was their cheerful theory that somebody had given Ranny the licking that he so eminently deserved, for his snobbish action in the shade of the cucumber-shed had not been popular. Ted Blake, when asked whether it was he who had done this piece of exterior decoration, said it was not, but he was able and willing to oblige at any time. Josie Kendal, who sat in front of Ranny, enjoyed a horrified look at the dark-blue New Jersey and said, "I think boys are horrid." Tom Rucker presumed upon his long friendship to ask who had hit him and why, and, upon Ranny's refusal to tell, was visibly hurt. So here he was with an injury that should have brought bursts of admiration wherever he went, and he was as friendless and desolate as an umpire.

At intervals of leisure he mooned about the region of the White Front Restaurant, half hoping, half fearing that he would see the object of his devo-

tion, but not daring to go so far as to enter the restaurant. It was Tuesday before he actually beheld his favorite pitcher. Ryan was hanging upon the awning-rope after the best usage of Lakeville clerks. He greeted Ranny cordially, and noted the decline and fall of the black eye. He said nothing further about the glove, and, though it would have meant everything to him in this hour of public disapproval, Ranny was too polite to ask for it.

The week compassed a reduction of Ranny's features to the normal size and color, but his social relations were still strained and his spirits low. He had hobnobbed with the great, but he had nothing to show; his light was hidden under a tight rain-barrel. If he merely attempted to tell anybody something that Robby had said the day they sat together on a board, he was accused of thinking he was smart. So matters drifted into another week and Memorial Day.

The 30th of May was, of course, a time of surcease from grinding toil —there were no divisors and multiplicands to distinguish from one another on that day or embarrassing questions as to the present whereabouts of Costa Rica. It was a day of honoring the heroic dead, and it was more: it was the time of the annual humiliation of pretentious Manchester — weather and umpire permitting. And although Lakeville sometimes intrusted minor games to people of no importance, the task of defeating Manchester always fell to Robby Ryan. In the week preceding the game, the condition of the "ol' wing" was a more important public question than the paving of Market Street.

So it was a vastly interested populace, with Ranny and his noisy contemporaries well in the foreground, which, the veterans having been duly remembered, assembled near the court-house corner to pay tribute to the team and shortly to follow it to the ball park. The Manchester players had arrived on the noon train and were changing into uniforms in a room at the hotel. The local heroes were gathering rapidly, and the band was playing enlivening selections. The band was complete to-day, just as it had marched to the services at the cemetery. On ordinary days the ball-games had to be content with such musicians as could "get off."



THEY APPLIED RAW BEEFSTEAK TO THE DEVASTATED REGION

Ranny knew that he could not expect recognition from high quarters on so public an occasion; even adults got only stingy salutations when Robby was in his official mood. The layer of boys was thickest around Robby, just as at circus parades it enveloped the personality of the elephant. In order that Robby might at least have the pleasure of knowing that his new friend was present and

loyal, Ranny spoke loudly to his companions of what Lakeville would presently do to its guests.

"They won't git a smell—them Manchesters."

"Well, who said they would?" asked Ted Blake. "What do *you* know about baseball, anyhow?"

"He's the worst player I ever seen," said "Fatty" Hartman out of his vast experience. "He slings like Clarence Raleigh."

"He told the teacher"—this from Ted—"that he got hit in the eye playin' ball."

"Who'd let him on any team? Tell me that." Nobody told Bud that, so he added, "All he knows how to play is wood-tag."

The defendant did his best, but he was outnumbered and outhooted. The noise of the conflict, however, arrested the attention of the peerless one, whose eye condescended to dwell upon the group of noisy fans. His face suddenly lighted.

"Hey, ol' Blackeye," he said; "come 'ere a minute. Here's that glove I promised you the day you stopped one of my fast ones with your bare face. I forgot it till I was gettin' out my stuff to-day."

In a mild form of insanity that was more eloquent than verbal thanks, Ranny took the thing in his unworthy hands.

"It's busted there," Robby explained, "but it won't be hard to mend."

"All right, Robby." It might as well be clear that these cronies called each other by their Christian names. "I can fix it easy; it's a fine ol' glove."

Out of a corner of his eye, Ranny watched his unfortunate companions, open-mouthed with astonishment. He almost felt sorry for them—but not quite. Every word of Robby's had been audible to Ranny's humble friends. In that instant the veil which hid the future was torn away. He would organize a team centering about him and his glove. They would save up for caps and pants. If the boys wanted to refer to their manager-captain-pitcher as "Ol' Blackeye," why, all right.

"Wanta carry this for me?"

The delicious words roused Ranny from his day-dream. It was a new altitude record in man's humanity to boy. As one conferring knighthood, Robby handed over, in the presence of the best part of Lakeville, a bat which he had suddenly found himself unwilling to carry. It was not merely *a* bat; it was *the* bat—"the old black war-club" the *Bulletin* often called it—a murderous weapon and historical relic. At this



IT WAS THEIR CHEERFUL THEORY THAT SOMEBODY HAD GIVEN RANNY THE LICKING THAT HE SO EMINENTLY DESERVED



HE WAS THE CENTER OF THE ADMIRING GAZE OF ALL WHO LINED THE STREET

emotional moment the band struck up a marching tune, and the procession toward the ball-park began. Ranny buttoned the glove to his belt just over his hip, after the manner of the demigods of the diamond, and put the fiendish war-club over his shoulder. Thus he walked beside his hero, and delicious thrills ran up and down his spinal cord.

Yet he did not precisely walk; he floated, he was wafted. By an easy fancy he was the center of the admiring gaze of all who lined the street or sat upon bunting-wreathed verandas or sauntered along toward the ball-grounds. For him they shouted; for him the band was playing, the sun was shining, the roadside was gay with dandelions, birds were singing, girls in white were waving tiny American flags. He wished this parade would never end. If only he might drift forever down this stream of dusty sunlight!

But owing to the short-sighted policy of the management in building the ball-grounds so close to the town, the gate was soon in sight, and Ranny saw that only minutes separated him from the time when he must slide off of Olympus and mingle with mortals again.

In the society to which Ranny belonged one never presented oneself at the entrance and wasted fifteen cents upon admission. Instead, they moved into a tree just outside the fence until from the grandstand it seemed black with lively and noisy fruit. As the innings rolled on and the watchman got more and more interested in the game, discipline was bound to relax. The time always came when one could drop off of the boy-tree and climb to the top of the fence. A foul knocked in that direction was then good for three admissions, and by the seventh inning all the real people were down by the diamond seeing life. It was to this gradual admission to a ball-game that Ranny now reconciled himself.

But at the gate the personal history of Randolph Harrington Dukes entered upon a new phase. The old life had served its purpose and passed away. Robby's words came out clear; not a scoffer could ever deny them. They were accompanied by a jerk of Lakeville's most prominent thumb in Ranny's direction.

"It's all right, Jake," said Robby to the gatekeeper. "He's with me."

The Eternal Play

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THIRD act of the eternal play!
In poster-like emblazonries,
"Autumn once more begins to-day"—
'Tis written all across the trees
In yellow letters like Chinese.

How many hundred centuries
Hath run this play, with ne'er a pause!
That which this living audience sees
Thrilled all the dead to wild applause—
And yet the strange old drama draws.

Not all alike adjudge the play:
Some laugh, some weep, and some there be
Deem the old classic's had its day,
And some scarce any of it see,
Nodding in witless apathy.

And others more than all the rest
One act out of the four prefer—
Spring, in her wind-flower draperies drest,
Or Summer, with her bosom bare;
Winter than these some deem more fair.

Some, mayhap melancholic, deem
Autumn the meaning of the play—
The smile that says, "'Twas all a dream!"
The sigh that says, "I can but stay
A little while, and then away";

The rustling robe of joy that ends,
The moon-cold kiss upon the brow,
The fading sail of sea-sped friends,
The love that is another's now,
The voice that mourns, "Ah! where art thou?"

For all her purple and her gold,
Autumn hath such a tale to tell—
The tale that tells us all is told;
Yea! but she tells it wondrous well,
Weaving strange hope into her spell:

The hope that, when we sit no more
At this old play, and needs must go
Through yonder shrouded exit door,
The mystic impresario
Hath still for us a stranger show.

Should Students Study?

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon

"DO not let your studies interfere with your college education." This motto adorns the walls of many a student's room. It is his semi-humorous way of expressing his semi-conviction that studies do not count—that the thing to go in for is—"College Life." This thing, made up of intercollegiate athletics and lesser diversions, is spelled with capitals—with big capitals in the student's mind. This frequenter of college walks and halls and tombs and grandstands I call a "student" for want of a safer term, though it sometimes does him injustice. He has sundry answers to the question whether students should study.

In academic circles, this is not merely an academic question. The boy who goes to college faces it, in one form or another, again and again. Indeed, before he dons his freshman togs, his father has told him to get an all-round education, and may even have given him to understand that deficiencies in scholarship, which do not end his college career, will be overlooked if he makes the football team. He observes the boys who return from college; he finds that their language and their clothes bear marks of a higher education. He hears accounts of initiations and celebrations. His chum's big brother takes him aside and tells him confidentially just how he must conduct himself in order to be rushed for the right fraternity. Everybody tells him he must be a "good fellow"; few discourse upon the joys of the curriculum. Whether students should study may remain with him an open question, but he begins to doubt whether students do study.

With his mind set on going to college, he reads all that comes to hand on the subject. The newspapers give him vivid details of the games, big and little, with full-page pictures of the heroes. They report night-shirt parades, student riots, dances, beer-nights — anything but studies. Now and then they do give space to a professor, if he has been indiscreet, or has appeared to say something scandalous, which everybody in college knows he did not say, or if he is sued for divorce. They even spare him an inch or two if he is awarded a Nobel prize.

The lad reads stories of College Life. How they glow with escapades! His mind becomes a moving-picture of thrilling escapes, of goats enthroned on professorial chairs, of freshies ducked in chilling waters, of battalions of rooters yelling with the precision of a cash-register. Now and then there is mention of lectures and examinations, for it appears that the sophisticated youth knows many devices for "getting-by" these impediments to the unalloyed enjoyment of College Life. Surely the high-school teacher who spoke with such enthusiasm about the lectures of "Old Socrates" must be hopelessly behind the times. Surely nobody goes to college nowadays for lectures.

After entering college the boy continues his studies in the philosophy of education under the tutelage of a sophomore. His tutor informs him that the object of education is the all-round man. The faculty and the curriculum, he explains, are obstacles, but the upper classes rescue the poor freshman from pentagonal and other primitive shapes and round him out with smokers, hazing, initiations, jamborees, and visits to the big city, where he makes the acquaintance of drinks and ladies far more brilliant-hued than those of his somber native town. He is told that he is "seeing life," and that college will make an all-round man of him yet, if the

faculty do not interfere with his education.

If this sophomoric philosophy leaves any doubts to puzzle the freshman, they may be cleared away by the alumni who return to warm up the fraternity-house with stories of the good old days. And, of course, the lad joins a fraternity before giving his course of study a thought. For what is college to a non-fraternity man? Merely an institution of learning. To the man with the Greek-lettered pin the fraternity is the *sine qua non* of higher education, the radiant whole of which the college is a convenient part, providing for the fraternity a local habitation.

And so the undergraduate stretches his legs before the hearth and hears the wisdom of the "Old Grad." In his day, it seems, things were different. The students were not such mollycoddles, the beer flowed more freely, and the faculty did not try to run things. No, sir, in the good old days the faculty did not spoil College Life. What a glorious celebration after that 56 to 0 game, when every window in old West Hall was broken and the stoves were thrown down-stairs!

"I tell you, boys," cries the Old Grad, warming his feet by the fire and his imagination by the wonder of the freshmen, "it is not what you learn in your classes that counts. It is the College Life. Books, lectures, recitations—you will forget all that. Nobody cares after you graduate whether you know any Latin or algebra, unless you are a teacher, and no man can afford to be a teacher nowadays. But you will remember the College Life as long as you live."

Some of the alumni would have a different story to tell, no doubt, but they do not get back often for fraternity initiations. Perhaps they are too busy. And, again, they may have been nothing but "grinds" during their college days.

Whatever we may think of the "Old Grad's" remarks, the idea does prevail in many a college that the most important enterprises are found in the side-shows, conducted by the students themselves, while the faculty present more or less buncombe performances in the main tent. Woodrow Wilson said something to this effect before he gave up trying to make boys take their studies seriously in favor of the comparatively easy job he now holds. Professor Churchman of Clark College declares that success in athletics and the social life of the college "seems to be the honest ambition of an appalling proportion of fathers and mothers who are sending their sons to fashionable colleges, in the same spirit that accompanies their daughters to fashionable finishing schools." One father whose son triumphed on the gridiron and failed in his studies said to the Dean of Harvard College, "My son's life has been just what I wanted it to be."

In 1903, a committee of the Harvard faculty, after extensive investigation, found that the average amount of study was "discreditably small." The committee declared that there was "too much teaching and not enough study," and that ambitious students find little incentive to take honors. The following year another committee reported that the student body did not regard grades in college courses as any test of ability. In 1908, a committee, of which President Lowell was chairman, came to this conclusion: "Contentment with mediocrity is perhaps the greatest danger that faces us, and it is closely connected with the feeling among the students that college is a sort of interlude in serious life, separated from what goes before and dissociated from what follows." A large majority of seniors at Harvard expressed this belief in response to a questionnaire, and students elsewhere have expressed the conviction in a score of ways.

Many students look upon scholarship as a menial servant in the household of College Life, tolerated for a time in order that the abode may be free to welcome its convivial guests. They regard the social light of the fraternity and the hero of the gridiron as the most promising candidates for success in life. The valedictorian appears to them too confined in his interests to meet successfully anything beyond the artificial tasks of the class-room. He—poor fellow—is supposed to be doomed to failure in real life. Wherefore the respectability of "The Gentleman's Grade"—the sign of mediocrity in scholarship. Wherefore

the epithet "grind," with its superlative "greasy grind," which sums up the contempt of the "good fellow" for the man who makes hard study his chief collegiate interest.

In many a student group the boy who thus speeds up and passes his fellows is treated as a "scab." And in many a faculty group the idea seems to be:

'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all.

Such ideas find fertile ground in the high-schools, and the seed spreads even to the virgin soil of the kindergarten. The new tree of life—the painless education, by the do-what-you-please, when-you-please, how-you-please method—is said to have been imported from Italy. But its foliage is much like our native stock of the American college variety.

Even upon the correspondence schools are grafted some branches of the tree of College Life. It is said that a father in Hood River, Oregon, found his son standing on his head in the crotch of an apple-tree, waving his legs in the air and giving a college yell.

"Come down, boy," he cried. "Are you crazy?"

"No, father; leave me alone," said he. "I have just started my correspondence-school course, and the sophomores have written me to go and haze myself."

On the other hand, President Hyde voiced the common idea of college teachers when he said, in an address to freshmen: "Put your studies first; and that for three reasons: first, you will have a better time in college. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. Second, after the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear to be cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows; but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. Third, your future career depends upon it."

But does your future career really depend upon it? That question may well be answered by college faculties with something more than their opinions. On this subject teachers are regarded as prejudiced authorities. They are supposed to believe in the importance of their own jobs. They may exhort students to study on the ground that success in undergraduate studentship leads to the kind of achievement that men desire in the life beyond commencement. But boys think they know better.

I know that this is so, for I have recently visited a hundred or more colleges, from the University of Maine in the northeast to the University of Redlands in the southwest. I have learned what I could from the oldest university at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and from the youngest at Houston, Texas. I have sought out these institutions along twenty-five thousand miles of travel. I have tried to determine, from what students say and do the country over, to what extent they deem study worth the effort.

There are differences, to be sure. The idea that College Life in "caps" should be the text, with studies as a footnote, has not gripped all institutions with the same force. In some, the idea seems to be a settled conviction; in others, little more than a suspicion. Colleges cannot be readily classified on the basis of the earnestness of purpose with which students greet the curriculum. It does not appear that state universities stand higher or lower in this regard than privately supported institutions. Nor are there class distinctions of this kind between small and large colleges, between sectarian and non-sectarian colleges, or even between universities with millions of endowment and those endowed with poverty and hopes. There appears to be a difference between schools of the East and schools of the West; but other generalizations, though frequently made by overzealous friends of particular schools, appear to be based on too few cases.

I am speaking, always, of the central tendencies of groups—of the mode, as sociologists would say, and not of the few extreme cases in the surface of distribution. Nearly every college has its distinctive feature, which balks classification. One might conclude, from the studiousness of the boys at the College

of the City of New York, that large, free, urban universities are the usual resorts of serious-minded youth. Such a conclusion would ignore the racial factor more important in this instance than any other. The intellectual achievements of older graduates of Williams and Bowdoin and Amherst appear to make out a strong case for the small, sectarian, New England country college. But a generation or two ago there were no large, free, urban institutions. Evidence is not available sufficient to prove that the recent graduates of the small, country colleges have finer intellectual enthusiasms than the recent graduates of any other group of colleges. Conclusions based on the spirit of a generation ago are usually misleading as present-day guides. Such conclusions may or may not be misleading in this case. American colleges changed vitally during the past generation, and a few are changing rapidly to-day.

With these qualifications, I venture one generalization: students of the younger Western colleges are more worthy of the name than those of the older Eastern colleges. They come through greater sacrifices and with more serious purposes. This is what history tells us to expect of the frontier. It is, moreover, the usual report of those who have taught in the East and in the West. Eagerness for knowledge is one manifestation of the enthusiasm of youth in a young country. In many of the older seats of learning, responsiveness to the efforts of instructors is in bad form. To do more than the assigned lesson, or to tarry after the lecture for more help, is to risk one's reputation. "Harvard indifference" is not Harvard indifference; it is the attitude toward studies of young men anywhere who go to college as a matter of course, with no dominant purpose beyond the desire to enjoy College Life. They find that there is little in it; even their interest in intercollegiate athletics has to be coaxed by rallies and organized into cheers. They find out that a man who has nothing to do but amuse himself has a hard job. Spontaneous delight over anything is not to be expected. To increase in years and in resources and yet retain the splendid enthusiasms of poverty and youth appears to be as difficult for institutions as for men and women.

Yet so rapidly are colleges changing that conditions seem to pass away under our very scrutiny. The West of to-day is a new West. Even the far West is already a long generation beyond frontier days. The colleges are keeping pace with the country, not only in material prosperity, but, unhappily, in spirit and in ideals. A larger proportion of the families are well-to-do, and a larger proportion of boys and girls resort to higher schools. Growth begets the desire to grow. Numbers seem necessary for winning games and impressing legislatures. College expenses grow, too. Easier communication with Eastern universities leads to further imitation. Thus sturdy Western institutions of pioneer days tend to lose their individuality. They reveal signs of what they call progress. They not only standardize their units of admission, but also their ideals. They tend to become intellectual democracies and social aristocracies; in the beginning they were quite the reverse. The change has not gone so far in the West—certainly not in the private colleges of the West—but the direction is unmistakable.

Again, let me say, I speak in terms of group tendencies; exceptions leap to mind with every statement.

Is high scholarship worth the effort? In other words, have colleges devised courses of study which bear any relation to the probable careers of their students? Is there any evidence that a man who attains high marks is more likely to achieve success after graduation than a man who is content with passing marks?

If there is any such connection between success in studies and success in life, it should be possible to measure it by approved statistical methods, and thus arrive at conclusions of more value as guidance to the undergraduate than the opinion of any man. Both the professor and the sport are in danger of arguing from exceptional instances—each is likely to find striking cases in proof of his preconceived notions; each is inclined to scorn the opinion of the other.

But conclusions drawn from large

numbers of cases, not subject to invalidating processes of selection, and employing terms that are adequately defined for the purpose at hand, must command the respect of all men. If such conclusions do not support the contention that it pays to study, there is something radically wrong with the professor's part of college affairs; different kinds of achievement should receive academic distinction and new tests should be devised. If, on the other hand, present standards for rating students predict their future success with any degree of accuracy, the facts should be discovered and used everywhere to combat the prevalent undergraduate opinion. Whatever the outcome of such studies, we should have them in larger numbers, in many places, protected by every safeguard of scientific method. We may well ask, first, whether promise in the studies of one period becomes performance in the studies of a later period.

Are good students in high-school more likely than others to become good students in college? Prof. Walter F. Dearborn tried to answer that question for the State of Wisconsin. He compared the records of hundreds of students at the University of Wisconsin with their records in various high-schools. He found that above eighty per cent. of those who were in the first quarter of their high-school classes remained in the upper half of their classes throughout the four years of their university course, and that above eighty per cent. of those who were in the lowest quarter in their high-school classes failed to rise above the line of mediocre scholarship in the university. The parallelism is so striking that we are justified in concluding that, except in scattering cases, promise in the high-school becomes performance in the college. Indeed, only one student out of nearly five hundred in this investigation who fell among the lowest quarter in the high-school attained the highest rank in the university. Of course, a boy may loaf in high-school and take his chance of being the one exception among five hundred. But he would hardly be taking a sporting chance; it would be rather a fool's chance. The risk would be less in going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

The University of Chicago found that high-school students who failed to attain an average rank higher than the passing mark, by at least twenty-five per cent. of the difference between that passing mark and one hundred, failed in their college classes. The faculty therefore decided not to admit such students. Exceptions were made of the most meritorious cases, but few of these exceptions made satisfactory records in the college.

Basing its policy upon such evidence as this, Reed College, at the beginning of its work five years ago, decided to admit, as a rule, only students who ranked in the first third of their preparatory-school classes. Some exceptions have been made. Twenty per cent. of those admitted were known to be below the first third, and two per cent. below the median line. In all cases these candidates were regarded as the most promising of those who fell below the first third in high-school rank, yet almost without exception they have failed to rise above the lowest quarter of their college classes. Thus, it appears that in Oregon, as in Wisconsin and Illinois, those who get the best start in the lower schools maintain their advantage in the upper schools; few of their classmates overtake them.

But why strive for high rank in college? Why not wait for the more "practical" studies of the professional school? Hundreds of boys the country over declare to-day that it makes little difference whether they win high grades or merely passable grades in the liberal arts, since these courses have no definite bearing on their intended life-work. Almost invariably they are ready to admit that they must settle down to serious effort in the studies of law, medicine, engineering—that is to say, in professional schools. Even the sport who makes the grade of mediocrity his highest aim as a college undergraduate, fully intends to strive for high scholarship in his professional studies. Does he often attain that aim? That is the question.

And that, fortunately, is a question

we may answer with more than opinions. We may take, for example, all the students who graduated from Harvard College during a period of twelve years and entered the Harvard Medical School. Of the 239 who received no distinction as undergraduates, 36 per cent. graduated with honor from the Medical School. Of the 41 who received degrees of A.B. with high honor, more than 92 per cent. took their medical degrees with honor.

Still more conclusive are the records of the graduates of Harvard College who during a period of twenty years entered the Harvard Law School. Of those who graduated from college with no special honor, only 6½ per cent. attained distinction in the Law School. Of those who graduated with honor from the college, 22 per cent. attained distinction in the Law School; of those who graduated with great honor, 40 per cent.; and of those who graduated with highest honor, 60 per cent. Sixty per cent.! Bear that figure in mind a moment, while we consider the 340 who entered college "with conditions"—that is to say, without having passed all their entrance examinations — and graduated from college with plain degrees. Of these men, not 3 per cent. won honor degrees in law.

If a college undergraduate is ready to be honest with himself, he must say, "If I am content with mediocre work in college, it is likely that the men in my class who graduate with honor will have three times my chances of success in the Law School, and the men who graduate in my class with highest honor will have nearly ten times my chances of success." So difficult is it for a student to change his habits of life after the crucial years of college that not one man in twenty years—not one man in twenty years—who was satisfied in Harvard College with grades of "C" and lower gained distinction in the studies of the Harvard Law School.

The same relation appears to persist between the promise of Yale undergraduates and their performance in the Harvard Law School. If we divide the 250 graduates of Yale who received their degrees in law at Cambridge between 1900 and 1915 into nine groups, according to undergraduate scholarship, beginning with those who won the highest "Senior Appointments" at Yale and ending with those who received no graduation honors, we find that the first group did the best work in their studies of law, the second group next, the third group next, and so on, in the same order, with but a single exception, to the bottom of the list. The performance at Harvard of each of the eight groups of Yale honor graduates was in precise accordance with the promise of their records at Yale.

Apparently the "good fellow" in college, the sport who does not let his studies interfere with his education, but who intends to settle down to hard work later on, and who later on actually does completely change his habits of life, is almost a myth. At least his record does not appear among those of thousands of students whose careers have been investigated under the direction of President Lowell and others. It seems that results are legal tender, but you cannot cash in good intentions.

"Dignified credit to all," cries the billboard. "Enjoy your new suit now, and pay for it later." Many a boy, lured by the instalment plan, expects to get an education on deferred payments in effort, only to find that there is no credit for him, dignified or otherwise. What his honest effort has paid for in full is his to-day; nothing more by any chance whatever.

But why strive for the highest standing in professional school? Let us pursue the inquiry one step further. Let us ask whether success in studies gives promise of success in life. As far as the study of law is concerned, we may answer at once that the known success of the honor graduates of the Harvard Law School is one reason why even college undergraduates at Cambridge believe that law students should study law—hard and seriously. For the same reason, leading law-offices the country over give preference to honor graduates of law-schools.

But what is success in life? That is the first problem. It is one difficulty that confronts every one who attempts to speak with certainty about the mean-

ing of education. There is no accepted definition of the aim of education. The philosopher has been likened to a blind man in a dark cellar hunting for a black cat that isn't there. The aim of education seems as elusive as the proverbial black cat. Nevertheless, we do not close our schools. We strive for concrete ends, such as proficiency in handwriting, aware that any particular end may soon be regarded as not worth the effort to attain it. Until recently we could not say even what we meant by proficiency in handwriting, for we had not attempted to define our aim or devise a measure of our progress toward it. We still speak of educational processes and results about as accurately as the Indians spoke of temperature. We still speak of the science of education without seeming to understand that there is no science without precise measurement. From our fragmentary beginnings to an adequate science of education is a long journey, and the road is beset with difficulties. While we struggle along this road, generations will come and go. We will help them to attain what seem, for the time, the proper aims of education. And each individual will strive for what seems to him success in life.

As one measure of success in life, we may take the judgment of certain men. In so far as we accept their judgment our findings concerning the relation between college studies and this kind of success will seem important to us. Here, as in most questions of educational aim, we can do no better for the present than take the consensus of opinion of competent judges.

Using this measure for success, I endeavored to find out whether the members of the class of 1894 of Harvard College who had become notable in their life-work had been notable in their studies. I therefore asked three judges to select, independently, the most successful men from that class. I chose as judges the dean of the college, the secretary of the Alumni Association, and a professor in Columbia University who is a member of the class, because I thought that these men came nearer than any others to knowing all members of the class. I left each judge free to use his own definition of success, but I asked them not to select men whose achievements appeared to be due principally to family wealth or position. The judges agreed in naming twenty-three successful men. I then had the entire undergraduate records of these men accurately copied from the college records and compared with the standing of twenty-three men chosen at random from the same class.

The result was striking. The men who were thus named as most successful attained in their college studies nearly four times as many highest grades as the random selection. To the credit of the successful men are 196 "A's"; to the credit of the other men, only 56.

Following a similar plan, three judges selected the most successful men among the graduates of the first twenty-four (1878–1901) classes from the University of Oregon. An examination of the scholarship records of these men showed that 53 per cent. had been good students and 17 per cent. had been weak students. Of the graduates who were not regarded as successful, 52 per cent. had been weak students and only 12 per cent. had been good students.

Similar results have been found by Prof. A. A. Potter, Dean of the Kansas State Agricultural College, in an unpublished study of the relationship between superiority in undergraduate scholarship and success in the practice of engineering as indicated by salaries received. The Director of the School of Forestry of Yale University has collected evidence of the same kind in an unpublished study of the graduates of the Yale School of Forestry. It appears that about ninety per cent. of the men who have had conspicuous success in the field of forestry were among the better students in their professional studies. President Thwing of Western Reserve University, the historian of higher education in America, says that he has found no exception, in the records of any American college, to the general rule that those who achieve most before graduation are likely to achieve most after graduation.

The list of the first ten scholars of each of the classes that graduated from

Harvard College in the sixth decade of the last century, as presented by William Roscoe Thayer, is a list of men eminent in every walk of life. Indeed, it is likely that the first quarter in scholarship of any school or college class will give to the world as many distinguished men as the other three-quarters.

What can we say in this connection of the 420 living graduates of the ten Wesleyan University classes from 1890 to 1899? Just this: Of the men in that group who graduated with highest honors, 60 per cent. are now regarded as distinguished either by *Who's Who in America* or by the judgment of their classmates; of those who were elected to Phi Beta Kappa—the scholarship honor society — 30 per cent.; of those who won no superior honors in scholarship, only 11 per cent. Of the men now living who graduated from Wesleyan University between 1860 and 1889, 16 per cent. are listed in *Who's Who;* of those who received high honors in scholarship during this period, 50 per cent.; of those who attained no distinction as scholars, only 10 per cent.

From the records of 1,667 graduates of Wesleyan University, Professor Nicholson concludes that of the highest-honor graduates (the two or three leading scholars of each class) one out of two will become distinguished; of Phi Beta Kappa men, one out of three; of the rest, one out of ten.

Concerning the value of *Who's Who* as a criterion of success in life, we may say at least this, that it is a genuine effort, unwarped by commercial motives, to include the men and women who have achieved most worthy leadership in all reputable walks of life. Whatever flaws it may have, it is acknowledged to be the best list of names for such uses as we are now making of it — and such changes in the list as any group of competent judges might make would not materially affect the general conclusions we have drawn.

Further proof of the relation between scholarship and success in life was found by Prof. E. G. Dexter. He compared the records, before and after graduation, of the men of twenty-two colleges. Of all the living graduates of these colleges, he found about 2 per cent. in *Who's Who;* of the honor scholars, he found 5.9 per cent. It thus appears that the chances of this kind of success in life of a good student are about three times the chances of students selected at random. Looking at the records in still another way, we may observe that about 15 per cent. of all graduates are Phi Beta Kappa men. If rank in college has nothing to do with success in life, we should expect to find that 15 per cent. of the graduates in *Who's Who* were Phi Beta Kappa men. But they surpass this expectancy by nearly 100 per cent.

In even larger measure have the very highest scholars fulfilled the promise of their college years. Of the Yale valedictorians, 56 per cent. are included in *Who's Who.* That is to say, a man at the head of his class appears to have more than twenty-five times as many chances of distinction as the man selected at random from among his classmates.

Again, of the 13,705 living alumni of two of the larger New England colleges, 5.4 per cent. of those who graduated in the first tenth of their classes are included in *Who's Who,* and only 1.8 per cent. of those who graduated in the fourth tenth. With due allowance for the defects of the measures of success here employed, the figures tend strongly to corroborate the conclusions of all other studies. The success of the undergraduate in his formal intellectual education is the safest single measure of the success he is likely to achieve in later life. It seems that men do not differ much below the shoulders; with that part of their anatomy they gain about the same wages per day in the unsentimental world of business; what they become from the shoulders up makes the difference.

It is well known that the universities of England and the English people generally have much more respect for scholarship than is common in the United States. One reason is doubtless the eminence for centuries in the Old World of leading university scholars. Of the 384 Oxford University men called to the bar before 1865, 46 per cent. of

those who received first-class honors at Oxford subsequently attained distinction in the practice of law, as indicated by the offices they held. Of the men who were content with pass degrees, only 16 per cent. attained distinction. The list follows:

Of the 92 who received first-class honors,
46 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 85 who received second-class honors,
33 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 67 who received third-class honors,
22 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 61 who received fourth-class honors,
20 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 271 who received pass-degree honors,
16 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 58 who received no degrees,
15 per cent. attained distinction.

No student who fell below the second group of scholars at Oxford attained a political distinction of the highest class.

A similar correlation is found between the degree of success of undergraduates at Oxford and their subsequent distinction as clergymen.

Of the first-class men,
68 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the second-class men,
37 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the third-class men,
32 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the fourth-class men,
29 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the pass-degree men,
21 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the no-degree men,
9 per cent. attained distinction.

Success in the Oxford final schools is thus seen to give fairly definite promise of success at the bar and in the church. In very truth, the boy is father of the man.

A knowledge of all these facts will hardly make thinking as popular as a motion-picture show, but it ought to silence some of those who seek to excuse their mental sloth on the ground that it doesn't matter.

There is another group of students to whom we should here pay our respects—those who drop out before graduation. The Commencement programme is not as respectful to them as the newspaper account of a horse-race; it does not even mention the fact that they "also ran." Yet many of them assure us that they could do well in their studies if they cared to take the trouble. What shall we say to them? Chiefly this: that "not caring to take the trouble" is itself an alarming symptom. Ability without the disposition to use it is like gasolene without a spark. It wins no races. Dropping out of college not only implies a predisposition to drop out of every race before the finish, but as well a smaller chance of life itself. Of five Harvard classes, twenty-five years after graduation, only 15 per cent. of those who had graduated were dead, and 32 per cent. of those who dropped out before graduating.

It is true that some colleges are so loosely put together that a student can loaf until the last week of the term and then scrape through by a kind of death-bed repentance. Not so in the severer trials of life beyond the campus. "In the moral world," as Charles R. Brown puts it, "a man is judged not by the few holy emotions he can scramble together in the last fifteen minutes of earthly existence: he is judged by the whole trend and drift of his life." And this is just. What a man is content to be, day after day, when all runs smoothly, that, in all probability, he will find himself to be when a crisis comes.

In much that I have said about success I have used the mathematical term "chance," a term as far removed as any term could be from the popular notion of luck. If all these studies prove anything, they prove that there is a long chain of causal connections binding together the achievements of a man's life and explaining the success of a given moment. That is the non-skid chain that keeps him safe in slippery places. Luck is about as likely to strike a man as lightning, and about as likely to do him any good. The best luck a young man can have is the firm conviction that there is no such thing as luck, and that he will gain in life just about what he deserves, and no more. The man who is waiting around for something lucky to turn up has time to see a preparedness parade pass by him—the procession of those who have formed the habit of turning things up. In a saloon

at a prairie station in Montana I saw the sign, "Luck beats science every time." That is the motto of the gambler and of every other fool. But all men who have won durable distinction are proof that science beats luck—science operating through the laws of heredity and habit.

The undergraduate who is really eager to excel in any life-work, and who is brave enough to face the facts, will take down that sign from the walls of his room, "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education," and replace it with this one: "Do not let your College Life interfere with your life's ambition." The boy without ambition will take for his motto, "Let well enough alone," oblivious to the fact that people who are content to let well enough alone rarely do well enough.

At a convention of teachers not long ago, a speaker ridiculed a German boy who, upon failing in a recitation, put his head upon his desk and cried. He said he had never seen such a boy in the schools of this country. He might have added that we *do* have in this country the spectacle of boys, grown almost to manhood, coming off the gridiron crying because they have lost a game. If boys must cry, the German student apparently chose the better time, for nothing seems to promise failure in the tasks of to-morrow with greater certainty than failure in the studies of to-day, whereas the most passionate champions of intercollegiate athletics have never presented evidence of correlation between winning games in college and winning success in life.

As I look back over all my school-days, I think with deep gratitude of the oldest master in the public schools of Boston, whose motto was, "One hundred per cent. or zero." Nothing short of perfection satisfied him. We all knew it, and day after day we toed the mark.

A boy came home from school the other day and said to his father, "I got one hundred per cent. in school to-day."

"Did you?" exclaimed the proud father. "In what subject?"

"Oh, I got fifty per cent. in arithmetic and fifty per cent. in geography."

What that kind of one hundred per cent. promises for the future can be predicted with little chance of error.

"A college professor," said a senior in his Commencement part, "is a man greatly beloved by his students—after they graduate." A wise teacher knows that he can afford to wait many years for the verdicts of his students; a wise student knows that he cannot afford to wait; he must choose the hardest task-masters now. Among teachers the greatest number of criminals are not those who kill their young charges with overwork, but those who allow them to form the habit of being satisfied with less than the very best there is in them.

Ruskin had no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. "I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age," he declared, "and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment. A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after-years, rather than now."

Now let the student profit by the experiences of the thousands who have gone before and greet his next task with the words of Hotspur before the battle of Shrewsbury:

Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

The Asher Pride

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

DR. LITTLETON, jogging along the Ridge behind his faithful old horse, met and passed Miss Tole returning from her day's sewing. The little seamstress regarded him shrewdly and made mental comment. "Guess there's nothin' pertic'lar on hand; he ain't shovin' 'Zekle none to speak of." Miss Tole, gossip-loving as she might be, was without malice, yet there was just a tinge of baffled interest as she arrived at her conclusion.

Truly, the big black beast was setting his own gait, leisurely, dignified, as befitted the namesake of a prophet. The doctor lounged in his shabby buggy, yielding his tired body to the brooding peace of the golden evening. He was getting old, or so he said to himself when he noted how the balance of resistance tipped the wrong way, and realized how he was less and less inclined to urge Ezekiel when there was no pressing necessity for rapid transit. Now, his eyelids drooping heavily and his thoughts becoming altogether vague, he was roused by a complete cessation of motion. It was not sudden; Ezekiel's pace had been relaxing for some time, but it was sufficient to bring the doctor to a full consciousness of being. "You lazy old rascal!" he remarked, good-naturedly. Then he straightened his spine and assumed control once more.

"If there ain't Miss Barcy doing nothing!" he said aloud. "We'll pass the time of day with her if you haven't any objections, 'Zekiel," and he twitched the steed into a renewed semblance of progression.

Miss Barcelona McAllister was leaning on the gate which shut her little front walk from the highway. Miss Barcy did not often lean on anything, but she was tired to-night, and her zest of life ran low. It had been her cleaning day, and its activities, pursued with painstaking, if grudging, thoroughness, left her depressed. She possessed none of the lofty satisfaction of the born housekeeper; indeed, she was no housekeeper at all in the traditional sense of the term. Dirt was taboo, it is true, but the process of its elimination was distasteful. She flew no flags as she went through the fray, but she observed every rule of battle. "It's a poor cap'n who sails a foul ship!" she would remind herself, fortifying her spirit with her father's nautical wisdom. Thus, while decks were well-scrubbed, cordage neatly disposed, canvas white and whole, and cargo tidily stowed, the lust of the true New England housewife burned not in her breast. The law of cleanliness was a stern necessity, fulfilled with grim determination. Dust sounded no joyous trumpet-call to Miss Barcy; her obedience to its summons was simply a reluctant concession to her conception of what was proper and well-regulated in daily living. Now, as she watched the sun drop toward the backbone of the low mountain range before her, the haunting image of the day's strife outweighed any sense of relief in its completion.

"This reddin' up's a dretful waste o' time!" she sighed. "I'd rather do a week's peddlin' with bad goin' all the way. Land, if there ain't Dr. Littleton!" she exclaimed aloud as Ezekiel edged almost imperceptibly up to the door-yard. "Well, Doctor, how be you?"

"Too feeble to be tearing round the country after this skittish animal," responded the doctor, his crowsfeet wrinkling humorously as he regarded Ezekiel's ready acquiescence to a halt. The horse's black ears gave no response of understanding; their owner ignored the sarcasm with all the indifference of equine superiority.

Miss Barcy laughed. "How's your sick folks?" she asked.

The doctor settled back, crossed his

legs comfortably, and let the reins slip quite out of his grasp. He enjoyed a chat with Miss Barcy.

"All bent on cheating me out of my job," he replied. Then his face sobered. "All but young Asher, poor chap. I've just come from there. I guess he's done for."

"You don't say so!" Miss Barcy's voice expressed shocked surprise. "I thought he was gittin' well."

The doctor shook his gray head. "The crisis was over a week ago, but he's not getting well. I don't know why. There's not a mite of reason, except that he just won't. He's like a clock that's run down and the key lost. I'm at the end of my rope."

"Lyman Asher never did have much faculty," remarked Miss Barcy. "Whatever he took holt of seemed to flatten right out. I dun'no' as it was his fault. He's a real good young man, with no failin's."

"Unless you call being proud as Lucifer a failing," returned the doctor. "You can't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

"I guess pride's a vice or a virtue 'cordin' as you look at it." said Miss Barcy. "He comes by it natural enough, whatever it is. The Ashers held their heads high, an' they was a crotchety lot, as proud-sperited folks are apt to be, I notice. How about his wife an' young ones? Can't he spunk up for them?"

"Says they'll be better off without him. I give up. You can't make a man live, willy-nilly, and that's what this comes to. He's just letting himself die; he'd get well if he'd only take a start. He's lost his grip, and I might just as well throw away my pills. We doctors don't amount to much, when all's said and done!"

"I don't believe anybody could do more'n you do, Doctor," returned Miss Barcy, and then they talked of other things.

Later, when the doctor had driven away, Miss Barcy still stood at the gate. Her thoughts no longer followed the channels of housework; something larger and more complex occupied them now. She knit her heavy brows in a meditative frown, and now and then she shook her head, slowly, doubtfully.

The sun reached the rim of the highest hill, touched it, lingered for an instant on its crest, then sank out of sight. A sudden glory filled the western sky and flamed to the zenith. The light clouds of the east took up the tale and wrote it on the heavens in letters of crimson and pink. Slowly the dusk stole up from the valley and the riot of color faded and was gone. A little wind blew from the lowlands and struck chill through Miss Barcy's cotton waist. She shivered, roused herself, and turned to the house. "I wonder," she murmured as she went in. "I *wonder!*"

Miss Barcy's movements were never hurried, but they seemed more deliberate than ever the next morning, as she prepared herself for the day's trade. She harnessed Bolter, but her attention was far away, and she fumbled with the buckles until even that staid and patient animal became as restive as it was in his power to be. She dallied unaccountably over the packing of her goods into the "Rolling Jenny," and when she did finally climb into her high seat and take up the reins it was with a certain reluctance quite unlike her usual cheerful alacrity. She made no effort to hasten Bolter's footsteps, and once, without apparent cause or reason, she turned from the main road into a little-frequented way, much to the disgust of the horse, who knew, as well as his mistress, that there were no customers in that direction. He looked back in mild remonstrance, but his driver paid no heed, and the animal sauntered at will, snatching a bite here and there and wandering from one side of the road to the other. A particularly uncomfortable bump woke Miss Barcy from her brown study.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "I'm way off my course, an' yawin' like I was green at the tiller! Git up, Bolter!"

She wheeled in her tracks, drove through the village and to the outskirts beyond, and drew up at a small, weather-beaten house which stood quite by itself. It was a dilapidated place, and bore no evidence of any attempt to hide its poverty. The blindless, curtainless windows gave an expression of blank surprise to the blackened front, and the effect was heightened by a mass of untrimmed vine, clambering over the rot-



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

HE ENJOYED A CHAT WITH MISS BARCY

ting roof like a shock of unkempt hair. The surroundings were no less forlorn. The long grass was trampled and spoiled for cutting; the little garden was a hopeless tangle of weeds; the caterpillars had done their utmost to the few fruit trees. Everything bespoke man's attempt and failure, a depressing sight to the well-ordered mind of a Miss Barcy. Nature, unhindered, is seldom unlovely; she hides even her decay in gracious drapery. Let man's hand once touch her, and the mischief is done. He must keep to his task untiringly, or Nature will take her revenge. It is as if she said: "You stupid humans have meddled; my scheme is interrupted. Have your way, but relax, ever so slightly, and I will do nothing to redeem your mistakes!"

Miss Barcy left her wagon at the place where the gate should have been, and made her way on foot around the house to the back door. On the step a pretty little girl in a ragged pinafore was playing with a kitten. The gray fluff of fur, with its round, blueberry eyes, was submitting meekly to the indignities which small beasts of the kind permit only from the hands of children. Patiently it bore being pulled about by tail or leg, and a feeble mew was its only protest when it was gripped in a sudden and suffocating embrace of ecstatic affection.

Miss Barcy stooped over the little figure and dropped a few big pink-and-white peppermints into its lap. At this unexpected rain of sweets from heaven the child tipped back its curly, yellow head and smiled up into the face above her.

"Hello, sissy!" said Miss Barcy. "Where's your ma?"

The child pointed a grubby forefinger toward the door, saying, as if in gratuitous explanation of any unusual condition of her universe, "Poo' dada, sick!"

At the sound of voices a young woman appeared in the doorway. She was pale and tired-eyed, and a toddling baby hung about her skirts. "Well, Miss Barcy!" she cried. Then, as the little girl gleefully displayed her sticky treasure, "What you say, Rosy? I declare, I'm 'most 'shamed to ask you in, Miss Barcy," she went on, as she led her guest into the kitchen. "I'm all of a clutter; but there, it don't seem as if I had a minute to clean up, to say nothin' of the heart." She removed a molasses-jug from a chair. "Do set, Miss Barcy," she urged; then, half stumbling over the clinging baby, "I wish to the Lord you'd stop tuggin' at me!" The baby burst into tears, and the mother, not ungently, unclasped the insistent little fingers, a bit mortified at her outburst. "I ain't so cross as I seem," she apologized. "I'm clean tuckered out"; and she began to sob in a dry, dreary fashion.

Miss Barcy appeared not to notice the proffered chair—the evidences of its late occupant were too unmistakable—but she laid a kindly hand on the woman's arm. "You mustn't give up so, Milly. Things may take a turn."

Milly shook her head. "I guess there ain't a mite o' hope. Dr. Littleton says nobody can save Lyman but jest himself. An' he won't do it, Miss Barcy! He won't do it! Seems as if he might make an effort for me and the childern, but he jest lies there. He's give up. He says he'd rather die an' git outer the way. It's an awful wicked feelin' to have; but there, everythin's been ag'in him, an' him not to blame, neither. I dun'no' what I'm ever goin' to do, with him gone an' the childern to feed."

"Can't you make him sense that, Milly? Seems kinder cowardly to back out an' leave everythin' to you."

Mrs. Asher flushed. It was one thing for her to find fault with her husband, quite another for any one else to take a critical attitude toward him. "He's awful weak," she responded. "The fever left him like a rag. I think he'd see things different if he warn't so weak."

"Milly," asked Miss Barcy, "can I see Lyman?"

Milly hesitated for a moment. Then she said: "I guess I'll take you right in without lettin' him know you're here. He's dretful notional 'bout seein' folks, now he's sick. Mebbe you'll chirk him up a bit. He allers spoke well o' you, Miss Barcy."

She opened the door of a bedroom off the kitchen—a little room, bare and dreary. Under the faded patchwork quilt lay Lyman Asher, a long, wasted wreck of a man, still young, but baffled,

beaten by life. A stray sunbeam, straggling through a hole in the window-curtain, fell across his face, revealing mercilessly its pallor and misery. Once he might have been handsome; now he was a gaunt scarecrow, with a pinched face dominated by hollow, hopeless eyes. Even his own baby, still attached to its mother's skirts like a small boat in tow, hesitated, and regarded her father dubiously.

Milly went to the bed and smoothed a heavy lock of hair from her husband's damp brow. "Here's Miss Barcy come to see you, Lyme."

The dull eyes took on a fretful expression, and the head turned impatiently. Didn't Milly have more sense than to let the world in upon him? Had he come to be merely a show for the neighborhood curiosity? He murmured a feeble word, and then closed his eyes wearily, as if to intimate, "Well, you have seen me; now go and let me alone!"

Miss Barcy paid no heed to the ungraciousness of her reception. She remarked, cheerfully, "Good mornin'!" adding significantly, as she seated herself in a chair by the bed, "I won't keep you from your work, Milly; I'll set a few minutes with Lyman."

Milly went out and shut the door. There was silence for a time in the little room, broken only by the buzz of an errant fly on the window-pane. Then Miss Barcy spoke.

"It's a real nice mornin' for you, Lyman. Good enough to make you git well without any medicine."

Lyman made no response. Miss Barcy tried again.

"I see Dr. Littleton yesterday, an' he said there warn't no reason why you shouldn't git up ag'in if you'd only make a try."

Lyman opened his eyes and looked his visitor full in the face. "I guess him an' Milly set you onto me," he said. "It ain't any use. I ain't goin' to git up; an', what's more, I don't want to." Once more the heavy lids fell.

"I reckon you 'ain't looked into the matter real close," went on Miss Barcy. "You've got Milly an' the childern to think of."

"I don't need you or anybody else to tell me that!" Lyman's voice was weak, but it vibrated with scorn. "I suppose you think you're speakin' for my good, but I'll say to you, as I said to the doctor, you don't know what you're talkin' about. I 'ain't never succeeded, an' I don't know as I ever would, even if I had another chance. There's some folks the world's better off without, an' I'm one."

Again there was a pause. Finally Miss Barcy broke it. "It don't seem jest the thing for a man to give right up so. I've heard pa say that when a craft gits onto the rocks the cap'n 's the last one to leave her. Seems as if a man oughtn't to be willin' to desert his crew he's shipped with."

"I don't know why you've come to pester me, Miss Barcy!" Lyman's weak voice was gathering energy. "I don't know as it's anybody's concern but mine!"

"I jest wanted to remind you that you Ashers 'ain't ever been ones to give up easy. I thought you might have a mite o' pride in the matter, if it was brought to you straight. 'Course, as you say, it ain't none o' my affair"—Miss Barcy spoke quite without offense—"but I kinder hate to see you shamin' your forebears, Lyman."

"*Pride!*" Lyman's dry lip curled. "There's such a thing as bein' too proud to live an' be put upon. I dun'no' what my folks ever gained by stickin' it out. I wish you'd leave me alone, Miss Barcy. I suppose you mean well, but me an' Milly can tend to our affairs."

Miss Barcy's placidity was apparently unruffled, and she made no movement of departure. "It's Milly I want to talk to you about," she replied. "Seems 's if you warn't bein' jest fair to Milly."

A faint color crept into the white face on the pillow. "Milly 'll git along better when I'm gone," muttered Lyman, sullenly. "I'm a clog on her an' the childern. It ain't anybody's concern but ours."

The sick man was getting angry now, and his resentment gave force and emphasis to his words. Would this meddling woman ever go? Miss Barcy, unmoved, sat before him, a rock of granite against which his waves of vexation broke futilely. A weak fury took possession of him. The world was his

enemy, and he had made up his mind to leave it. It was easy to slip out now, when the tide was at low ebb. He had never been a patient man; as the saying went, he always carried a chip on his shoulder, and when he found no one else to knock it off he knocked it off himself. His aloofness, his proud reserve, had been an armor of protection; now he was defenseless, stripped, impotent in his weakness, and he could have screamed like a nervous woman.

Miss Barcy continued as if unconscious of being a disturbing element. "Your father was a proud man, Lyman, an' so was his father before him. I knowed 'em both, an' they was good men, though they neither of 'em made what folks call a success of life. But they never laid down and whined when things went agin 'em. They was honest, too."

Lyman started, and then fell back on his pillow. Was there an intentional significance in Miss Barcy's last words? He owed this woman money. Was this the secret of this unwelcome visit? His cheeks were crimson now. "I suppose you mean that hunderd you let me have!" There was a trace of a sneer in his tone. "I know I owe it to you; I ain't apt to forget the first an' last money I ever borrowed, any more'n you are. I've worked hard to make it up, an' I'd got a start, but it's had to go while I've been sick. I was a fool to take it, but you urged it—don't you forget that—an' I believed what you said. I might 'a' known you was like all the rest."

Miss Barcy's eyes were bent to the floor. Her rough hands, clasped in her lap, tightened until the knuckles showed white, but her voice did not lose its cool, even tones. "Yes," she returned, "I'm thinkin' o' that money. Dyin's a shiftless way to git quit o' your debts. It 'll be kinder hard on Milly."

"*Milly!*" cried the sick man.

"Yes; it 'll be hard on her to make it up. Don't see jest how she's goin' to do it with the young ones to feed."

Lyman glared in dumb surprise. This was a crow, come to pick the carrion! Milly, pinched, suffering, to satisfy this grasping creditor, this woman without mercy! In his moody, offish fashion he had always paid respect to Miss Barcy; after all, she was only one more factor in the general bitterness and disillusionment of life, one more example of the malice of mankind! The room was absolutely still; outside, in the sunshine, Rosy's laugh could be heard.

"Miss Barcy," faltered the sick man, "do you mean you're goin' to take it out o' Milly when I'm gone?"

Miss Barcy pushed back the chair and stood up. To Lyman, her short, square figure seemed to tower to the zenith as she looked down on him with cold, unyielding eyes.

"I've got to be goin' now," she said. "Oh, yes, I guess it 'll have to be made up somehow, Lyman," and she went out.

Milly was busy at the stove. "Ain't you goin' to stay awhile?" she asked. But Miss Barcy kept on, straight to the door.

Rosy barred the way, gripping the unfortunate kitten by a handful of slack flesh. "More can'y!" she demanded, confidently.

Miss Barcy put the little figure firmly but gently out of her path, and went away without a word.

Milly looked after her with puzzled eyes. "I hope Lyme didn't say nothin' to rile her," she thought, anxiously. Then she turned quickly as she heard her husband's voice calling, hoarsely, "Milly! Milly!"

She ran to the bedroom. Lyman was propped up on his elbow, and his black eyes burned angrily. There was more life in his whole figure than Milly had seen for weeks. She hurried to his side and put her arm about him "What's the matter, Lyme?" she cried. "Did Miss Barcy git you tired?"

Lyman dropped back, exhausted, but his eyes fairly burned as he exclaimed: "*Miss Barcy!* Damn her!"

Milly was aghast. Lyman had always been uncertain in temper, but he had kept to decent speech.

"Lyme, dear," she said, endeavoring to calm the agitation, so painful to witness in one so weak. "What's the matter? Ain't Miss Barcy been nice to you?"

"She's a hard woman, Milly," returned Lyman. "She came to wring money out o' the dyin'."

He closed his eyes, panting with his exertion. Milly, half crying, wholly puzzled, mechanically smoothed his arm as it lay inert on the counterpane. At last Lyman said, in quite an ordinary tone:

"Milly, I guess you better fetch me that egg I couldn't eat this mornin'!"

It was summer once more, and two years later—a Sabbath with peace in the very air. The city Sunday may rush and whirl as on any other day, with religion or leisure as its excuse; in the country it deports itself with a certain demureness of action and thought. The world goes to church in the morning. By afternoon, it is true, the male population is a bit bored and apt to swell the group on the steps of the village store; but that is when the hours of idleness have become monotonous. The new-born Sunday of radiant July is a very pleasant thing to experience in the quiet hill-country.

Miss Barcy, as usual, obeyed the summons of the distant, swinging bell, and trudged the mile or more to the little white church at Turkey Hill. She never encroached upon Bolter's right to the seventh day of Scriptural command. Miss Barcy's figure was a constant, though not altogether familiar, spectacle at service. Her best gown gave her a constrained and unnatural appearance, and her straw hat with its bows of ribbon and quite impossible flower was not convincing. Her big, capable hands did not take kindly to the imprisonment of white-cotton gloves, and the cheap lace jabot at her neck did not seem an integral part of the practical Miss Barcy of daily acquaintance. The closed windows and the breathed-over air was irksome to the strong lungs accustomed to great draughts of ozone, and the droning tones of the minister had a somnolent effect on her. Her mind was apt to wander. But who shall say that Miss Barcy did not worship as she sat in her pew and drowsed or waked? Her thoughts were ever wholesome and kindly; pa was close in memory, and her heart was at peace with the whole world.

On this particular Sunday the walk home was hot and dusty, and Miss Barcy drew a sigh of relief when she caught sight of the brilliant heads of coreopsis and whiffed the scent of the garden heliotrope of her little door-yard. She took out her handkerchief and wiped the moisture from her forehead.

"I dun'no' when I've been so het up," she remarked to herself. "Reckon I lost myself for a minute this mornin'; I don't jest rekerlect the text. Mr. Dole's a real good man, but sometimes I think he's a bit long-winded. Seems 's if he didn't quite sense when he got to port. Land sakes! There's a team in the yard!"

A wagon stood in the shade of the big horse-chestnut-tree by the side door. On the back seat was a young woman, a little girl by her side. A man was pacing restlessly up and down the path. He was a tall, dark-eyed young man; his clothes were poor but neat, and he held his head with a challenging air, almost defiant. At the sight of him Miss Barcy's hand, raised to unlatch the gate, fell to her side, and a faint flush, not born of the heat, mounted to her weather-beaten cheeks. Then she opened the gate and advanced steadily.

"Well," she said, quietly, "is that you, Lyman? I'm glad to see you."

Young Asher made no pretense of greeting; his countenance did not change, but the face of the woman in the wagon grew scarlet, and she moved uneasily in her seat. The child, unconscious of any element of embarrassment, clamored to be taken out, but the man sharply told her to keep still. Miss Barcy seemed the only one of the little group who was unperturbed. She looked straight into Lyman Asher's face, and her calm blue eyes did not falter.

"Won't you come in, Lyman?" she asked.

"We're comin' in for a minute, me an' Milly," returned the young man.

He helped his wife from the wagon, again commanded the restless child to sit still, and then silently the two followed Miss Barcy into the house.

"Set down, an' I'll find Rosy a cooky," said Miss Barcy. "It 'll take up her mind a bit."

Lyman brusquely stopped her, as she was starting for the kitchen. "We ain't



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"I HOPE LYME DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' TO RILE HER," SHE THOUGHT, ANXIOUSLY

goin' to set in your house, Miss Barcy, an' no child o' mine shall eat a crumb from your hands. We've come on business, an' that's all." He drew a worn wallet from his pocket, took from it a roll of bills which he laid on the table. "There's the hunderd you lent me. I'd like some sort of a receipt for it," he announced, curtly.

For a moment Miss Barcy was silent. When she spoke her voice was unruffled. "I'll git a pen an' ink," she said, simply. "I'm glad you feel able to pay it, Lyman. You're lookin' real well and hearty."

"My looks don't belong to the business," returned Lyman. "What I want is to git red o' bein' beholden to you, Miss Barcy." He was evidently trying to hold himself in hand, and he closed his lips tightly, as if he would not trust himself to further speech. But Milly broke in impulsively:

"He's slaved night an' day to pay up!" Her voice trembled with indignation. We've scrimped an' saved every penny!"

"You keep still, Milly!" commanded her husband, but his tone was not unkind; it hardened when he addressed Miss Barcy once more. "It's your just debt, an' it ain't my affair if you didn't have any mercy. The law allows you every cent. It warn't easy for me to borrow it. It ain't easy for me to take favors, but you spoke me so fair, an' told me there warn't any need for pressin', that I believed you. I meant to pay you jest as soon as I could make it. Then, when you heard I was dyin' you come for it! It's yours by good right, Miss Barcy, but what I can't swaller, an' never can so long as I live, is that you come to a dyin' man's bed an' taunted him with it, an' threatened to lay it on them as was innercent an' helpless! I can't ever forget that, Miss Barcy!" He took the bit of paper on which Miss Barcy had scrawled her signature, and thrust it into his pocket. "You better count them bills 'fore I go!" he added, scornfully, as he turned to the door. "Come, Milly!"

Milly was crying silently. "It's been awful hard on Lyman," she faltered. "I allers thought you was a kind woman, Miss Barcy, but it was a cruel thing to do. It 'most killed Lyman, but he jest couldn't die with that on his mind. He's proud, Lyman is. He jest got up off his dyin' bed to pay that debt!"

A little smile played about Miss Barcy's mouth. "Well," she said, serenely, "ain't that jest what I was after?"

Milly took her handkerchief from her face and stared at the speaker. The quick intuition of the woman shone in her eyes. "Come along!" repeated Lyman, impatiently. But Milly stood still. Miss Barcy went over to her and put her strong, brown hand on the young woman's arm, and the firm, quiet touch brought fresh understanding, new assurance.

"Milly, it does look as if I was a mean woman, I grant," said Miss Barcy. "But jest remember this: I bought Lyman back for you with that hunderd dollars!"

Milly's eyes searched Miss Barcy's. Then the light broke full. "Miss Barcy!" she cried. "Oh, Miss Barcy!"

"Lyman," went on Miss Barcy, turning to that young man, "I guess the doctors don't like stickin' in a knife always, but sometimes it's the only thing that 'll cure. It warn't pleasant work for me to stick that knife in you, but I reckon it was the only thing to git you off that bed. I banked on your pride, an' I warn't mistaken. Good land, man! I don't want them hunderd dollars no more'n a cat wants two tails! The gittin' of it 's give you life an' strength, an' that's enough for me. But you owe me more'n a hunderd dollars, Lyman Asher! You owe me a bit o' my character you took away in your own minds. I don't blame you; you couldn't 'a' thought anythin' else, but I let you have it without a word, an' that's somethin' that's harder to let go than money. If you want to pay me for that you'll put that wad o' bills right into your pocket ag'in. Or here, Milly, *you* take it. The Asher pride won't stand in your way. Sometime, when Lyman's gittin' along real fine, we'll talk about this ag'in. Now, Milly, you go an' git Rosy; an' Lyman, you put up the horse an' give him a bite o' feed. Then we'll all set down an' have dinner together. I b'iled up a chicken yesterday, thanks be!"

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE alien observer of our national life a generation or a half-century ago, such as notably Charles Kingsley, was able to define American humor, and to derive it in its burlier and grotesquer manifestations from the burly and grotesque conditions which confronted him on his Westward progress among us and lastingly impressed him. He carried away a vivid sense of the conditions and reported our life as almost necessarily venting itself in our form of joke. There was something in this, but not so much as the observer thought; and there always remained with the more leisured psychologist the question how far the life had shaped the joke, and how far the joke had shaped the life. This question is still emergent from any study of our changed life and our changed joke; though there was present a humor as delicate and refined in our earlier day as in this when we may be inclined to claim it as the expression of our advanced civilization. Yet there is a difference between the finer humor of that time and the fine humor of this, as we think the reader will feel in tasting the delicious irony of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's little fable of *Remating Time*. Divorce was common enough among us two generations ago, but not so common among "people one knew" as now. No such husbands and wives as those his satire portrays in their separation and then their reunion in a mutual exchange of husbands and wives were known to the finer humor of former times. Divorce was then chiefly the sport of the romping drollery which played with the resort of the parties to the Western and Farther Westering shrines of divorce, and did not divine the sources of the politer pleasure Mr. Williams has found in dealing with the potential eventualities of the release from one another.

One of the great objections to divorce has always been the moral orphaning of the children, but Mr. Williams's people, who are as amiable as they are sensible, overcome this difficulty by deciding to live together in a common home where the fathers and mothers are happy not only in their exchange of partners, but in the retention of their little ones. The situation is so guarded by the moralist as well as humorist who contrives it that there is "no offense in it." The remated partners are as faithful to their second choice as their first; they remain the fast friends they have always been, and dwell in a smiling harmony and a reciprocal respect which the reader cannot well deny them. The fact that divorce has its root in marriage itself, as the author justly observes, makes us glad of this simple and natural solution of the gravest problem of society, especially good society, and his mastery in achieving the reader's constant pleasure as well as final satisfaction is the peculiar triumph of what we venture to think the most novel form of American humor. As yet no one else has been able to toy so lightly, so winningly, with a situation involved by frequent social experience, or to touch so caressingly the points of character in the different persons of the amusingly American drama, and keep the drama from lapsing into apparent burlesque. His air is always serious, and the illusion of fact is enhanced by the mock emotionality of the narration, by the impossible yet convincing sincerity of the different persons in their respective poses. The matter-of-fact couple who assort themselves from the mistake of their first marriage are not truer to themselves than the poetic pair who escape from them to each other. The triumph of the event is so perfect that the reader, carried through his constant sympathy to the daring close when the children of the second marriages

have come and are seen playing with their half-brothers and sisters, is scarcely able to feel anything like blasphemy in Evadne's ecstatic cry, "We are like God. We love them all." Perhaps that is going a bit far; and we would rather leave the unique little satire with the final words of the wives. "Mary, taking up her knitting, remarked, 'Well, I may be old-fashioned, but it all goes to prove that true happiness can only be attained by doing one's duty well.' 'Or else,' rejoined Evadne, gaily, 'that one can do one's duty well only by attaining true happiness.'"

This is in the Greek spirit of "nothing in overplus," and in the perpetual paradox of the charming tale there is the pleasure of Gilbert's finest moments. Neither Mr. Bernard Shaw nor Sir James Barry surpasses the paradox, and we may fitly rejoice in it as a native effect from a native cause like that which the observer of fifty years ago traced in our burly humor to our burly conditions. We have come a long way in our civic and esthetic evolution, which has apparently been no more conscious than the reaction which science is now confidently assigning as the agency of all development. What we may fearlessly say is that the humorists who have been forgotten, who have perished in giving expression each to a moment of our moral and social life, have not perished in vain if this has been a condition of our more delicate pleasure in the exquisite irony of *Remating Time*.

What will follow this? Possibly the compassionate humor which Mr. Edwin Lefevre makes us feel in the first of his volume of *Wall Street Stories*. He calls it "The Woman and Her Bonds," and he dedicates it to the study of a woman's nature (we must not say women's nature) in an affair where her sense of the ideal justice is at war with common sense and leaves her self-defeated and ridiculous. The different events of her unreasonableness with the kind broker whom she suspects of unfairness and then wishes to lose by her greed is a bit of comedy to bring the tears with the smiles, and is all the more touching and amusing because it is so carefully guarded from excess in either direction. She is not mocked even when her rapacity is unloveliest; there is always a latent pity for the essential helplessness of the eternal feminine in matters of business; and the author is at his best in this prelude to what is otherwise a succession of unmixed tragedies — the financial tragedies of Wall Street.

That is a region which he has made his peculiar field almost as exclusively as Mr. Hamlin Garland has possessed himself of that farthest West of mountains and mining towns, of clouds and woods, where in his latest book he invites the reader home with him. *They of the High Trails* is a succession of romances kindred in spirit with those stories of *Main-Travelled Roads* where we own we enjoyed the level footing more and got our breath better in the lower altitude. But this is only a way of owning ourselves older than the actual generation; and if we cannot mount so alertly into the thin air where the author rejoices in his strength, it is not saying that he is not as strong as ever. His climb was inevitable, and with his increasing knowledge of the Farthest West his grapple with its persons and events must come. These stories are a sort of résumé of the motives and ideals of his later novels, but, with the franker drawing and the bolder coloring, he holds himself true to his earlier allegiance. His men "of the high trails," his miners and hunters, his scouts and rangers, have the reach and lift of the vast spaces and lofty summits where their lives are mostly passed; but their humanness, not their heroicism, is offered as the precious thing. Their contact with the civilization of the East as it penetrates on business or pleasure to their primitive Westernness forms one of the author's opportunities of drama which you can trust him not to abuse to the effects of melodrama. The loves of these mighty fellows, and their gain or loss of the daughters of wealth adventuring in their wilderness, is poetry of a wonted strain, heard from the beginning of romance in tales of adventure, but the love-making which goes hand in hand and heart to heart with danger and death invites no emotion from the reader unworthy of the happiness which sweet and pure love can give. If this is negative praise, it is praise that

can be awarded to few novelists of a day tending to lose itself in a twilight of the decencies. Something more positive may be said for the author of stories so abounding in incidents of flight and fight, of passion and devotion, of pity and vengeance, when he idealizes in realizing such a situation as that of "The Remittance Man." The daring conception is of a sickly young Englishman of good family living on a stated allowance from home, in the family of a rancher, amid the squalor which he loathes, and falling in love with the daughter while he is supposed by his people to be "learning the business" of cattle-raising. "The rancher was like an aged, moth-eaten, but dangerous old bear. His voice was a rumble, his teeth were broken fangs, his hands resembled the paws of a gorilla." His wife "was big, fat, worried, and complaining. Neither of them had any fear of dirt," and their daughter "Fan had grown up not merely unkempt, but smudgy. Her gown was greasy, her shoes untied, and yet, strange to say, this carelessness exercised a subduing charm over Lester, who was fastidious to the point of wasting precious hours in filling his boots with 'trees' and folding his neckties." Stranger yet, the girl comes to feel his superiority and its civilizing influence; when her father orders him off the ranch for aspiring to her love, she rebels in his behalf and marries him. Her father yields, of course, and after the wild marriage feast the pair are followed on their wedding-journey by the felicitations of riotous cowboys, her friends and comrades. Their notion of showered rice and far-flung slippers expresses itself in lassoing the bride and the groom at her side as they drive away. He begins to shoot, after the manner of the local life, and then she knows nothing till she believes him dead at her side. "She lifted her head and . . . imprecated his murderers. 'I'll kill you, every one of you! I'll kill you for this—you cowardly wolves—I'll kill—'" The cowboys are all awfully sorry, and Lester gets well. "He seemed born again, this time an American — a Western American. 'What right have I to despise these people?'" he asked himself concerning his father- and mother-in-law, and "the awkward ranchers who came stiffly and with a sort of awe into his room to 'pass a good word'"; but "his deepest penitence, his tenderest gratitude, rose to Fan, . . . to the golden, good heart that beat beneath her unlovely gowns." The situation is originally imagined, if not always so adequately done, and to our mind "The Remittance Man" is the best in a group of stories which are all courageously and originally imagined. "The Lonesome Man" comes hard upon "The Remittance Man" in drama, though he has not his feet so well on the "sure and firm-set earth," and the drama turns melodrama in the event. The sequence in which Tall Ed Kelley figures first as of the same make as a "drunken Injun," and then his reform as the strong arm of the law in the loathsome little "town, drab, flea-bitten, unkempt, littered with tin cans and old bottles, a collection of saloons, gambling-houses, and nameless dives, with a few people—a very few—making an honest living by selling groceries, saddles, and coal-oil."

The picture, boldly dashed in, strikes more than the solitudes and altitudes where the action of "The Forest Ranger" passes, but the nobler as well as the ignobler scene is palpitant with the life of the strange, vast region which Mr. Garland knows so well. He is always, in his more exalted moods, longing to make you sensible of the mighty spaciousness of the land whose immeasurable grandeur submits itself to the hand of the prospector, the rancher, the outlaw, as it had submitted itself to the grasp of the savage hunter and warrior. Words cannot give the sense of its loneliness, its mightiness, but these people are somehow equal to the conditions of thirty miles to a doctor, and as many to a justice of the peace. The author takes more pains with the heroic figure of a government ranger than the honest humanness of the Cow-Boss or the Grub-Staker; but if he likes him better than either of these, we feel quite sure that he has not a greater pleasure in any of the chivalrous passions of his heroes for the young Eastern ladies in their protection than in the joyous, fearless love-making of the Cow-Boss who comes to help the simple

girl from a small Pennsylvania town take care of her sick uncle, the station postmaster. The quality of the Cow-Boss's indomitable devotion may not be peculiar to character in the region of mountain-time, but there is something refreshingly new in it. The Cow-Boss's vocabulary is far too limited to embrace any of the analogues of failure; the mere notion of this tickles him; he takes every form of spoken denial as an amusing version of consent. He is shown in all with a humor which is as sweet and pure as his love itself and with such apparent unconsciousness that the reader is left with a doubt whether the author knows how uncommon it is in sort. The passage is one to return to with recurrent pleasure and the wish to have more of it. Upon the whole we are tempted to like the Cow-Boss beyond any other personality in the whole group of these brave sketches.

By virtue of these, and of those other tales and novels of his dealing with the life in the region of mountain-time, Mr. Garland has measurably succeeded to the place in the sunset held by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. It is not necessary that he should have displaced the earlier sovereigns of that realm; but there was room for him near them. One cannot claim for him the invention of such types as Harte's romanticistic imagination bodied forth, or the creations of that potent humor of Mark Twain which began to people our world fifty or sixty years ago with the "vast forms that moved fantastically" before the eyes of alien observance. It is not in the direct line of those potent humorists that Mr. Garland is of their succession. Fun does not primarily seek expression from him; it breaks from him involuntarily, and he does not create, so much as recognize, the grotesque. He does not permit himself the license of those humorists in the life he paints; and in this latest work of his it will console the lover of his earlier work to find him mainly true to his realistic tradition. In his most romantic moods he is still in the keeping of this, and he will never abandon it, though in his fidelity to the facts of the wilder and Farther West which he has come to know so well the flush of wild adventure replaces the coloring of his prime. But it is not merely the artistic conscience which still prevails with him, and no study of his fiction, however slight and passing, can fail of the sense of right-mindedness and high-mindedness which ennobles his romance. His heroes are honest men, not rascals of sorts exalted by exigency or emotion; his heroines, however beautiful and alluring, are not women one would be the better for not having known. His feeling of proportion, his love of beauty in nature, keeps him from betraying his reader with any such falsehood to human nature. This seems rather high praise for a novelist of our time, but we offer it to Mr. Garland without misgiving. He became an admirable artist long ago because he had faith in the good as well as the beautiful, and he remains of the elect company who have always believed that one is as essential to art as the other. This is the most his friendliest critic can ask of him. Such a critic, if wise, will not direct him as to the course he shall take in what may seem the parting of the ways for him. Honest and true he must always be; from the first he has been ruled in his fiction by a sense of duty to this or that phase of life, but it will not be quite wrong to say that he is most an artist when he gives himself most freely to doing what he sees, rather than what he feels, his reader ought to see; he will be most of all an artist when within the lines of his sane and wholesome love of all humanity he does what pleases him best.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

HUMAN nature has its limitations, but moderation is not an essential characteristic of its manifestations. In these, excess and violence have always been the most necessary as well as the most interesting study of the historian, statesman, and philosopher—most baffling, also, because they yield to no logic and are out of proportion to assignable causes.

We note this characteristic in all biological manifestations especially because there we are more at home, in our own world. To use an Emersonian phrase, every natural instinct is overloaded. Life is in its manifestations beyond bounds — abundant. Except within the scope of our conventional restrictions we cannot hold it to any accountability. To explain anything we must get outside of the plan, all demonstration conveying a suggestion of the monstrous—monster (from *monere*) originally meaning a divine omen, a warning show (compare *montre*, French for "watch," also—in the sense of display—for "shop-window"). The term warning, in the primitive vocabulary, was even more likely to have an optimistic than a pessimistic significance. Some of our own terms in common use show the same trend. Though the Eumenides—the friendly minded—were so soon translated into the Furies, yet happenings still signify happiness, as "fortune," like "luck" and "wind-fall," suggests favoring auspices. Domesday Book was a record of fine estates, from a survey ordered by William the Norman, though there was an older Dome-book, compiled under the direction of the Saxon King Alfred, which was a record of penal judgments; and we do not forget that the term "fatal"—in itself neutral—has, in its general use, become one of ill omen, like "ominous" itself. But, whether fore-shining or fore-shadowing, whether wearing the tragic masque or that of Comus, the element common to all augury is that of uncommon surprise, an extra-ordinary showing.

In all vital human manifestation, since there is progressive development of mind, there is meaning, at first vague, but growing more definite with the progress of civilization. From first to last the exultant song of the bird transcends definition and is as unprogressive as it is unpremeditated. So the flowering of the plant in its radiant beauty of form and color immeasurably overpasses any definable use which that exuberance may serve for its own perpetuation, and its radiance has no relation whatever to the service which it unconsciously yields to the animal kingdom. With no human interference it would remain in outline and coloration the same forever. In man alone is shown a conscious control of action and passion; and, with the expansion of his conscious experience and the extension of his mastery of himself and of the external world, we note a growing tendency to measure everything, to reduce all phenomena to a logical plan, to justify to his formal understanding the ways of God, of man, and of nature. Yet at every stage of this postulation he confronts, not explanation, but a vast illusion, veiling the immeasurability of all creative life—divine, human, and natural.

Therefore, naturally and spontaneously, in the free play of thought and action, humanity has always sought to transcend the limitations of the formal plan, and to give to the human show an expansion incommensurable with any confining word, fixed notion, or set purpose. This was exemplified in the earliest manifestations of religious sentiment, which had no reference to doctrine, but took rhythmic shape in dance and song and passionate ritual, and were thus

associated with the beginnings of Art, in poetry and the drama. The tension of the temple atmosphere still survives in our term for it—"fanaticism." The more artificial and conventional symbols in faith and art are yet lifted above the ordinary plane, as are the metaphor in rhetoric and the picture in the painter's composition.

In this exaltation of faith and art the creative imagination is the supreme factor. Here, whatever the expansion, it surely finds its center of inhibition and control, with resultant harmony, grace, and beauty. But there are other manifestations of human energy and purpose, equally spontaneous, but eccentric and not directly referable to any creative source. In their excess they are incommensurate with the occasions that prompt them, but they do not suggest the infinite, the immeasurable, and have no eternal ground in common with the creations of faith and art.

It was considered an essential quality of creative imagination in ancient poetry and the fine arts, a part of its high tension, that it should avoid the commonplaces of life and rise above the plane of ordinary actualities. Thus it erected a superhuman scheme, though retaining the human semblance. It distilled the very essences of love, heroism, and romance. This exaltation, admirably achieved in Greek epic poetry, tragedy, and plastic art, prompted reaction, equally exaggerated, but eccentric, rejecting control, with every degree of relaxation, from the free but graceful play of fancy to the loose abandon of the disheveled orgy. Comedy was the natural reaction from tragedy, not only from its severe strain and stately gait, but from its disdainful withdrawal into the remote and shadowy past. Apart from the mirth and humor of the comedy, it was only in music and its natural concomitant, the dance, that ancient art accommodated itself to the everyday affairs of mortals, mingling with their out-of-door festivities and lightening their labors.

In medieval Christendom, before and after the Renaissance in Italy and in the nascent nationalities of western and northern Europe, the manifestations of popular life show a similar reaction from the stately pomps of ecclesiasticism and the pageantry of aristocratic heroism—not exhibiting the unrestraint of pagan abandon, but rather the frank *naïveté* of childhood, as in the quaint old mystery plays.

It is a long leap from this subdued cathedral atmosphere to that of western Europe and America since the French Revolution. But it is with the *al fresco* popular demonstrations of our own day that we are chiefly concerned; and these are psychologically the most interesting, especially in our own country, though the contrast with earlier and foreign examples of the tendency to excess and eccentricity in such manifestations is suggestively significant.

The contrast is evident when we consider the character of all modern celebrations in democratic countries. They are of popular initiation, not mainly *for* the people, as were the pomps, pageants, festivals, and dramatic displays of an older time, all of which, in their crude beginnings, were spontaneous, but, as civilization progressed, came to be developed under religious and aristocratic auspices.

We have, in the fully matured Roman Empire, a curious example in the celebration of the Saturnalia, originally a reminiscent echo of the Golden Age. It came to be a special feature of this religious festival that servants and masters should exchange places and functions. Thus, by the semblance of revolt, the farce served as a safety-valve against lurking reactionary impulse. Apart from already existing license under cover of religion, imperial authority encouraged new popular amusements—*circenses*—with the same end in view. We, two thousand years afterward, see these shows for what they really were, but even the social satirist of that era could not thus detach himself from the scene; his satire could have only the irony of the court-jester, himself a licensed partner in the entertainment.

The "shows" prevailingly manifest among any people, in any period, more surely than the historian's formal analysis indicate the stage which that people has reached in religious, intellectual, and

political development. But often we interpret them as much by what they conceal as by what they openly display. When the banners proclaim, "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*," we are not deceived, for we know that instinctively Cæsar is in hiding. So we know, when an English democratic assembly sings "God Save the King," that it is exulting in something of its own creation and which it can destroy as easily as it has made. Where religious holidays are frequent and the utmost stress is put upon the outward demonstration, we know that the people are as yet mentally unprepared for the appreciation of doctrine and far less for the deep spiritual convictions grounded in creative Reason. Since the advent of modern democracy, with the more general enlightenment of the people, the deeper feeling and meaning of life are less reflected in outward popular manifestations; they seem to have retired from observation into less conspicuous channels of communication, and with this retirement has gone much of the beauty and impressiveness which inevitably belonged to the parades and celebrations of an older time. A sense of this loss probably accounts for the recent attempt to recall the grace and pomp of a past fashion by the revival of the community pageant. But the communality of human faith and sympathy, which once *had* to be externally expressed or not consciously realized at all, is now independent of such expression, becoming invisibly potent, an essential quality of the spiritual life.

Charity, grounded in that human sympathy which knows no territorial limit, is bound up with this modern spiritual communality. It is a pervasive quality, one of the main factors of our social dynamics, independently of any poignant special emergency that serves as an occasion for its conscious and bountiful activity. When the occasion arises, it acts rationally and effectively, without parade, adopting practical business methods.

Our social evolution proceeds without ostentatious demonstration. It is of the creative life and, thus, one with creative art and literature, with our culture and our faith. The visible fabric of our civilization fails to reflect this creative life and is, in some of its aspects as a competitive system, a contradiction of it. Evolution never turns against itself; civilization often does. Constructive progress conceals within itself the seeds of self-destruction; and the very complexity of our modern life makes easier and vastly more terrible the possibilities of disaster. Thus we have seen out of the clear sky of apparently innocent and peace-seeking international diplomacy the precipitation, after the parade of long-accumulating armies and armaments, of the awful parade of war, which, following the modern fashion, lacks every phase of its ancient majesty or of heroism, save for its tragic suffering and sacrifice. Here, too, as in all other forms of human demonstration, what is done is overdone—with access of rage and frightfulness.

We call this exhibition, when it is foreign, a reversion to barbarism, though in its monstrous excesses it is possible only to civilization. When it is our own martial obsession we call it patriotism, and institute a new kind of parade, in which the underlying motive is lost sight of—as it so often is in popular celebrations of Independence Day—the form of demonstration being wholly incongruous with the occasion. If our object is effective national defense, it no more calls for processions, with brass bands and persuasive oratory, than would the institution of a municipal police force. It suggests no division on partisan lines; yet we behold the two principal political parties of the nation vying with each other in protestations, like Hamlet with Laertes over the open grave of Ophelia:

> Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
> I'll rant as well as thou.

The whole display, whatever form it may take, which constitutes the Human Show—in song, dance, drama, procession, festival, pageant, forensic declamation, patriotic celebration, martial arrayment, and the parade for the promotion of a "cause," usually a vote-getting proposition—is a reversion to the oldest and commonest tendency of our human nature, of nature itself—defying logical explication. It is the overplus of life, converted into play.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Sincere Salad-Dresser

BY BURGES JOHNSON

I CAN mix up a salad-dressing if I have to, and it isn't half bad. But I'm not a confirmed salad-dresser. I'm happy enough eating the other fellow's mixings—if you get my meaning.

Consider the case of Waddy Hill. Waddy goes to dinner at a French restaurant, for instance, with a party of people. He laps up his soup, not caring whether it's consommé or crême de spinach, and he's absent-minded through the fish and meat; it's when he sees the lettuce coming that his eyes gleam. "I'll mix it here, Louee," he says to the waiter, and Louee nods and starts bringing fifty-seven varieties of medicine. I'm not suspicious by nature, but I've seen Waddy do that in any number of restaurants—and the waiter's name is always Louee, and he always nods knowingly and brings in the same druggist's assortment. Those waiters don't really remember Waddy—they just know his type.

At any rate, we all sit around and watch while the waiter unloads bottles and cruets at Waddy's plate until his end of the table looks like the counter in front of a barber's chair.

"More oil," he says, severely, to the waiter.

"*Bien*," says the waiter, or "*Ja wohl*," and nods emphatically, as much as to say, "I knew he'd want more oil; that proves he is one of us," and then he trots away for the oil can. Waddy looks at us, and says, cheerfully, "I'm sure you like plenty of oil."

I don't. I hate plenty of oil, but I'm as helpless with Waddy as I am in a barber's



"MORE OIL," HE SAYS, SEVERELY, TO THE WAITER

shop. "A little crude oil on your scalp is what you need," says the barber, and before I can prove an alibi I'm smelling like Bayonne, New Jersey. Waddy belongs in Van Dieman's Land, where they drink whale-oil and eat blubber, or in Uganda, where they fry everything in fat and then massage themselves with the gravy. I'd as lief eat with a barber as with a barbarian.

Jerry Jones is another of them. He makes a salad-dressing like a thin mud-pie, and he can't talk while he is doing it. In fact, he prefers to have every one silent as he approaches the climax. The aerial vibrations have to be just right, it seems.

I asked Jerry home to dinner when I first got to know him. I suspected that he liked salad (so do we), but I didn't know that the making of it was a religious ceremony with him. "Lettuce pray" is his grace before meat.

I suppose I should have known, because I knew he was a Beaux Arts graduate. Nearly all Beaux Arts men have two distinguishing characteristics—they insist upon mixing the salad and they always illustrate their conversations by making marks on the tablecloth. In a restaurant they use a lead-pencil, and in a private house they use the prong of a fork.

At any rate, I didn't remember; and, as chance would have it, my wife planned to mix the dressing at the table that day. Often we have it brought to the table ready mixed, but I understand that puts one in the same class with those who wear ready-tied cravats.

When Jerry saw the bunch of lettuce leaves brought to my wife's place, and then saw her pick up a big spoon quite casually, and a bottle of vinegar as though it was nothing but a bottle of vinegar, and saw her motion toward the oil as though she were going to pick it up without looking at it, why then I heard his breath begin to whistle between his teeth.

"Oh, please let me save you that trouble," he said, affecting a light and idle tone. "I dearly love to mix a salad—I have a few little touches I'd like to show you."

My wife pushed it all toward him gladly enough, and I could see his hand tremble as he reached for it.

His first request he made with some embarrassment. "Could I," he stammered—"could I have a much larger bowl?"

I doubted whether we had one, but my wife left the table for a moment, and I could hear her bumping about in the pantry and then washing something. She came back with a fine, big Chinese bowl I had not seen around for years. It had been broken and mended and put away on a top shelf.

Jerry beamed. He took the lettuce up in both hands and dumped it in. "I ought to have asked you to chill this on the ice a moment," he said, with a more solemn look, "but never mind. Now for the mustard." And as he rubbed his hands together and smacked his lips he seemed to be saying, "Witch-hazel, sir, or bay rum?" Then suddenly his smile utterly faded. "But this is English mustard—quite absurd to use this. I must have the French."

"We can send out for some," I said, sarcastically.

He cheered up at once. "I wish you would," he said, gratefully. "Of course we want this to be right."

My wife came to our rescue. "I can mix up some French mustard," she said; "it only wants vinegar enough to kill the sharpness"; and, sure enough, she did it, in a way to suit even Jerry.

In the mean time he had left the table twice, the second time without apology, to hunt through our spices in the kitchen. He complained of our olive-oil and then used about a quart. He was gradually fixing in a finger-bowl something that looked like brown axle-grease. I was certain that none of our joints would ever creak again.

Exactly what did he use? I can't remember. He seemed so inclined to get peevish over some of our stock-in-trade that I tried to cheer him up by running out now and then and getting kerosene and stove-polish and other little odds and ends.

It rattled him, and my wife is sure he put some Florida water in toward the end. We never knew. By that time he wasn't talking to anybody, and there



I'M AS HELPLESS WITH WADDY AS I AM IN A BARBER'S SHOP



NO EXPLANATION WAS POSSIBLE, OF COURSE

was a viciousness in the way he stirred the mess, that boded ill for our friendship.

At the last moment he wanted a bit of garlic. He explained to us rather shortly that it was his invariable custom to rub a bit of garlic on the inside of the bowl in which the salad was to be mixed. This gave just the right delicacy of flavor. Of course we had no garlic, but we had an onion. He admitted grudgingly that this would do, since there was nothing better, but he said that every one who really enjoyed salad ought to have a bit of garlic always in the house. I went out into the kitchen myself and got the onion, slicing it out there, since that was his wish, and I brought him back a small fragment. We afterward discovered that I had utilized a tulip-bulb which had served its useful purpose in a parlor flower-pot, and on its way to a shelf in the cellar had paused in the kitchen just long enough to mislead me.

Finally Jerry poured his concoction into the big bowl over the lettuce. As he was giving a final jab or two with his fork at the finished salad, behold, the large porcelain *objet d'art* containing it quietly parted asunder and deposited lettuce and dressing upon the table-cloth. It was evident to us that the hasty washing which the bowl had received just before entering active life again had softened the glue that held its fragments together. No explanation was possible, of course. I don't remember whether we attempted any dessert—my recollection of subsequent incidents is hazy at best. I am sure that when I really stopped laughing Jerry wasn't there, but my wife insists that he didn't go at once, and they exchanged several remarks about the weather.

Me? Oh, nowadays I take sugar on my lettuce at home, except now and then when we buy a can of ready-made mayonnaise. If we have a dinner-party which includes a Beaux Arts man, my wife puts a pencil and a sheet of paper by his plate to save the table-cloth, and she lets him go into the pantry before dinner and mix the salad. Then everything is very pleasant for all concerned.

Teaching Daughter Manners

IT was an overland dining-car, and a miner who had struck it rich in Alaska and outfitted regardless of expense in San Francisco, was eating in the company of his seven-year-old daughter. She satisfied herself before pa had finished his meal, and started to leave the table.

"Come back, daughter," called pa, earnestly concerned to do his best for her, and speaking in a big voice so softened with tenderness that it was beautiful to hear. "Take a toothpick, Honey. Be a little lady!"

Charitable

A WASHINGTON man, in motoring through Virginia, stopped one day at a toll-bridge he had often passed over, and found there was a new keeper in charge.

"Where's the man who used to act as keeper here?" asked the motorist.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Well," said the new man, cautiously, "I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man so far as I know."



IRATE MOTHER: *"Percival Frederick, pick up your cap an' fix your tie—an' git outa the way o' that auto!"*

Philosophers

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A MELANCHOLY Beaver
Resided by a rill;
He either had a fever
Or else he had a chill;

For Mental Inquisition
Had filled him full of dole
About his Earthly Mission
Or his Eternal Soul.

In June, instead of basking
Or helping build the dam,
He vexed his Conscience, asking,
"Why Is It That I Am?"

He passed the winter, sifting
A lot of Pregnant Saws
On "Whither Are We Drifting?"
And "Nature's Primal Cause."

A Chickadee, intruding
One afternoon at three,
Disturbed the Beaver's brooding
By whistling, "Chick-a-dee!"

The Beaver reprimanded
The Gadabout on wings;
Said he, "To be quite candid,
What makes you do These Things?

"All over Here and Yonder
You flitter, flute, and fife.
Why don't you perch, and ponder
The Purposes of Life?"

The Chickadee retorted,
"I don't know what you mean.
My life is well supported,
The woods are fresh and green;

"My top note, when I strike it,
May be of little use,
Still, people seem to like it,
And that's a good excuse."

The Beaver simply snorted,
As Beavers often do.
The Chickadee cavorted
And ate a worm or two.

The Chickadee grew apter
At whistling "Chick-a-dee!"
The Beaver did a chapter
On "What Work Means To Me."



"Little boy, why are you looking so longingly at those peaches? Don't you know it's wrong to take what doesn't belong to you?"
"Yes, darn it! I wish I didn't."

Diplomacy

BILLY was sending out invitations to his birthday party.

"I don't think I would mention the birthday," advised his mother. "It looks so much like asking for a present."

To this Billy demurred violently, but was finally persuaded to yield the point. For a long time he thought deeply. Then, solving the problem, he asked:

"Well, mother, we won't say anything about the birthday, but don't you think that we might put the picture of a cake with candles at the top of the paper?"

A Definition

ONE morning Bobbie was telling his mother and his little sister Ellen about a wonderful dream he had had the night before. The word "dream" puzzled the tiny girl.

"But what is a dream?" she questioned.

"Oh, don't you know?" Bobbie explained, with an air of great superiority. "It's a moving-picture in your sleep."

A Sad Case

"WHAT are you crying for, little man?" asked a Washingtonian of a youngster.

"My brother's lost his new hat," was the tearful explanation.

"But, surely," expostulated the benevolent one, "you needn't cry about it."

This failed to comfort the boy in tears. "I was wearin' it when he lost it," he explained.



THE ARTIST: *"Isabel, I sold that drawing I made yesterday for twenty dollars. Twenty dollars a day is over seven thousand a year. Let's call a taxi and have dinner at the Ritz."*



BROTHER: "*Oh, Ethel, where are you?*"
ETHEL: "*I'm here, Bobby—but don't bother me now—we're b-busy.*"

A Feminist

A BOSTON mother was endeavoring to cure her Waldo of his fear of the darkness.

"Now, dearie," said she, as she tucked him in one dark night, "you know who is always with you even in the dark."

"Yes," was the astonishing reply, "but I want you or nurse, not a man!"

Limited Purchasing Power

A THREE-HUNDRED-POUND man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas.

"Gosh, no!" replied the fat man, wistfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

The Lost Art

THE four-year-old had just been reproved at the table. He continued to talk cheerfully, though unanswered, to father. After some minutes of soliloquy he turned to mother and remarked:

"Your husband doesn't talk very much this noon, does he, mother?"

Still Raging

LITTLE Johnny, who had been studying history but a short time, thought he would give his grandfather a try-out on the subject, and asked:

"Say, Gramp, what great war broke out in 1850?"

The old gentleman laid down his paper and looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"Why," he said, "that was the year I married your grandmother."

Doing Her Best

A PHILADELPHIA servant sought her mistress with the announcement that her mother was sick and that she therefore desired permission to go home for a few days.

"Certainly," said the woman, "but do not stay longer than necessary, as we need you."

A week passed and not a word from the maid. Then came a note which read:

"Dear Mrs. Jones,—I will be back next week. Please keep my place for me as my mother is dying as fast as she can."

Polite

"DEAR teacher," wrote little Johnny's mother, "kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same, you will greatly oblige his mother."



"*These rat-tail files are certainly great things.*"



LANDLADY: "*No, I never take families encumbered with children.*"

Not to be Caught

"I THINK children are not so observing as they used to be," said a member of the school board to a teacher whose class he was visiting.

"I hadn't noticed it," said the teacher.

"I'll prove it to you," said the school officer, pompously. Turning to the class, he said:

"Some one give me a number."

"Thirty-seven," said a little girl, eagerly.

He wrote "73" on the board. Nothing was said.

"Well, some one else give me a number."

"Fifty-seven," said another child.

He wrote "75," and smiled knowingly at the teacher when nothing was said. He called for a third number, and fairly gasped at the indignation manifested by a small, red-faced urchin, who said:

"Seventy-seven, and see if you can change that."

The Trouble

THE mother of six children who were recuperating after diphtheria contracted a sore throat from them and lost her voice. She had not been able to exercise her usual vigilance over them, and they relieved the monotony of confinement by setting fire to a straw mattress. The mother, by forcing her voice, succeeded in calling their father.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"Mother's got her voice back" was the response of the children.



HE: "*My dear, I think I'll exercise my option on that lot across the street.*"

SHE: "*William, I'm not going to let you make yourself ridiculous, at your time of life, by outdoor athletics.*"

Not a Social Matter

ELLIS was a bank cashier of many years' standing, and he thought he had seen them all—as far as curiosities in human nature are concerned. But one morning recently a haughty-looking woman approached the window and shoved a check through without even glancing at him.

"Madam," he said, "you will have to get somebody to introduce you before I can cash this check for you."

For one moment she stared at him in a frostlike manner; then, in an exceedingly scornful voice, she said:

"Sir, I am here purely on business, and have no intention of making a social call. I do not care to know you!"

Beyond Him

LITTLE sister and brother had quarreled. After an early supper mother endeavored to re-establish friendly relations, finally quoting to them the Bible verse, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Turning to Edward, the elder, she said, "Now, Edward, are you going to let the sun go down on your wrath?"

Edward squirmed a little as he looked into her pleading face.

"Well, how can I stop it?" he questioned.

Not Needed

LITTLE Harold was possessed of a deeply religious and at the same time a most practical nature, as was evidenced upon a certain occasion when, having climbed to the pinnacle of the roof of a very steep shed, he lost his footing and began to slide with terrifying swiftness toward that point where the roof swept gracefully off into space.

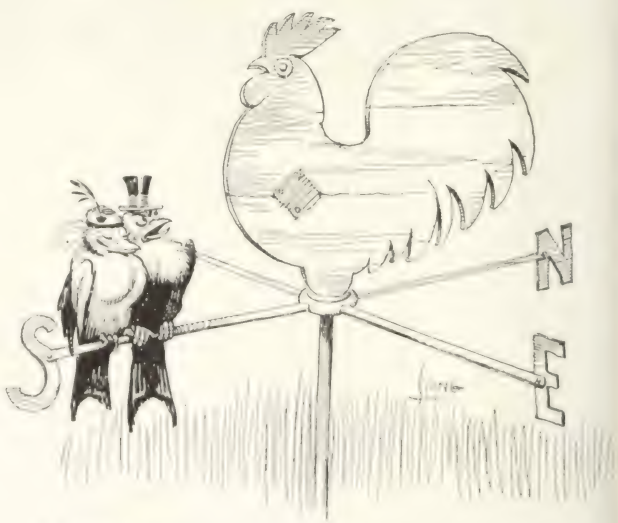
"O Lord, save me!" he prayed. "O Lord, save me! O Lord! . . . Never mind. I've caught on a nail."

Why She Sang the Hymn

A COLORED preacher in the South tells of his visit to a certain household in a town in Georgia, where, quite early one morning, he was awakened by the tones of a contralto voice singing, "Abide With Me." As the preacher lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to proceed about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was.

"Lawsy!" she replied, "that's de hymn I boils eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."



"*Come on, Ethel, let's go somewhere else—it's too crowded here.*"



[Illustration for "On the Indian Railway"

Painting by Theodore Dalrymple

SETTING OUT ON A TIGER HUNT

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Kitchener—England's Man of Iron

BY LADY ST. HELIER

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

TWO years ago, if any one had foretold that we should be engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the greatest military power in the world, and that Europe would be an armed camp bristling with all the latest inventions for the destruction of human life, and that the fate of the world was in the balance, he would have been considered a dreamer and false prophet, and yet, while life goes on apparently little changed in our insular security, the greatest tragedy in the world's history is being enacted only a hundred miles from our shores. The possibility of a war with Germany was discussed only to be dismissed by this country, long habituated to peace or to only the small wars which from time to time broke out to remind us of the widening responsibilities of our great empire. Yet to-day the bitter struggle goes on and the issues are still uncertain, and we are paying the largest price and suffering the bitterest anguish in the toll of those who have fallen, fighting for the victory of justice and freedom over a tyranny baneful and horrible in its acts —a tyranny of cruelty and oppression which almost makes that of the Middle Ages pale before its intensity and brutality.

In England we are always optimistic, but when the stern reality that we must face the inevitable and fight for the freedom so precious to us, we waited with breathless anxiety for the decision of the Government, and when it came it was received with the keenest acclamation. Our small army seemed like David fighting against Goliath, but it had to go and emulate and sustain the record of former English armies. It has always been affirmed that the hour supplies the man, and there never was a moment in the history of our country which so absolutely justified that saying. The army, small as it was, was there—but who was to guide the counsels of the nations and direct and form the larger forces which would be necessary if the struggle were long and obstinate? The country never hesitated in its choice, and the few days which elapsed before Lord Kitchener went to the War Office were perhaps, to the community at large, of agonizing anxiety and suspense. As soon as his appointment was announced the country with absolute confidence sternly faced the situation. It was a magnificent call to him, and a recognition of how thoroughly all his life's work had been appreciated. The tension of the ten days between the declaration of war and the curt announcement that the English army had been landed in France "without any accident or the loss of a single life"—days of silence and anxiety, during which not one word was said by the press, and an impenetrable veil of mystery surrounded everything—can never be de-

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scribed, but the information at last vouchsafed only increased the conviction that the man on whom the hopes of England rested had justified her choice. And so on through all the days of uncertainty, of almost disaster, the country never wavered; and when Lord Kitchener made his appeal for men, again and again came the ready, heartfelt response generously and magnificently to his call. There never was such fidelity, such devotion, such an enthusiastic acquiescence to so great a sacrifice as the one which his inspiration awoke among his countrymen. It was necessary—he asked it, he called on them, and that was enough—and they came in their millions. He created a new army in every sense of the word—an army proud of the traditions of its predecessors, but a better and finer army than has ever fought in the history of the world—an army educated as no army has ever been, drawn from the best of England's sons, with high courage and conscious of the great responsibilities of its imperial heritage—men who are soldiers not to fight from instinctive combativeness, but because they have an ideal before them, and because the freedom and liberty they enjoy are too precious to be endangered or lost.

To the outside world Lord Kitchener was something of a mystery; they knew little of him personally, he shunned publicity, he was not a seeker after popularity. Though he had few personal friends, he was endeared to that chosen few in a way unique and rare. He was shy and reserved about the deep things of life, but a charming companion in ordinary ways—very amusing and agreeable. He had a great sense of humor, and his rapid intuition gave him a wonderful insight into character, and he soon arrived at a just estimate of people, and of the motives of those with whom he came into contact. He did not make many new friends, and the people who knew him well, and with whom his holidays or hours of relaxation were passed, were confined to those he had known for many years. He always impressed one with a deep sense of decency in conversation and conduct; one felt in talking to him how impossible it would be to drift into the easy-going discussion of questions and problems of our modern life, and it seemed impossible to imagine his taking a silent acquiescence in the jokes and insinuations which are not considered now extraordinary or unpleasant.

He owed a good deal in life to the frankness of his character, and in his early day—and indeed later—he never hesitated to tell home truths.

In 1891, four years after we had evacuated the Sudan, the question arose who should be appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian army after Sir F. Grenfell's resignation. The Cabinet, like all politicians at that time, strongly opposed the reoccupation of the Sudan; and as the suspicion that Kitchener belonged to the forward party was considerably against him, it was generally thought that the appointment would be given to some other officer. Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, wished to make his acquaintance, and he invited him to dinner in Arlington Street. Afterward a conversation was overheard in which Colonel K. said to Lord S., "It is no use, Lord S.; we have got to get back to Khartoum; it's for you to say when, and for me to find the means."

Most people thought such a speech would have sealed his fate, but Lord Salisbury realized he was dealing with a real man and insisted on his appointment, and he ever afterward placed the greatest reliance on Colonel K.

Few people realized what the climate of Suakim was, and the five years he passed there involved the greatest patience and self-denial. Suakim is one of the hottest places on earth; for months the plague of flies which reign there make life almost unbearable—and they have to be swept off the plate between each mouthful.

Lord Kitchener's strength lay in the fact that his views broadened as he went on in life. As long as he was confined to Egypt and had to carry out his task with the minimum of force and expenditure, he was careful even to penuriousness, and his subordinates groaned under his exacting economy; but he was justified in his care by the wonderful development of the country devolving from his unsparing activity. When he went to South Africa with a great staff

and unlimited funds, he took a new departure. He worked himself unceasingly, and exacted the same from those around him, but he recognized inevitable limitations and was most considerate.

It has always been accepted as a fact that Lord K. was a woman-hater; on that point one opinion is worth as much as another. His principal friends were undoubtedly men, but he had a real regard and friendship for a few women, and they on their part recognized and reciprocated the chivalrous attitude he adopted toward them. His profession and career was what he lived for, and they filled his life, and as his responsibilities and power increased he thought of nothing else; every other consideration was subordinated to whatever task he had undertaken.



LORD KITCHENER—A RECENT PORTRAIT

The fact that he had only bachelors on his staff gave color to the story. He did not think that a soldier on active service should be married, because no one with home ties and responsibilities could fail to have anxieties which might prevent his exclusive devotion being given to his profession; but though one of his staff disregarded the edict, and Lord Kitchener regretted it, it made no difference either to the confidence he continued to give him, or in the wholehearted service he gave to his chief. He inspired all those who served him with a passion for work. He never spared himself, and he imbued them with the same untiring energy and ceaseless activity. I do not think he ever had an idle moment in his day, and while on his travels and long journeys he was always occupied and always absorbed in some subject, and he inspired his staff in a like manner. One of his staff wrote from the Red Sea, in 1902, on Lord K.'s journey to India to take up the post of commander-in-chief.

As full of energy as ever, Lord K. begins the day by working at Hindustani for 1¼ hours before breakfast in the morning and has another go between breakfast and lunch. He walks about with the book in his pocket all day and is continually firing off something he has learned and is very proud of his progress. We have had a tremendous morning's work unpacking old cases of plate and silver that have been lying at the Bank for 6 or 7 years, and for the last two days we have helped him to go through all his old despatch boxes and papers on the Sudan and South-African Campaigns. He has destroyed a tremendous lot of the unimportant papers, and filed the remainder. This in the Red Sea, where the heat has been overpowering, but we shall be out of it to-night.

A little later he writes:

The Chief's brain never can rest, and although I am sure since he has been in India he has brought about as many important reforms as previous Commanders-in-Chief have done in double or treble that time, besides devoting quite special attention to the French and Russian questions—he has still not nearly enough of work to keep him properly occupied. He is also now personally engineering and superintending the new buildings at Snowden and the transformation of the old ones.

He had taken a small house near

Simla called Wild Flower Hall, where he went for week-ends, and while making it internally comfortable and homelike he devoted a certain amount of his time to laying out a garden, and spent as many hours of that short leisure up there as he could spare. This same writer continues:

The Chief and I went out to Wild Flower Hall last Saturday, leaving Simla at 6.15 A.M., and put in a tremendous day's gardening, with only two breaks of ½ hour each for breakfast and lunch. We had 16 coolies working under us, and we transplanted 17 good-sized trees, besides planting 21 large basket-loads of periwinkle and wild raspberries. I am sure he gets more out of these coolies in one day than any one else would in a month, and it is most awfully hard to get him to knock off work in the middle of the day. It is quite useless, besides being very bad policy ever to raise difficulties when he proposes tasks even bordering on the impossible, for he merely says, "You will find you can do it," and somehow or other one generally does.

He had instinctively good taste and love of beauty, and he had some opportunities of carrying out his ideas in the many houses he had occupied in all parts of the world.

When he went to India as commander-in-chief in 1903, he found his official residence at Simla much too small for social requirements, and he remodeled the building and made additions which improved and made it one of the finest in India. The official allowance for repairs, etc., was only 800 rupees, but, as one of his aides writes,

His instinct for remodeling and improving is so grafted in him that sooner than not being able to carry out his schemes he does them at his own expense. His improvements here [Simla] have changed the house beyond all recognition, both as regards the exterior and the comfortable rooms which make one almost forget one is in India. Since I was last here he has built a magnificent library with wood paneling, carved fireplaces and ceilings, and plenty of places for china. The only thing that was missing were books, but since we arrived he has managed to collect over 500 volumes. Above the library are four new bedrooms; he has raised the roof over four feet so as to make the upper rooms higher. He has made a new staircase leading into the ballroom, and he has added nearly an acre to the garden by terracing and by building out over the valley, revetting the sides till they have become almost perpendicular; at the end of the lawn you now have an almost sheer drop of 1,000 feet.

Lord Kitchener's journey to the Pamir and Chitral was full of incident and most successful, and the letters are full of his wonderful energy and untiring activity. The Ovis Poli had no desire to encounter the commander-in-chief, and left him in solitary possession of their country, through which it is needless to say we hear

that he did the journey in and out in two days less than it was supposed possible to do it. We do over 50 miles a day. The general routine is Reveille 5 A.M. We start at 6, but the Chief has never started later than 5.45. The Chief has generally done breakfast before any one else turns up and gets into camp hours before any one else.

The same untiring energy characterized his crossing the Hindu-Kush, over the Takht Pass and the Daskt Glacier, 15,200 feet high, into the Yashin Valley, where he was welcomed with all the solemnity of Eastern ceremonial, and took part at once, on arriving, in a polo-match to make up the game, as the Yashis played six a side. The chief's side was beaten, and, according to the custom of the tribe, the defeated side must dance before the victors. The chief got out of this duty with some difficulty by suggesting, as it appeared indispensable that some one should dance, that the conquerors should, which verdict they accepted.

Some time later there came an unexpected cessation of Lord K.'s physical activities, for he broke his leg riding through a tunnel on his way back to Simla, and lay for some hours before assistance came. The treatment was long and very painful, and the enforced idleness which followed was very irksome to Lord Kitchener, for, beyond attending to the vast amount of routine business, he had every other occupation cut off. He had a huge almanac made and hung opposite his bed so that he could mark off the twenty-one days of his enforced rest. He set himself to play bridge in the evening, and his staff who were unable to play set to work to make themselves fairly efficient in record quick time. Lord Kitchener, at

his next visit to England, had to consult specialists about his leg, which gave him a great deal of trouble, and it was arranged that he should have two months to undergo treatment which would necessitate the resetting of the bone. When he was told that it was considered unwise to do anything to it, he was annoyed at finding out that the two months which it was supposed the treatment would require, and for which he had made arrangements, was no longer necessary and he had that amount of time at his disposal for which he had made no other provision. It was a real grievance to him having to find out how best he could dispose of it, which he finally did after a great deal of grumbling.

One of the most interesting events of his time in India was the visit of the Amir of Afghanistan, and the great banquet at Agra was the great success of the "week." With the exception of three people, all the fifty-four guests were soldiers, a fact which appealed greatly to the Amir, who liked to be considered a soldier king.

Lord Kitchener made a speech in which he said that

the Amir had since his arrival in India shown such genuine interest in and such a masterly grasp of all military questions even of the most technical nature that it was not so much as a king but as a brother-in-arms that the British officers welcomed him that night.

Lord Kitchener, with his insight into character and his knowledge of Easterners, appealed deeply to the Amir, who, in his reply, with deep emotion, let himself go in a way his sirdars said they had never seen him do before. He said what a delight it had been to him to see the thirty thousand troops at the Runn on the previous day, and to notice how efficient they were and how ready for service. Continuing, he said that



LORD KITCHENER, IN COMPANY WITH A FRENCH OFFICER, RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO THE FIRING-LINE AT ANZAC

he knew too well how far his soldiers were behind them in training, but that even if he were looked on as a traitor to his country, he would, on his return to Afghanistan, never rest till he had introduced British training and methods to such a degree as to make his army worthy to fight shoulder to shoulder alongside the troops of his friends.

He said much more which was never allowed to be published, and which was the most eloquent tribute to the deep

impression the commander-in-chief had made on him in that short visit. A curious little touch of how much Lord Kitchener had impressed him is told by one of his staff, who was in one of the butts with the Amir during a great tiger-hunt at Gwalior, where he went to visit the Maharajah. He writes:

I told him that the Chief had had a nasty fall at Poona, his horse tumbling down an embankment. He immediately asked for a piece of paper and wrote a telegram of sympathy in Persian. He handed it to Sir Henry MacMahon and asked him to send it off immediately. Sir Henry was writing it down in English, but when he came to the sentence "to hear of your fall *from* your horse," the Amir instantly corrected him, saying: "No, no. Not *from* your horse—*with* horse in Afghanistan—big difference."

The same ceaseless activity characterized his work in Egypt, when he went there after failing to be appointed Viceroy of India, which most of his friends anticipated, and which he would have accepted. Perhaps Egypt was a disappointment after the wider sphere India presented, but nothing ever prevented him from doing what came to him to do and giving his best to it. When he returned there, the question of infant mortality and the unhygienic condition of Egyptian women during childbearing, from the neglect and ignorance of the most elementary measures, came under his observation, and he was deeply interested in devising means of providing medical treatment for them, and of training native women in midwifery and all that would conduce to improving the conditions under which they lived. He enlisted the sympathy and interest of the wives of officials, and of Englishwomen in Egypt, and carried out a scheme which in itself was a wonderful example of what his interest and driving power could accomplish. These women whose help he enlisted could tell endless stories of the task he set them to do and his tacit refusal to listen to any difficulties that arose in carrying it out. A number of trained English nurses were despatched to Egypt and sent to different localities, where they gave training to a large number of native women in midwifery and kindred subjects. The scheme was a great success, and the benefit it has been to thousands of native women is indescribable, as regards both their general treatment and the care of themselves and their children at birth. Little was known about the subject in England, and much less about all that was done to mitigate the evil; but it was a wonderful piece of administration, though perhaps not one that appealed specially to him; and when some one, knowing what had been achieved, congratulated him on his success and the boon it was to the women in Egypt, his characteristic reply was: "I am told I have saved the lives of ten thousand babies. I suppose that is something to have done." At that time, only a fortnight before the prospect of war seemed possible, he was talking with the keenest interest of his return to Egypt and of what he had still to do there.

There are incidents in life which leave lasting impressions, and one of a large dinner at Lord French's about the same time, at which Lord K., Lord Haldane, and others were present, comes to my mind; probably no one there but those three men had an idea of the threatening cloud which broke in so short a time over England, and the important part two of them would take in it. Lord K., as the world knows, was on the point of returning to Egypt; in fact, he had started when he was recalled, almost on board the steamer at Dover.

The two questions which moved the soul of the English people to its deepest depths were, undoubtedly, what part the country was going to take when it was realized that war was inevitable, and, after that, who was to preside at the War Office. There might have been hesitation on the one point; on the other there was none, and the silent, deep determination with which the people waited to be told that Lord Kitchener was to be Secretary of State for War can only be realized by those who went through those anxious days. There was never a doubt or hesitation in the mind of the country that Lord K. was the only person who could satisfy its requirements, and the acclamation with which the news flashed through the country when he was appointed Secretary of State for War was overwhelm-



LORD KITCHENER AND GENERAL JOFFRE IN THE TRENCHES ON THE WESTERN FRONT

ing, while those who were thrown into contact with him give a marvelous account of the cool, rapid, and soldier-like way in which he accepted the great position. He quickly installed himself at the War Office, even to sleeping there, so that he was ever at the call of his office, and lived there till Lady Wantage placed her house in Carlton Gardens, close by, at his disposal. Later on the King offered him St. James's Palace, and those neighbors who rose early enough saw him daily start off on his morning walk to his office, where he remained all day.

Lord K. was not a well-known personage in England. He had a small circle of intimate friends, but to the outside public he was the stern, simple soldier, a great martinet. In some ways that very isolation added to his power. To be popular with the crowd and the masses is the aim of most public persons, and in a democratic country like ours a friendly demeanor is the fashion of the moment, but that Lord K. never aimed at or wished for. To have a nickname which the country and press could adopt had become a habit, and was supposed to indicate a sympathy between men and their rulers—and friendship between the leaders of political parties was also the rule, not the exception. Nearly all our great public men have enjoyed that distinction, if it be one. Lord Salisbury alone maintained all his life the distinction of bearing his great name unsullied by popular abbreviation, and in some ways Lord Kitchener, though he had his own name among his friends, was always spoken of as "Lord K." by the proletariate. To the soldiers he was always "K. of K.," and while the English army exists he will never be known by any other name. His influence was greatly augmented by the power and dignity of his silence and his well-known dislike of anything that appeared to appeal to the whim of the moment, which won the confidence of the country in a manner hardly understood or expected. To the crowd he was the silent, serious-looking

soldier whose face seldom relaxed for them into the smile his friends knew so well; but to the army he was the man who, when he undertook, "always came out top," and the unbroken, victorious record of his career made him a military idol. The feeling of the army was also greatly influenced by his having won his way all along in spite of his having had no accidents of birth or military connections to help him.

He was a hard man, and he set almost impossible tasks for those who served him. He knew no fatigue himself, and he worked unceasingly; he was a hard but a just task-master, and if he expected miracles of achievement, he asked no more than he knew from personal experience was possible. The tribute of the men and officers who worked with him in Egypt and South Africa were all alike in their testimony to his unfailing justice. You could not love him, but there was something about him that inspired a savage passion for him, and his army would have followed him to the gates of hell.

Such are the words of an officer who had served for many years under him, from whose letter I quote.

Perhaps during the last few months of his life, when his gigantic task was well-nigh accomplished, he looked forward to a release from the toils of office and the misunderstanding and the complications with which our party government surrounds every servant of the state, to the days when he could go to his much-cared-for home at Broome and finish the work which he had taken in hand there and which in some ways was a wonderful illustration of the variety of his activities. He had bought an old, uncared-for estate and house with some possibilities, but in his hands he had built himself a home worthy in every respect to be his, and after transforming it he was filling it with all the treasures he had accumulated during his long and eventful life. He had always been a great collector, and though it would not be true to say he had made no mistakes, still he had learned discrimination as time went on, and his collection of plate, pictures, china, Eastern carpets and treasures was a most remarkable one. He had the courage to "weed it" out as he learned more, and he made latterly few mistakes. He was insatiable in his determination to possess anything he really valued, and he rarely lost it from any lack of perseverance on his part to acquire it. His taste was really good, and any one who knows the cabinets which surround the walls of other distinguished soldiers will realize that Lord K., like the late King, accepted nothing unless it was in good taste. He had perhaps the finest collection of modern and old plate made during the last twenty-five years, and in doing so he broke down one of the most time-hallowed customs of his country.

On the return of a distinguished Englishman from his official life or after any great public service he is always invited to visit the large towns of Great Britain, to receive the highest reward they can bestow—an address of welcome and a gold casket containing the address and the parchment conferring the freedom of the city on him. Lord K. gave it to be understood that the gold casket did not appeal to him, and that a piece of plate which he could always associate with each town would be much more acceptable. His suggestion was at once adopted, and the substitute he received in the shape of plate quite justified him in his request. He had a horror of forms and ceremonies, and only the knowledge that it would be ungracious ever reconciled him to the inevitable functions in which he had to participate. Lord Kitchener bore the hero-worship which was inevitable with great philosophy; he did not let it interfere with his usual life, and in society, though he was *très répandu*, he only went where he knew he would not be bored and where he felt at home. He was in reality a shy man, and never really quite overcame this even in the days when he was one of the most prominent men in the world and had made the acquaintance of the greatest men in every part of the world. Those who knew him when he first came to London as Captain Kitchener well remember how silent and shy he was, and what an effort it was to him to go out into society; and even later on, when he had achieved a reputation and an acknowledged position, it was very irksome to him, and he shunned it as much as he could. I remember on one occasion in the early



ENGLISH SCHOOL-CHILDREN HONORING LORD KITCHENER'S MEMORY

'nineties seeing him at a small dance where he had quite unexpectedly found himself, having come on from the Athenæum Club where a dinner had been given to Lord Morley on his receiving the O. M. A crowd of young people insisted on his dancing the Lancers. He protested that he had never danced anything in his life, but he was dragged into the room and a partner found for him; he took it quite cheerfully, and was amused to realize how few of the dancers knew it better.

No mention of Lord Kitchener, however slight, could pass over one fact in his life—that devoted band of soldiers who served on his staff in Egypt, India, South Africa, and in England. They were a wonderful band, all of them able, capable, and first-rate soldiers, attached to their chief in a remarkable way and willing to do his bidding and serve him to their life's end. There was no work too arduous or impossible, no task he could lay on them too heavy, that they did not joyfully carry out. Hard and strenuous as it was, they loved their work; they loved their chief, and the main object of their life was loyally and joyfully to carry out his orders. It would be impossible to have given more whole-hearted, more enthusiastic service, and he inspired them with an almost superhuman enthusiasm. Some of them still survive, others have followed him into the land of silence. Watson Pasha still lives, and Maxwell, V.C., to mourn their chief. Victor Brooke, one of the first English officers who died in France, Marker, and Hamilton have followed him; and FitzGerald, who, after the long days of stress and struggle of the last two years, died as he would have chosen, by the side of his beloved master; and he must have had the consolation, even in those terrible last moments, of knowing what he had been to Lord Kitchener and how he cared for him. Only those who knew some of these men could realize how deep were their feelings of affection and devotion to their master, and what whole-hearted, loving service they gave him.

The last two crowded years of Lord Kitchener's life, full of their anxieties and responsibilities, had not changed him; but though he had aged, and the constant strain had told on him, he had altered outwardly but little. The office life was irksome, and the want of exercise to a man of his active habits very trying, for he hardly ever left London except for an occasional week-end at Broome. His intended visit to Russia

was not known, and, like so many of his visits to France and the army at the front, were only made public after his return. Those who saw him that last week and knew of his going, tell how he longed for the change and how eagerly he looked forward to his holiday.

The last few months, with the controversies over conscription, had harassed him. He was not a keen believer in the conscript principle; he was more than justified in his preference for a voluntary army by the response he had received on his appeal to the manhood of England. There was a wonderful completion of the task he had undertaken in those last few days. He had raised his millions, and the country had accepted the inevitable imposition of compulsion, and with it that chapter of his life was finished. He had met the House of Commons, and, uncertain as the result of that conference was, like all he did, it was one of his greatest successes. He had no indecision when it was proposed to him that he should meet the Commons, and, as was always the case, the result was never in doubt. What passed has never been divulged, but he left an impression on the two hundred members who were present which was perhaps one of the best tributes ever paid him. After his farewell to the King, his last visit to Broome and to Sir John Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet, he set sail for the shore he never reached, and the end had come. It was perhaps the most perfect end of such a life—a life full of high endeavor and completion. The service he had rendered his country by raising her armies and foreseeing the probable duration of the war could not have been performed by any other living man. If, as his critics say, he depended too much on his own individual endeavors, he was not to be blamed when we read day by day of the glorious deeds of the armies he had created.

The country staggered under the blow of his death, and one can never forget the silent grief and dismay of that dreadful day with its horrible tragedy. The grief was universal and personal, and the tributes to his work and memory were spoken from the heart by the great leaders of both parties. No more touching and pathetic tribute was ever said than the speech made by Lord Derby in the House of Lords on the resolution in reference to his death. There is not one word to be altered from beginning to end, but the concluding words must go to every heart and find an echo:

> Lord Kitchener said good-by to the nation at a moment when he left the whole of the machinery of the great armies that he had created in running order, and when it only required skilled engineers to keep going his work. It was really as if Providence in its wisdom had given him the rest he never would have given to himself.
>
> With the memory of a great naval battle fresh in our minds we must all realize how rich a harvest of death the sea has reaped. We in these islands from time immemorial had paid a heavy toll to the sea for our insular security, but, speaking as the friend of a friend, I can say that the sea never executed a heavier toll than when Lord Kitchener, coffined in a British man-of-war, passed to the Great Beyond.

"Who Will Be Sue?"

BY ELOISE ROBINSON



DIDN'T know, when I came home that afternoon and found Sarah Delle sitting disconsolately on my window-seat, that it was the turning-point in my life.

Our families—Sarah Delle's and mine—had gone south for the winter, and Sarah Delle was staying at our house. Aunt Blanche was taking care of us, or, rather, she thought she was, which was loads better for Sarah Delle and me than if she had been on the job all the time. I am fond of Aunt Blanche. She writes plays, and she seems to find it interesting with or without editorial encouragement—mostly without.

"Barbie," Sarah Delle said, in a kind of desperate tone, "matters have come to the point where something will *have* to be done."

Of course I knew what she meant. It was about Max Wald. Max was Sarah Delle's suitor. He was seventeen, and perfectly grand. Sarah Delle fully realized how lucky she was to have such a wonderful fellow crazy about her. He looked something like an advertising-poster young man—you know, with that strong, squarish sort of chin and long, narrow eyes. He belonged to a perfectly old family, and there wasn't a thing against him except that the Sherwins thought Sarah Delle was too young. As if a girl who'd lived nearly sixteen years wasn't old enough to manage any man! Why, I know a girl whose grandmother was only fourteen when she was *married*, and Sarah Delle merely wanted to be engaged. There's a lot of difference.

Max was just crazy about Sarah Delle, and she was about him, and they didn't care if every one knew it. They had a theory that if two people cared for each other they ought to show it. It wasn't anything to be ashamed of. They showed it all right. I don't know that I'd care to do the way they did myself—at least, not with any one I've found yet—but I understand perfectly how they felt about it. It was a principle with them. I don't think we ought to judge people for following their principles.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin didn't know about this principle. Sarah Delle said it would only have made things harder for them, and goodness knows they were having enough of a fit as it was. They suspected things, and they were frightened to death for fear Sarah Delle would do something rash. They had had this happen once before in the family, and it made them suspicious. Thinking back over what had occurred when Lutie—that is, Sarah Delle's sister—had eloped, Sarah Delle was inclined to believe that if there *was* any other way for her and Max— But they couldn't wait forever. They had only one life to live. And she had the most adorable ring all picked out in one of the windows down-town, too. It looked exactly like a diamond, and it was only $4.98, and here she couldn't have it just because of her parents! Sarah Delle was perfectly in despair, as you can imagine any one would be.

All of which goes to point out the horrible mistake parents make nowadays. They're always expecting a girl to be young and unsophisticated, and to act as if she didn't know a thing. All the time, of course, she does know, and it makes her simply wild to get out where things are happening. If ever I have a daughter she won't be raised by any such antiquated methods as I have had to suffer under. This thing of sitting back and waiting until you've one foot in the grave and the other on a banana-peel before you're allowed to have any fun is all wrong. And it has gone out of date, too, in most families. Mother needn't try to persuade me that it hasn't. I have eyes.

No, I sha'n't mix in my daughter's

affairs. I've learned from my own bitter experience that a girl's got to be let alone. Why shouldn't a girl know better than any one else what she ought to wear and how she ought to act? She's the one who sees how other girls do, and she's the one who has to take the consequences if things come out wrong. But that is just what I've had to endure all my life. Not only from Dad and mother, but from three sisters as well. It is tragic to be the youngest in the family. I no more than get mother where I want her than Kit and Ella and Elizabeth begin: "Oh, mother! Surely you're not going to allow *that child* to have a dress like that! Why, it's too *old*, entirely! A little school-girl like Barbara! Why, when *we* were her age—" That always seems to clench the argument with them. All I shall say is, that if they didn't have any more stylish clothes than they say they did, or do any more things, they must have had a mighty dull time of it, and I should think, if they had any sisterly feeling, they would be glad for me to escape. But among the three of them I've never been allowed to do a thing. It is only since I took things into my own hands that I've discovered what life really is.



MAX WAS JUST CRAZY ABOUT SARAH DELLE

Sarah Delle didn't have any more fun than I did. Her family are even worse than mine. You would think that after her sister had to elope and all, *she* would be a little more open-minded toward Sarah Delle, but Sarah Delle says she isn't a bit. She talks about what she never did, just the same.

After a heartrending pause Sarah Delle went on:

"Max's father and mother have actually told him that he ought to go with some other girls. They said it wasn't good for him to go with just one so much."

Now what do you think of that for a man's parents to say to him? Mr. Wald is one of the officers of the Humane Society, too, and a trustee of the church.

I saw right away how serious the situation was. Men are queer. Once you get a man on the string—not just nibbling, you know, but really hooked—it is easy enough to keep him there unless he somehow gets it into his head that he looks like a sucker. He likes to be made much over and fussed with, and held up to himself as a kind of a hero, but he just perfectly hates to be made a fool of. The minute Max's parents began treating him as if he were a silly little boy who couldn't possibly want what he thought he wanted, because that would make him out such a goose, Max began to think, well, maybe he did look foolish. The terrible danger this exposed Sarah Delle to, the sympathizing reader can see for himself.

Sarah Delle and I sat and talked long and confidentially about the serious things of life. We didn't come to what you might call definite conclusions, but I "carried away the thought," as mother says when she's been to some particularly inspiring woman's club lecture, that now was the time to act. Our parents must be made to realize, before it was too late, that Sarah Delle and I weren't children any longer, and deserved to be treated with some consideration. If we could have taken up careers and become famous before the folks came home, that would have been the very thing.

I thought some of writing, and I sounded Aunt Blanche. Aunt Blanche ran her fingers through her hair until it stood up in a spiky, awfully unbecoming pompadour, and said in a deep



"SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO ALLOW THAT CHILD TO HAVE A DRESS LIKE THAT?"

voice: "Playwriting? Playwriting is *hell!*" I told her I wouldn't mind that; it sounded exciting. But the trouble was, Aunt Blanche seemed to think it would take me too long to become famous—maybe as much as a year or two, if I worked some every day, and by that time my real youth would be over.

I thought all the rest of the afternoon, but I didn't have the ghost of an idea. Then the boy came with the paper. I always read the paper—that is one of *my* principles. I don't bother with those big headlines on the front page—I think they're cheap—but I devour every word of the society items and the "Confessions of a Wife," the most thrilling diary of a woman whose husband has been untrue to her, and they say it's the real diary of a real woman!

While I was reading the paper my eye caught these significant words: "Who Will Be Sue?" and right then a wonderful plan came to me. I will always say that it was really a gorgeous idea, and should have turned out differently than it did. If only that old Max Wald— But I'll save that till last.

Sarah Delle and I talked the idea over from every point of view, and we couldn't see a hitch anywhere. This was the article that started it:

"WHO WILL BE SUE?"
Contest Grows Exciting

The "Who Will Be Sue?" contest is coming on. To-night marks the half-way point in the race. Only three more weeks, girls, so bring on your votes!

The leaders to-night are, Miss Effie Baumgartner, with 3,987 votes; Miss Sadie Ziegler, with 3,554; Miss Zibbeline Starbuck, with 3,490—

(and then a whole lot of other names with the number of votes they had).

Until this week Miss Baumgartner was near the end of the list, but the votes for her have been pouring in, with the result that she outnumbers the former leader, Miss Ziegler, by 443 votes.

Remember:

The winner of this contest will be featured as Sue, the heroine of the thrilling five-reel film drama to be produced in this city with a magnificent equipment and an all-star cast by the Pink Panther Motion Picture Company.

The young lady with the second highest number of votes will also have a prominent part in this great play.

The third highest will receive a box for the public exhibition of the film to be given in the People's Opera House.

The winners of all three prizes will likewise have an opportunity to join permanently the Pink Panther Motion Picture Company.

Well, I had always been crazy to be a movie star. I thought I could succeed. I'm not beautiful, exactly, but my hair is rather good, and I'm *chic*. My eyes are my best feature; they're big, and I do know how to use them. Besides, several people have told me that I act like Theda Bara. Oh yes, I thought I could make a success all right. Sarah Delle hasn't such good eyes as I have for movies, but she's lots prettier. She has long, curly hair, light, and she's little. She wasn't as crazy about being a movie actress as I was, but she was willing to go through almost anything to get Max.

Of course, our plan was to win the movie contest, the first and second places. We'd make a wonderful success and show our families we weren't children, but those whom the world delights to honor. Then probably the Sherwins would let Sarah Delle be engaged to Max. But, in case there was still trouble, because the Sherwins seem to have a prejudice against the movies—they hardly ever let Sarah Delle go to see them—we could go right on being movie stars and making $250,000 a year until they came to their senses.

It was rather late to start in after the contest was half over, but that paragraph about Effie Baumgartner encouraged me. If any one with the name of Effie could work her way up from the end to the first of the list in a week, why, Sarah Delle and I stood some chance. And Effie had only 3,987 votes.

We began right away looking up old papers and cutting out coupons, and while we did it we made our plans. First of all, we were going to change our names. That was both for artistic effect and safety. If Aunt Blanche *should* happen to see anything connected with us in the paper, the idea would have no more chance than a canned oyster. I'd always been dying to have my name Rozanne—Rozanne Rozelle—and here was my opportunity. Sarah Delle was going to be Lucia — pronounced in that funny way, you know, as if you had to sneeze, like the opera—Lucia Grey. She thought a simple, sweet name like that would suit her looks.

We only found four coupons. But that didn't worry us any, because our real campaign hadn't started yet. That was where Max came, and Jimmy St.-John-Jones.

I guess I haven't mentioned Jimmy yet. St.-John isn't a middle name; it belongs with the Jones, and you pronounce it Singein', like singein' your hair. People always say, "Why, Mrs. St.-John-Jones!"—the whole thing, you know. The St.-John sort of redeems the Jones from plainness. Of course, they are one of our oldest families, or I shouldn't be allowed to go with Jimmy. Jimmy isn't a bit like an old family, though. He once told me that it was his mother's greatest grief that he was so common-looking and that his nose turned up so much.

Jimmy and Max were to get our votes for us, but they didn't know it yet. I was to take Jimmy to one side and tell him that a friend of Sarah Delle's, Lucia Grey, was running for movie star in the "Who Will Be Sue?" contest, and that Max was working for her like fury. And I was to say that I wanted to be Sue myself, and that I intrusted him with having me elected. He was to know the secret of my name, but he wasn't to let a soul know who Rozanne Rozelle was. Sarah Delle was going to tell Max that Rozanne Rozelle was my friend, and that *she* wanted to win so that she could be engaged to him, and say that Jimmy was working for Rozanne. We thought it would work, not only because Max was so wild about Sarah Delle, and because I had always been able to manage Jimmy (as it turned out, I wasn't this time), but also be-



SARAH DELLE AND I SAT AND TALKED LONG AND CONFIDENTIALLY

cause Max and Jimmy loved each other like two bulldogs. If Max wanted anything, Jimmy 'd fairly kill himself to see that he didn't get it, and likewise Max with Jimmy.

Well, we told them that very night, and the idea began to work. Those boys went around from door to door and collected papers and bought out every newsboy they met, and went downtown and emptied the news-stands. The next evening when the paper came out Miss Lucia Grey had 993 votes and Miss Rozanne Rozelle 956. By that time, of course, Miss Effie Baumgartner had 4,111 votes, but we figured that, at the rate we were going, it wouldn't take us long to catch up with her. Jimmy was perfectly furious to think that Max had gotten ahead of him, and he swore to make Max eat the dust. We saw to it that Max heard that, all right, and Max swore Jimmy was a pinhead and would never beat him.

Well, it got to be awfully exciting. Those boys enlisted all their friends and all the little kids on the hill, and it was a regular pitched battle. People began to ask Sarah Delle and me who our friends were, and finally we had to make it up that they were two poor, downtrodden girls from the Hat-Trimmers' Union who wanted a chance in life. That was all right, for some of our best families were what you might call politely interested in the hat-trimmers' strike. Miss Rozanne Rozelle and Miss Lucia Grey crept up till they were fourth and fifth, and they stayed there. That was another part of the scheme. We didn't put all of our votes in at once; we kept out some every day. We figured, you see, that if Effie Baumgartner had two people ahead of her she would work harder, and we might be left. As it was, she was sort of setting the pace and growing proud and overconfident because it was so easy. We were going to let her set it till the last minute, and then we were coming in with all the votes we'd saved up and strip the laurels from the victor's brow, as the old Romans used to say. We kept urging the boys on. One day we

would let Rozanne be ahead, and the next day Lucia, to keep Max and Jimmy keyed up. They simply *slaved*, and we had to hold back more and more votes to keep poor Effie from being hopelessly swamped.

Still, there was the danger that Effie might be saving votes, too, or some other dark horse. And, besides, we were both becoming excited as to which one of us would win. It seemed to me that Jimmy deserved to have me win, and Sarah Delle felt the same way about Max. So it went on till the last day.

Goodness, but that last day was exciting! Of course, Sarah Delle and I couldn't be expected, under the circumstances, to put our minds on things like French and history, so we decided it would be better if we stayed away from school altogether. We rode around in Mrs. Sherwin's electric, which she had left behind, like political candidates, and kept the boys going. I had never had such a thrilling time.

The votes were to be in by six o'clock. The paper put out a special edition at noon, with the last coupon in it, and there was one mad, wild scramble. Then, just as the excitement reached its height, Jimmy disappeared. Nobody knew where on earth he was. His men were bringing in the votes, but never a sign of Jimmy. Of course, Max made the most of it, saying that Jimmy saw he was going to be beaten (Lucia Grey had been ahead the day before) and had defaulted.

Of course, I didn't believe him, but I couldn't account for Jimmy. What really worried me most was that Jimmy was to take all my black-horse votes, as well as those that had been collected that day, to the newspaper office, and I was afraid he wouldn't be in time. Of course, I couldn't ask Max to do it after he had been so mean, and Sarah Delle was mad at me for saying Max *was* mean, and it looked as if the whole thing was going to be ruined.

About half-past five, though, Jimmy turned up. And where do you think he had been? Down to the Salvation Army place! You know the way they collect old papers. Well, Jimmy had told the man down there that he would give him five dollars if he let him cut out all the coupons. And that boy brought back 2,561 votes! Of course, that made it all right with me, and Sarah Delle couldn't get mad because she wanted some of those votes. We figured it out that if I gave her a thousand of them I would be just 523 votes ahead of her. We thought that that would make us both safe. For a while I sort of felt that maybe I ought to let Sarah Delle have the most votes, but, after all, it was my idea, and then there was Jimmy to think of. It hardly seemed fair to Jimmy when he had worked so hard.

It was a thrilling evening the night the returns were published. Miss Effie Baumgartner was 859 votes behind Sarah Delle! Of course, we had to tell the boys the whole scheme, and they nearly passed away. A man hates to think a girl has gotten ahead of him. But there was still all the most exciting part to follow, so naturally they just couldn't stay mad long.

Two days later it was announced in the paper that the Pink Panther Motion Picture Company would meet with the winners of the contest and rehearse for the play on Friday. Besides, we had had notices through the mail, for of course we had given our right addresses.

In the middle of that same night Sarah Delle came into my room and woke me up by pulling down the windows and turning on the light.

"Barbie! I've just had an awful thought!"

"What?" I said, scruging over on the bed so Sarah Delle could get in.

"Well, we can't be in that show. We haven't any clothes."

"What on earth ails you?" I said. I was half asleep and I thought Sarah Delle's troubles had suddenly made her crazy.

"Well," she said, coldly and bitterly, "do you want to go down there and be a movie star in a sailor-suit?"

That woke me up with a jerk, I can tell you. I saw that Sarah Delle was right. We had neither of us one blessed thing to wear.

"Yes," Sarah Delle went on, "a sailor suit! A sailor suit!" She fairly spit the words out. I have never known her so acrimonious. "I suppose you'll

feel all right walking in as Sue in a blue Norfolk jacket! And I'll feel great as Sue's friend in a brown one! And if there are any balls or things I suppose you'd wear your white Georgette crêpe with blue ribbons, and I. that pink-flowered thing that makes me look as if I were five years old!"

A vision of the fascinating Rozanne Rozelle in my Georgette crêpe came before my eyes and made me feel positively ill.

"Good heavens!" It was all I could think of to say.

"We'd make a fine-looking pair, wouldn't we! Hair down our backs! Low-heeled shoes! Short skirts! No fur on our coats! Bah!"

"We could do up our hair," I suggested, timidly.

"Yes?" Sarah Delle sniffed. "And what good would that do, pray? And what good is it to have pretty shoulders when you never wear anything but a Dutch neck? What good is it to have a figure—in a middy blouse?"

I saw she had been lying in bed brooding over it, so I didn't interrupt her. Besides, she was terribly right.

After a long, tragic pause Sarah Delle said: "There's only one thing for us to do, Barbie Vane. We've got to get some clothes to-morrow."

"Good gracious! How?"

"Buy them at the stores. Charge. Decent things—that are suitable."

I sat staring at her. It was an epoch-making speech, as the historian says. Then it filtered through.

"I shall have a green suit with yellow fox fur on it ten inches wide, and a chin-chin collar of the same," I heard a dreamy voice saying. Later I recognized the voice as my own.

"*I* shall have black velvet with white fox fur, and a muff and hat to match, and fur on my boots," said Sarah Delle. I knew she had thought it all out.

Then we settled down to planning, and we planned nearly all the rest of the night. The next morning we didn't go to school; we went down-town and bought clothes. There wasn't the slightest trouble about it; the shop-girls knew us, you see, and the stores were full of the most adorable things. We bought more than we had really intended to, but you simply *have* to have blouses and shoes and hats to go with the different costumes. We had all of our purchases put in Mrs. Sherwin's electric, and took them home ourselves. We weren't going to have them turned away from the door by mistake.



I TOLD JIMMY THAT I WANTED TO BE SUE MYSELF

The next morning I got up extra early, and so did Sarah Delle We wanted plenty of time to enjoy the luxury of our clothes. As Sarah Delle said, she wanted to take half an hour to each silk stocking if she felt like it. I put on my green suit. The fur *was* ten inches wide, and it bunched up around the neck and humped up around the waist and stuck out around the bottom of the skirt and rippled around the edge of the coat in that awfully clever, smart way. With my hair done up, and a weeny touch of rouge, I decided I would do. I had one of those veils that fasten over your whole hat and hang out in scallops, and gray shoes—with fur. I had fur everywhere I could think of. For once in my life I was really dressed so people would look at me. Sarah Delle was, too.

I could see that Mr. Hookem—that was the manager's name—was pleasantly surprised when he saw us. Poor man, he had probably been discouraged when he saw Effie Baumgartner. She looked like her name all right.

It wasn't a bit like what I thought it would be. In the first place, we were disappointed in the looks of the magnificent all-star cast. They were—well, not shabby-looking, exactly, but ordinary. There wasn't a person there who had fur half as wide as Sarah Delle's and mine. We found out later that most of them were cooks or butlers or maids. Of course, there were no women stars, because Sarah Delle and I were those, but there were two men stars. One, Percy La Trasse, was the hero; and the other, Selwin Mann, was the villain. I didn't care much for the hero, though Sarah Delle seemed to, but the villain was perfectly wonderful. His hair was that awfully romantic, wavy black, and he had the kind of eyes movie stars have.

The play was thrilling, too. They read the plot to us that morning. Sue Hardy — that was I — was a young orphan heiress, in love with Percy La Trasse, and the villain tried to get her out of the way so he could have her money. He kidnapped her as she was out shopping with a friend—that was Sarah Delle—and then things began to happen. You know the kind of adventures they have in movies. Finally, of course, Sue was rescued by her friend and Percy La Trasse, and they lived happy ever afterward.

I will not tell how we practised. Suffice it to say that Mr. Hookem appreciated my eyes, and I got in some good practice using them that will help me all the rest of my life. In between times I practised a little on the villain. He must have had the artistic temperament, because I always had to treat him coldly for a while afterward or he would have spoiled his part.

Everything went on beautifully for a while, and we had two ball scenes taken, one at the Hotel Hampden and one in the picture studio. Of course Sarah Delle and I had to have gowns for them. Well, we had them. I felt myself growing older and more attractive every day, and Sarah Delle said she did, too.

Then everything began to happen at once. First it was Max. He began to get excited because Sarah Delle was interested in Percy La Trasse. Of course she was interested in him—a grand movie star who was doing something in the world! Lots of people are interested in geniuses. Why, even my mother is, and goodness knows she's too old and too—well-developed to run off with any man but Dad. Max needn't have been so excited. As if the whole thing hadn't been started for his benefit.

But men are that way. You can never tell what is going to make them mad. I advised Sarah Delle not to coax Max too much. It would do him good to see that Sarah Delle knew there were other men in the world. He'd be more appreciative of her. But when Percy La Trasse and Selwin Mann asked to come out and see Sarah Delle and me one night, and Max found them there—well, he acted perfectly horrid, and Sarah Delle cried most an hour because she was so afraid Max would go and do something desperate. And he did, too, but not what she thought.

The next thing that happened was that the whole thing came out in the papers—who Sarah Delle and I were, I mean. We never knew how they found out, but there it was, in head-lines two inches high, "Well-known Society Belles Winners of Movie Contest," with something about our fathers, and with our pictures in poses from the play. It was really quite exciting being called "society belles," and all that. It attracted quite a good deal of attention among mother's friends, and at school the girls were fairly groveling at our feet —when we had time to go, which wasn't often. And there wasn't much fear of Aunt Blanche's finding out, for she'd begun on the Third Act. If the world came to an end while Aunt Blanche was on the Third Act she'd never know in time to get in on it.

Then Jimmy began to act funny. It wasn't a bit like him, he'd been such a sport all along, but I suppose he'd lived with his mother so many years that he'd learned some of her fussy ways, and maybe he was hearing things about us at home. He had made a fuss when we had the ball scene at the Hotel Hampden, because it wasn't "refined." When that story came out in the newspapers he wanted us to stop the whole thing. As if we could, then! Anyway, we didn't want to. Jimmy was so horrid that finally I had to tell him he couldn't come

to the house any more or meet me downtown after rehearsals. That settled him —for a while.

The time came for us to play the big scenes. We began with the kidnapping. They set the camera up in front of the Fashion Shop, and Sarah Delle and I drove up, alighted gracefully from the car in our velvet suits, and went into the store. Then we came out again and started for the car. All this time the camera man was turning the crank, of course. The plan was for the villain to drive up at the last minute, grab me and put me in his car and run away with me. Sarah Delle, of course, would scream and jump in our car and follow, and there would be a grand race—you've seen the kind. The villain was to get away with me, though, and hide me in a lonely hut in the woods. Only the lonely hut was the log summer-house in the park.

Just at the proper moment up flew a shiny red racer, and somebody jumped out and took me by the arm and pushed me into the car and jumped in, too, and started the engine.

That wasn't the way it was to have been. The villain was to have picked me up and put me in. I looked around, and it wasn't Selwin Mann at all! It was Jimmy in a new car! Maybe I wasn't surprised!

Then I was perfectly furious. I saw right away what he'd done it for. But I didn't say anything for a minute, because I wanted to see what was happening outside.

Sarah Delle went right on acting her part, and ran for her car. But Selwin Mann saw what was wrong, and he came after us, too, and the play policeman, of course, and all of the people who were going by craned their necks and ran, and the camera men along the way began turning. It must have made a perfectly wonderful film.



THE MEMORY OF THAT SCENE IS ONLY ONE OF AWFUL SOUNDS

"Jimmy St.-John-Jones!" I said, "let me out of here this *instant!*"

Jimmy just moved the speed-indicator up to the thirty mark.

"Jimmy! I mean what I say!" My words just hissed out. I couldn't have been any madder if he had been the real villain and I had been really Sue. "If you don't let me out I'll jump!" I made my eyes flash dangerously. But Jimmy didn't see because he was staring out at the street and moving the indicator up to forty.

I began to cry. I thought that would surely make him stop. But it didn't. I looked out of the corner of my eye and he had his jaw stuck way out and his eyes half shut. He was almost all mouth and chin. He didn't make a remark until we turned up our street. Then he turned round to me.

"I just happened to be going by. Barbara Vane—this business—stops—right here."

And, honestly, when he looked at me like that I almost thought it would. I had never seen that side of Jimmy's character before. But I had no time to meditate on that, for we drove up to our door. And then I saw an unexpected sight. There was Aunt Blanche, looking as if the heavens had fallen on the Third Act and mashed it to a potato-cake. There was Max Wald. And there was my family and the Sherwins! That sneaking Max Wald had sent Mr. Sherwin and Dad a copy of the paper telling all about the movie contest, and the train hadn't been fast enough to bring the folks home.

"Barbara!" boomed mother, in that deadly tone she uses sometimes. I felt myself wilting.

"Look at that suit!" shrieked Kit and Ella and Elizabeth. I could have told that was what they would say.

"Thank Heaven!" Jimmy said.

"Where is Sarah Delle? Where is Sarah Delle? Oh, she has—that—that—disgusting—" This was Mrs. Sherwin.

"Be calm, Millie, be calm!" That was Mr. Sherwin's contribution.

Just then the rest of the automobiles came in sight, Sarah Delle with Mr. La Trasse in one and Selwin Mann in another, and down the street in a third Mr. Hookem and the play policemen and the camera man.

The scene that followed may be left to the imagination. I shut my eyes so that to me the memory is only one of awful sounds. I had just time to see Mrs. Sherwin tear Sarah Delle from the proximity of Mr. La Trasse as if he were the acute smallpox.

I was locked in my room. At times mother would unlock the door and come in and look at me and say, "I cannot understand — I *cannot* understand—" and then pause, as if she had forgotten all the words in the English language but those three and was striving to recover them again. Then she would back out. In the next room I could hear Mrs. Sherwin saying a good deal to Sarah Delle.

After a lengthy time the automobiles whirred away. Sarah Delle's door opened and closed. I heard the key turn. Silence settled over all. I could feel in my bones that the two families were in the library discussing the situation. I afterward discovered that Kit and Ella and Elizabeth were not there. I will say that was rather decent of my parents.

By and by some one came up and took Sarah Delle out. Still nothing happened to me but lunch on a tray.

It seemed to me like midnight, but really it wasn't yet dinner-time when mother came to say that Dad wanted to see me in the library.

Of course I got the dickens. It made me realize fully all the awful things I'd done and the terrible risks I'd taken—a young, innocent girl. And I had to promise on my word of honor I'd never, never have anything to do with movies again. I could have stood the scolding, all right, but when Dad began on how worried he and mother had been, and how it grieved them to have their dear, little, youngest daughter run into danger, and all that sort of thing, with a kind of a quiver in his voice— Oh, you know how it would make you feel yourself. I think that's a mean trick. I'll never play anything like that on my daughter.

But Dad did let me tell my side, too, and several times I caught him smiling behind his whiskers, though he frowned real hard when he saw me looking.



AT TIMES MOTHER WOULD COME IN AND LOOK AT ME AND SAY, "I CANNOT UNDERSTAND—I CANNOT UNDERSTAND—"

That cheered me up a little. And at the end he said he saw how I felt, and if I'd only wait three more years until I was eighteen, I could come out then instead of waiting until I was nineteen, as Kit and Ella and Elizabeth had done. That isn't much comfort to me now, though. Goodness knows, the best of my youth will be gone after three whole years.

The next time I saw Sarah Delle I asked her about Max. She was going around kind of sad-eyed and mournful, so I thought something must have happened. "Oh," she said, "Max!" Well, she didn't know anything about him. All her love for him had fled when she saw how deceitful he had been about sending the newspaper to her father just out of jealousy. And, besides, she knew now that Max had never been the right one, anyway. Max was only a *boy*. She knew what *men* were now—men like Percy La Trasse. But of course she'd never see him again, and her life was ruined. She showed me a picture of Percy—one of those cut out of the newspaper. She wore it all wadded up inside her locket. I saw Sarah Delle was enjoying being blighted in love, so I didn't say anything to comfort her. And it certainly did make an impression upon the girls at school.

My green-velvet suit with the fur disappeared out of my closet. I've never heard what happened to it. Anyway, the thought of it, after everything, makes me feel queer.

There's one more mystery that I've never solved. What became of the "Who Will Be Sue?" film? I've looked and looked in every paper, but I've never seen a word, and I've never cared to ask. Sarah Delle doesn't know, either. She did hear her father tell her mother that he and Dad had "settled with Hookem." Sarah Delle thinks that means they had a fight, but I don't believe so—Mr. Sherwin is too fat.

The Heavens Through a Spectroscope

BY C. G. ABBOT

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ABOUT nine o'clock in the latter evenings of January the brilliant star Capella may be seen lying a little north of the zenith. Capella is the fifth star in brilliancy in the heavens. The fact that its "proper motion"—that is, the distance it can be seen to move through the heavens in a century—is over forty seconds of the arc, indicates that it must be among the nearer stars. Up to 1885 the position, the degree of brilliancy, and the proper motion were all that the astronomers of all the ages had been able to discover about Capella. Then the world got into spectroscopic communication with the star.

During the following thirty years, although Capella was found to be over one hundred and sixty trillion miles away, it was proved to be made of exactly the same elements as the sun and to have a companion star of somewhat simpler composition. Though the companion can never be seen with the telescope, the masses of these two stars were found to be in the proportion of seventy-nine to one hundred, and it is certain that the larger of them has not more than ten times the sun's mass. They revolve about a common center in nearly circular orbits in 104.22 days, and they are approaching the solar system at the rate of eighteen miles a second.

All these things the spectroscope has taught us about Capella by analyzing and interpreting the one thing that comes to us from the star—its light.

The operation of the spectroscope is easily understood by analogy. You listen to a well-balanced quartette of singers; their song comes to the ear as a complex whole, in which individual parts are so blended as to seem lost, yet four distinct sounds of different pitches are there, and they could be separately distinguished by suitable apparatus. Even if the singers themselves were hidden, much could be discovered about them from the sounds of their voices alone.

Light is a complex thing also, far more complex than sound, and the spectroscope is merely a device for separating its component parts. Just as sounds of different pitches are due to air vibrations of different wave-lengths, so the blue, green, red, and other spectrum colors found in the rainbow are due to ether vibrations of different wave-lengths. The average sound-wave, as represented by middle C of the keyboard, has a wave-length of about four feet. The average light-wave, as represented by green rays, has a wave-length of about one fifty-thousandth of an inch. The spectroscope is an adaptation of the familiar prism which separates sunlight into the colors of the rainbow. The light is thrown upon the prism through a narrow slit, and if it comes from an incandescent solid, or liquid, or a dense incandescent gas, it consists of light-waves of every conceivable length. The prism sorts out these waves, throwing the longest, or red, rays to one side, the orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo in between, and the violet waves, which are the shortest, to the other side, making a rainbow band of color, which is called a continuous spectrum. If, however, the light thrown on the prism is from a gas at moderate or low pressure, as it is, for example, in the green light of the Cooper-Hewitt mercury glow-lamps, it is composed of isolated wave-lengths only, and when separated by the prism gives one or more monochromatic images of the narrow slit through which it is admitted. These isolated images lie in the different colors—a red line if the

wave-length is long, a violet line if it is short, a green line if the light is of the average wave-length — one fifty-thousandth of an inch. Each volatilized substance gives out light of characteristic wave-lengths by which it may be recognized, as each note on the keyboard gives out sound-waves of a characteristic length. The spectrum lines of a substance are its identifying thumb-prints.

In nearly all spectroscopy of the heavenly bodies the light to be examined is so faint that it must first be collected by a telescope. The bigger the glass of the telescope the more light it can collect. Hence the principal advantage of a great telescope is for collecting light, not, as is generally supposed, for bringing the celestial body relatively very close by enormous magnification. Spectroscopists sometimes expose a spectrum photograph for a whole night. The same star could be observed in a couple of hours with a telescope of five times the light-gathering power. On Mt. Wilson there will soon be available a telescope whose light-gathering surface is more than fifty square feet.

The light gathered by the telescope is divided by the spectroscope according to wave-lengths and then photographed. To fix our ideas of what spectrum photographs are like, consider Fig. 1, which shows the spectra of nine different stars chosen to illustrate how one star differeth from another in glory. Each of these spectra shows two parallel ranges of vertical lines, as if the ties for two projected railway tracks lay side by side. The upper and lower ranges are just alike. They represent the spectrum of iron produced by an electric arc-light playing between iron poles. The iron arc spectrum consists of a series of bright lines separated by nearly dark spaces. In the actual spectrum these bright lines would be blue, gradually shading from indigo-blue to a light, greenish blue. However many times the spectrum of the iron arc is photographed, it presents these same lines, at the same wave-length places. Thus the iron spectrum is photographed above and below a star spectrum, as a standard of reference.

Between the two iron spectra lie the spectra of the different stars. Consider the spectrum of the star marked G. Its aspect is the reverse of the iron spectrum—dark lines appear on a bright background, showing that the light has passed through an envelope of incandescent gases like that which surrounds the sun. These gases have the power of absorbing the same sort of light-waves which they themselves emit, and they form what is called a "reversing layer." These dark lines in the spectrum of the star G are far more numerous than the iron comparison lines. But the careful observer will see that every bright iron line has its direct counterpart in the star spectrum. Even the relative importance of the bright iron lines is closely imitated by the relative importance of the dark stellar lines. The case does not quite rest here, but who could doubt, even if there was no other evidence, that iron exists in this star? One is reminded of those ancient fossils in which the prints of raindrops and foot tracks of beasts are plainly shown to us, though they are separated from us by a fathomless gulf of time. Similarly the forbidding obstacle of boundless space is overcome by the spectroscope, and the chemical constitution of the stars is made apparent by a pattern traced in light.

But compare the nine stellar spectra shown in Fig. 1. That marked B contains no iron lines, and in fact only a few lines altogether, while that marked K_5 is crowded with lines of nearly all the known chemical elements. The lines shown in the spectrum of B are only those of helium and of hydrogen. A very large class of stars, containing perhaps even the majority of them all, exhibits a similarly simple spectrum.

There are three possible interpretations of this fact. It is uncertain which of them is correct. The first is that in these stars of simple spectra a thick, superincumbent layer of hydrogen and helium hides the light from other lower-lying chemical elements; the second is that these stars do not now contain, and never will contain, the other chemical elements; the third, that while these stars do not now contain other elements, yet in another stage of their existence, either very long passed or still very remote in the future, the present existing

material was or will be transmuted into other elementary forms.

Be this as it may, it is of great interest and value for astronomy to classify the stars with reference to their spectra. There is a perfectly gradual transition from the simple to the complex. The so-called Harvard spectrum classification is generally adopted. The stars are grouped under the gradually progressing types: O, B, A, F, G, K, M, N, according to the characteristics of their spectra. Fig. 1, which shows typical stellar spectra, has been prepared by Dr. Adams, of the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory. The figures at the top indicate wave-lengths, and the letters at the top point out the position of three hydrogen lines, especially prominent in the spectra of stars of the A type. The star Sirius is of type A, Procyon of type F, Capella and our sun of type G, Aldebaran of type K, and Antares of type M. Stars of type B are found almost solely in and near the Milky Way, and they are generally immensely distant from the earth as compared with types like that of our sun, which are scattered nearly uniformly over the celestial sphere. All the stars are in rapid motion through space. Our own sun, for instance, moves twelve miles per second. The rates of motion of the stars appear to increase from type to type of the Harvard series.

Various bits of evidence have tended to establish the presumption that there is an evolution of stars, and that B stars are young, K and M type stars very old. But these views are not to be regarded as fully accepted. Professor H. N. Russell's hypothesis of the giant and dwarf stars, according to which the group M contains giant stars just formed as well as small stars that have nearly run their course, receives more and more support.

Although the chemical elements imprint their signatures on the light of the stars by the positions and intensities of the spectrum lines, there are some very obvious displacements of these lines to be accounted for. For instance, the iron lines of a star may be all on the left of the corresponding ones in the comparison spectrum. This is because the star is in rapid motion toward the sun. Perhaps the reader has observed that the pitch of the whistle of an approaching locomotive is higher than the pitch of the same whistle after the locomotive has passed and is receding. If the whistle were keyed to middle C, which has a wave-length of about four feet, the locomotive coming rapidly toward us, following fast upon the heels of the sound from the whistle, will crowd the four-foot wave-lengths together by sending out new sound-waves before the old ones have had time to get out of the way, making each wave a little less than four feet long and so raising the pitch of the whistle. And when the train is passed and the whistle is receding the opposite thing happens: the source of the sound-waves is moved so rapidly away that each wave has to be stretched before the next one is started, making them a little longer than four feet and lowering the pitch of the whistle below middle C. Christian Doppler called attention to the analogous phenomena for light in 1842, showing that if a source of light were rapidly approaching the light-waves would be so crowded together as to be shortened and deflected farther toward the violet end of the spectrum, while if the source of light were receding they would be stretched and bend toward the red end of the spectrum. It was forty years before instrumental equipments became sufficiently perfected to take full advantage of Doppler's principle, but since 1885 more and more observatories have been equipped for this work which lies at the base of many of the principal astronomical investigations.

It has actually been established that light emitted or reflected from stars which are approaching the earth is displaced toward the violet, and light from receding stars toward the red. By measuring the displacements of lines in the spectrum the velocity of these motions of approach or recession, called "motions in the line of sight," can be determined in miles per second. Director Campbell of the Lick Observatory has made spectroscopic investigations of the motions in the "line of sight" of about one-half the stars visible to the naked eye in both northern and southern hemispheres, and similar investigations are now being made of the fainter stars by

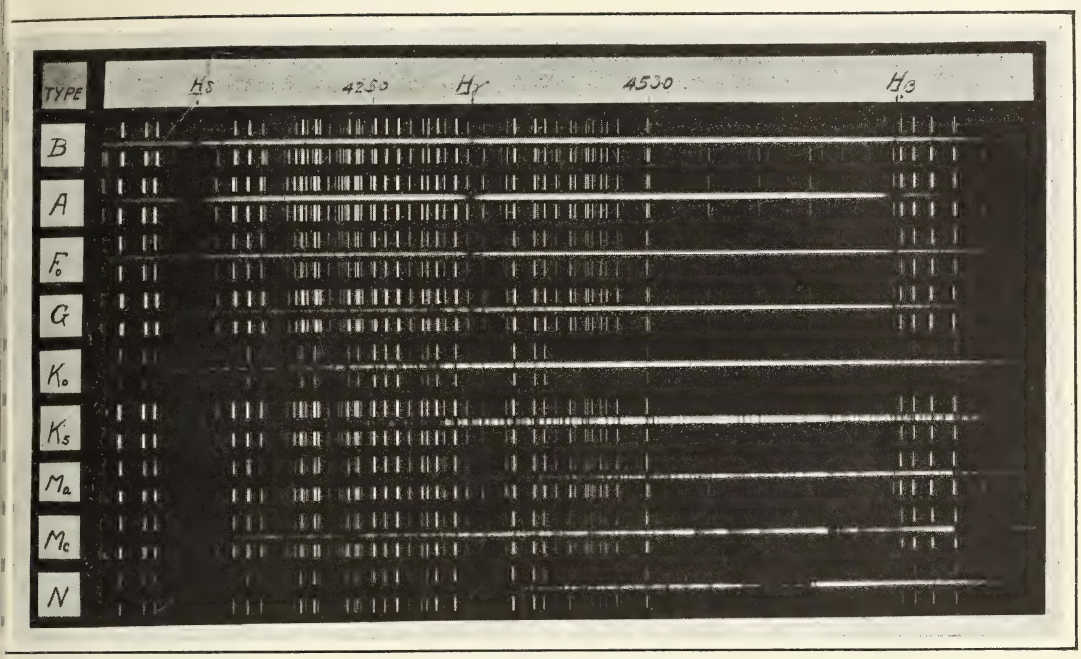


FIG. I.—TYPICAL STELLAR SPECTRA

Dr. W. S. Adams and his colleagues at Mt. Wilson with the sixty-inch reflector.

These "line-of-sight" stellar investigations have shown us that the sun moves toward the constellation Hercules at the rate of twelve miles a second; that all the other stars have similar motions, each of its own velocity and direction. These so-called "peculiar motions" range from one to three hundred miles a second for different stars, but average nearly the same as the sun's. The velocity increases with advancing spectral types from O and B, to K and M. The "line of sight" investigations have shown us also that about one-quarter of the stars are binary or multiple systems. Sometimes, indeed, the spectrum of a binary star shows itself to be a composite of two, but this only happens when the two component stars are of nearly equal brightness.

The newest triumph of the spectroscope is Dr. Adams's discovery of an easy way to measure the distances of the stars. Heretofore our knowledge of individual star distances depended on triangulation. In July the earth is opposite to its orbital position of January. This immense change of position, 186,000,000 miles, produces a slight shift of the apparent position of the nearer stars against the background of the more distant ones. But even the nearest stars are so tremendously remote that this shift is extremely small, and the tedious and difficult measurements of many astronomers have thus far only given us the distances of a few hundred stars. The new method of Adams can furnish many determinations for each night of observation, and, what is of more extraordinary value, it is applicable to stars of extremely great distance, for which the method of triangulation utterly fails.

This method of measuring star distances by the aid of the spectroscope is based on the fact that the brightness of each star decreases as the square of its distance increases. A star may look bright to us either because of the unusually great amount of light it gives out, or because it is relatively near the earth. If all the stars were equally distant from the earth they would exhibit their absolute range of brightness, which may be quite different from their apparent brightness. The apparent brightness of a star is its absolute brightness modified by its distance from the earth. Dr. Adams found that in stars of

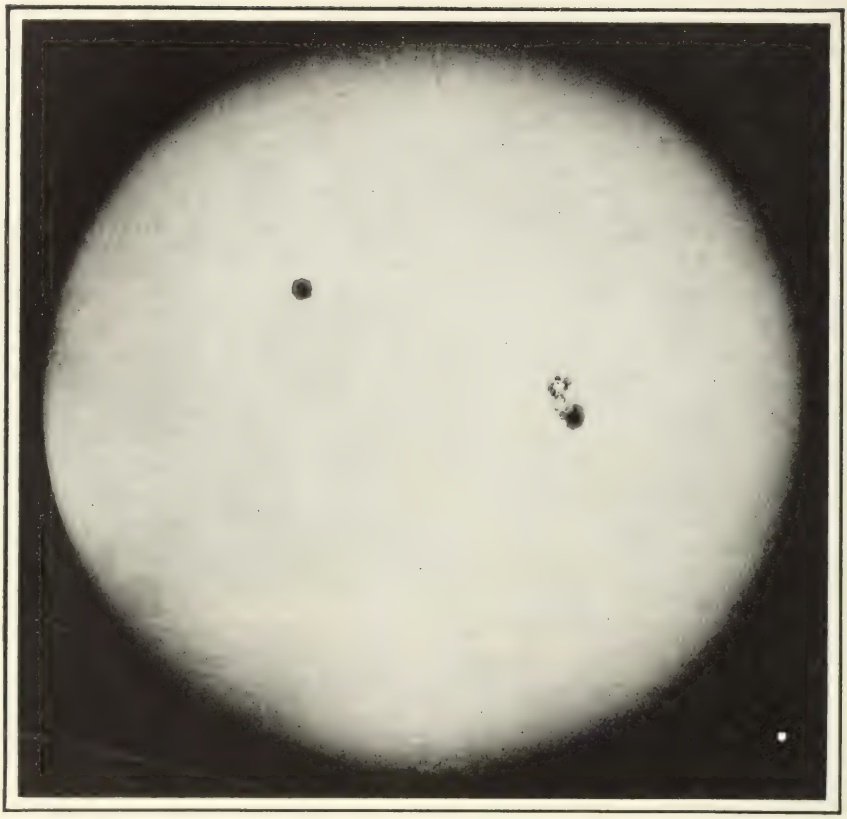


FIG. 2.—DIRECT SOLAR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MT. WILSON
The white disc in the lower right corner represents the size of the earth

types not too dissimilar to the sun, certain spectrum lines vary in importance with the absolute brightness.

So close is this relation that if the astronomer knows the absolute brightness of a star he can predict the peculiarities of the sensitive spectrum lines; or, what is more to the purpose, when he sees the peculiarities of the spectrum lines, he can tell what the absolute brightness will be. If, therefore, we know the apparent brightness of the star and the "absolute brightness" as determined by the spectroscope, the difference between them stated in miles instead of in degrees of brightness will represent the distance of the star from the earth. This correlation Dr. Adams expressed by a numerical formula, which he tested on all the stars whose distances were accurately known by triangulation, and found it well substantiated. Therefore, he is now able to state the absolute brightness for every star whose observed spectrum contains the sensitive lines.

This method is applicable to all stars whose spectrum type lies between F and M, and whose light is sufficiently bright for producing a good spectrum photograph. That is, we can determine the distance of stars whose spectra contain the sensitive lines with high degree of accuracy, no matter how far away they may be from the earth. Thousands of stars, hopelessly out of reach by triangulation methods, will soon have their distances determined in this way.

But the stars are not the only inhabitants of the heavens; they are accompanied by great numbers of nebulæ. Some of these are faintly visible to the naked eye, but most of them can only be seen through the telescope. In form they range from shapeless, cloudlike masses to beautiful spirals suggestive of the play of nicest mechanisms. Some

constellations of stars, notably the Pleiades, are wrapped in a mantle of the formless nebulosity thought to be the stuff of which stars are made. The seeming star at the base of the blade of the sword of Orion is in reality a great, angry-looking nebula, and not a star at all.

The spectroscope gives a partial indication of the materials composing formless nebulæ, and shows that they are gaseous. Their spectra consist of a few bright lines, some of which apparently do not belong to any of the known chemical elements, though hydrogen is conspicuously shown. Among the spiral nebulæ, on the other hand, the spectroscope reveals many similarities to the solar spectrum. It has long been felt that these spiral forms could only be maintained by motion of revolution about the central condensation. But so immense are all these spirals, and so immensely distant are they from us, that in the twenty years since they have been accurately photographed not the slightest motion of revolution has been detected telescopically.[1]

But quite recently it has been announced from Lick Observatory that motion of revolution has been found by means of the spectroscope in several nebulæ. This motion was discovered by the same method used by Keeler in 1895 to prove the revolution of the rings of Saturn, not as if they were solid appendages, but as if they were made up of innumerable particles, each traveling in its own orbit around the planet. Keeler adjusted the slit of his spectroscope to cut the telescopic image of the rings on a diameter. He found the spectrum lines all distorted at one end, showing displacements toward the red, due to the motion of the particles there

[1] Just as this goes to press it is announced by Van Maanen that Ritchey's photographs of certain spiral nebulæ, taken five years apart, give just barely measurable displacements along the arms of the spirals.

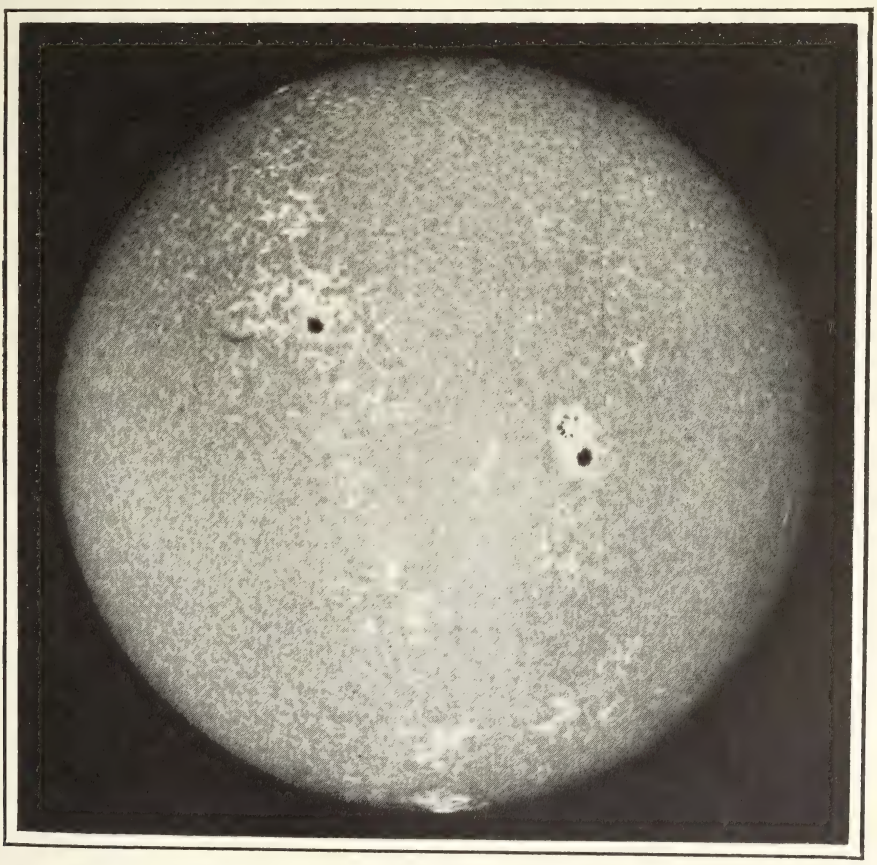


FIG. 3.—SPECTROHELIOGRAM OF THE SUN TAKEN ON THE SAME DAY

away from the earth; there were gradual increasing displacements nearer the surface of the planet, denoting swifter rotation there, and on the other side of the ring displacements to the violet, decreasing from a maximum at the inside of the ring, where the velocity of the particles is greatest. The spectrum of the ball of the planet shows the effect of the gradual change of motion, with respect to earth, from edge to edge. The lines are displaced toward the red on one side, toward the violet on the other, and undisplaced in the center.

If the *computed* velocities at which particles *might* revolve about Saturn according to Kepler's law are compared with the *actual* velocities of rotation ascertained by Keeler, it will be found that the solid planet lags behind the computed velocities of rotation, but the rings follow them at all points. It is a similar displacement of the lines in the spectra of certain nebulæ—toward the red at one side, toward the violet at the other—that have given proof of the revolution to the astronomers at the Lick Observatory.

Something of the chemical composition and motion of even the illusive nebulæ the spectroscope has given us. What does it tell us of our near neighbor the sun?

Nearly fifty of the chemical elements found on the earth have solar-spectrum lines. One element, helium, was identified in the solar spectrum more than a quarter of a century before it was discovered on the earth. As helium is known now to be a product of the disintegration of uranium and radium, its presence on the sun leads to the suspicion that radium may be a solar element, though the spectrum lines of radium have never been observed in sunlight.

The elements exist in a gaseous condition on the sun, for otherwise they would not show their spectrum lines. This points at once to a high temperature, and by the aid of the spectroscope we can get some idea of how high it is. There is an instrument called the bolometer which was invented by Langley for use in measuring the intensity of the different parts of the solar spectrum. This instrument is really an electrical thermometer so sensitive that a rise of one-millionth of a degree of temperature is registered by it and measured by the march of a little spot of light on the scale of a sensitive galvanometer. Exposed to the successive colors of the prismatic solar spectrum the bolometer grows warmer and warmer as it moves from beyond the visible violet spectrum limit successively into the violet, blue, green, yellow, and red, and even slightly beyond the end of the red; then it cools down as it passes to the deeper infrared, far beyond the visible limit of the red spectrum. If, however, the spectrum is formed on a uniform scale of dispersion so that equal spaces along it correspond to equal increments of wavelength, and the readings are corrected for losses in the earth's atmosphere, we find that the hottest part of the solar spectrum as it would be outside our atmosphere is in the blue. All bodies give off rays. The eye sees only those of wave-lengths from 0.40 to 0.80 microns—a micron is a twenty-five-thousandth part of an inch—which correspond to the extreme red and the extreme violet, respectively. When the blacksmith heats his iron, at first it does not glow, for, though the rays are there, they are not visible. Presently dull red appears. If a spectroscope could be employed, one would see the yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet come out and grow to greater and greater intensities as the iron gets hotter and hotter and becomes at last, as we say, "white hot." There is a close connection between temperature and the relative intensity of the spectrum colors. Careful studies have given us the mathematical law of it. The wave-length of maximum intensity for the "perfect radiator" is inversely proportional to the temperature. Several other laws connect temperature and radiation.

Applied to the solar spectrum the radiation laws show that the sun's temperature is not less than 6,000° centigrade, and is quite probably as high as 7,000°. The temperature of the electric arc-light, in which carbon, our most refractory element, vaporizes, is only about 3,500° centigrade. So far as we can see, therefore, the sun must be entirely gaseous. Slight markings

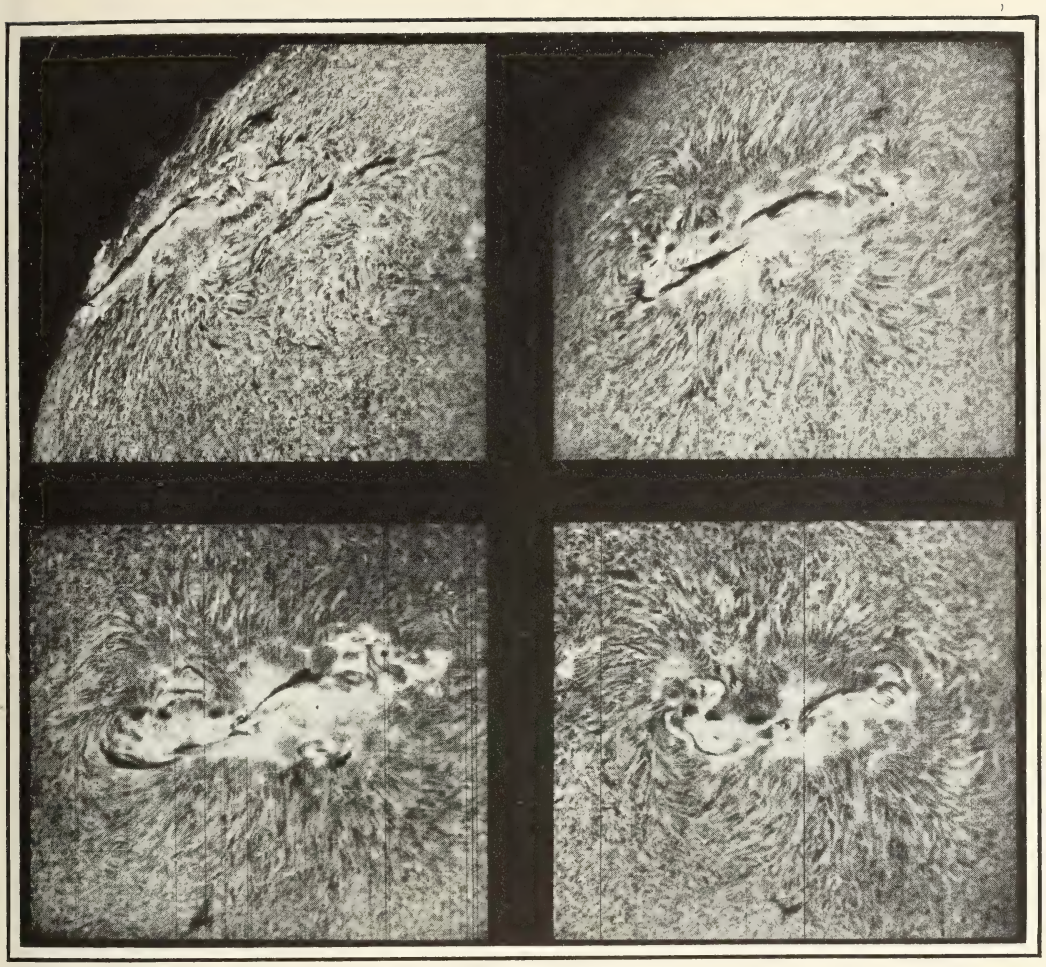


FIG. 4.—SPECTROHELIOGRAMS TAKEN AUG. 3, 5, 7, 9, 1915, SHOWING A GROUP OF SUN-SPOTS GRADUALLY APPROACHING THE SUN'S EDGE

comparable to rice grains are seen upon the sun, but these are probably merely differences of brightness caused by local differences of temperature, and do not imply, as was formerly believed, cloudiness on the sun.

About sixty years ago Carrington's observations of the sun-spots showed that the sun's surface rotates faster at its equator than at higher solar latitudes. In recent years the sun's radiation has been studied closely by the aid of the spectroscope. As the plane of the sun's equator is not very far from that of the earth's orbit, one edge of the sun is always coming toward us and the other receding. Hence, if a device is employed for reflecting the light from opposite ends of a diameter of the sun's image simultaneously into a spectroscope, the lines of the two spectra will be displaced, relatively owing to this effect of the sun's rotation. In this way it appears that a complete solar rotation takes longer and longer the nearer the observed region is to the sun's poles; that the different chemical elements, owing to the different levels at which they lie, indicate different rates of rotation; and finally it is probable, though not yet entirely certain, that the sun's rate of rotation changes from year to year.

It is possible to make spectroscopic observations of the area comprised in sun-spots, and the lines on these sun-spot spectra have been found to differ greatly from those of the ordinary spectrum of the sun. Several compounds, including titanium oxide and calcium hydride, give lines in the sun-spot spec-

trum, but not ordinarily in that of the sun. And various solar lines are strengthened, while others are weakened. All of these differences have been found to indicate lowering of temperature in sun-spots. It is extremely significant that the sun-spot spectrum differs from the ordinary solar spectrum just as the spectra of stars of class K differ from it. From this we may safely draw the conclusion that a G-type star, like our sun, would become a K-type star, like Aldebaran, if it were cooled off. There is one step in stellar evolution!

Careful measurements of line displacements have shown that the sun-spots are whirlpools in which the heavier elements, like iron, are rushing upward and outward in spiral whirls, and the lighter ones, like hydrogen, are being sucked downward into the central part of the whirl. The different elements show these motions in different degrees, and St. John has been able thereby to arrange them according to their levels in the sun, as if he had sounded the solar depths and assigned one level to hydrogen, another to magnesium, another to iron, and so on.

Pressure also produces marked effects on spectrum lines, displacing some toward the red, others toward the violet. Considerable study of the solar spectrum from this point of view seems to indicate that the spectrum lines are produced where pressures exist which are of the order of intensity of those in our own atmosphere. No one doubts, of course, that deeper down in the sun the pressures are higher and indeed enormous.

A special form of spectroscope called the spectroheliograph was invented by Hale about 1890 for the purpose of ascertaining the distribution on the sun of special gases like hydrogen or calcium. It depends on the fact that within a simple spectrum line a single solar gas is preponderatingly effective. The instrument, therefore, is essentially a screen which enables us to study the sun in the light of a single spectrum line and so to map out the distribution of a single gas on the sun's surface. Fig. 2 is a direct solar photograph taken at Mt. Wilson July 30, 1906, and shows the earth's size as compared with the sun-spots. Fig. 3 is a spectroheliogram taken on the same day through a spectrum line, which shows only the calcium gas on the sun's surface. Fig. 4 shows in marvelous detail how the hydrogen gas on the sun's surface is disturbed and heaped about in the vicinity of a family of sun-spots gradually marching over the sun's edge.

Studies such as these of the sun have immediate application to the stars, for the sun is but a star so near us that we can examine some details which are hopelessly beyond investigation in the other heavenly bodies.

It is through the spectroscope that we are able to imagine what may prove to be the life history of the stars. Through it we discover that the formless, gaseous, unrevolving nebulæ contain elements which have never been discovered on the earth—possibly remnants of the stuff of which the stars are made. We see other great nebulous spirals of more familiar gases showing the first faint tendency to swing upon some still unstable axis. At immense distances, far out on the edge of the Milky Way, young stars are launching themselves slowly into the heavenly procession; and scattered uniformly through the universe stars in their prime, like our sun, with their dependent systems, whirl swiftly by. In these the gases have assumed temperatures we can measure, the elements have taken on forms we know, their distances and their courses in the heavens can be measured and charted, the rich cipher message of their spectra is clearly to be read by those who know the code. And faster still come stars that have passed their zenith, cooler stars like Aldebaran—which forecasts what our sun will be when sun-spots shall have completely dimmed its face—and still older stars like Antares, whose spectra have lost the lines by which we measure distance, but which still rush on in an increasing fury of speed. There are derelicts among them, dead suns, perhaps, trailing dead worlds, but these the spectroscope only registers by the swing they give to living spheres. From birth to death we can watch the stars, for the spectroscope has opened the windows of heaven and we are learning to look through them at the universe as it is.

Louquier's Third Act

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

LOUQUIER had been crossed in love. The old phrase covers his case. The girl does not matter, the circumstances do not matter; nothing matters except that Louquier had fallen in love, and that the lady had not reciprocated—not at least effectively, to the point of marrying Louquier. She does not come into the story in her own person; only as a cause. She affected Louquier; and his state is responsible for what happened. Of course Louquier's own temperament counts largely; other men might have been affected differently. Louquier, crossed in love, was a very special human formula.

Louquier was cursed with a small patrimony that made it entirely unnecessary for him to work, so long as his tastes remained simple. The lady apart, he had no ambitions; he was, I regret to say, the sort of obsolescent fool who thinks that it is more lovely to be than to do, and that your most serious task in life is to adorn and beautify your personality. If he had been up to it, he would have been a first-class dilettante. He would have loved rejecting (like Walter Pater) exquisite cinerarias of the wrong color, or leaving a concert-hall because Beethoven was too vulgarly romantic. But he could never have done either, for the simple reason that his good, garish taste would never have given him the tip. His way did not lie through Art. He was too easily pleased. He loved Beauty even when it was merely pretty. No, his way did not lie through Art.

Louquier knew something of all this and wisely did not try for instincts that he did not possess. But he had his own way of being a highbrow. He could first isolate and then appreciate an emotion or a sensation—either in himself or in others. He loved the quiet dramas that take place within an individual nature; he could scent psychologic moments from afar. The twist of a mouth or the lift of an eyebrow meant to him unutterable things. He would carry home with him a gesture, a phrase, a twitch of the mask, and before his comfortable fire sit as in a parquet-box watching a gorgeous third act of his own creation. It should be said here that Louquier was usually right about his third acts and seldom mistook a curtain-raiser for a play. He had a *flair*. He rejected, at sight, the kind of human being to whom no spiritual adventures come; and could recognize hysterical imitation a mile away. He despised emotion for emotion's sake. It might be as slight as you liked, but it must be the real thing. He was perfectly sincere in his own amorous misadventure; he suffered as naïvely as a boy of eighteen. His heart was veritably broken, and when he withdrew from the world it was to nurse a real wound.

Louquier had brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin, the lean figure that best sorts with that general brownness and half presupposes an eye-glass. He did not, however, wear an eye-glass; and he had large, white, tombstone teeth—not the teeth of his type. He was a good fellow, and popular with men. You see, he never told any one about his passion for other people's crises; he kept it very shyly and decently to himself. Moreover, no one ever brought first-aid to the emotionally injured more promptly than Louquier, so people told him things. Yet as he had no business, and had wandered a good deal (in the most conventional ways), he had no fixed circle of friends. At any given moment, in any given place, he was apt to be rather solitary.

That is enough about Louquier's personality. If you can't "get" him, I can hardly give him to you.

Louquier withdrew, as I say, into

himself—retreated to a house that, by accident of a cousin's investment, now, the cousin being dead, belonged to him. He had hitherto rented it, for the few years that he had owned it; but the lease had expired, and it struck Louquier that he had never lived in a house of his own. That in itself might give him a sensation — a conventional one, but worth experiencing. As he couldn't marry and had no religion, perhaps it was as near as he would ever come to feeling like a pillar of society. It was really that sense of the curious value of living under one's own vine and fig-tree which drew him. His natural instinct would have been to retire to mountain fastnesses, or discover some Ravenswoodish ruin in which to shiver. You can see that he was very hard hit, and that he was not a subtle person.

The villa was at least remote from the scene of his discomfiture. It was a smallish, comfortable, rather ugly mansion on the bank of the Assiniboine, one of the older houses on Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Girdled by a high wall, its best rooms arranged at the back, facing the river, to which its tangled garden sloped negligently down, "Whitewood" had a wholly English flavor of privacy and comfort. It was at once modest and sturdy; it lived to itself, and asked favors of no one—least of all the favor of looking into its neighbors' premises. That suited Louquier perfectly; he saw at once that a British tradition was there to offset the newness of Winnipeg. Of course, being officially an American, he couldn't well taste the essence of being "Colonial," but he thought he could be secluded and *guindé* and "middle" with the best. It quite suited his present temper, and he established himself. Good servants sprang miraculously into being on the spot—probably because he was a bachelor. The Assiniboine was a noble stream; the wall round his garden was very high; it was delightfully incongruous of him to be there at all; he was pleased with himself for having had the courage to come. He felt more steeped in foreignness than if he had done something more exotic. He saw no one, except for necessary business. He did not wish to force the note. He rather liked subjecting his dramatic sense to local color. Still, he never forgot the girl, for he had been very hard hit. At this stage of Louquier's life he even shrank a little from encountering a woman.

Then—it was hard to say just when, for his experience was very gradual—he began to be uncomfortable; he could not precisely say how or why. He had mapped out for himself a course of reading that included some notorious modern Frenchmen. (This was all before the war.) He hoped, I fancy, to get a sensation out of reading Huysmans on the banks of the Assiniboine. Certainly any effect that Huysmans and Catulle Mendès could succeed in producing, in Winnipeg, would be a real effect, not meretriciously aided. The long evenings were a good time to read. During the day, he wandered about out of doors or went about the slow business of regenerating the interior of the house. One of his concessions had been to buy furniture in bulk, on the spot; but there were still gaps to be filled and rearranging to be done. His library was disfigured by a hideous stained-glass window. He was always planning to have it replaced; but in the end he kept it because he thought the Indians would have liked it. You can see how unworthily Louquier amused himself. The fact is that he was very tired of it all—"it all" being life. He was bored with his own depression; but he simply could not bestir himself for an antidote. For a long time he felt, peevishly, that it was up to Wellington Crescent to be the antidote.

The spring came early that year, and, as I said, Louquier spent a good deal of time out of doors. Once, driven forth by this curious mental discomfort which had begun in the late winter, he took a train to Calgary. He returned almost immediately, and while he found that he was glad to get back, still, Calgary had not done for him what he hoped. Calgary was nauseous in retrospect without making him feel that Winnipeg was heaven. The fact is, Winnipeg was no place for Louquier. But his discomfort was of that peculiar kind which one does not run away from. At first it showed itself in mere inability to keep his mind on his book or on anything else. Louquier took a blue-pill and hired a

horse to ride. But still he could not, in the evenings, keep his mind on anything. Then he wondered if the stained-glass window were not responsible: he hated it so. Even with the curtain drawn across it at night, he was conscious of it behind his back. The stained glass was not a picture, and was a design only by courtesy. It looked like what one used to see through an old-fashioned kaleidoscope; or, rather, it looked like circumstantial evidence of a lunatic's having been turned loose in a kindergarten. Yet the weeks went by, and he did not replace it. A morbid indolence was gaining the secret channels of his soul. His mind seemed as complicated an organism as the body, and it felt as your body feels when you have a bad case of grippe—he seemed to have mental hands and feet and vital organs, all of which ached and were tired. Yet he was still perfectly capable of admiring the technique of "En Ménage"—when he could pay attention to it. That was the trouble: he could not concentrate. Each thing refused to hold him and passed him on to another. He was a shuttlecock among a thousand battledores. He was not consciously averse to any of the physical facts of his life, except the stained-glass window. Finally he took to keeping the curtain drawn across it all day; but when the sun struck it, it spotted and dashed and figured the pale silk curtain. That was dreadful—to think that it had power to make over something else in its own indecent likeness. Louquier did rouse himself to get a heavy drapery of red rep hung over it. He felt that life would be better after that; but then the almond-smell began.

Louquier was never able positively to account for the odor of bitter almonds that beset him in the late spring. It had nothing to do with the vegetation at "Whitewood." He sniffed every flower, shrub, and tree to find out. It was not merely in Louquier's mind, for when he went in to town or rode about the environs of Winnipeg he escaped it utterly. Nor was it the natural effluvium of the Assiniboine River. Besides, it was noticeable only in the house. He remarked it at first without suspicion, with a languid curiosity. He was almost happy, the one or two days that he spent sniffing. It gave him something to think about, for a few hours; something to do for its own sake. When he had proved the innocence of nature, he investigated the house. He crept down into the kitchen one afternoon when both the servants were safe elsewhere, opened canisters, and peeped into cupboards. He could find no source for the odor. The almond-smell surrounded him faintly in the kitchen as it did everywhere else, but there was no sharp increase of it in any corner to guide him. So he eliminated the kitchen from his conjectures, but he did not get rid of the smell. It was not unpleasant in itself, but it was too constant. To sit in the library day after day beside the red rep curtain and smell bitter almonds was too much—just too much.

Louquier had, of course, questioned the cook in the beginning; but she had disavowed completely all culinary use of almonds. At last, however—he had sniffed all the furniture by this time, and he was convinced that no upholstery or varnish was responsible—he decided to get rid of the cook. The odor had not been there when he settled in the villa, and that he did not carry the scent upon himself was proved by the fact that only in his own house were his nostrils oppressed by it. Of course he had sniffed through his whole wardrobe. It might be that his cook was an almond-carrier, as some people are typhoid-carriers. Getting rid of her meant getting rid also of his capable man-servant, for the two were united in the bonds of matrimony. It was a great nuisance, for they served him well; but in the end he did it. Louquier could not bring himself to put to the woman a straight question as to whether any of her toilet accessories were almond-scented. He had attested the fact of the pervasive odor and shown that he objected to it; if she used almond soap or anything of the kind, it was up to her, on that hint, to change her cosmetic habit. But there was no sign of her making any such concession to his prejudices. He shrank from active discussion of so personal a matter. He had given hints enough, and his hints were disregarded. Either the woman wasn't responsible, or, being responsible,

she chose not to reform. There was only one way out: he sacked them both.

The almond episode had no real sequel, but it had two important results. In the first place, the servants were not easily replaced. They left their "situation," undoubtedly spreading tales. Louquier was probably the victim of a servile boycott. At all events, he could not find their equivalents, and he had no friend among the Winnipeg ladies to turn to for counsel. It reduced itself to his getting on with a charwoman who came to get his breakfast and departed after cooking him an early and unspeakably English dinner. An old Scotchman pottered about the garden for a few hours each day. This domestic discomfort was one result of the almond nuisance. The other was a serious impairment of Louquier's nervous condition. The mental discomfort became acute. That he was not the easy prey of obsessions is shown by the fact that he really did, within a week or so after the servants' departure, cease to notice the almond-smell. Had he been a nervous wreck, it would have been only too easy for him to invent the odor for himself; and that he did not do. It was really gone, and his nostrils bore unimpeachable witness to the fact. I do not offer Louquier's refusal to shut up the villa and leave Winnipeg as an evidence of sanity. To leave would have been the most sensible thing he could do. But there his mortal indolence came in. He could go about sniffing, but he could not go about packing. He simply stuck on, the worse for wear. Louquier also, of course, had the universal male illusion: namely, that he was a practical person. It was much more sensible to stay on a few months more and rent, if he could, in the autumn; no one would rent in the spring, anyhow; it would be a bad advertisement to leave so soon; and, besides, he was saving money. Everything, you see, combined to keep him there. Early in May he heard from a kind friend that the lady had announced her engagement. That disposed of any wandering notions he might have had of departure. It would be to insult his own heart to pretend it was a casino when it was really a tomb. Meanwhile the mental discomfort grew and grew like a secret malady. It is only fair to say that Louquier did not in the least enjoy his own drama. He would have given the world and all to be happy.

By mid-May, Huysmans, Catulle Mendès et C^ie. were flung aside. Louquier simply could not stand literature. He took to American fiction, which again shows his sanity. The novels disgusted him, but for a time they worked; even the love-making did not depress him, for it was very badly done. But after a fortnight the charm failed. He found himself idly inverting all the situations—making the characters (when there were any) sardonically and plausibly do something quite different. His running marginal gloss turned the most ridiculous and optimistic plots into the most logical and depressing horrors. The hero ceased, for Louquier, to rescue the heroine; the heroine walked not unscathed through her vicious context; the villains flourished like the green bay-tree, refusing either to reform or to perish. He stopped reading our serious contemporaries and took to the humorists. But he soon found that one cannot laugh indefinitely alone.

By June Louquier was really in a bad way. If he had not tried to be sensible, he would have done much better; but he was busy adorning his personality with an iron will. At that stage of the game an iron will was about as useful to him as the red curtain over the stained-glass window. He ought, in the interests of health and happiness, to have wobbled a little; to have seized on Falstaffian wisdom and run away. His brown face was growing white with his effort. But Louquier was perfectly sincere in not seeing it that way. Remember, too, that his chosen diversion was failing him. A recluse on the banks of the Assiniboine, he had no third acts to divine. His *flair*, disused, became temporarily lost to him, and he found the Winnipeg streets barren of drama. He could not even reconstruct the tragedy of his own charwoman, though obviously every charwoman must have had one. The Scotch gardener was as impenetrable as a Scotch mist. Louquier gave up riding; he gave up his blue-pills; he stuck to his own vine and upas-tree. If

he had not always expected to leave Winnipeg in the autumn, I think he would have gone under. But he did not —quite.

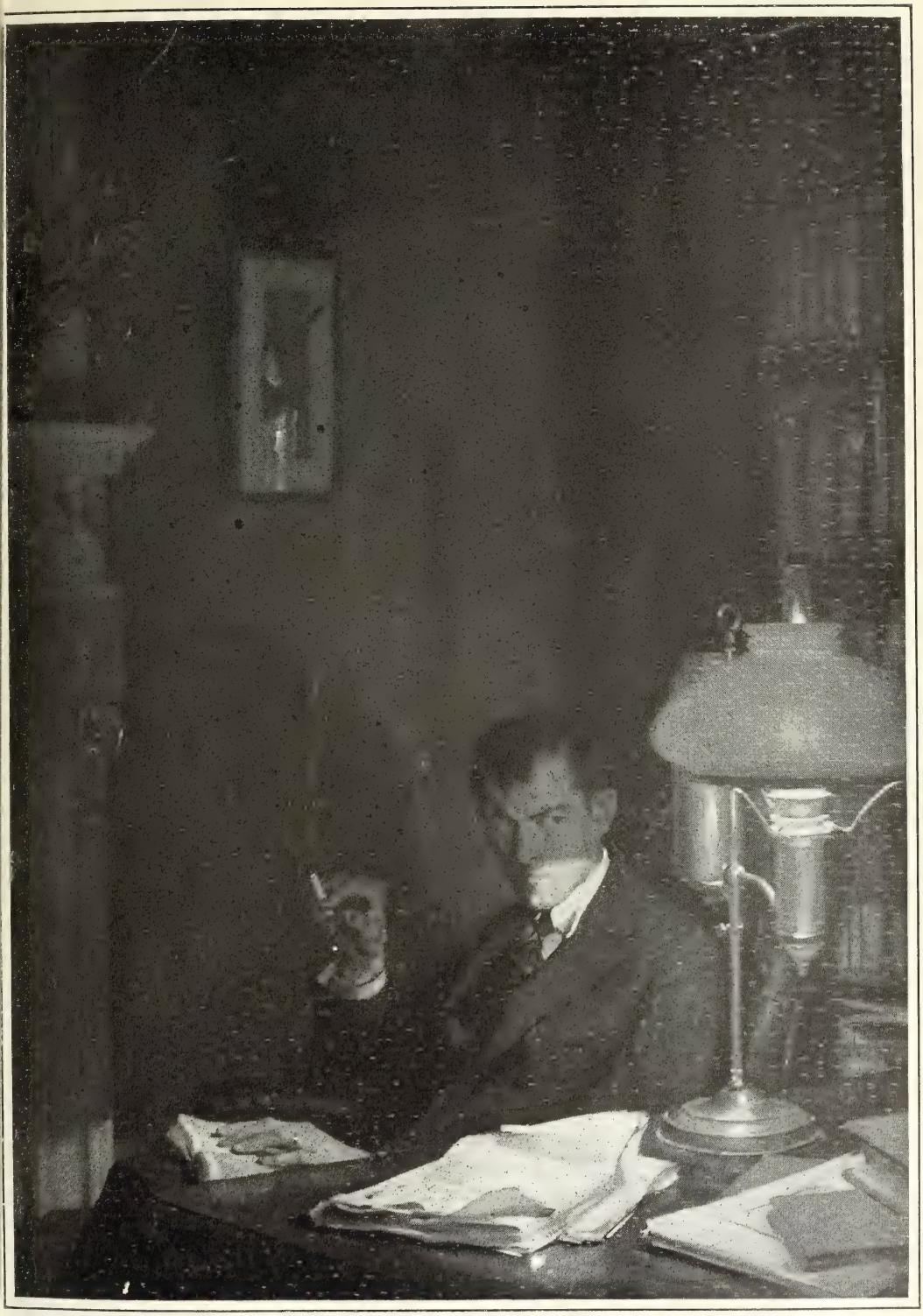
By June Louquier was afraid. Up to that time he had not experienced fear; his condition had stopped at acute discomfort. It was very like a bodily ailment, not serious, for which people try home remedies. The home remedies had not worked, but he was not going to a specialist for a malady that seemed to attack him in one spot as much as, and no more than, in another. He would, you might say, hardly know whether to choose an aurist or an orthopedist. His broken heart, his indolence, and his iron will combined to keep him passive; and he called it being sensible. Thanks to the girl, flavor had gone out of life like the taste out of honey; it was a thick, insipid glue. It was wearing; it was disagreeable; but it could be borne, since other men had borne it. Then, as I say, fear came.

Louquier was sitting alone in his library—the time was June—trying to read. The charwoman had left a few hours since; the gardener, of course, long before that. Quite suddenly he realized that he had a new fact to reckon with. He laid his book down very softly on the table, rose, by the aid of his iron will, from his chair, and walked slowly across to the corner of the room between the fireplace and the built-in book-shelves. A light chair that stood in his way he moved, first passing his hand across its satin seat. Then he took his stand in the exact corner of the room, facing outward, arms truculently folded. He stood there for about five minutes, his eyes glancing hither and yon. Then he walked back, lugged his easy-chair over by the fireplace and set it with its back to the wall. Before leaving it, he passed his hand carefully down the wall behind it. Then he moved the table, with the lamp, over beside the arm-chair. Thus the chair was hemmed in between the square table on one side and the jutting chimney-breast on the other. Behind it was a windowless wall. Louquier then sat down and took up his book again. He knew as well as if he had seen it with his eyes or heard it with his ears, where the thing was that disturbed him, but he refused to treat it as anything more than a manifestation of impudence. He trusted that by putting it, as it were, in its place, he could teach it manners—perhaps discourage it finally. The presence was perceptible to no sense; it flowed from spot to spot as quietly as air; but Louquier knew at any given moment where it was. He knew, too, whether it faced him or turned away; and he was more comfortable when it turned away. He kept his eyes on his book; he turned over pages; he even lighted and smoked a cigarette. He put up a brave front to the beastly thing. All the same, he knew that if it did not go away he should have to sit there all night. He was not going to turn his back to it, to pass through the door; and he would not, positively would not (here was the iron will), back out of the room. Besides, if the thing followed him up-stairs, it would be worse. He could not switch on the up-stairs lights from below. It was very curious, how much he seemed to know about the thing—its size, for example, and the measure of its gait as it moved. He had even a vague impression of its shape, though his eye could not detect the faintest alteration in the look of the spot where it so definitely stood. He had as yet no means of knowing whether it was malevolent or not, but he loathed it. Occasionally he looked up from his book, oriented the presence, and looked directly at it with bored and scornful eyes. That was all he could do—get up again he would not. Nor would he speak to it. He had a curious conviction that that way lay madness. No; he would meet it on its own ground. It moved, and he might move; it directed itself in some unnamable way toward him, and he would stare at it insolently; it occupied its place, and he would defiantly occupy his own. But he would not speak; he would not probe the laws of its being further than itself announced them. The merest visual sign would have been an immense relief to him—a devil with cloven hoof, a ghost draped in white, would have been child's play. Then he could have trusted his eye or his ear; as it was, he had to depend wholly on this nameless sense which placed his enemy for him. That nameless sense

must not get blunted. He must keep very wide awake lest his enemy steal a march on him. Above all, he must not pretend to be unaware, and at the same time must pretend not to be frightened. How much intelligence the thing had, of course he did not know. It might be laughing at his bluff, but at least he would keep it up. He hoped he should not grow sleepy. He had long since given up coffee and other stimulants. Louquier had become a man for whom there is absolutely no sense in keeping awake.

After an hour, during which Louquier turned over just forty pages—he kept careful track of his intervals—the thing departed by the door open into the hall. Louquier felt it go. He had a very pretty problem to face then: whether to follow it or not. If he did not, it meant sitting all night in his library—a great nuisance and a craven act. It would prove to the thing that he was afraid of it, and that would be exceedingly unfortunate. He ought, of course, to pretend that he was tired and wanted to go to bed—and to go. On the other hand, it was going to be a difficult business to blow out the lamp, walk into a dark hall, and mount the dark stairs to his bedroom. True, he could not see the thing, even in the lighted room; but he doubted if, in the dark, he could place it at all. It could be lived with only if it could be placed—delimited, as it were. He would not answer for his perfect conduct if the thing turned out to be lurking in the hall. He had no clue whatever to the intelligence of this besetting presence; but he felt, somehow, that it gauged him by the visual signs he gave. It might, if he stayed there, know that he was afraid of it; still, it might not be clever enough to make that inference. Whereas if he rushed out into the darkness, he could not answer for what he should do—something, very likely, that would show beyond question how terrified he was. He might even blunder into the thing itself, in the dark. He was by no means sure that it was perceptible even to the touch, yet he dreaded the thought of such an impact as though it had been certain death. There was nothing for him to do but stay—though, for all he knew, the thing might already have wandered out into the night. He would not even get up and shut the door. How did he know whether doors were an obstacle to it? And if it should elect to come back, through the closed door, he would be more mocked than ever—to say nothing of the sense he would have of being shut in with it, without redress. No, there was nothing for it but for him to stay—and to fend off sleep somehow. If he should drowse and it should return, he would be left to its unclean mercy. Louquier was angry. First, the girl; then the stained-glass and the bitter almonds; then the recognized but unadmitted stupidity of his whole Winnipeg idea; the acute discomfort—and now this.

Louquier got through the night without mischance. Toward dawn he grew so sleepy that nothing but sleep seemed to matter; his stupor blunted all his nerves. He fell asleep in his chair, indeed, and woke up with the streaming light of morning. The room was clear and free; you would never have guessed that anything save the commonplace had inhabited it. Naturally, Louquier took the line of wondering if he had not eaten something that oppressed him; though why boiled lettuce should introduce you to the supernatural—! The memory was vivid, however, and he saw a man about installing electric switches below-stairs — one inside the library door, and one in the hall outside. The business took a day or two, and until it was done Louquier went straight from his dining-room to his bedroom, locked the door, and read there. He did not sleep very well on these nights. For one thing, he was acutely ashamed of being up-stairs behind a locked door; for another, he had a very definite conception —though he had no corroborative "sense" of it—of the thing's ranging about below in unholy and unlawful occupation of his, Louquier's, premises. No man really likes to pull the bedclothes over his head while the burglar is frankly stealing the plate below, even though he may wisely choose to do so; and that is precisely what it seemed to Louquier that he was doing. Still he was not going, for any consideration of mere dignity, to risk another encounter until he had guarded his exit with elec-



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

OCCASIONALLY HE LOOKED UP FROM HIS BOOK WITH BORED AND SCORNFUL EYES

tricity. With the lights properly installed, electric switches marking his natural line of progress from after-dinner coffee to bed, he returned to his habit of spending the evening in the library. The fact that there was nothing he really wanted to read—*ergo*, no joy to be had in sitting there, anyhow—tipped all his plans and precautions with irony. Still, a man has to assume that his routine—whatever it may be—has an unimpeachable reason for being, or he has given up the game completely. Louquier was not ready to destroy his convention and let life depart.

The next fortnight, to Louquier, was a long, cumulative agony. There would be no point in making a diary of it; given the initial facts, psychic and physical, which I have tried to make clear, one has only to let logic deal with the situation. Each day became, in its turn, a new irritation as well as a fresh irritant. Night after night he faced the thing in his library. Its hours of appearing and disappearing differed slightly, from evening to evening; it chose, apparently, not to work like an automaton or a mechanism, but to create to the end its impression of individuality, of volition. It kept its appointment irregularly, as though it had other engagements; but it always kept it.

Of course, in the long, irrelevant, sunlit hours, he balanced in his mind the possibilities of the thing's getting at his sanity. But he took his sanity objectively, too. If his body was the citadel that must not crumble, his healthy mind was the garrison within that must, if possible, live on, and live on without surrendering. He did not want to crawl out by any subterranean passage, and then make a hopeless running fight of it. Not he! He stood on his rights; but he stood even more, soldier-fashion, on his counted ammunition and the state of his supplies. You could not truthfully say, however, that the wall was unbreached. There were some nasty little breaks in it here and there—as if the girl, the stained-glass, and the almond-smell, the unaccountable discomfort of all the months, had been spies doing effective work within while awaiting the real *coup*. Louquier was not, nervously, all that he might have been. Already, after a fortnight, he felt less able to combat the thing. If it had appeared irregularly, so that Louquier could have held it, to any extent, dependent on outside causes—the weather, his digestion, anything—it would have been easier. But whatever else might come or go, and though it chose its precise hour to suit itself, it never failed him. "Old Faithful," he jeered silently to himself once. Sometime between dusk and dawn he could be sure of it. In the third week of his siege he began definitely to fear that he could not keep up his bluff much longer. He had a horrid vision of some surrendering gesture—of his speaking to it, or going on his knees to it. He loathed it almost more than he feared it. It seemed a dishonorable enemy for a man to be up against. He would not be treated like a soldier and a gentleman, if he did surrender.

Then came a night when Louquier walked from dining-room to library, preternaturally grave. He felt so sapped and shrunken that he wasted no gestures in bravado. He let himself walk like a tired man—which he was. He put his tobacco beside him; he piled up his books; he passed his hand over the hollow of the chair before seating himself; he shook the lamp a little to see if there was oil enough to last out the night, if need be. All that was mere ritual—and how tired he was of it! If the thing would only let up on him for once—give him a rest, a chance to revictual himself and bury his dead! This inevitable vigilance was like a cancer, eating daily further into his vital tissue. Should he never again be able to live carelessly, as other men do? In an hour, or two hours, or three, he would look up from his book and be aware of its entrance; would diagnose its actual mood and select his mask accordingly; would go through the same difficult and wearisome ordeal. When its whim was spent, and it took leave of him, he would go up-stairs to bed. Toward morning he would sleep. He had never shut the door against it, judging that his state of mind would be worse if, to his knowledge, it came through a closed door. He left the portal hospitably open, and it entered like any human through the passage provided. Good God! how bored he was!

He did not have to wait long to-night. It came as early as if it had rushed straight from dinner. Immediately he knew how it placed itself—in a Morris-chair opposite him, beside a French window that led into the garden. There was something jaunty and flippant in its manner. Absurd though it may sound to speak of the thing's manner, it is quite within the facts as Louquier's mind registered them. He was aware, as I have said, of its gait; some stir of the displaced air where it moved informed him. He perceived, though by none of the five senses, mass and coherence in this creature, just as some hitherto useless convolution of his brain registered its temper. It breathed its humor to him to-night in some exact, unnamable way. Louquier leaned his head back and waited. Perhaps it would go early; perhaps it had merely looked in to remind him, and would presently be off, having other Stygian fish to fry. He hoped so, for he was very tired. He even felt drowsiness coming on before its time, and Louquier had no spur to prick him awake. None but fear; and its sharp edge was blunted with much roweling of his own flesh. He closed his eyes occasionally for an instant, as one does to push sleep out with the firm, sudden gesture of opening the eyelids. And at last, in one of those lightning-brief intervals, the thing moved toward him. The event was all too quick for Louquier to think, to diagnose afresh its mood. He knew only, as he had never known before, that he must have done with it. He had reached the point known to all of us—though, thank Heaven, in other contexts—when *ennui* becomes a passion like hatred or blood-lust, when weariness turns from a sigh to a shriek. And with that sense he knew that the enemy was at last in the citadel. His sanity was threatened. He dared wait no longer for its moment. Louquier caught up a light chair that stood near and brought it heavily down on the spot where the thing stood. The slim chair rocked on its broken legs, and sank down in a mass of splinters. For the first time Louquier turned his back on the presence and fled from the room. He did not care; he was not afraid any more as he rushed up the stairs; he was only passionately excited and conscious of relief at having at last acted, in however mad a way. All his sanity had gone into the blow; it was Louquier's protest, the protest of the whole of him, of the integral man, against the sly and foul attack on his integrity. That was what the thing had desired—to resolve his integrity, to riddle his ego, and shred up his very soul; to leave him incapable of saying "I" with conviction. It had wanted to disintegrate Louquier, to smash his singleness into bits, to turn him to a loose agglomeration of mental dust—so that no man again should be able to say, "This is Louquier." Louquier knew as well as any of us that you do not combat the psychic fact with physical weapons, yet the violent gesture had seemed his only way out. Though he could not hope to destroy the thing, he could perhaps prove to it that he was not a mere puddle of fear. Practically, it was as silly as trying to stab a ghost; yet it had counted to Louquier himself. He had no notion that he had hurt the thing, but he had shown that his muscles were still at the service of his hatreds. Just before he rose, he had felt himself going; the very marrow of his nature oozing away through unguessed channels. By that one gesture the faithful flesh had saved him.

Or, at least, so he thought, standing in his bedroom, erect and panting, facing the door with clenched hands. A trickle of blood across one knuckle elated him; it showed that he had put forth strength, that the chair had really crashed and splintered under his hands. Within him, the blood pumped through his heart; he felt its healthy, impatient motions through his body. Would the thing rush up the stairs to avenge itself? He did not care. Let it come. It might kill him, but not, now, before he had made his gesture; not before he had let it know how he loathed it, and how little it had mesmerized his spirit. He could at least die a free man, overmatched, but not cowed. For the first time in months Louquier felt genial, like a man playing an honest part in a world of other men. All the last weeks he had seemed to himself isolated, shamefully, as a criminal is isolated, because he is

not worthy to associate with others. All the things that had happened to him had seemed chosen and selected for the purpose of showing him that he was small game of a very dirty sort.

Louquier, standing there, triumphant over the unreal, with blood on his knuckles from a smashed and splintered chair, is an absurd figure to the inward eye. He was more like a silly and complacent drunken gentleman than a hero who has fought with the powers of darkness. I am aware of that. But Louquier, to whom, aforetime, a lifted hand or a *révérence de la cour* could seem, for reasons, an epic gesture, did not see himself in that light. He was conscious only that for the first time since he had said good-by to the girl, he had expressed himself. Hanging the red rep curtain, for example, had been the mere pout of the esthete. Sacking the cook was a weak artificial gesture. But now he walked into his dressing-room and washed the blood—it was only a drop or two—off his knuckle with the beautiful physical simplicity of a navvy. It was an honorable wound; and honorable wounds got in the day's work you stanch as quickly as you can.

Louquier's sense of the presence had never worked, away from it. He did not know whether it remained below or had departed from his house. It had not followed him, and after half an hour he realized that it did not mean to leap to its revenge. He mused a little, strategically. It seemed possible that his enemy, insulted by a mere thing of flesh, might bide its time—wait for him to sleep and then pursue him. He fancied it very angry; so angry, perhaps, that it would not leave his roof before it had struck back. Note that Louquier, on reaffirming his independence, in defying his terror, had no sense whatever of stepping out from under an obsession. The thing was not an obsession; it was real, and it had been—perhaps still was—there. His conception of facts had not been false; his attitude to them, only, had been wrong. He realized, for example, that he must watch until morning, for he still did not wish to be helpless in sleep before his enemy. So far as he knew, the only power that could prevail against it was the sovereign sun. Still the practical man, he made with alert and vivid gestures his preparations for the night: drew an easy-chair under the light, put on a comfortable dressing-gown, set a pitcher of cold water on the table beside him, and took up one of the humorists. Tobacco was not forgotten. It was an hour or more, though, before he either smoked or read; for quite that length of time he waited for a sign. The silence of night ebbed and flowed around him. External sounds — a voice, carriage-wheels, the stir of an animal in the shrubbery—fell across it occasionally; but every now and then he would seem to reach some central pool of stillness, and then that sense in him which perceived the presence would be strainingly on its guard. No sign came, however—none at all; and after an hour he relaxed a little and lighted a pipe.

The hours that followed were singularly monotonous. Suspicion, reassurance, false alarms and quick reactions followed one another interminably. Louquier was perfectly sure that something would happen before morning; that his enemy, having perfected its plan, would mount in search of him. Thence resulted a curious ignorance of how time was passing. He had covered his watch with a cushion so as not to hear its ticking, for though the straining of that sense was not listening, it was more like listening than anything else. The dawn, when it came, was incredible to him; it seemed impossible that the thing should not have struck before fleeing, though the dim light on the waters of the Assiniboine proved to him that he was safe. Louquier, still half-dressed, threw himself on his bed and slept. He dreamed, a chain of dreams, about the girl, and woke jaded.

The disapproving charwoman had set out his breakfast in response to his ring from above-stairs. Louquier went straight to the dining-room and ate. His first cigarette he took outside in the garden; there was time enough, in all conscience, to revisit the battle-field. To him, among the flower-beds, appeared the charwoman, twisting her apron in red, wet hands. She had found the heap of broken wood, and all the self-righteousness of her clan was in

arms. She had not touched nothing, so help her; she had looked in with her mop and all, before breakfast, and—she had seen what she had seen. She had not gone in; she had left things as they was for the master to see with his own eyes. Louquier, standing on the threshold of the garden door, his back to the light, realized swiftly that there were three possibilities—to affect not to believe her, to admit that he had done it himself, or to say that it was very curious and perfectly incomprehensible. It does not matter which one he chose, for it is plain to see that with charring easy come by, to say nothing of plenty of places nearer 'ome, and her with three children to leave all day by theirselves—it is plain to see that all three must inevitably have led to the same conclusion. Either she had been called a liar, or Louquier drank, or he couldn't keep other people from playing the monkey with his property. The charwoman, of course, gave notice, to take effect after dinner that evening. Louquier thought for a moment of asking the gardener if he could cook; but whatever the gardener could have cooked, Louquier knew certainly he could not have eaten. Nor would he for the twentieth time consult an employment agency in vain. It was a dog's life, and he wouldn't live it. He would go to a hotel.

You are not to think that Louquier intended even then to run away. He formed, during the day, a somewhat complicated plan. Mingled with the relief of his decision to sleep and eat elsewhere—the charwoman, showing a proper pride to the last, burned everything she cooked for him that day—was the annoyance of realizing that he must also stick by. He must not really leave the house; he must spend much of his day there. Also—and this was most important of all—he must be at his post during the long evening. If the thing returned, it must find him on the spot. His relation to it had become to Louquier the most important present fact of life, the fact he could least ignore. If it did not come—well, after, say, three nights, he might honorably assume that it did not intend to return. Then he could shut up the villa and leave Winnipeg, if he liked. The practical man could no longer insist that he was saving money by living in his own house if he was sleeping and eating at an inn. He could tell the agent that he found it hard to get satisfactory servants; *that* wouldn't give the house a black eye. The practical man, absolved and justified, could go anywhere he liked, having done, in perfect dignity, with his Winnipeg adventure. You may infer from all this that Louquier was a different man after dealing, in however absurd a way, with his enemy. But he was not precisely different; he had merely, as it were, rearranged the furniture; a number of things had gone into the attic. His mind was in no sense a new house, or even a refurnished one. To prove this, I have only to tell you that Louquier felt his enemy, if anything, more actual, more dangerous, than during the long vigil in his bedroom the night before. It had not perished. Was a mock-Sheraton chair ever known to destroy an elemental being? The fact that it had delayed its revenge seemed to Louquier significant and appalling, and reinforced his conception of it as a creature of complicated intelligence. It was not a mere evil impulse, to spend itself in windy, ungoverned ways. It could control itself, hold off, plan—achieve, probably. It is no exaggeration to say that Louquier looked forward to the evening as being very probably fatal to him. If his will had not already been made, he would, I fancy, have made it that day. You are to realize that Louquier did not feel himself strong; he only felt himself decent. He had hit back and proved himself normal. What gesture he should find to meet it with again, he did not know—perhaps none. For that matter, it might bring seven other devils with it when it came again. Louquier was very tired, and his domestic arrangements and disarrangements did not make him less so. At the end of the afternoon he flung himself down in his hotel bedroom and slept, waking only in time for a late and hasty dinner. He dressed for dinner, too, which cut his margin down. As he got into a cab and gave his own address to the driver, he had all the sense of being late for an important engagement. He distinctly

wanted to be first on the ground. Besides, he had to light up the house and fling open the windows—to say nothing of arranging the library, as usual, for the encounter.

First on the ground he was. He had plenty of time to make his preparations to the last detail. He was more tired than he remembered having been at all; but he had taken coffee and did not fear sleep. He thought with irritation of the tourist crowd he had left in the hotel—a mob with suit-cases, ready to go on to Banff and Lake Louise. They had been very irrelevant to his own situation—or was he merely irrelevant to theirs? Sitting in his library, he recalled their fantastic hats and voices. Suppose he had kidnapped one or two of *them*, and chucked them into his library there above the Assiniboine! He felt injured; he almost wished he could have.

The evening lengthened; and still Louquier sat there, back against the wall, flimsily barricaded as usual. The thing was late, very late. Ten o'clock, and still it had not come. He read a little, or pretended to, then at last lit a cigarette. And as if the striking of the match had been a signal, his enemy entered. Louquier's heart sank; he knew then that all day, beneath his certainty, he had nursed a frail hope that it would not return; that it had had enough of him. Just as always, his sense placed it for him, showed him where it moved and how it felt. It moved haltingly, jerking from corner to corner, as if the anger in his famous gesture had maimed it. But it did not sit down. It moved about the room in odd curves and tangents, limping ever a little nearer to Louquier. Louquier could not stir; he could not even, this time, rise. Never had the thing so concentrated its emotion on him; it focused him as with straight glances from its invisible eyes. He had not dreamed that he, that any man, could be hated like that. The thing *was* hate, as God is love. It came swerving toward him like a drunken doom. Louquier sat braced in his chair, his right hand, with the lighted cigarette, shaking. There was no redress for this; the thing had stripped itself of manner and of all hypocrisy. It was coming; it was on him. Intenser than a physical touch, it covered him, pushing him back against the cushions until the chair strained and creaked. His head bent backward over the rim of the chair—his neck felt like to break. Had it been human, its breath would have suffocated him, so close was its invisible countenance to his. He could not move his legs or feet, or his left arm, but his right elbow, pushed out across the wideish arm of the chair, had a little margin still. He drove his elbow out farther, then strained up a tense forearm and dug the lighted cigarette into the air directly in front of his own face. So complete was his consciousness of this terrible imponderable thing that he expected it to feel pain. He held the cigarette there implacably, not three inches from his own nose. In about ten seconds the lighted end went out. Yet he held it there, as if the dead cigarette could still brand his enemy. Slowly, very slowly, he got the sense of the thing's slipping from him, of its weakly pulling away. It seemed to withdraw, a loose and diminished being, out into the room. He could lift his head again; he could lean forward, could stir his legs and feet. It was still there, but its hatred seemed weaker, like the hatred of a sick man. Louquier's eyes never left it, but he threw away the cigarette stub and reached out to the box at his left for another, which he lighted and began to smoke. His neck ached shockingly, and he was limp from the pressure of his antagonist—that curious, weightless pressure on his body, as of air on the lungs. As he smoked, he watched it. It drew farther and farther away, proceeding now with indecision, different indeed from the angry lurches by which it had approached him. It seemed vaguer, weaker, almost helpless. For an instant it seemed to Louquier that the thing was groping for the door and could not find it—as if he had blinded it. Then it disappeared utterly, flowing aimlessly, feebly, across the threshold. He was aware of it to the last—knowing even the moment of its crossing the threshold and the instant when there was no vestige left of it.

For a half-hour Louquier sat on in his library, smoking, but not pretending to read. The thing would not come back

that night, he knew; it had gone with all the gestures of defeat. He left the house then, though he took the precaution of leaving the light in the hall to burn on until daylight. He wanted no ambushes. Walking through the garden to the street was perhaps the worst moment Louquier had ever had, for the night was at his back. Safe in his bed at the hotel, he fell instantly asleep, and did not wake until the sun was high.

Louquier had been tired many times in Winnipeg—during the last month almost continuously so. But his weariness on this day was such a weariness of the body as he had not hitherto known. He felt sick, as if he had drunk deep the night before; he had all the sensations of recovering from orgy. His face in the mirror frightened him. Positively, it was a marvel that he had stood out against his enemy as he had. He had a desperate desire to send the keys to his agent and to fling himself into a train; but after a day of conflict, during which all his food tasted fever-soaked, and his feet seemed cunningly wrapped in lead, he decided that he must go back once more to Wellington Crescent. After that, he would be free. Louquier's ardor had ebbed; the magnificent physical rage that had enabled him to smash the chair down upon his enemy, and then rush past it up the stairs, even the tense and quiet determination with which he had pushed the lighted cigarette into its face, were gone. He was very clear as to what had happened. The thing had nearly had him; his mind was just on the point of surrendering before its advance, and the stupid, loyal flesh had stepped in and saved him. Twice his arm had been lifted, by no conscious volition of his own, when his brain had accepted defeat. What he had feared the first time was madness; the second time he had feared only death. Still, even from that lesser catastrophe it was his body that had defended him, and with no orders from him. The body had done enough; he ought to give it rest, let its noble instincts relax and recuperate. Suppose he went again: would it not be too much to ask of the taxed flesh? He had no reason to suppose that if he spent another evening in his unloved library, anything whatever would "happen." He fancied the thing was tired of the game. Yet he could not promise that; and he knew that, should it reappear, he could not combat it with mind alone. Never, for example, could he focus his weary emotions sufficiently to meet its hatred with like hatred—if, indeed, anything human could. This thing carried no useless baggage; it could give itself entirely to its business of hating; and its capacity was one of the well-kept secrets of the universe. No; if he met it again, he would have simply to hope that his body would make another effort. He had done nothing, really, except register his attitude to the presence; but that only his body had been capable of doing. He had expressed himself to it only in two wild, instinctive gestures. Would there be strength enough there for another, if another were needed? How *could* he go?

Yet, in the end, Louquier went. He could never have done with the enemy until he had passed an evening in his library unvisited by it. He longed passionately to ask some one to go with him. A bell-boy from the hotel would do. But he knew such an evening would be no test. He ordered a cab to come for him at eleven, and told the driver not to ring the bell, but to whistle outside. When he reached the gate, it seemed to him that he could not enter; but something—the rusted remnant of his iron will, perhaps—carried him in. In his pocket he had a loaded pistol—a quaint notion, which none the less gave him some comfort. Completely uncorporeal as the thing was, it seemed to understand his motions. He could not speak to it; his silent spirit could not communicate with its silence; he could make it know what he felt about it, apparently, only by the gestures of some low fellow in a rage. Oh, it was a vulgar beast!

Pistol cocked in his hand, Louquier sat through his first half-hour, waiting. There was no sign of its approach. Then, little by little, he became aware that it was not going to come. So slowly did this assurance gain on him that he knew it only as a deepening peace, gradual as the long Northern twilight. The room was splendidly empty of the presence—

empty of it to all eternity. He could fling his keys at the agent, and take a train to-morrow. He had the definite sense of having crossed something; of being on the other side of a gulf; of having emerged from a region of horror and having left a big neutral space between it and him. It even came over him as he sat there, healthily lulled, that he had, without knowing it, experienced a third act of his own. Louquier's enemy was at last, for him, behind footlights. He had got his grip, and could now deal with the episode as drama. It "composed" for him: clear proof that he was blessedly outside it; and that he was again (as it had intended he never should be) Louquier. His weariness became pleasant, turned to a velvet drowsiness. Not once, since the girl had rejected him, had he known such peace. He could almost, with half-shut eyes, envisage a future—a happy future that he could build with patience and delight.

Louquier drowsed, sunk in his chair. He knew now that it would not come, and he felt safe as a child in its cradle. He was too dog-tired to mind the discomfort of his position. Presently he slept profoundly, his head on his curled arm.

The cabman's whistle sounded in the late evening, and Louquier came up through layers of sleep to greet it. In that waking instant before the pattern of life is wholly clear, he jumped, startled. His cramped, unconscious fingers closed tight on the trigger of the pistol, and he fired, as neatly as if he had meant to. Louquier was even spared the knowledge of what he had done, for the bullet, knowing what it was made for and knowing nothing else, went straight. For he had won his moral victory; and there was nothing left his baffled enemy but to stoop to physical accident. At last the impatient cabman's ring pealed through the house, but no one answered it.

To a Hero

BY OSCAR C. A. CHILD

WE may not know how fared your soul before
Occasion came to try it by this test.
Perchance, it used on lofty wings to soar;
Again, it may have dwelt in lowly nest.

We do not know if bygone knightly strain
Impelled you then, or blood of humble clod
Defied the dread adventure to attain
The cross of honor or the peace of God.

We see but this, that when the moment came
You raised on high, then drained, the solemn cup—
The grail of death; that, touched by valor's flame,
The kindled spirit burned the body up.

We Discover the Old Dominion

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

PART III

"AND pepper and salt! pepper and sa-a-a-lt!" This is a very undignified way to begin an article on Virginia. And in spite of the nature of the demand, unseasonable for early morning. It was W—— ordering our lunch who thus awakened me at Covington, pepper and salt being an afterthought, and called through the transom as the waiter made his way down the hall. Possibly it was to humiliate me that the burden of the commissary was assumed by him.

It was to be another day among the mountains, and the hard-boiled-egg industry was heavily taxed before we started. It made a delay, which pleased me greatly, as my three sandwiches had been ready far in advance. There was a great deal of running up and down stairs and opening of doors, one young man at the Hotel Collins gladly speeding my departure. I walked into his room three times in twenty minutes, varying my third apology by an attack upon him for not locking his door. And while he made no reply, he was evidently terrified, for I heard him barricading the entrance with a table, probably lacking a lock and a key.

I breathed more freely when we were in the fields again, running along a mild river with tracks of wagon-wheels branching off the highway and inviting us down to the water's edge, as much as to say, "Aw, come on in," like dear Skinny on the funny page. At one enticing little set of ruts we were hailed from across the way by an agonized voice crying, "Stop! look! listen!" We could not believe this to be a railroad-crossing come to life, and it was not the place for comic opera of some such modern name. But we did all three things while the blond young man who had hailed us came to the edge of the bank opposite.

"I had to say something quick," he explained. "I've tried making a polite start, and the machines keep a-hiking."

The young man went on quite as foolish in his way as I was in mine, and greatly endearing himself to me. He had forded his car across the stream and he had got stuck, for his carbureter was low, so that horses had to pull him out. And now it wouldn't go. In the most charming and apologetic fashion he began to wonder—he took a long breath—if he waded across to us, and then stood up alongside our carbureter, in this manner measuring the water's cruel height on his trousers with the height of our carbureter, and if our carbureter was higher than the high-water mark on his trousers, would we then ford the stream so as to find out why his car didn't go. "Because," completed the delightful youth, "we-all are perfect greenhorns about a c'yar."

We took a chance and motored over, reaching the other side without horses, though with a high-water mark of our own. Putting the car through its simple tests was a forlorn hope speedily abandoned. Like the vehicles of the gipsies, the magneto was undoubtedly wet, and there was little to do beyond wheeling the car about where the kindly sun would dry it out in time.

As soon as we turned to the right after Longdale Furnace we began the six-mile ascent of North Mountain. We approached it with a good deal of curiosity, for we had been variously advised as to this climb over the highest and the steepest of the Virginia mountains. In garages, where talk is limited to the feats of the motor-car, preferably the car of the talker, there was such diverse information that one would have to make the ascent if only to find out for himself. We were told that the road was perfect—there was no road—it was

all mud—no, all stone—a child's velocipede could do it—no motor could make it—*ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*, and all those other things.

Higher and higher we climbed, winding back and forth like the *lacets* of the Alps, and more and more abundantly the earth spread itself to our vision. No wonder great men are benevolent in their view toward mankind. From their height they see clearly our little mental farms, know the poor ground from the rich soil, recognize those who toil unceasingly and the lazy, pompous ones sleeping in a shade which lavish nature has unworthily bestowed upon them.

By afternoon we were in the far reaches of the Shenandoah Valley, sliding away from the Appalachian Range and slipping toward the Blue Ridge. Between the two lies Lexington, containing the university of Washington and Lee, or Washington College, as it was called before General Lee was made its president after the war. If I do say it, I am something of a connoisseur on Lexingtons, but I found the Lexington of Virginia more to my taste than any of the other towns (admitting that I am unfamiliar with Lexington Junction, Mo.). To be sure, there was a contest between the Illustrator and myself over a choice of composition. He wanted to do the church where Stonewall Jackson taught his darkies' Sunday-school class, and I wanted the back of Dr. White's house. I thought it should go down to posterity, as the back door is even lovelier than the front, like a fine soul in an ugly body.

I do not know Dr. White; all this was told me by a student who also said that the nāgroes (he elegantly pronounced it so) were taught by General Jackson. The pronouncer of nāgro said he lived in Greenwich Village of New York City, but, when I challenged his accent, admitted that he was born in Georgia. He conducted us on a little pilgrimage to the grave of Robert E. Lee, who rests with the Lee family, and as we left the town we passed the cemetery where Jackson is buried, his monument rising above the others.

We achieved Natural Bridge with no sign of anything when we arrived there but an unnatural hotel, charmingly situated, which didn't take dogs. One of the women guests pleaded that he be allowed to remain, and upon Toby promising that he would not steal the towels we were all accommodated. This was real country again, the doors of the rooms opening directly upon a long veranda on the ground floor. I should say it was the safest hotel in the world, for a large sign in the Illustrator's room read, "Fire-escape on back porch."

"Lilacks am right nice," said the waiter, as he placed the blossoms on our supper-table; and it was all very nice indeed until we thought we would take one look at the Natural Bridge before going to bed. I bounced in on W—— as he and Toby were getting ready to view the marvel of nature by moonlight.

"It costs a dollar a head to see the bridge be natural," I shouted. We decided to wait until morning.

We are like all Americans: we grumble at impositions—and accept them. After we had made ready the baggage the next morning we swelled the coffers of the gentleman who farms Natural Bridge and went to view it. I never saw such radiance as that May morning!

I had a very definite picture in my mind of Natural Bridge, due to my father's Cousin Laura's stereopticon views with which I was always entertained in my youth when our family took Sunday-night tea with her. These views formed my taste for scenery, setting a sort of standard. Since then I have visited many of the marvels of nature, but so excellent were her pictures to my child's mind that I have frequently been obliged to say to the mystified guide, "Not so good as my father's Cousin Laura's." However, Natural Bridge, with its glory of young color, was admitted without question as "better than my father's cousin Laura's," and I suppose if anything is better at thirty-seven than it was at seven it is worth a dollar. (Note.—I'm older than thirty-seven, but I did want to work in a seven for the value of the repeated word, and I couldn't say forty-seven, which would be too far from the truth.)

I had hoped to go over the top of the bridge as we left for Lynchburg, but we never got a snip of it, reaching Glasgow

only to get lost in the smallest of all hamlets. It was hard to believe that the main road over the last of our mountains could run along a tow-path of a disused canal, becoming more remarkable as it starts over the mountains. The tow-path is abandoned, and, entering a farm-yard, the rocky way begins directly behind a pigsty. We could not believe this, and had no one to ask, as all the family had gone to church with only the live stock in the front yard eating up the peonies. But a weary-looking automobile issued from the pass and told us to go on but to look out. We did "look out," which was the only way to forget a narrow, tortuous road harrowed by gullies that made Toby sea-sick.

Somehow or other we got over those fearful mountains. We even crossed a car coming our way, which we had said couldn't be done. There must be a special providence for good automobiles —one will notice that the dreaded meeting of a narrow way is generally made at a turn where the width is sufficient.

Once more upon the highway, with Lynchburg twenty miles ahead, we found the road finely macadamized and heavily tolled by armless men. The engine was inclined to whiz, but the chassis was inclined to sag, although this was disputed with cheery optimism by our driver. Optimism is like a certain religious belief—it cannot mend a bone. Nor can it mend a spring whose leaves are undoubtedly snapped. "Broken; I thought it," said the Illustrator, as we reached the Carroll Hotel in Lynchburg.

I had the best of it. The clerk at the Carroll, hearing we would be delayed, offered me a comfortable room to rest in, and refused compensation beyond the modest price of a Sunday dinner.

I was in the lobby long enough to buy some illustrated postal cards of the old houses in the vicinity, but the newsdealer said that they had no stock any more and his customers of late had developed "just a natural distaste for them." It may be that a postal card, even with an old church on it, no longer placates wives left at home. One of the very young men in the lobby who I didn't think could have a girl, much less be married, went out with W—— to send a night-letter to his wife, W—— was sending a night-letter also. not to his wife or, I hope, to the wife of any one else, but—much more melancholy business—to a motor agency for a new spring, Lynchburg contributing but a rubber buffer, that we might at least limp on over the red roads among the green pines to sleep—Somewhere in Virginia.

While I did not tell those of a mechanical turn of mind, I was glad that we began "sagging" again before Appomattox, as I wanted to spend the night there. I wished to go to the McLean house, where Grant met Lee. But the town itself was discouraging; the whites stood on one side of the street and the blacks on the other, as though the old feud might break out at any moment. It was well that we stopped to ask more definitely of the McLean house. Since I had found a postal card of it at Lynchburg, I might have written very touchingly of a visit to the old place, and of carrying away some jasmine or a magnolia blossom. A very respectable colored man told me that the house had burned down some time ago and there was very little to see.

Regretfully we left Appomattox; not that beauty held us, but that we had not enjoyed the sensation for which we had long been preparing. There was no sensation at all except to find a hotel before the axle became permanently bent. We were now in a country without sign-posts and with more forks in the road than were ever laid on a table. In time we came to Pomplin, a village of some two hundred odd inhabitants, most of them colored people going to church.

A very promising darky—promising to weigh about three hundred when she was of age—told us the hotel was the "grea' big house on yondah," which was so encouraging that the throttle was opened with an idea of sweeping up very stylishly to the automobile entrance. In two minutes we were firmly in the open country again, all three of us with our hearts cleansed of broken springs and full of the humor of the situation. A perfectly strange gentleman then appeared from nowhere, and, stepping on the running-board, offered to take us back to the grea' big house which we had missed; but if ever three

travelers, "to say nothing of the dog," had arrived inopportunely, we were that party.

The furnishings of the hotel had been auctioned off on Saturday and the trophies carried away. The new proprietor had taken possession fifteen minutes before our arrival, and our appearance had unfortunately been made a day before that of the new proprietor's furniture. But the lady who was going out and the lady who was going in put their heads together, and the result was two beds in an empty room with staring, unshaded windows for W—— and me, and half a bed for the chauffeur in "Mr. Fells's room."

After a while (a long while) we all drew around the board—father, mother, and daughter of the new régime drinking bowls of black coffee with enthusiasm.

Since the most important event in the world to them was the running of their first hotel, we talked of nothing else. The host had but one regret: he had installed an acetylene plant on his farm and he must leave it. "You just turn on the gas and there you are," he told us softly and often. "I shall suhtainly miss mah acetylene." While we didn't say so, we wondered how this moving into a town of such minute proportions could be a gain in any way, and we fear there is a tragedy behind the abandoning of the farm with the gas. But as there was only a gentle complacency in the eyes of the man, so there was only resolution in those of his pretty wife, and in the eyes of the daughter a lively interest in whatever lay before her. How wonderful to be seventeen with all life bottled up and waiting for us on a far, high shelf! How terrible if we knew at seventeen the contents of the bottle!

We ate at the second breakfast, after the day-boarders from the railway had gone. There was cold pork, fried eggs, hot biscuit, jam, and conversation at the next table. The daughters of the past and present ménage were comparing notes on life. They were crisply dressed girls, with no country airs about them, but almost pathetically naïve.

In confiding their ambitions to each other, the departing one admitted that hers was to play golf. She didn't know why; she had never seen a golf game or a golf-ball. "Though, of course, I would know a golfer by his golf-bag." It was a poor way of recognizing a golf-player, but this thought only dipped into my mind. Occupying all my cerebral faculties was the deep admiration for this girl bred so far from the dalliance of life that she has never heard the click nor whir of the soaring ball, yet her manner possessed the unostentatious assurance of an old civilization.

I don't know whether the warm friend I made at Farmville was a chauffeur or the rich young man of the town. It is hard to tell in the South, where they are all so well-mannered. This one went with me up the street after we had left the car with an accommodating smithy to see if a certain kind of a map could be found. We went into a clothing-store to get the map, and the proprietor said he would run home and bring his for me to look at, but he doubted if I could buy one this side of Richmond. As I didn't wish to see a Southern gentleman run, but liked very much to hear him talk, I persuaded him to remain by the ribbon-counter. Here, of all places in the world, I learned that Farmville was as historic, Civilly War speaking, as any place we could visit, and that right over the present show-window was still the small cannon-ball which had been fired at General Grant.

This hurried me into the hotel next door to be introduced by my strange, new friend to the proprietor, Mr. Chick. And in that way I found myself soon afterward in a large upper room writing at a table where Grant had written, where he planned his last strategical move before he rode on to face Lee at Appomattox. So, after all, the sensation was mine of which I had been robbed by the burning of the McLean house. Mr. Chick was sorry that he wasn't older (which was most gallant, even for a Virginian), so that he could remember Grant.

The old waiter at dinner could have told us more, I am sure, but he was so deaf that I feared to rouse the peaceable citizens at the little tables by stirring up old wounds. I did ask once if he remembered Grant, but he replied that it was hard to get the chicken-livers, as they were used for the gravy, and as

some of the citizens snickered I wasn't going to gather any more data if nobody buys the book.

We were among the Southern farms all afternoon, and I could not write my mother encouragingly of the crops. The lovely woods also troubled me, for they now carried a sign of "Posted" on the trees as though the forest were a bad club member, its remissness exposed to the world.

We asked Henry Hobson about "Posted." He was a very old darky driving an ox to a cart, and possessing a fund of general information; he told us that the sign meant "cain't do no huntin'." His real lack in knowledge was his home address. He didn't know where he lived; at least he couldn't decide when we asked for his post-office address that we might send him what he admitted to be his first picture. He finally hit upon some place where a letter would be likely to reach him, but for once the dialect baffled us. It had never occurred to me before that darky dialect was difficult to understand. I remember in London looking at an Englishwoman with veiled contempt who remarked, after hearing a young American girl in plantation songs, "I don't get a word she says, and I presume she is singing in the negro language." And now I am as a Briton!

It was late afternoon when we came to Petersburg, Petersburg of the Bloody Crater, where action followed by inaction occasioned the useless sacrifice of thousands of lives. We had but a few moments ago left the ox-carts of the road, the strings of mules and the horses, three abreast to a cart, guided by a postilion. We came to a town of paved streets with a something at the crossings under a canopy of khaki, a something in a uniform on a little throne, like a king on a dais, who turned a lever and, behold! the traffic was told to Go Go, while those at right angles were urged to Stop Stop. It was a Southern traffic cop secure from sunstroke, controlling the little army of North and South as opposed to those of East and West.

I had barely time to dress myself before dinner with so much splashing of Toby in the bath that the chambermaid was declaring to goodness that the tank "am ran over." She was a knowing one in other directions. When I asked for some plain white soap, ostensibly waving a soiled chiffon scarf, she was not at all deceived, returning with a lump of indigo as well, which she said was mightily good for bluing them white dawgs. We left him all but starched and stiff to go to the grill below.

A grill has a gay sound. I did my best to add to the spirit of the scene, ordering a Tango salad, and, while I am no rounder, I think I was better than a phonograph which stood in a balcony all by itself crying to go back to Tennessee.

We went out with our blue dog to wire my maid for more shirts. The maid was from Virginia, and I didn't want to tell her we had broken a spring on account of the uneven disposition of her roads, but it was a night letter, and I had ten words unused even with "Love from Toby." So I lingered at the telegraph-office, and the courteous Southern clerk let me have the message back twice while I added, "Better clean if not cleaned," and, later, "Tie box with strong string."

The hotel was still alive before we were gladly abed. I doubt if it is ever quiet, for Petersburg is more like a mining town than one of southernmost Virginia. It is not under siege, yet the stir of the street is still from men to whom powder is no stranger. But they do not ram it down old flint-locks or pack it into muskets of heavy bore and long barrel. They make it, thirty thousand strong, in a town not far away. In two years' time this town grew from fields of buttercups to thirty thousand souls. All the shops of Petersburg express a willingness in the windows to cash Dupont checks, and from beyond the doors of every gin-mill brawlers were availing themselves of the offer. There is no sweetness in the main street at all, only prosperity.

And the name of this new, strange town where gun-cotton is made for gasping nations is Hopewell.

Before we reached the Crater the next morning we found the most interesting church in all Virginia—Old Blandford, which gleamingly restored, is now serving as a Confederate Memorial Chapel. Every state of the Confederacy is represented by a window in glass. As I

stole about reading the inscriptions, it occurred to me that nothing could be more fitting for the emblem of a soldier than these deep reds, glorious purples, and soft, pallid shades of death dyeing a substance that can shatter, can splinter, can be crushed into atoms, but cannot be utterly destroyed. The old custodian said there were still bullets found in the churchyard, relics of the severe fighting in the effort to seize Petersburg. A few yards beyond rise the earthworks of the two opposing armies.

The Crater is now softly covered with green, Time's healing hand for the torn earth. We can only grow philosophy for the wounds of the heart.

We found a heroic effort to reach the people by notices which the Virginia Health Department has tacked upon the trees like Orlando's love-letters. They give some grim statistics about tuberculosis with so easy a preventative that one would think the natives could keep their windows open. Yet (I can argue on both sides with perfect ease) it's all very nice to have your windows open if you are well covered, but consumption of the future seems much less uncomfortable than the immediate possession of a shivering body. I have two ideas of eternal punishment, both of which keep me as good as I can possibly manage. One is a continual restaurant in a basement full of smoke, noise, and a big band above which you have to be entertaining to pay for your supper; and the other is to "sleep cold."

All through Virginia, both by the many Agricultural Stations and in the many placards, there shows a fine disposition on the part of the state to take care of its children, old and young; and if the children themselves didn't have such a "natural distaste" for keeping up the roads, this atmosphere of good will which continually surrounded us would make it a motoring paradise.

When we reached Courtland we met a new sign forbidding us to turn corners any faster than eight miles an hour, and, fearful of whizzing around too rapidly, we held to a straight line until we reached a hotel. It was past the lunch hour, but I walked through to the dining-room and found two ladies, vague sort of hostesses, still talking it over. The Southerners have the magnificent hospitality of the peasant and the grandee—if you will take what is there you are welcome to it.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE

I walked across to the jail-yard which lay across the street. They were having a very pleasant time in the jail, where we could hear loud, black laughter (mean-



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT FARMVILLE—PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL

ing the laughter of blacks), but a man who was making a house next door said they were only just pretending, as nobody was ever really happy in jail. He ought to know, for he had spent the night there, and was set to work upon his return to the world through the philanthropy of a builder who was short-handed. This I learned from our chauffeur, of whom he had tried to borrow the price of a drink for the reason that both of them were from the North. He knew little of Courtland, as he had fallen off a freight-train and, presumably, the water-wagon at the same time. He should have looked from his jail window to enjoy the cannon that was installed there alongside a monument to the Confederacy. It, too, was a Northerner, and had also fallen off a train while going farther South with Union troops during the Civil War.

We waited in Suffolk for a freight-train to make up its mind. It is unkind

to a coquette to liken her to a freight-train, but I don't suppose the freight objects to being likened to a woman. If it does object, there is simply no pleasing it. But the way they both giggle and cough, run one way, then the other, and always so the whole town can see it—back and forth across Main Street—is enough to start a scandal.

The Illustrator would not encourage the ogling cars by even looking at them (an attitude which I trust he maintains when coquettes are blocking his way), but went down in a cellar after Toby, who had gone off with a select circle of Suffolk dogs. I hurried away to send surreptitiously a telegram concerning his slippers (the master's slippers, not Toby's), which I had left behind in Petersburg, and the chauffeur solemnly exchanged cards with a likely looking colored boy who wished to come to New York to be a chauffeur. He had no training for the job beyond the mastery of shoe-blacking, but he thought it would be mighty nice to ride around.

Somewhere along this way W—— made a sketch of the upper end of the Great Dismal Swamp while I fought off small embryo chills and fever which were trying to bite him. The mosquitoes come early in Virginia, although the hotels were so well screened that the guest is not troubled with them. They were eery swamps through which one could paddle for forty miles or more, the trees having a sort of elephantiasis of the trunks, which isn't so remarkable for trunks considering the animal most addicted to them.

We came upon Tidewater shortly afterward, represented by a spur of the James River which had made a short cut through Virginia to greet us expansively at the sea-level. Between this point and Norfolk is an interesting section of the country to those who like early vegetables. Most of those we get in the New York markets come from here; early pease on the night of the 2d of May were being shipped from the vines to reach your table May 4th. We found something very personal in this, and wished to pin a note on one of the pods to see if it reached any of our friends. We were bidden by one gardener to ask of the turn when we reached the Masonic Lodge for colored people, whose emblems we would recognize. We found this easily enough, although the building possessed a more striking guiding-mark. The basement was a place of worship which some labored chalking on a blackboard admitted to be "Church of God and Saints of Christ."



A NOTTOWAY COUNTY ROAD—APPROACHING PETERSBURG

Several very ebony saints were sitting on the steps chanting melodiously. It was a shame to stop them to ask for anything so trivial as Portsmouth, but they stopped of their own volition, not so much to tell us of the way, but for the reason that a piercing and more lovely note than even their sweet voices cleft the air. We were all very still in this lonesome little settlement, the darkies with their heads uplifted while they whispered, "Sho' enuff — huccome that bird hya so soon!"

And "sho' enuff" it was the first nightingale of the season, which had also managed to give us a welcome to Tidewater, Virginia. I suppose it is really the mocking-bird, this Southern songster, with some very fine foreign notes which it must have acquired by hearing that popular phonograph record of the Italian nightingale.

W—— was especially enthusiastic over Norfolk, as his aunt Mary Ann had lived her kind and useful life there, and a number of kin were still about with whom he was remarkably friendly. We did not hunt them up on arriving at the Monticello, for he wished to take me out to a magnificent restaurant which he had visited when a lad, where the fish were the finest in the world, and the people assembled there the cream of the city. I got into my dinner-dress, fearful that it wasn't good enough, and we walked past the old court-house, where I found a nice yard evidently built for hotel dogs. The café of his youth was not as far off from here as he had expected it to be, nor was it as large nor in as wide a street. And the patrons assembled there I should not call the flower of Virginia. They were not eating the fish of Chesapeake Bay, for there was none on the menu, but they had some lobsters from Maine, clams from Little Neck, and a boiled New England dinner. I ordered cold salmon, which was tinned, and the Illustrator had Delaware River shad, more full of bones than usual.

"It's changed," he kept repeating, "it's changed." I doubt if it was ever any better—it was just youngness, although I cannot think that the blindness of youth is preferable to the keen eye of experienced years.

Norfolk is such a fine old city, newly decorated, that I should give its history instead of taking space to admit that our first morning there began with a dog fight. Yet it throws a side-light on the character of the citizens to say that they enjoyed the fight, and had to scrape up their gallantry with an effort to save the lady's dog. I went off with him to have his wounds dressed, he very astonished at the quickness on the trigger of his Airedale opponent, saying every now and then to himself, "Mercy! Can't a feller *growl!*" But it was commendable that in all his excitement he used only the sweetest of little swears, which ought to have been, but was not, an example for his master to follow.

The Illustrator had gone off with one of his family when I returned, and I was relieved to learn that the cousin had no Airedale with him when he called. A canine Capulet and Montagu situation would have been too hard to treat diplomatically, no matter how much one may like a husband's relatives. There was a note left for me—not beginning with "Darling" or anything—just, "Send out wash; spring hasn't come." This was a phrase which I at first took as referring to a season fully arrived in Norfolk; then I recalled our fallen leaves, which more resembled an autumnal condition. He looked rather autumnal upon his return, although luncheon restored him to his rightful heritage of years.

It was not only food that cheered us, but the behavior of the personnel after a very inebriated patron had gathered up all of his change, piece by piece, while his waiter's face kept lengthening like a day in June. Abetted by the Illustrator, the waiters worked themselves into a state of hysteria over their comrade's loss of his tip, ending in the sudden shower of a dish of small oyster-crackers on the floor about me. In a snickering panic they attempted to scoop them up as the burly figure of the captain darkened the horizon, and, to my surprise (a surprise instantly controlled), the dish was placed at my elbow with a patient smile, as though I had knocked them off myself.

There is only one incident of quick-wittedness more magnificent than this, the wits being exercised by a very



THE EDGE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

bacchanalian gentleman whom the Illustrator was visiting. It was the Illustrator's aim to get him past his wife's door without exciting suspicion, but the man fell full-length in front of the severe hostess's portal. Yet though the legs faltered, the mind continued active. Even as he lay sprawling, he exclaimed, sternly: "Walter, I am surprised at you. Get up!"

It was war again that day, not any reliving of the Civil or Revolutionary War, but an actual living of the present struggle. We drove over to Portsmouth to pay our compliments to a friend at the navy-yard, and, accompanied by an officer, went over to the bare point beyond the great shops and the shining officers' quarters, where the two interned German raiders were anchored. I had formed no picture whatever in my mind of the appearance of this cloistered community of a thousand souls, but my wildest imaginings could have conjured up nothing as fanciful as what was presented to us. The two former passenger-ships stood high out of the water, the gray of their war paint worn down to a sort of red rust. Between the water's edge and the circle of American marines armed with short muskets who mounted guard over these aliens was a strip of



OLD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—NORFOLK

waste land. Perhaps I should say it had been waste land—the scrap-heap of the yard. But the United States commandant had given the men permission to go ashore upon this dreary strip, to do what they pleased with it, to use—since they singularly begged for the privilege—the bits of wreckage, old sail-cloth, old barrel-hoops, old timbers, which added to the mournfulness of the scene.

And now a Spotless Town stands on the reclaimed land, a little town for children to play in—which children never see—built by those able hands which cannot keep unemployed. There were streets and streets of little houses, not much higher than a man's head, made of frame, covered with canvas and painted on the exterior after the fashion of their fatherland. Red-canvas chimneys rise from each house, wooden storks stand upon the roof-trees or sit upon painted wooden nests. Each house has a little yard, and the wooden storks look down upon live ducks swimming in miniature lakes, upon strutting cocks, upon goats carefully tethered far from flowering plants. *Und die Gänse! Ach Gott! die Gänse!* standing in front of the motor and hissing at us as they had hissed on German roads.

As we repassed through the navy-yard our flag slid down at half-mast. We stopped to inquire, and learned that one of the strangers in a strange land had just died in our naval hospital. Something more than an appreciation of their efficiency possessed us as we turned our backs upon the Germans. They were costing us an unexpected sympathy.

We left Norfolk the next afternoon after a full evening the night before—relatively, not alcoholically speaking. We were going on to Williamsburg, still springless, as the Farmville smith'

lamp held. A bank president had taken p the matter of reforwarding the spring o Richmond, where I was also hoping o find the Illustrator's slippers. Owing o his activities he had not as yet missed hem. While a bank president got us tarted, a girl driving a big car kept us oing. She found us mooning about the eautiful new part of Norfolk, which ight have been Detroit or Cleveland or all the Elsie Dinsmore houses it ossessed.

Even so we missed the ferry, and I took off my hat, as we waited for another boat, to trim it with new flowers purchased at a five-and-ten-cent store for twenty-five cents a bunch. An old lady in the ferry-house admired the posies, and talked of the poor prices that must be paid the makers of such inexpensive goods. But she said it was the way unskilled workers had to learn, and she always found that good labor could command good prices. It made me feel much more comfortable over my modestly priced decorations, and



GERMAN SEA-RAIDERS—"PRINZ EITEL FRIEDRICH" AND "KRONPRINZ WILHELM"—INTERNED AT PORTSMOUTH



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS—THE WYTHE HOUSE, ON PALACE GREEN, WILLIAMSBURG

when they faded from rose to gray in an afternoon I lost all compunction over the investment. When the ferry came she went into the negro cabin. I had thought her a tanned farmer's wife, which I trust will give no offense to the Southerner of quality, for she was very, very white.

There was distraction on the boat—above it, rather—aeroplanes and hydroplanes were dipping all around us, and I felt suddenly uneasy, as though the ferry might be an enemy to them. The Curtiss Flying School is near the ferry-slip in Newport News. I had not seen one since we visited the Farman and Voisin schools at Mourmelon eight years ago—the Mourmelon that has been shattered by the German guns. It was so gay there then! Flying was a sport, as fashionable as a new dance step and as dangerously enticing as a fair, wicked woman. At Newport News that day every staccato stab of the engines above us was as the beat of a martial drum.

The turn at the right for Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort carried us through Hampton, where there is a

hurch which every one should see and which we paid no attention. The eninsula over which we were travelng is the same pleasant green land hat met the straining eyes of the Lonon Company when Captain Newport of ngland made his way up the broad ver and founded the first settlement hat endured. John Smith—who, I have ead, entered this new country in shacles—dubbed the strip of land adjacent o our present Fortress Monroe, Old 'oint Comfort. But this last christenng was in 1608, after he got out of irons nd began making things hum in the olony.

The point of land couldn't have rought him much comfort at the time, ut a discoverer must be gifted with a ision far beyond his century. He must ave foreseen what a comfort it was oing to be to those running down by oat from New York, or up by boat from he southern points, and what a delight, s well, to the young girls with all the fficers coming over from the fort to ttend the dances.

This far end of the peninsula is under nilitary rule, a condition which did not ill me with horror as it always does in Germany. We drove about the interior f the fort, the Illustrator pointing out ittle rooms in the old fortifications where he had dined at the officers' mess. An awful name—mess—in common parance, but rendered neat when applied o the military, as though their discipline could "red" up even a table d'hôte.) Some of the quarters were also in these snakelike mounds, the people living under the sod as though buried alive. Not until we again reached Newport News were we out of military atmosphere, and the salt of the sea stayed deliciously with us.

It was a piscatorial afternoon for our companions of the road. We were constantly passing men and women with shining bunches of fish at their sides like silver chatelaines. It seemed most unfashionable to be without fish, and we determined to have some at Williamsburg, although we would not be carrying them about so noticeably.

Williamsburg was so dimly lighted that we might have taken it for a firefly and gone past, but a mysterious voice as welcome as Elijah's ravens called out to go to the left, which we did, passing down a broad street with meadows flowering up to the wheel-tracks. The old Colonial Hotel was at supper, and it was difficult to get it on its feet to show us our rooms. I sat in a long drawing-room, full of magnificent English Sheraton, while a boy in white socks talked it all over with the proprietor.

I went to sleep with the bell of Bruton church chiming a decently early hour, a lovely bell into whose casting must have gone the hatful of silver which Queen Anne is said to have contributed toward its making. Some time in the night the "house guests" came clumping up to their rooms. Once before, in a wild mountain town of Sicily, I had slept with my door unlocked, failing on that night as on this one at Williamsburg to have a key, and on both occasions bewildered gentlemen have "made to enter." Each time I bitterly reproached them, and each time the gentlemen have run hurriedly away, but in Tidewater, Virginia, there was no cry of "Scusa, signora, scusa!" as they hastily "beat it."

It makes little difference what you draw in Williamsburg, for every house is historic and every one is a composition. If an artist is doing the old Powder Horn from which Lord Dunmore purloined the powder that blew the cannon-ball into St. Paul's of Norfolk, he is fearing he had better hasten to the old Wythe house where Washington once lived. If he begins on the Wythe house, he is itching to get at Bruton church next door, and while he works upon Bruton he prays the creator of good architecture to keep the Poor Debtors' Prison from falling into dust before he gets around to it.

Old Bruton church faces Palace Green, restored to its form of 1715. The slave gallery has been torn down, but the one at the rear is still, according to mandate, "assigned for the use of the College Youth," to which there is to be "put a door with a lock and key; the sexton to keep the key." I don't know whether it was to lock the students in or out, but they carved their initials on the wood of the pews in front of them with the vandalism of youth, and, doubtless, watched

the minister shift the pages of his sermon from one side to another until, oh, fearful joy! there were more on the finished side than on the stack yet to be thundered aloud.

Lord Dunmore also sat in that gallery as the Revolutionary storm gathered, and the governor's big, square pew became an uncomfortable resting-place to a man who was undoubtedly plotting against the parishioners as he listened to the Good Word. As a family who served its country well, our hotel landlord's name is on a bronze tablet of the pew next to the governor's; and, while I should appreciate the honor of occupying one of these conspicuous boxes, I should prefer Lord Dunmore's latter place among the gallery gods for comfort. These seats of the mighty face the congregation, and it would be impossible to take forty winks without rendering myself liable to a fine of five shillings for "sleeping in ye Church."

At the far end of Duke of Gloucester Street stands William and Mary College, the second oldest institution of learning in America, from which such able men have been graduated that it is hard to believe they were ever boys like those of to-day, going about the grounds with or without white-flannel trousers (you understand me, of course). I viewed them respectfully. "Presidents?" I asked myself. If they had understood and returned, "No; good mechanics," it would have been quite as impressive an answer.

Even though I was happy on Williamsburg Greens (there are a number of them), I was anxious to hunt up our landlord and make sure that George Washington had wooed the Widow Custis in Williamsburg. I did not find the proprietor making up our account, as the hotel very amiably took care of itself. He was standing at an old desk in a room where the young people had been dancing the night before.

My host not only verified the story of the Six Chimney Lot, but claimed that Williamsburg witnessed George Washington's other hotly plied suit. I stopped him. One can never believe that his or her father has ever asked any woman but his or her mother to be his wife, and, short on history as I am, I had not heard that the Father of our Country had loved or thought of loving any one but Mistress Custis. I was shocked.

"Yes," continued our landlord, rubbing up the mahogany a bit, "he may have made love at this very desk, for it was Mary Cary's."

Now I didn't know who Mary Cary was, but it was the dearest of names, and I wished to hear more of her. I took up a little piece of chamois and rubbed away at my side of the desk, too, and a glow came to the surface which, if I had not been so sick of metaphor, I would have said was "like a blush." For Mary Cary was a lovely girl when Washington came visiting to Williamsburg, and she had other articles beside the desk, for they were a proud family of name and wealth. They were so proud that Mary Cary didn't think much of a Washington named George offering his hand in marriage. He was a young man, a surveyor, very nicely connected, still—not a Cary.

So George went away leaving Mary alone with her desk. But one day he came back, only this time he was not surveying anything, not even his chances at Mistress Cary's hand. He wore a three-cornered hat and a brave uniform, and he was riding at the head of his men —his country's men and his. Mary Cary was standing in the crowd. She had not expected him. She had not thought of the surveyor and the brilliant young officer as the same man. Possibly she did not even wear her best gown. And then I asked our host what she did when she saw him.

There was only one thing for her to do under the circumstances. You may not agree with me. You may think that my idea of gentility is more fitted to women of the Middle Ages or more graceful in the period and costume of young Queen Victoria, but I feel that there was just one thing for Mary Cary to have done. And the most excellent Southern gentleman did not fail me. He told me when she saw her lost lover going by in all his splendor.

"Mary Cary swooned away."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Right of Selection

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

ANN LEE was possessed with a great fear. She was like a man who, failing to make good in his profession, stares so persistently at the word "failure" that unconsciously he induces the very effect he would avoid. Ann was afraid with a fear that neutralized her every thought and motived her every action. She was afraid of not getting married!

She had never had, if the truth must be told, a proposal of marriage. A few men had paid her attention, of course, but they had never quite come to the point. When they drifted away, she told her family that they had proposed and been rejected.

As the years passed, she watched other girls who had men following in their trail, and wondered. Her two sisters had married as soon as they were presented. Clara's husband was thick-set and coarse of visage—slept over his paper in the evening, and his only form of endearment was a facetious pulling of an ear or tweaking of a strand of hair. Clara endured this rough handling as uncomplainingly as she could, for had he not given her a "Mrs." to put before her name? She was married and provided for. She was of consequence. Some man had wanted her!

Tom, Nellie's husband, was an overworked business-man, nervous and irritable. His conversation at home consisted mostly in discussing the value of different proteid foods and the condition of his digestive organs. He succeeded in making Nellie feel that it was a subtle favor to her for him to pay the laundry bill or clothe the children. But he was a man. He was capable of admitting Nellie into the great profession. She was a wife. All stigma of failure had been removed from her forever!

Ann had recognized these things inarticulately for a long time, and, recognizing them, had hoped on reasonlessly, like a man running a losing race. Now she was thirty-one years old and was on the eve of taking a rather listless trip to the West to visit an aunt. She was not keen about the trip, but it seemed more advisable to go than to stay. It was a new field! And she could see her family snatched eagerly at the straw of hope it offered.

She was standing now, hatted and coated, outside the library door, which was half ajar. Under her close-fitting hat the shiny bands of taffy-colored hair showed, and the amber pallor of her skin. She was struggling with a refractory clasp on her glove. Twice she drew it toward the fastening. . . . A voice was speaking inside—a light, complacent voice.

Ann started, like a patient under the hand of a surgeon. Every nerve tightened and recoiled. A voice was saying, commiseratingly, "Poor Ann!" That "Poor Ann" was an eternal tenant in her own consciousness.

". . . She's too big, I guess," the voice hazarded, "and too serious—you know what Tom said—"

Clara spoke. "No, my dear. What did he say?" Ann could visualize the curious bending forward of the head and shoulders. There was the sound of whispering, and then Clara's voice protesting, deprecatingly, "I don't think that was a very nice thing to say of his own sister-in-law."

There was an obligatory reproach in the retort that Nellie hastened to refute. "Neither do I, my dear," she defended, "and I *told* him so, but you *know* Tom—lobster always disagrees with him, and we had lobster for dinner, and he said—Well, it's not as if she were like the rest of us, but poor Ann— Tom said he couldn't understand it, for goodness knows *we* had plenty of suitors—you know I was engaged to Kenyon Knox

when Tom—not that Kenny was *much* . . . but poor Ann—" sighing—"Ann never had *anybody*. Tom says if anything happens to father and mother"—sighing again—"we'll have to take turns in giving her a home—for of course she'll never marry now."

"Oh, *never*, my dear!" concurred Clara; dolefully. "Never in the wide world. Poor old Ann!"

How smug the voices! How complacent the regret! Ann felt herself tingling from heel to head. She thrust the door quickly open with her elbow and entered. Her face was paper white, her eyes without expression; only her mouth—

She spoke with an effort. "The taxi's here," she said. "I'm going."

"Going?" Her sisters jumped to their feet. They moved as if on springs. Their voices gushed simultaneously.

Nellie, uncomfortably sensible of that last "Poor Ann," explained, clumsily, "We—we were just pitying you your—long trip. . . ." She threw, as she spoke, a veiled glance at her partner in iniquity for confirmation of her hope that no more of the conversation than that last sentence had been overheard. Clara's face was not reassuring, but Ann's voice was impassive, though her honest inner scorn was too deep for dissimulation.

"Mother has a headache," she said, quietly; she isn't going to the train, and I said good-by to father before he went to the office. . . ." She paused, looking from one sister to the other.

Clara and Nellie started, self-consciously. They had counted on their mother's taking upon herself the wearisome duty of seeing her eldest daughter to the station, and had hoped to make a less troublesome adieu.

"Don't *both* come," said Ann, facing them, straight and tall and unsmiling. "One will do—" She thought of adding "to preserve appearances," but, because of the innate sweetness of her nature, withheld the reproach.

Her sisters, touched with remorse, leaped into the silence with noisy protestations, and ended by both going. Ann was relieved when they all squeezed into the taxi waiting at the curb, and she watched John, the butler, heave her suit-case up beside the driver. She breathed a little sigh of relief as he handed her her trunk checks and stepped aside, slamming the door of the vehicle.

As the taxi wound in and out along the crowded street, she leaned her strong supple shoulders back against the cushions and tried to listen to the incessant voices of her sisters. They babbled ceaselessly, as if they feared the moment when their light voices would cease. Ann had but one desire—that the perfunctory leave-taking should be over and done with. Through the light web of the conversation she caught only one thought wave. It went round and round enveloping all, and its substance was —pity.

The train was made up when she reached the station. The porter had deposited her luggage in her berth. Clara had bought some magazines, and Nellie tentatively suggested a box of candy—though, as she never had any superfluous pin-money in her purse, she would have been put to embarrassing shifts had Ann accepted the offer; but instead of gratitude she had only a primitive desire to push her sisters off the train with her two hands, to end their emotionless irresolution with one vigorous action. The convicting conventionality of their words nauseated her.

Nellie was formulating a sentence with a mechanical coquetry of voice and eyes and perfunctory arms around Ann's waist. Both sisters were smiling consciously, but avoiding the interchange of glances. She caught the words "bring back" and "a nice, enchanting husband," and "don't *dare* to come home without—" and suddenly she flung her hands out in front of her as if to rebuff an insult. "Oh, don't!" she said. "*Don't—!*" It was her first open acknowledgment of her position. Up to this time she had answered the rallying persiflage with a protective pretense. Always before she had kept on "playing the game," pretending, deceiving. Now she paled proudly. Her sisters recoiled. They hesitated—looked at each other—kissed her—hesitated again, and were gone!

"Don't!" said Ann, whispering to herself. "Don't, don't, don't—*please!*"

She put her hands to her flaming heeks and glanced guiltily around her, earing some one might have heard her peak, but her fellow-travelers were occupied in leave-taking. She was of no onsequence.

She scarcely knew when the train ulled out. She took no cognizance of erself or her surroundings. The probem of her life weighed large upon her. he thought with difficulty because hought was not her native element. Her mind moved from one fact to another with a large solemnity. One hought suffused her consciousness — ebellion against the injustice of her ate.

The conductor came and asked for her icket, and she looked at him with the nseeing eyes of a sleep-walker, as she roped for it and asked, as mechancally as her mind registered the impresion that induced the question, "Why s the train making such a long stop?" The conductor murmured something bout "waiting for the governor's car to e attached," and, though utterly uninterested in his answer, she offered him an bsent-minded "What?" He repeated his information with a touch of asperity. She was grateful when he passed on.

The train was moving now. It sped and sped and sped, and ever the fields and valleys ran beside it like silent competitors in a race. The landscape showed but indistinctly, for evening was breathing in the tree-tops and misting the atmosphere with the fog of twilight.

Darkness came at last, and the lamps were lighted. People began to stray noisily toward the dining-car, but Ann had no desire to eat. Her bodily senses were in abeyance.

She listened to what two men in the seat in front of her were saying. She saw only the backs of their heads and parts of their shoulders, but their voices, aggressive and self-confident, lured her attention. What slick little bullet-shaped heads they had, these men! The hair was already beginning to thin at the crown. She caught snatches of their conversation. They were talking of men who had succeeded in making good through sudden changes in economic conditions induced by the war. She listened to some of the unfamiliar phrases. "An' he said," grunted one of the voices, "that the first time he saw him he was a barefoot boy in a mountain hamlet near Altoona, and the next time he saw him he was riding in his hundred-thousand-dollar private car. . . . Arrived, that's all—sheer grit—for ten years put every ounce of his vitality into steel. Couldn't fail, that's all—wasn't in him. Throw him in the gutter and he'd crawl out. Markham's same proposition, . . . grabs his opportunity every time. Damned if he wouldn't lick failure into a cocked hat. Some hustler!"

Ann suddenly caught her wandering mind as she would have caught a naughty child napping over a lesson. "Licked failure into a cocked hat!" They were talking of the governor of the state now. . . . She listened avidly to what phrases she could catch. "Worked on a farm by day and read law by night. . . . Didn't have a chance in the world of ever being anything if he had considered conditions, but, by the Lord Harry, conditions were never anything to him except something to conquer." Ann caught the words "cleaned the state of dirty politics" and "perhaps the next Presidential nominee," and then, with startled eyes, she saw the two men arise and walk toward the dining-car. As they passed she looked in their faces. They seemed ordinary men to have said so much that was vital. They did not even see her.

Berths were being made up all about her. The people had returned from the dining-car. They were shifting around and moving luggage. They passed like drab ghosts. The porter asked her if she wanted her berth made down, but she shook her head, and he went away.

Voices were still now. There were human creatures all around her going to sleep, but they had nothing to do with the lonely world of her consciousness. She was not going to sleep; she was waking up. She sat straightly in her seat, looking at the shiny surface of polished mahogany that interposed itself between her and the next berth. Her thoughts were growing clearer. They were ordering themselves. Like troops of children falling obediently into line in a school drill, they moved here and there

and then straightened out. Restless they were, but in line!

She seemed to understand. Those men whose stories she had listened to had dominated and controlled their destiny. They had started with an overpowering thought heritage, the thought heritage of a dominant sex. They had succeeded by a tremendous belief in their divine right to success. Failure suggested to them no compromise with lesser things, but a struggle toward greater. Each obstacle in the way but inflamed them with a fresh desire for effort. They were men—nothing was impossible; while she—

She tried to remember when the fear had first come to her that perhaps she might not—please. Had some one said she was too big, 'way back there? She had been taller than most of the boys at dancing-school. Was it there, perhaps—there, that she had first *feared?* And had it gone on from there—the struggle—the awful struggle against losing odds? The struggle to win—to win . . .

With an absolute unconsciousness she stirred her muscles, stretched and relaxed. How big she was, and strong! Why should she be passive? Why should she creep through the years like a beaten mongrel snapping at the cast-off titbits of life? Those men who had fought and struggled for their ideal were not better than she. A great light glimmered in her. The slumbering individuality that had been prisoned in the catacombs of her flesh woke and tugged to be free.

"Some one has to begin," she whispered. "Why, it is wonderful, . . . wonderful!" She looked down at her beautiful hands and wrists, so strong, so supple, so white. She had a sensation of joy in her mere physical strength. A little tremulous smile quivered on her lips. She leaned closer to the reflection in the polished mirror by her side. A vague outline of the proud head, with its shining masses of taffy-colored hair wound close to the temples, of the long, densely white throat, and dark eyebrows curving above the eyes, came to her. "You silly thing," she whispered, dizzily, "to be afraid. Why, you have *work* to do—" And instinctively in a mechanical whisper she found herself repeating the name of God. She was not religious save by instinct; she had found the dogmatic observances of creeds uninspiring, but now, with a mighty desire to reach toward some power beyond self, she found herself whispering as to a presence. "God!" she prayed. "Please, God! . . ."

She was never able to calculate afterward to what spot in oblivion she had carried that word—where her thought ended and the feeling of suffocation began. Whatever crash there was had been so overpowering and so sudden that it had annihilated consciousness for an instant. She had stopped thinking as instantaneously as if an electric button had been turned off in her brain.

All her life she had had a horror of lying in her coffin—a dread of that close, narrow binding; that airless compression around, about, above, to left and right; that careful, economical fitting. . . . Was this death? This heavy darkness that pressed down like a falling avalanche? . . .

She heard sounds now—coming from everywhere—cries and groans. "Stop!" she begged. "Oh, stop! . . ." She tried to put her hands up to her ears, but she was bound fast. She began to fight and struggle. "Let me up!" she choked. "Let me—" She pressed with her hands against something solid. Her mind focused. Her hands came in contact with wood. She pushed against it—glass! It shivered over her hands. Her thought gave her a word. She repeated it over and over, shrinkingly. "*Accident!*" she whispered. And then she heard one of those sickening cries quite close. It whimpered toward her. It was almost at her ear. . . .

She tried to turn herself and lean forward with the predominant instinct of her nature—to succor—but she was pinned securely beneath some heavy weight of wood. She moved her arms and again felt the sting of raw glass. A faint breath of night air played above her face. She understood. The window she had been sitting beside had been broken by the collision and she could crawl through. The glass might cut, but she could crawl through if this

thing—this thing that was pinning her—could be removed. She set her teeth and beat at the wood. She heaved upward with all her superb strength. The thing swayed and shifted. There was pain. She beat the wood yet harder—crouched and strained again. "Let me up!" she choked. "I'll suffocate — don't you see? Won't somebody please let me out? . . ." She raised her voice in appeal.

Her cry was obliterated in the blended sound of many voices. There was no individuality in it; it seemed to come from one monstrous throat. She made another effort; found that she could crawl like a crouching animal—out, out, out—crawl even as she might have crawled out of a coffin had one end been wrenched away.

She got to her knees; got her head up at last—lifted her hands. The window again. The voice that had been at her ear was still whimpering. "I'll come back," she whispered to it, scarcely knowing why she whispered. "I'll come back." She was feeling the window now—the lopsided square showed dimly, like a broken picture-frame. Her hands were already pricked by the glass. If she tried to crawl through she might cut her face—disfigure herself—sever an artery. Had she better wait?

A cool rush of night air beat against her cheek and a flood of exaltation swept over her being. She raised her head and laboriously drew herself crouchingly nearer to the window—thrust her head and shoulders through. . . . There was earth beneath—not so very far away. Blessed, safe earth. Substance! Surely some one was alive out there.

Her mind began to conceive. She doubled herself up and unhooked her dress-skirt, pulling it down over her feet. Her trembling hands moved slowly, awkwardly. She wrapped the heavy serge in a pad and laid it carefully across the window-sill. Then she caught the sill with her hands and thrust her body through. Fear lent her strength. The glass cut at her and tore at her clothes, but she clung to the padded edge of the window-sill and let her body swing out — let herself down, down, down. There seemed nothing but an abyss beneath her, but anything was preferable to the coffin she had left. She hesitated, trembled, let go of the sill with her hands, and—dropped.

The ground was nearer than she had imagined. Soft earth crumbled beneath her feet. She fell to her knees, her hands digging into gravel. She tried to draw a breath, to throw off the oppression on her lungs, but the air was thick with rolling train-smoke. She got to her feet. Was she alone? Nobody else living?

A black mass lay along the tracks, or what she supposed were the tracks—a jagged outline as shapeless as a deformed human body. It sprawled over the earth in a masslike formation belching yellow smoke. And from it came sounds, sounds dreadful to hear.

Ann raised her voice and screamed—screamed uncontrollably, with the passion of a thing trapped. As her voice lifted, the moaning around her became a clamor. She had a blind instinct to get away from it—to turn and flee. She swayed, hesitated, and then ran wildly into the darkness. The smoke was in her face, her lungs. Her hands were over her ears, her voice raised. She stumbled along, possessed with one unreasoning desire—to flee from sound.

Her body came up with a swift impact against something in the darkness, something solid! She caught it, clung with both hands, screaming.

"Hello!" said a voice, a voice that hesitated as if in surprise. "A woman—"

Ann dug her fingers into the rough cloth she had touched. There was flesh under it, living flesh! She clung to it with a desperation of which she had not believed herself capable.

"A woman," repeated the voice, reflectively. Then, as Ann hung, still trembling, "Are you hurt?" Hands came out of the darkness and touched her.

"No — yes —" moaned Ann. "Oh, *listen!* . . ."

"Damn it!" cursed the voice, with an impotent protest against unalleviated pain. "Confound this darkness! Where are the train-hands?"

Ann was shaking and stammering. "We must get them out," she whim-

pered. "They are back there—hundreds . . . people crying . . ."

"Steady!" said the voice. Fingers found hers, and pressed them almost brutally. "It doesn't do any good to get excited. Stop crying, for God's sake!"

A cry reached them—close, insistent! Instinctively they turned toward the twisted mass of wood and shadow on the tracks. Ann had a dim outline of the man's huge figure that took two great strides and began to tug at the wreckage. In an instant she was beside it. They found a great beam and heaved at it—strained and strove until Ann felt the cords bulge in her wrists.

"Again," growled the man. "Again."

With a concerted effort they dragged the beam aside. It rolled down to the sandy earth below. Indistinctly they made out a figure with an upturned, bleached face. Together they lifted it. Ann staggered slightly at the unaccustomed weight and then straightened herself. They found their way down to the level ground and laid their burden down.

"Is he dead?" demanded Ann, in an awful whisper.

"I don't know." He was bending over, striking a match. The little flame flared up, flickered, steadied.

With an ungovernable curiosity, Ann looked not down at the face of that that they had rescued, but straightly and instinctively to where the voice had come from. She had a fleeting glimpse of a rugged face, and of tossed, dark hair, before the mother instinct of her nature drove her to her knees, her hands groping for the human heart in the twisted form beneath her. They came in involuntary contact with other hands, hands strong and capable.

"Not a beat," muttered the man, laconically. He raised himself and pulled her up from her knees. "Come on," he said.

"Come on?" Ann stared at him with a great revulsion of feeling. "Aren't you going to *do* anything?" she demanded.

"There are—others." He strode toward the wrecked car. "Others, living perhaps! There's no time to waste."

A cry welled up from Ann's heart. She hesitated, looked back, wrung her hands. "I can't leave him—here," she moaned. "It's too—too—brutal."

The man's voice cut like the crack of a whip. He was bending over the twisted debris. "Get hold of this!" he shouted, tossing the command at her as if she were another man. He tugged at a piece of warped steel. Instinctively Ann bent toward him.

The man straightened his shoulders. "I'm glad," he muttered, speaking as if to himself—"I'm glad I've lifted loads all my life," he was panting, "glad I know how to—work."

"Know—how—to—work!" repeated Ann in the darkness. She turned her face to his; her breath came with a little shock of surprise from her lips. "Are you a—workingman?" she demanded, in surprise.

A short laugh answered her. "Yes," said the man, with a ring of exultation in his tone, "I'm a workingman; I've been a workingman all my life. . . ." He strained at another board. "It's a pretty good thing to be—at a time like this—a workingman! Look out there!" A shivering of splintered wood powdered their hands. He caught Ann roughly by one arm and pulled her aside. Then he bent over and lifted something in his arms. Very carefully he stepped down and laid what he held on the soft earth. "A woman," he said, gently.

Ann knelt down. "Light!" she said.

A lantern bobbed in the darkness. The man sent a shout ringing toward it. A figure came toward them, and suddenly the yellow light swung in their faces, showing a trainman's face. A jagged wound tore its way down his cheek. His coat was half ripped off. One arm hung useless. . . .

"Smashed into a freighter," he explained, laconically. "Didn't know any one was alive! It's hell back there! Village two miles away—off to wire for help." His shout came back through the darkness: "Got to git headquarters. Governor was on the train—"

Ann lifted her hands dripping with something warm. She shook them in impotent revolt. "As if *that* mattered," she moaned. "As if *he* mattered any more than these!"

The man knelt beside her. Suddenly



Drawn by Gayle Hoskins Engraved by H. Leinroth

A SHARP PAIN SHOT THROUGH HER—AND A SUPREME ECSTASY

his voice was gentle. "Nobody matters," he said, in a moved voice, "unless they can—serve!"

"Serve?" repeated Ann, uncomprehendingly.

His hands were feeling for the injured woman's heart. "There's something in her arms," he said. He fumbled for a match.

Ann bent down. A cry escaped her. She undid the hands of the woman, close clasped, close locked. "A baby!" she whispered, her voice sighing from her lips. She reached out diffident hands and gathered to her a bundle, soft and helpless. She staggered to her knees, to her feet—stood upright, feeling, above all earthly sense, that fragile life that lay sagging against her breast. A sharp pain shot through her—and a supreme ecstasy! She turned like a tigress as the man stepped to her side, shielding a match-flame with his hand. "Not dead!" she cried. "Don't *say* it! . . ." Her eyes sought his.

He bent over and drew the covering away from what she held. She shrank back from his touch, clasping the tiny body closer, stammering, "Don't take it away!" Her voice was a heart-broken plea. The match fell from his hand. He had a glimpse of a majestic figure with a lifeless atom of humanity clasped to its breast, of quivering lips and hungry eyes—of shining bands of hair. "Dead?" questioned Ann, slowly.

He nodded.

"Nothing—we can—do?"

"Nothing." He came closer and sought to undo her arms, his hands groping for hers in the darkness. She repulsed him passionately. The strain of the long day had told. She trembled and gave way utterly. "I've never had anything," she cried, tragically. "Never, never! Everything—dead!"

"Hush!" The man was shaking her arm.

"I wanted this!" wailed Ann, unheeding, forgetful of all things but the overmastering passion of her soul. She looked down at the silent little form in her arms. "Just *this*. . . ."

"Listen!"

Ann lifted her head. The insistent cry of human pain that had seemed so terrible to her when she had first been conscious of it was still rising to the sky. In the last half-hour it had merged into a necessary horror, and she had been forgetful of its import. There were creatures but a stone's-throw away as helpless as this tiny being she held.

"Do you hear?" urged the man. "This is no time to be thinking about—yourself. Wake up!" He shook her arm roughly.

"Don't," she said, drawing herself away, but without indignation. She stepped over and softly laid the baby down beside the unconscious form of the woman. "I am ready," she said, obediently.

Ann had no idea how long they worked together. She didn't know whether it was half the night or only a few minutes—an hour. She was half conscious of people who came to help them, of the ceaseless shifting of wood, the ceaseless laying down of bodies, the ceaseless straining and lifting with machine-like regularity, the suffocation of smoke, the damnable darkness, the eternal noise and confusion, and pain, pain, pain, that lived with her and about her, that she could not get away from—for a machine must go on bending and lifting and succoring, and bending and lifting and succoring again.

She was conscious of others, but always more of him—of that personality strong and dominant. At times men came and drew him away, but always he returned to work beside her. Once he asked her if she were tired, and she replied "no" in a mechanical tone, and then added: "Except of hearing. . . . It's awful to hear—isn't it?"

"Don't listen." He was lifting something and carrying it away in his arms.

The relief train had come. The blackened wreck swarmed with human beings—the air with shouts and outcries. The moon was shedding a wistful light over the world, a cool and blissful light, not intended to light misery, but to kiss young love. Lanterns swayed and bobbed. A reporter murmured at Ann's elbow.

"I don't know," she said, apathetically. "Ask somebody else." She had seemingly lost consciousness save

of her arms; the pain of intense fatigue was there, an exquisite pain, almost sinking into paralysis. When she felt the man at her side again she relaxed instinctively.

In the queer, flickering light, half flame and half shadow, she saw his face clearly for the first time. She had heard and felt him. She knew the touch of his hand, the strong roughness of his skin, the vital atmosphere of his being. She had *felt* that, but his face—she had never seen his face, and now they had fixed so many lights that one could see quite plainly.

Why, he was an older man than she had dreamed—or was it only stranger? A great shock of dark hair swept back from an immense forehead, a forehead that overhung frowning between the eyes. And the eyes— Perhaps the toilers of earth all wore this look of savage comprehension of life's marrow!

"Do you know what they are saying about you?" asked the man. Then he paused a moment and looked into her eyes almost on a level with his, as if he too were shocked and surprised at the face he saw. "They are calling you a heroine!"

"It doesn't feel much to be a heroine —does it?" she said. "There are so many dead. Perhaps" — she smiled shakily—"perhaps it will feel better to-morrow." She turned patiently toward the wreck.

He caught her arm and pulled her away. "You've had enough of this," he said, dictatorially. "We can't do any more now. They have trained workers —doctors and nurses, too. They are sending the people to the village. Come."

He led her away, and she heard herself protesting mechanically, asking if there were nothing more to be done—listening while he answered. She asked mechanical questions about the wreck.

"Don't think of it," he said, impatiently. "You only waste energy. There is a village only a few miles off. I am going to take you there. You can rest until morning. The railroad people will attend to everything now."

Ann roused herself from the heavy physical lethargy creeping over her. "And you?" she asked.

"I?" said the man. "Oh, I have to get out to-night—get back to my work."

"To-night?" Ann repeated blankly, and was surprised at the protest in her own tone. Her feet struck a length of track and she stumbled. The man stretched out a guiding hand. She clung to it. How intimate and well-known and *usual* this hand seemed to her—this hand that had come out of the darkness of the night. Her mind fluttered this way and that. She caught at a thread of thought, only to lose it. She seemed to be incapable of pursuing any process of reasoning to its logical conclusion. However, with an absolute understanding her mind approached the idea of separation. Of course there must be separation. Two lives, each flowing a different way, touching and drifting apart. This strange man that had met her in darkness and disaster must go on his way.

As he guided her along beside the track, people stopped them and spoke to them. One woman cried, "God bless you!" and several men removed their hats. With a little flush, Ann remembered that he had said: "They are calling you a heroine!"

Never before had she had deference shown her; never before had she seemed of such moment. And now as she walked by the side of this workingman the people cried out to her, made way for her to pass.

She began to tremble. "I didn't do anything," she stammered. "I wish they wouldn't."

"They won't—long!" comforted the man, with an amused laugh. "Don't bother. Take care—there's a lot of splintered glass here."

He held her back, pressing her arm against his side as if to steady her, and suddenly Ann was conscious that for all the hours of this night there had been nothing in her consciousness but this one man. Alone they had been, with the world outside. Things had moved and stirred and spoken around them, but they had remained together in a ghost-like isolation.

He halted her before a muddy road at the side of the track where many men were congregated about two rickety motors. The crowds parted again as

they approached, and hands held lanterns aloft. Ann saw an old farmer huddled in the front seat of one of the machines, the collar of his coat turned up, his weather-beaten face peering at her kindly.

A cool wind was eddying through the atmosphere as if to herald dawn, and Ann shivered. She had a sudden sensation of loneliness and of tragedy. She thought of her baggage—her clothes—that she had no money about her. She turned, as if to petition her companion, but he was speaking to the men who were standing before the second machine. He gave some directions curtly, and then came to her side and helped her into the tonneau. She heard the farmer say something about a blanket or rug—and then the chugging of the engine. The car thumped and backed.

Her mind pricked her, prodding at the inertia that was creeping over her body. "Was not this a strange and unconventional thing to do? This getting into a machine, and driving off, she knew not where, with this man—this strange man? Would it not have been more advisable to wait—to go with some woman?"

She turned to him, flushing in the darkness. "Were there—" she began, and hesitated. "Wouldn't you— I mean, couldn't we have waited and—and brought one of the other women in that vacant seat?" She was ashamed that her voice sounded so intensely self-conscious.

He bent down and pulled the blanket over her knees, but did not answer. She felt his eyes on her, and turned her head slowly. Through the half-light she peered at his face. His lips were twisting. At first she could hardly classify his expression, and then she asked, disturbedly, "Why do you smile?"

He shrugged his shoulders, as if for a moment he was uncertain whether to answer or not; and then he said, with a flicker of something very like contempt in his voice, "I was smiling at your—shall we say reverence for the conventionalities at a time like—*this*." He laughed.

Ann's consciousness flared at the rebuff, even while she acknowledged its justice. Why, in this man's world the things that had made her meat and drink had no existence.

He had spoken of conventionality. She shivered again. Conventions—ways of thinking—laws—how little they all seemed when they could be overturned in an infinitesimal part of a second by a relentless and unseen force. The blood surged through her tired body; she felt something of the stirring exaltation she had felt when she had sat alone in the car. And since then she had proved that she was strong, able. She had worked beside a man, bent her back and strained her arms, and—not cried out! This man beside her had talked about service. Well, she could serve, too. She could begin to serve her sex. Some one had to begin. She could begin to break down the thought heritage of years. She could begin to preach.

"One is conventional from—habit, sometimes," she said, excusingly, defending herself, and in some way quite sure in spite of the long silence that he could catch the drift of her thought. "I don't think I meant to be—conventional"—diffidently—"but it takes some time to—to break a habit that you have been brought up with— I—" She paused and clenched her hands together under the rug. "I despise convention," she stammered. "I would like to be a—a—reformer!" taking a long breath at the last word.

"A reformer!" echoed the man, and he laughed. "So you want to be a reformer!" he said.

Her head came up at his tone and, though he could not see it, the blood flew to her cheeks. She pulled the rug higher about her knees. "I would like to reform things that are unjust to—to women," she said. "I *am* going to reform things that are unjust to women. Don't laugh."

"I wasn't laughing," returned the man quickly, and she felt him lean toward her in the darkness. "I'm something of a reformer myself—in a small way," he admitted, the note of amusement still in his voice.

Ann regarded him with a little comprehensive smile on her lips. Then she adjusted the caste distinction of her tone nicely as she inquired: "What—*is*—your—if you don't mind telling me—what is your line of—work?"

"My work?" He laughed again, and instinctively the great hand on his knee clenched and knotted. "Oh, I don't mind telling," he said; and though his eyes were on the rolling stretches of country, Ann felt that he smiled in the darkness. "I reform—rather badly, I admit, specific conditions—when I can; but you—" he hesitated, turning his eyes to hers—"you, I take it, want to make over the whole scheme of the universe— That's what you women want to do, isn't it, when you talk about your rights? You want to do men's work, don't you, and vote, and turn things upside down generally?"

Ann flushed. A burning desire to speak her mind for once in her life overwhelmed her. And why should she *not* speak the thoughts that were hammering in her brain—explode them all, as it were, here in the darkness? Here where no one could *see*. Why shouldn't she empty herself of her secret inflaming thoughts?

She turned. "I'm not ashamed!" she stammered, passionately. "I *do* want my rights, and I'm going to have them, but I don't want the vote and to do men's work, and turn the universe upside down. I want to be married; that's what I want. I want a *right* marriage; I want a home and children of my own! I—I want—love—" She stopped, her voice breaking, her face and throat a tortured red. "No man has ever wanted to marry me," she said, calmly. "You see—I—I am not attractive to men!"

"By Jove!" stammered the man. There was an appalled embarrassment in the short exclamation. "Not—attractive to men—" he repeated, his voice dropping as if abashed at the unconventional sound of the sentence.

"I've tried to be," said Ann, calmly, as if stating a mathematical equation. "It isn't because I haven't *tried*. I've made myself look as nice as I could, and tried to please—to entertain for—years. . . . I've—I've done the best I could to get married."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the man again, and she felt his uncomfortable turn toward her presence, knew the astonished eyes were peering at her in the darkness. "Well, really—" he repeated, his voice as flat as his vocabulary. He seemed as appalled as a scientist face to face with some hitherto undiscovered fact of creation. "Extraordinary!" he murmured under his breath.

"No," said Ann, still calmly, "not extraordinary. The only extraordinary thing is that they've made us ashamed to say these things. Why, if we come to thirty and are not married, they tell us to *say* we didn't *want* marriage. That is the right thing to say, the—the modest thing to say; it's—it's *usual*, but it isn't *true!* It isn't! It *isn't!*" struggling amid the chaos of her emotions to express her naked thought. "All women *want* to be married; all women want love! It's part of them—it's natural—it's human! Oh, I know it's—it's strange to say these things—but I couldn't say them if you weren't a stranger. Why, you can't even see my face. . . . But don't you understand, even you—a man who has had little time to think—who has worked all his life—don't you see that even if a woman wins success in a career, that secret pain, that feeling of being cheated, is always there?" She paused an instant, as if the surge of her emotion were stemmed for an instant by the vast surprise she felt around her. Then, as if driven by an emotion greater than she was capable of handling, she stammered on, desperately: "Why, don't you see how unjust it is? Men always have the right to have love in their lives—work *and* love, . . . and yet love isn't as much to them as to women. It doesn't mean, can't mean as much. . . . Yet they have the right of selection. They can seek love always. They can never be utterly without love in their lives—if they choose—while women— Oh, don't you see the world doesn't give us a fair chance to make happy marriages—right marriages? They say marriage is a failure, but women haven't a fair chance to make it a success."

The man was silent. His dense masculine calm stung Ann as nothing else could have done. She felt him turn in the darkness to look at her, and though she could not see his face, she heard the amusement stir in his voice.

"I see," he said, "you're not a reformer; you're an—anarchist!" And

suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

Ann's resentment—deep, hurt resentment—showed in her tone. "Men don't laugh," she asserted, indignantly—"they don't laugh if laws or customs hamper, choke their lives — they go about to change them; but the thoughts and customs that are unendurable to women have never been changed because men had the power and they have—just laughed."

"Well, in Heaven's name," demanded the man, in intense amusement, "what are you going to do about it?"

"*Begin*," stammered Ann, and she was almost frightened at the energy of her own voice. "Begin," she repeated, "to stop myself being ashamed to say these things. Begin to try and take what I want from the world the way men take it. To be—be brave enough to ask for what I want when I see a chance to get it."

"Oh, I see," comprehended the man. "You are not going to be a reformer; you are going to be a crusader."

"That's right," said Ann; "laugh on. I am not afraid of being laughed at. I'm going to *stop* being one of the poor Anns of the world."

"What will you do"—he made the query whimsically—"go about the world asking men to marry you? You might be refused, you know, and you wouldn't like that."

Ann started and quivered. "I'd at least have a chance," she said, doggedly, "a chance to be married to a—*man*. I wouldn't choose of my own free will a—weakling."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, comprehendingly. He was intensely amused. "I understand," he nodded. "You would fly high while you were about it—hitch your wagon to a star, so to speak. By the way—what do you call a—man?"

"A man!" repeated Ann, dreamily. Her mind recoiled at the definiteness of the question. It was difficult for her floating thoughts to be defined concretely. She hesitated, groped for a moment amid conflicting emotions, and then turned like a flash. "I'd call you—a man," she asserted, passionately. "I mean I feel you would—*could* be one if you could get out of—of your class!" The last words slipped from her instinctively.

He was silent for a moment. A great vacuity gaped between them. He laughed again, but this time there was little amusement in the note; it was surprised and contemptuous. "I see," he said; "I can't be a man in my—class. My class precludes manhood. . . . Pardon me if I say I fear you will never be a reformer."

"Oh, you don't understand," stammered Ann in agony. "I—I didn't mean that. I was unconsciously thinking of myself—of some one I could—could—you understand, don't you? I know that real—the real men are from your—that you are— Oh, please understand! From the people, I mean!"

"I quite understand," said the man. "I understand perfectly." Something had gone out of his voice that had been there before. He spoke casually. "In spite of being a workingman, I understand. I don't know much of women. I haven't had time for them, but I understand. . . . However, I repeat again, I'm afraid you'll never be a reformer."

Ann clasped her hands in her lap. A strange pang settled about her heart. The machine was bumping along the road. She felt the wind of dawn in her face. The voice of one of the men in the car behind came on a chance breeze.

"It is," said her companion, "a pretty big bill, you know—to reform, and you—Well, back there when you were working over the wreck, heaving and lifting with those wonderful arms, I thought you were pretty big, but now—" He paused, and for the first time since he had come out of the night to her Ann felt a sense of aloofness in him. He seemed to be an alien individual. "No," he said, "I'm afraid you're too—little. You may screw up courage to ask some man to marry you just to solve your individual problem—if you want him badly enough—but it takes something big, a great democracy of heart, to change the thought processes of the world. He suddenly pointed to some clustering lights ahead. "We've come to the parting of the ways," he said.

"The parting—of—the—ways," repeated Ann, mechanically, and for a moment she was conscious of nothing

but the rattling of the wheels of the machine—the whir of the old engine—the sight of the huddled farmer in the front seat—the vast, speechless night around about; of the moment lived—and escaping. Here beside each other, in a strange intimacy of thought and physical being, they were sitting this instant—and soon it would be past. This night would be but a past to look to, a memory to con over.

He was saying something perfunctorily about "it having been a pleasure to meet," and, with an emotion of acute pain, Ann put out her hand. "Don't say those things, please!" she begged. "I'm not *that* little."

The automobile bumped up to a wooden platform crowded with people. Ann caught a glimpse of a puffing engine on the track with a single car attached, of bobbing lights and excited faces.

The other automobile, following, slid up to the platform, and the occupants crowded out and came forward. Ann's face paled. Her lips quivered and she hesitated, but as she stepped down from the car the crowd moved back respectfully. She looked bewildered at the strange faces, heard the excited questions. Reporters were hemming them in, and again she heard the man's impatient, "I have nothing to say," as he waved them back.

She heard the station agent's voice, too, nasal, hurried, asking the old question, How many? How many? How many dead? How many lives lying stilled? Ann again felt a sudden prick of contrition that those lives meant so little to her.

How trivial her past perplexities, agonies, seemed in the vastness of this night! Just a short time ago she had talked of "class." Not a quarter of an hour ago. It had seemed a big thing that she was a gentleman's daughter and the living flesh that had worked beside her was called a workingman.

"Why," said Ann, unconsciously speaking aloud, "it doesn't matter at all, does it?"

"What doesn't matter?" The man at her shoulder spoke, and then, as she made no answer, said with a sort of blunt tenderness, "I will take you over to the lodging-house before I leave, if you are ready." He touched her arm with his hand as he spoke.

She looked up at him. Seen in the bleak light of the station-room his face looked more rugged than ever—gaunter. What was it that made him seem so big? His hands were grimed as hers were, and his short, dark hair covered with fallen splinters of wood. She looked in his eyes. "I am ready!" she said.

As they crossed the platform beside the puffing locomotive with its one lonely car attached, again the crowds parted before them, standing aside. She glanced at the locomotive almost in fear.

"You have to go—to-night?" she asked, uncertainly.

"Yes," said the man. The laconic speech, the lack of any conventional explanation, was disconcerting. He stretched out his strong hand and helped to guide her down the steps on to the muddy road. They picked their way along in silence. She longed to ask a thousand questions—intimate, curious questions about himself, about his life, his people, his thinking—but even with the desire there came over her an exquisite silence. It seemed somehow cheap to inquire—a seeking to snatch at a decent personal reticence.

Across the muddy country road which ran close by the station platform a square of dark building showed, twinkling with meager lights. Ann viewed it wanly. The man was silent and in a measure aloof from her. He was close and yet far.

They picked their way in silence over to where a rickety wooden fence showed. The man helped her from the road up on to the board sidewalk. They stood for several moments in silence, a strange, indefinite silence. Then he rather awkwardly removed his hat. He held out his hand. Ann put hers into it. Their fingers closed and locked.

So they stood, and then the man said, rather heavily, and with evident embarrassment, "I must go—"

Their fingers loosened, clung, and then fell away. He opened the gate, stepped back, hesitated again and held out his hand, got hers somehow, shook it and then turned inexorably away.

Ann watched him in an amazement of the soul! He couldn't go like this, so



Drawn by Gayle Hoskins

"YOU MAY CARE TO KNOW THAT YOU SEEMED—SEEMED FINE TO ME"

easily—as softly and inevitably as those people had died there. Why, it wasn't possible.

She took a step forward, quickly—reached for him—touched his sleeve. "Please," she said, and then, meeting his turning face, "Wait, please—" She laughed nervously. "The day is breaking," she whispered, irrelevantly. "See! It is daylight!"

He turned his grave face to the sky. Hills and trees, shapes and semblances were coming out of the darkness. The old feeling of lethargy was creeping over her. It was so pleasant to stand here and watch the dawn—so hard to speak. Would it be better to let him go? She would be safe then. It was hard to speak. Her lips trembled. She twisted her hands together, and then turned away her head. A cool morning breeze was floating up. She was grateful, as for the comforting caress of a mother. So far from her this man was, and so near.

She said in a whisper, her eyes dropped down to where a faint stubble of grass was pushing its way through the boarded sidewalk, "I—I am beginning—now."

"Beginning? Beginning what?"

"To—to be a reformer!" she whispered in agony.

He made a quick, surprised turn toward her. "A reformer?" he questioned, uneasily.

She pressed one hand over the other, and then took it away and put it shakily on the gate-post. "You—you are—" she said, shrinkingly—"you are—the kind of a man I could—I could like—would like—to know—better—"

There was an appalled silence. A monstrous silence it seemed to her. She suffered. She did not look at his face. She did not move a muscle, but she was as utterly conscious of him as if her eyes had been wide on his. She forced herself to go on, her hands clenched, her hot face turned away. "It doesn't matter," she gasped, "that I am a gentleman's daughter and you are—you are a—workingman. It doesn't matter at all. It came to me suddenly as I stood there and heard them asking about those lives—those little lives we pulled out from the wreck. I saw it didn't matter at all. It—it wouldn't be shameful at all, would it, for *you* to say you—you hoped you would *see* me again—that it was hard to let me go out of your life? There wouldn't be any disgrace in that, would there? But for me— Oh, don't you see how unjust it is? I'm human, too, even if I am a woman. I don't know what you are, except that you have told me you are of the people, but I do know that you are a—man. I may be ashamed, I may cover my face and *die* of shame to-morrow when I think of what I have done, but perhaps even if you are not—not interested in ever seeking me again, you may care to know that you seemed—seemed *fine* to me; that you are the kind of a man I could like even if you are a workingman."

Something in her voice, something deep and pure and virginal, crystallized a wavering intention. The man hesitated—turned toward her and caught her hands. Surprised, half awed, he looked into her face—deep into her eyes he looked. His hands trembled and a thrill passed from his hands to hers—a strange, elusive thrill unlike anything else on earth, and yet strangely and universally like everything on earth and in heaven. He pulled her toward him, astonished, abashed; and then suddenly he threw back his head and laughed. His laugh rang over the morning meadows up to the rosy sky. It was the rare, full-throated laugh of a great heart, heavy with humanity's care, yet childlike before the gift of young hope. "So you could like me even if I am a workingman?" he cried, gaily; and just at that instant, as they stood with locked hands and wondering eyes seeking acquaintance, a figure emerged from the shadow of the roadway. It approached and stood deferentially with bared head. A voice spoke.

Ann caught the words "Albany," "special," "Governor."

But the man would not let go of her hands or take his eyes from her eyes. "Even if I *am* a workingman!" he cried, boyishly.

And from that time forward Ann became to her sisters "Dear Ann—"

On the Indian Railway

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

MY journey across India was broken by many changes of trains, by stops at cities, by side trips on small branch railways, but all trains in my memory become the same; and, as I look back to those days within the cars, two recollections stand out above all others—the dust, the flaming sun. I kept my windows shut, yet dust poured through the cracks. It filled the car, lay thick upon the seats. My helmet was white with it, my hair looked as though it had been powdered. Always on the south side I kept the shutters closed, yet here and there the sun would enter, and its light, striking on the dust, lay across the car in surging beams. Through the north windows, the panes tinted to protect the eyes, I looked out upon the passing country. I saw heat quivering on the fields, parched and baking soil, cracked mud huts with monkeys perched upon them, peacocks upon walls. Long-legged birds rose lazily from the ground, disturbed by the train, and through the dust elephants loomed laden with native country folk. Then, as we passed by villages, I would catch glimpses of banian-trees, of bullock-carts, of people with black arms and legs and flaring turbans, of spires of temples with pigeons flying white against the deep-blue sky.

Save for the dust, my compartment was always comfortable, far different from the third-class cars ahead jammed with natives. There were usually two full-length, leather-covered sofas, one on each side of the car, one of which became my bed at night; an arm-chair at the end of each sofa, plenty of racks for baggage, a long mirror, a door opening to a lavatory with running water (once there was a bath-room with full-sized tub), and many times another door into a narrow space running across the car where my native servant rode.

It is easy to travel in India, though your luggage be mountainous, if you have a native servant. At the stations where I got off, mine would appear followed by a stream of coolies. I would step, empty-handed, from the train to the carriage. In a few minutes my belongings would be heaped upon the rack behind, upon the seat in front, upon the driver's box, and Lakhshman, pouring coppers into the coolies' outstretched hands, would climb up beside the driver and, with cracking whip, we would be off for the hotel. Lakhshman was tall, his skin was very dark, and he dressed in spotless white, his turban mounting above his brow in countless folds. His beard was black and bushy. He looked a very Hindu god, suggesting well his namesake, Lakhshman, one of the avatars of Vishnu, the brother of Rama.

You read in the writings of the Abbé Dubois that a Brahman who but steps into the shadow of a low-caste Hindu must hasten home to bathe and cleanse himself from contamination. No such fear of Brahmans for defiling shadows do you observe within the third-class Indian railway coaches. Here Brahman, Vaisya, Sudra, the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, crowd and jostle. The windows become wedged with heads and arms. Between chinks you catch glimpses of the jammed interiors. Beggars, you see, clothed only in scant rags; sleek Brahmans with sacred cords across their shoulders; Gurus, clad in écru, their heads shaved, with gold beads about their necks and grasping ivory and silver staves; peasant women with children at their breasts; others in flaming silks, arms laden with bangles; *purdah* women also, hidden in white from head to foot, with large glass holes for eyes.

At stations come the clicks of locks, the doors fly open, the crowds pour out upon the platforms. Venders roll up

tables with eatables for sale—betel-nut, *ghee* or melted butter, strange-looking cakes, and hot pans filled with frying things, smelling of grease and pouring off blue smoke. The natives throng about the tables, buying greedily, bargaining with loud voices. The question of a fraction of an anna brings forth a burst of yells. The native Hindu lives to bargain. Sometimes he strives to bargain for his ticket. He does not realize that the price to ride upon the British railway is unalterably fixed.

I remember a station in Rajputana. The platform had been filled with natives that had been waiting for the train. They were gorgeously costumed. The turbans of the men were orange and vermilion. Their coats were vivid blue, bedecked with flowers. Their slippers were embroidered with silver. Many carried long, curved swords with inlaid hilts. The skirts of the women were trimmed with gold. Their bangles flashed and jangled. Their toe-rings glittered. With the piping whistle from the engine all scrambled on board the train. Doors slammed. At the last moment there came the sound of an excited voice. At the ticket-window a native, evidently new at railway travel, was trying to bargain with the clerk. He was fat and well-to-do, dressed in silk, and wore a chain of turquoise beads. With the toot from the engine, with loud vociferations, he threw down the full price of his ticket and came running across the platform. He was too late. The doors were closed. The train was moving. He ran after it, his turban flying, shouting and whirling his arms. From the windows of the train lines of dusky heads gazed back at him.

Upon the Indian railway there is no roar, no towering locomotives rush headlong with whirl of wind and cinders, vomiting billows of black vapor. The trains of India sit low upon the tracks, jog complacently across the sun-baked country, half hidden in a haze of heat and dust. The crew of an Indian train consists chiefly of the engineer. There are no brakemen in blue cloth and brass buttons, no pompous conductor, no obsequious train-man with ticket-puncher to work his way along the running-board. A rather sorry-looking individual with bare legs, a tattered coat, and a dilapidated cap which has slipped down upon his ear, who goes for the lack of a better name by that of guard, is occasionally to be seen sauntering aimlessly along a station platform; but he speaks no English, and if you need information, and question him with aid



SOME OF THE MULTITUDE OF TYPES AMONG INDIAN TRAVELERS

of your native servant, you find that he has no ideas and will only gaze at you blankly, or else tell you to wait for the next important station where you may ask the station-master. The engineer himself is generally a Hindu. Sometimes you see a Mohammedan at the throttle with his fez and tassel, but for the most part the engine-driver wears a turban and a caste-mark adorns his forehead.

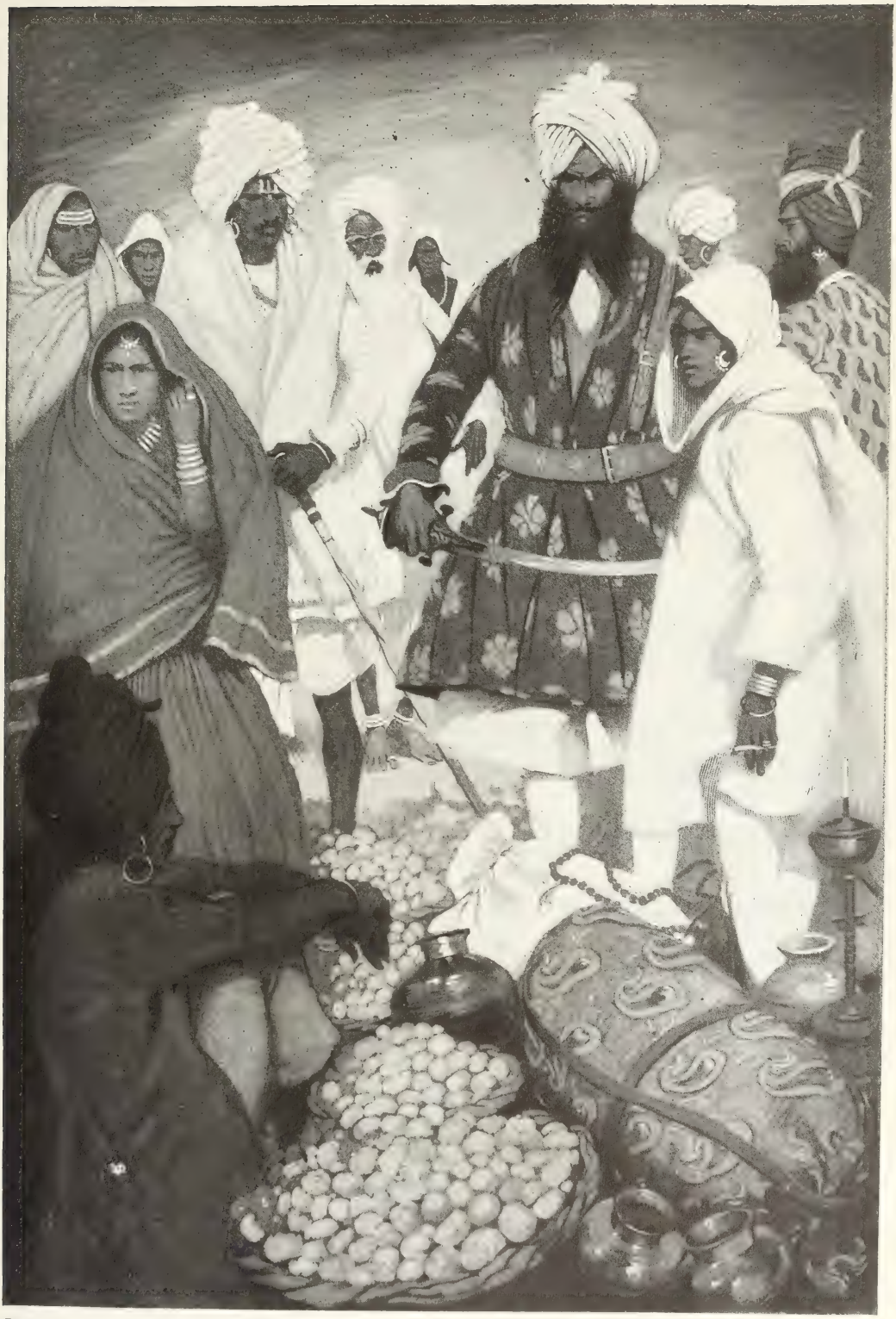
His caste-mark is vital to the engineer. Once at the lower station of Benares—the Kashi station at the bridge where the railway crosses the river—my train was kept waiting while the engine-driver had a new design painted on his brow, the old one having been obliterated by steam and soot. At this station I had a final vision of the Hindu's holy city. It was late afternoon, the sun was setting, and the sky was golden. The Ganges reflected the sunlight like a mirror. On the west bank rose the jumble of the city. I could see the flights of ghats descending to the river and the throngs bathing in the holy water. From the burning ghat a column of smoke rose straight into the air, then spread, hanging in thin layers above the temple spires. As at most stations, the platform was filled with waiting natives; this time it was a pilgrimage homeward bound. They were a disheveled lot, clad in every sort of rag or garment, each person grasping a pot or bottle filled with Ganges water. Fakirs and holy men mingled in the crowd, daubed with sandalwood paste, with their conch-shells and their beads, and their long hair in knots and tangles. Every one was at last aboard, but still the train stood motionless. The engine waited panting, steam hissing. The engineer was not yet ready. He had his turban off, and was on his heels before a half-clothed priest who with his thumb was scooping a bright-red substance from a bowl, and with wide sweeps of his arm was describing flamboyant lines upon the forehead of the engineer—lines sacred to the great god Siva.



HINDU WOMAN WITH NOSE ORNAMENT

The job of engine-driver is a trying one for Hindus. There is always danger of running down some sacred animal. I remember once my train was steaming across a waste of yellow sand. Suddenly there was a shriek from the engine, the brakes ground upon the wheels, and we came to an abrupt stop. The doors flung open. Everybody got out and streamed forward to the head of the train. A cow was lying on the track, a zebu, one of the white, humpbacked cattle of India. It was a poor, hollow-ribbed creature which must have strayed from a village to become lost upon the desert. The engineer bent over it. He was a tall Rajput with an immense turban stained with oil. He had had a narrow escape. The cow is the most sacred of all animals, and had he not seen this one in time and had run it down, he would have had to expiate his crime, no doubt, with many gifts and feasts to Brahmans. With pulls upon its horns and tail the cow was gotten to its feet. A woman passenger draped marigolds about its neck, and then the engineer and another fierce-whiskered Rajput, each grasping one of the animal's horns, led it gently away from the railway track. The passengers climbed back into the cars, the whistle blew, and we moved on, leaving the animal standing motionless looking after us across the desert.

The Indian locomotive is always taking water. At every station there is a tank, and while the train is standing at the platform, above the noises and cries



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN—A STATION-PLATFORM SCENE IN RAJPUTANA

of the people, you hear the gush of water, and, if you look forward, you see the beturbaned engineer busy with a dripping water-pipe. The tanks are usually supplied from a well or near-by river, but in the desert lands rivers are few and wells are not always to be trusted.

At one village where we stopped the tank was empty. Its well had gone dry. The engineer and station-master consulted together. There was another well, the station-master said, a mile farther down the road. It belonged to a farmer, and still had water in it. There was yet steam enough in the engine's boiler to carry the train a mile or so, and soon we had drawn up in a sandy stretch of country where only a few yellow patches of grass were to be seen, and where a lean, black Hindu was rhythmically bending and rising above a well, pouring out little bucketfuls of water upon the parched surface of his field. The lean Hindu was the farmer, and for one rupee he agreed to sell enough water to carry the train on to the next station. The engineer came down along the train, calling upon the passengers for help, and soon was formed a line of dark-skinned figures stretching from the engine to the well. The farmer had two shallow pails. These went back and forth along the line, and little by little, drop by drop, the water of the well passed into the tank of the locomotive. When the train resumed its journey we were three hours late.



THE ENGINEER IS GENERALLY A TURBANED HINDU

As I left Rajputana and got farther north into the provinces, the types of natives changed. The gaudy costumes disappeared—the flowered coats, the voluminous skirts. The women now wore trousers. Sikhs were to be seen—towering men, with tightly curled beards; Afghans, too, from the Khyber Pass; slanting-eyed Mongolians from Tibet and the Himalayas. Then, farther east beyond Delhi, I began to see folk from Calcutta way—the Bengalis. These had a mixture of European and Asiatic dress. They wore frock-coats or cutaways, closely fitting, beneath which emerged loose *dhoti* cloths and long, bare legs. Upon one individual with abnormally long, lean legs I saw a derby hat.

At one country station a snake-charmer came before my door, looking up at me with visions of bakshish. He had large, bony joints and a yellow caste-mark which ran down from his forehead along the bridge of his nose. He squatted on the platform, undoing the ropes from his basket and spreading out its contents. There was a pot with a cobra emerging from it, a giant lizard, a sort of Gila monster, scorpions of various sizes, and an assortment of whistles and curious-looking bottles. A

crowd gathered as the man began to blow upon his pipe, watching me with one eye, his swaying cobra with the other. But he had hardly started before the station-master had come up, followed by a native policeman. Snake-charmers were not allowed to display their zoological collections upon the platform, and he was led away, protesting volubly, through the station gates.

The station-master is lord of the Indian village railway station. He is the sole official. He is ticket-agent, telegraph-operator, baggage-master, information clerk, lamp-man, trackman, man-of-all-work. He is usually an easy-going Englishman, rather bored with life, becoming somewhat indolent from the effects of Indian sun. Braid glitters on his helmet, and among the villagers his word is law. Sometimes he serves as justice of the peace, and the village folk are brought before him with their squabblings and their fallings-out. Then you see him, on the platform, in the shadow of the station, leaning back lazily in his folding-chair, his hands clasped behind his head, his legs stretched out, hearing and settling the disputes of the wide-eyed, gesticulating, loud-tongued natives.



A SNAKE-CHARMER AND HIS OUTFIT

When an English army officer takes a train, all other passengers fall back into insignificance. After all, it is for him the trains are run. He is generally tall, his eyebrows bushy, his face scorched by sun. He is dressed in khaki and wears a medal on his breast hanging from a strip of many-colored ribbon. He drives up to the station late, with clatter of hoofs and swirls of dust. As he steps through the gates the station-master hurries up with bows, and escorts him to the compartment which has been reserved for him. The officer's baggage fills the platform. His servant, perhaps a Hindu from Madras, his long hair tied into a knot, strides about giving orders to coolies who stream to and fro staggering beneath trunks and boxes. The van is soon choked with baggage, the compartment heaped with bundles. There are portmanteaus and creaking hampers; crates of bottled water; valises and bulging carryalls; enormous rolls of bedding; a rubber bath-tub and a queer-shaped hat-box; a folding-table, a cage with a noisy bird in it; a doll and a child's perambulator; polo-sticks, knapsacks, and guns. It is long past the scheduled hour of departure. Everybody else is long aboard. From the third-class cars Hindu faces lean out watching. As the last box is lifted to the back of a groaning coolie, again is heard a clatter, a rattle of wheels, and the officer's wife drives up. She walks across the platform swiftly, her long veil

blowing out behind. An ayah follows, shrouded in white, with two children by the hand, who in turn are leading a toy elephant on wheels and a frisking puppy-dog. Then comes a burst of English voices, of barks and children's trebles, of yells from coolies as the servant pours coppers in their hands. The station-master looks inquiringly at the officer, who nods and steps into the car. The last door slams. The station-master waves his arms and blows his whistle. There is an answering toot from the engine, and, as the coolies drop exhausted on the platform, the train begins to move.

Train connections are poor in India. You change cars often, and now and again you find yourself at night stranded upon a junction platform to await for hours the coming of another train. At night the stations are black and silent. The crowds of the day have vanished. The hot sun has given place to a penetrating chill, and you draw your cloak in close about you. There are no lights save, maybe, every now and then the ever-wakeful station-master steals stealthily about, throwing glimmers from his lantern. As you go up and down the platform you stumble over heaps of baggage; bundles under dim white coverings emerge through the gloom. Perhaps if you collide with one it moves and grunts, and you find it is a native enveloped in his blanket, hunched up against the cold. From the end of the platform you look out into a world of blackness. No signals wink upon the tracks. Only the stars twinkle. Their light shimmers faintly on the rails. At the right, maybe, a ghostly temple looms, and through the night there comes a high-pitched chant—a Hindu calling upon Rama.

I remember the small junction station at Chitorgarh, not far from Udaipur, and the long wait I had there one night. My car had been side-tracked to be attached to another train. I had had my evening meal there in the car. Lakhshman had gotten out the tiffin-basket, had lighted the alcohol-stove—or Etna, as the English call it—had made tea and boiled an egg. It was dark in the car. The flicker from the lamp in the roof gave less light than had the small, blue alcohol flame. The tiffin-basket had now been put away. I had strode about outside beneath the stars until the cold had penetrated beneath my cloak, and now in the car I sat huddled in a rug. The hours dragged by.

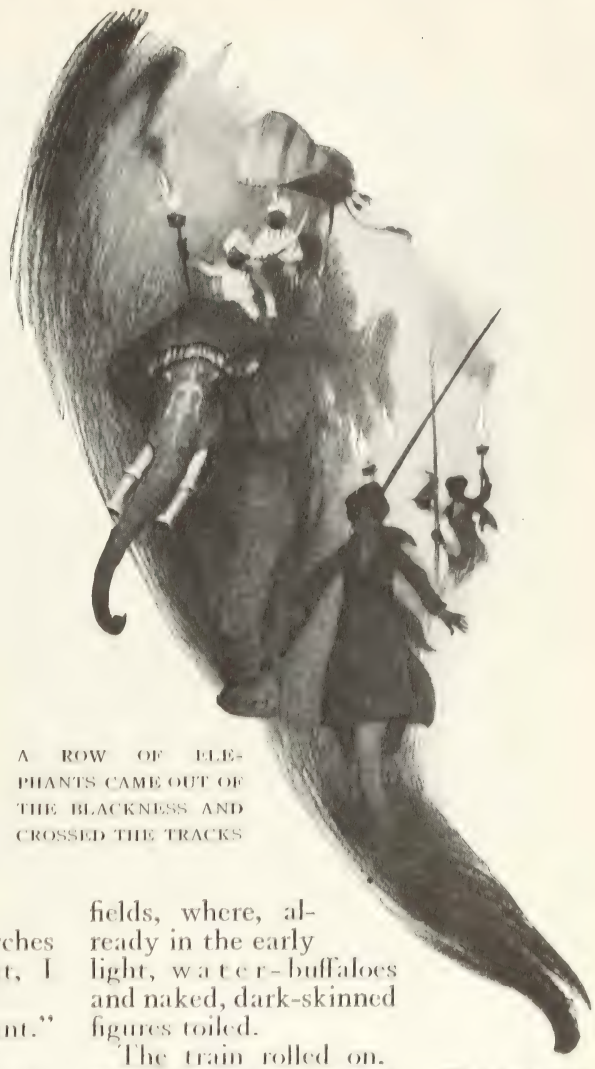
I remember it was just before dawn and I was half asleep when Lakhshman appeared suddenly before me. "Sahib! sahib!" he exclaimed in his



WATER-BUFFALOES AND DARK-SKINNED FIGURES TOIL IN THE FLOODED RICE-FIELDS

guttural, which seemed to well up from his heels. "Come!"

I climbed down from the car, following him off into the darkness down the tracks, stumbling over ties and rails, to a place where a sandy road crossed the railway. Here we stopped and waited, and all at once there came a glow of light, the sound of voices, the tread of heavy feet, and a row of elephants came out of the blackness and crossed the tracks, trumpeting. They towered and swayed against the night. White-clad figures rode upon their backs, grasping torches which flared and spluttered and threw vast, inky shadows. The light leaped from figure to figure, from howdah to howdah. I saw gold upon the trappings, paint upon the elephants' heads, and made out in the shadows of the ground other figures upon foot with poles and glint of guns and spears. Upon the tallest of the elephants a single figure rode. The light of a torch fell full upon him. I saw the blackness of his beard and caught the glitter of jewels about his neck.



A ROW OF ELEPHANTS CAME OUT OF THE BLACKNESS AND CROSSED THE TRACKS

When all had gone by, and the torches had been swallowed by the night, I turned inquiringly to Lakhshman.

"*Maharana*," he replied, "tiger hunt."

The last stage of my journey was by night to Calcutta. I awoke in the morning to a country thick with mist through which the first rays of the sun were penetrating. Palms towered through the mist; there were forests of bamboo. Then came clearings and flooded rice-fields, where, already in the early light, water-buffaloes and naked, dark-skinned figures toiled.

The train rolled on. The mists melted rapidly. The sun was quickly growing hot. Signs of civilization began to show themselves—modern buildings, a factory, a well-paved highway. Lakhshman appeared and began to roll up my bedding. We were nearing Calcutta.



Nicholas Woodman

BY ALICE BROWN

ONE December night the school - house where Louisa Lovett had taught for three years burned to the ground, and Louisa, who boarded at the Soules, stood at the window with Almira Soule, both muffled in shawls over the wrappers they had hastily donned, and watched it burn. Louisa felt almost as if it were her house, because it had been her home and battle-ground ever since her mother died and left her quite alone, save for Great-aunt Hannah, at Deer Pond. But she was a little startled at herself now to find she was not sorry to see the school-house go. She was even glad, in a queer, excited way. Almira Soule, a little, sandy-haired woman frowning above near-sighted eyes, felt differently. She was more or less afraid for her husband who, with the other men of the neighborhood, had gone to the fire; he might risk himself, or a beam might fall on him. She stepped hastily to the stove and put another stick on the fire she had started up, and she rattled the stove-cover furiously in her haste to get back to the window.

"Who d' you s'pose set it?" she inquired, again at her post, while the flames ran high.

"Some tramp," said Louisa. "Maybe he started up a fire and then went off to sleep, and some of the coals tumbled out. That stove door always was bewitched."

"I don't know what good the menfolks thought they could do, flockin' over there," said Almira, dropping the shawl from her shoulders, now the room had begun to pulsate with heat.

"Oh, well," said Louisa, "let 'em go. Maybe they like to see it burn."

"I guess they'll sing a different song when the town has to vote money to build another," said Almira. "I guess they'll laugh out o' t'other side o' their mouths."

Louisa wondered if she ought to be laughing out of the other side of her own mouth instead of looking on in this excited pleasure. She had never seen a fire. It seemed to her worth while to build a school-house, if only to let it burn. She, too, dropped her shawl, and stood there in an unconsciously heroic pose. She was a handsome, robust creature, with brown eyes and hair alive to its curling tips, and, watching the flames, she unconsciously breathed faster and threw out her firm chest in longing and delight. She wanted to be nearer, either fighting them or rejoicing with them.

"What do you s'pose they'll do?" asked Almira, absently. "The menfolks, I mean. D' you s'pose they'll set up a school in the meetin'-house? There's nowhere else."

"I don't know," said Louisa, recklessly. "Whatever they do, they won't get me to keep it—not for one spell."

"Why, Louisa Lovett," said Almira, bending her frowning eyes on the darkness between them, "I never thought you'd want to give up keepin' school."

"I don't know 's I do," said Louisa, "for good. But seeing it burn up makes me feel as if I'd got to do something different myself. Maybe it's glad it's burning. Maybe it had to, 'twas so tired of doing the same things."

"My sakes!" said Almira. "You do have the queerest notions." But she did not omit to watch. She had far more interest in the burning school-house than in Louisa's notions.

"I believe," said Louisa, "I'll start to-morrow and go over to Deer Pond and make Aunt Hannah a visit."

"Don't you do any such thing," said Almira. "You stay on here and help me with little Elvin's clo'es. You'll more 'n pay for what you eat."

Louisa knew that. She was an excellent seamstress. Through the vacations she had gone out dressmaking for a dol-



Engraved by Nelson Demarest

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

SOON THEY WERE PELTING ALONG A STRAIGHT ROAD BETWEEN BARE TREES

lar and a half a day, and it seemed to her if she kept on ten years or so, until she was a little over thirty, she could buy back the farm and save something besides.

"No," she said; "I guess I better go."

But in her heart she was not thinking of Aunt Hannah and Deer Pond, but of the fun it would be to break off her life here for a little while and join it on somewhere else. Here she had hardly looked up from her task, and with every gay spurt of the school-house flames she realized more and more how much she wanted to see other faces and another sky. Louisa was full of the force that is life itself, and perhaps that had made her work so absorbedly. Perhaps, too, she had to work, to keep her mind from traveling back to the days when father and mother were alive and the farm had not been sold.

"It's cold as Greenland over to Deer Pond," said Almira. "They're all snowed in. You stay here and work 'round; and as fur as the school goes, give the men-folks time to look about 'em and see what they can do."

"No," said Louisa, still with her soft obstinacy that often seemed about to yield but never did; "I guess I'll go. I feel as if I was pretty much worked out."

The next day, not waiting to walk down with the other women to look at the school-house ashes and wonder what the men would do, she packed her trunk and took the stage for Roads End, and there she took the train for Longmeadow, the nearest station to Deer Pond. It was a gray day, and when she got out at Longmeadow little frosty pellets of snow were stinging through the air. She knew Aunt Hannah's house was four miles off, but it had been a long time since she had been there, and she had forgotten whether a stage ran that way or not. There was no stage, the station-master told her. He was a short, stout man, with a black, roundabout whisker and face blue-black in the tract covered by the razor, and he was juggling with battered milk-cans.

"No," said he, "you'll have to hoof it unless you can ketch a ride. What 'd I tell ye! Here's Nicholas Woodman. You could ride along with him."

A tall man with a rawboned horse came driving up in his pung. He stepped out and began to collect milk-cans. He had powerful shoulders, and his brown eyes were kind. His fine, large nose and sturdy chin made Louisa think she had seen somebody like him, and she concluded it was the pictures of Colonial heroes in the history-book. She thought he must be a distinguished person, perhaps a representative. The station-master asked him if he wanted a passenger down to Hannah Lovett's, and he seemed at once to want the passenger very much. He could take the trunk, too, he said, and chuck in the cans in front. After these details he looked at Louisa with a shy motion toward his hat. But he didn't take it off. It almost seemed as if he wanted to, but found the conventional motion hard to accomplish. But he helped her in, with a sober gallantry, and they drove swinging off through the spraylike snow. Soon they were pelting along a straight road between bare trees with beautiful branches, and the snow was coming more and more. Louisa loved it. She loved the fields on each side, great meadow mowings, for Deer Pond was a flat country, and for the last few years she had been shut in by hills. Here, she felt, was space enough. You could see the sky, and the sun would rise as soon as you could expect him to, not come dawdling up late behind a hill.

"So you're goin' down to Hannah Lovett's?" Nicholas remarked. He felt that he had, in decency, to make some talk.

"Yes," said Louisa, speaking from the shrouding collar of her coat. "She's my aunt."

"Oh!" said Nicholas. Then he added, after five minutes perhaps, while the slabsided horse went swinging along at a great pace, now and then throwing up a clod of snow, "You tell her I'm comin' to see her one o' these days."

"Why," said Louisa, innocently, "can't you see her to-day? I guess she's at home."

Nicholas did not answer for a moment, and Louisa looked at him. His mouth was set and his eyes were frowning. He looked very stern. But immediately his face broke delightfully into a smile, and he turned to meet her, look for look.

"You tell her," said he, "I'll be along some day."

After that they did not talk much, the snow made such a blur about them and had such a persistency in hanging on their eyelashes and sifting into their necks. When they drove up to Aunt Hannah's little yellow house behind the two tall pines, and Nicholas stepped out and held a hand to her, Louisa gave a little laugh of pleasure.

"Oh," said she, "I've had a lovely ride!"

His face lighted again in that wonderful way. "Have you?" said he. "Maybe you'll go sometime when it's fair."

"Oh," said Louisa, feeling bold, "I'd be pleased to."

Aunt Hannah came to the door, slender and strong, quavering of voice, but gently positive in opinion, looking, the neighbors always said, as if the wind would blow her away, but wiry enough to last forever.

"My soul!" said she. "Louisa, this ain't you?"

"Yes, it is," said Louisa. "I've come to make you a visitation."

Nicholas Woodman had lifted out her trunk and set it on the steps. Then he took it gently in, end for end. He had proper respect for painted floors.

"Where 'll ye have it?" he asked Aunt Hannah, who had shut out the storm and now opened the best bedroom door, the one out of the parlor.

"Right in here," said she.

Louisa, in an agitation of shyness, pulled out her purse. But when he came back she could only dumbly take a step toward him, the purse in her hand. Whether he saw it or not, she did not know. He walked hastily past her, gave her the pleasant smile again, and shut the door on himself softly. Louisa ran to the window and saw him gather up the reins and speed the rawboned, horse away.

"Oh," said she, as Aunt Hannah, having touched a match to the kindling of the air-tight stove in the best room, came out to speed up the kitchen fire, "I didn't pay him. I didn't know how."

"Law, no!" said Aunt Hannah. "You don't want to pay him. He'd been real put out. He's a neighbor."

Louisa returned her purse thoughtfully to her hand-bag, and they both sat down to enjoyment of the fire. Aunt Hannah's cheeks had each a red spot, and her eyes burned a bright, pale blue. She was exceedingly glad Louisa had come.

"You 'ain't told me how you managed to get off," she said, "term-time so. You 'ain't lost your school?"

"No," said Louisa, turning up her dress, as she saw Aunt Hannah doing, to warm her knees. She went on and told the story of the burning school-house, and Aunt Hannah listened in the greatest interest. "So I thought," said Louisa, "I'd come over and see you. I don't know 's I shall ever want to go back, there's so much sky here."

"Sky?" said Aunt Hannah. "Well, I guess we've got all the sky there is. No, you can't outstay your welcome. You better conclude to make this your home. I should admire to have you."

"Aunt Hannah," said Louisa, suddenly, "isn't that a funny man?"

"Who?" Aunt Hannah inquired.

"The one that brought me. He told me to tell you he was coming to see you, and there he was on the way to this house. And when he got here he didn't speak a word except to ask where to put my trunk."

"Oh," said Aunt Hannah, comfortably, "he didn't mean see me that way. He meant he was comin' 'round to pay me for the hay."

"What hay?"

"Why, he bought my standin' grass, and he 'ain't paid me for it. That's what he means."

"Not since he cut it?" said Louisa, opening her eyes. "Not since last July?"

"June it was," said Aunt Hannah, smoothing her skirt down over her knees, "the thirteenth o' June."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said Louisa. "I shouldn't have thought he was that kind of a man."

"Oh, Nicholas Woodman's as good as gold," said Aunt Hannah. "I'd as soon have his word as his bond."

"Then why don't he pay you?"

"Why, I s'pose he 'ain't got 'round to it."

Louisa was persistent. She never could see why it wasn't best to do a

thing in the right way. "But why shouldn't he get 'round to it?" she demanded.

"I dunno," said Aunt Hannah, in a mild reflection. "The Woodmans are easy-goin', set as they be, and I s'pose he kind o' lets it slip. When he has the money in his pocket he ain't comin' by this way, and when he's comin' this way he don't happen to have the money."

"You don't suppose he can't afford to pay?" said Louisa. Instantly she was sorry for him.

"Mercy, no," said Aunt Hannah. "Nicholas Woodman's got money in the bank."

"Have you asked him for it?" persisted Louisa.

Aunt Hannah looked at her in a blank amazement. "No, I guess I 'ain't. If I asked him for it he never'd pay me in the world."

Now Louisa stared back, incredulous. "Why not?" asked she.

"Why, I dunno. He wouldn't, that's all. The Woodmans are terrible odd. Sometimes it don't crop out in 'em till they're goin' on into middle life. Sometimes it don't at all. But they're odd."

"You could send him a bill," said Louisa, with the air of having hit upon a cheerful solution.

Aunt Hannah stared at her as if she could not believe her ears. "Louisa," said she, "I should think you was crazy. Now you set right here and I'm goin' to get you a cup o' tea." As she stirred briskly about the stove, she delivered what she intended for the last words of the discussion. "But I never should think the worse o' Nicholas Woodman, never in the world. Some day it 'll come into his head, and he'll stop at the door and pay up."

Louisa wanted to make herself agreeable to Aunt Hannah, yet she, too, could not resist a last word.

"But," said she, "he stopped at the door to-day. And he came in and brought my trunk."

"Well," said Aunt Hannah, with dignity, "maybe he didn't have his wallet. It's a matter o' thirty dollars. Very few folks keep so much money by 'em. You like oolong or a pinch o' green?"

The next day was full of sun-shining on the snow, and Louisa continued having a beautiful time. She and Aunt Hannah cooked more than they could eat because they both loved to try old recipes. Aunt Hannah said it didn't pay to cook for one, and she had the same things day in day out, being alone so. In the afternoons they sat by the front windows and sewed. Louisa wondered if she should see Nicholas Woodman go by with the tall horse. She hoped he would stop and pay his debt. It quite hurt her to find him so negligent.

"Does Mr. Woodman live on this road?" she asked one day when she and Aunt Hannah were turning sheets, sewing over 'n' over.

"Yes," said Aunt Hannah, "a matter o' three mile toward the gulch. He's got a great barn of a house, but it's fixed up complete. His housekeeper 's colored, but she's neat as wax."

"Doesn't he go by here to carry milk?"

"Oh no; it's nearer to go by the gulch road. You ain't thinkin' o' that thirty dollars, be you? If you be, you better take your mind off and think o' suthin' else."

Louisa made no answer. She was really thinking of that and something else so mingled that it was hard to separate them. Why didn't he come and take her sleigh-riding? That was the second thing. "But there!" she said to herself, "I don't suppose it ever came into his head again."

There were not many neighbors on the Deer Pond road, and very soon Louisa had renewed acquaintance with them all. One day she came in triumphant from a call on Eliza Ann Parks, who went out dressmaking and kept track of all the news.

"Your Nicholas Woodman isn't so much to blame as I thought he was," said Louisa, warming her hands at the kitchen stove, while Aunt Hannah, sewing by the window, looked benevolently up over her glasses. "That is, he's to blame, but not any more now than he has been for all these months. His uncle's died, and he's been away."

"You don't tell me old Uncle Si Woodman's gone at last?" said Aunt Hannah. "Well, I thought he'd live to bury us all. Nick 'll come in for suthin' hand-

some there, or I'll miss my guess. Silas Woodman never spent a three-cent piece without lookin' at it twice. Fur 's I can see, Nick 'll have the whole."

"Then," said Louisa, obstinately, "he can pay you your thirty dollars."

But Aunt Hannah looked severely down on her work and would not speak.

It was this same night that the great wind came up and blew down five lengths of the front fence. Aunt Hannah watched it from the window, and once she took off her spectacles and wiped away the tears.

"That fence has been here ever since mother was," she said. "Seems if I couldn't bear to see it go."

"Never mind," said Louisa. "You can have another just exactly like it. 'Twon't take it long to weather, and you'll forget 'tisn't the same one."

"I don't know," said Aunt Hannah. "Fences cost money."

All that forenoon Louisa went about with her lips tight shut. Once when she passed the window and saw the wrecked fence-lengths lying on the crust she did speak, though only to herself. "I call it a shame," said she.

"What 'd you say?" inquired Aunt Hannah. She had felt poorly ever since the tragedy, and she was heartening herself with a cup of pepper tea.

"Oh, nothing," said Louisa. "I was just talking to myself, that's all."

But that afternoon, when Aunt Hannah was feeling a little calmer, Louisa sat down at the kitchen table with pen and ink, and in her best hand made out a bill. She regarded it seriously for a moment and then carried it to Aunt Hannah, again by the window, sewing. But it was the side window this time. Aunt Hannah could not bear to look at her ruined fence.

"What is it?" she asked, and Louisa held out the paper without a word. Aunt Hannah looked at it frowningly. Louisa's handwriting always did trouble her, but this was written large and plain. "'Nicholas Woodman,'" she read, "'to Hannah Lovett, debtor.' Oh, Louisa, you mustn't send that, never in the world! I couldn't let you."

Louisa did not speak, and Aunt Hannah looked up at her and her heart quailed. So Louisa's father had sometimes looked when he had borne a great deal and had decided to bear no more. It seemed to Aunt Hannah a bitter thing to have so much to endure in one day—the loss of her fence and the discovery of that look on Louisa's face.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," said Louisa, firmly, "a great, strong man like that, selling milk and inheriting money, and your fence blowing down and you having to stop twice to think whether you can build it up again."

"Why, bless you," said Aunt Hannah, "you can't build fences till the frost's out o' the ground. You couldn't dig the post-holes."

"I don't care whether you could or not," said Louisa. Her eyes brightened, and Aunt Hannah, at that dauntless signal, was almost afraid of her. "Anyway, it 'll be a comfort to know you've got the money to build it when you do want to."

"Well, I have got it," said Aunt Hannah, weakly—"as good as got it. It couldn't be safer anywhere in the world than 'tis with Nicholas Woodman."

Louisa took the bill and folded it, Aunt Hannah watching her with pleading eyes. She tucked it into the envelope she had addressed in her fair, large hand and sealed it with a serious care.

"There!" said she. "Now I'll run in to Lizy Ann's and ask her to mail it. She's going to the street this afternoon."

"Oh, forever!" said Aunt Hannah, wildly. "You can't do that. By night it 'll be all over town."

"She won't know it's a bill," said Louisa, getting her hat and coat.

"What do you s'pose she'll think 'tis?"

"Oh, I don't know. A note, maybe, asking him to take me to ride." Louisa laughed here, but it was, she told herself, at her own foolishness.

Aunt Hannah saw nothing to laugh at. "My soul!" said she. "I should think you were crazed."

"All right," said Louisa. "I won't give it to Lizy Ann. I'll walk over to the street myself."

Aunt Hannah groaned. "I never heard of such a thing in my life," said she. "Walk way over there, two mile and a quarter, to send a bill that hadn't ought to be sent anyways."

But Louisa, with a quiet and settled dignity, was drawing on her gloves. She took the envelope from the table and turned away, but at the door she stopped and looked back. She stood there, arrested by the helpless misery of Aunt Hannah's face.

"Don't you look like that," said Louisa. "Of course I won't mail it if you say not. It's your business, anyway."

"It ain't the bill," said Aunt Hannah, miserably. "It's what Nicholas Woodman 'll think. He's terrible odd."

"Is that all?" said Louisa. "Well, I don't care what he thinks. I'll be odd, too."

So she walked out, holding the envelope in plain view, as if she defied all possible eyes to challenge it, and went along the winter road to the street. But she did not have to mail the bill. At the post-office she saw the rawboned horse, only now he was harnessed into a shiny red sleigh with an abundance of robes, and coming down the post-office steps was Nicholas Woodman himself. He was "dressed up"—Louisa could see that—freshly shaved, and with a fine great-coat and soft felt hat. His loose blue tie was carefully arranged. He stopped. The smile she remembered ran over his face. Even his eyes crinkled up.

"Hullo!" said he. "You here? Can't I give you a ride?"

Louisa felt a sudden drop in the degree of her satisfaction. It came over her at once that she could not send him a bill mysteriously likely to rouse his oddity and then expect him to take her home. It did not occur to her until later that she need not deliver the bill at all. Aunt Hannah didn't want her to. Nicholas Woodman was hardly likely to wish it. But some undaunted justice within her still cried aloud to be fulfilled. So she stepped a pace nearer and tendered him the envelope.

"No, thank you," said she. "I guess I better walk. Here's something for you."

He took it, and Louisa turned away and went down the street. She walked along to the dry-goods store and went in, resolved not to come out again until Nicholas Woodman had driven the rawboned horse away. An attentive clerk came to her, and she bought pins, and took a long time selecting them, and when she went out there was no sign of a red sleigh anywhere in the street. She walked home rather listlessly. The day had not changed, but she found the distance mysteriously longer, and when she got home Aunt Hannah, by the window knitting, noticed at once the slowness of her step.

"I guess you've overdone," said she. "You feel as well as common?"

"Yes," said Louisa, soberly, unpinning her hat, "I feel well enough."

Aunt Hannah waited until Louisa had put her things away and taken up her own work by the window.

"Well," she said then, "'d you mail that bill?"

"No," said Louisa.

"Well," said Aunt Hannah, "I'm proper glad. I was in hopes you wouldn't, come to think it over."

The next forenoon Louisa heard the rapid clash of bells, and ran to the window to look out. It was Nicholas Woodman, and the color sprang to her cheeks. She felt victorious already. He was coming to pay the bill. But Nicholas drove by at a swinging trot. He did not even look toward the house. Aunt Hannah was up-stairs getting a mince-pie from the chest under the eaves.

"Who's that?" she called. "Sounds like Nicholas Woodman's bells."

The red burned deeper in Louisa's cheeks. Somehow she felt it was a definite slight to her, his driving by so fast.

"A man," said she, "in a red sleigh."

In an hour or so the clash of bells came again, and she knew he was driving back. This time Aunt Hannah was at the window.

"Why, that must ha' been Nicholas Woodman," said she. "Here he is goin' back. And he ain't so much as looked up at the house."

Louisa said nothing, but two tears sprang to her eyes. She seemed to herself unjustly punished. There was nothing criminal, she thought, in sending a man a bill.

Next morning the work was done up early, and Louisa, feeling a little dull at last, though this was Deer Pond and a

change from teaching, sat down again at her task of turning sheets. And suddenly her listlessness broke, and the hand that held the needle stopped in air, for she heard the sound of bells in a swing and rhythm she knew.

Aunt Hannah knew, too. "I believe, my soul," said she, "that's Nicholas Woodman again. What's he goin' by so much for? He always used to go the gulch road. You nod to him out o' your winder and I will, too. He al'ays looks up so kinder pleasant. Now, if he ain't drove by without turnin' his head!"

"He can if he wants to," said Louisa, with spirit. Her cheeks were a rich rose, and she held her head high and set firm, even stitches with a snap.

"Why, yes," said Aunt Hannah, innocently; "'course he can."

In perhaps an hour he drove by again, and again he looked straight ahead. Now Louisa understood. He was angry, and this was his way of telling her so. He was telling her, too, that no power on earth outside his own will should induce him to pay a debt until he chose. She knew, too, that he would drive by the next day and the next, in an endless succession of winter days, whirling past the house and never turning his head. Next morning it did begin to happen as her mind foretold. He did drive past, and in about an hour he drove back again; and so it was the next day and the next. Once he took his furious course through an eddying snow, and Louisa dropped her work and started to her feet to watch him as far as she could see. She was sorry for him that day, he seemed so desolate in his rage, with the snow sifting over him.

It had lasted ten days, perhaps, this mysterious scourging of Louisa, and one early afternoon, dazzlingly bright, yet with a sharp nip in the air, she made up her mind she had borne enough. She threw down her work.

"I'm going to walk," said she.

Aunt Hannah looked up mildly from the shell she was knitting for a quilt. "If you're goin' into Lizy Ann's," she said, "mebbe I'd put on my hood and go too."

"No," said Louisa. She was throwing on her hat and coat. "I'm not going to Lizy Ann's. Don't you look for me. I don't know when I shall be back."

She hurried out into the path, blue-lined with shadow, and took the road that led to Nicholas Woodman's, and Aunt Hannah, in a mild perplexity, watched her over the little rise until she disappeared between the pines. It seemed to Louisa she had never walked so desperately in her life, and yet she could not cover the ground fast enough. Her breath hurt her throat, but she would not give way to it, and once she broke into a little run. The road wound up-hill all the way, and there were sweet vistas of a far-off line of hills. This Louisa learned afterward. To-day she set her face straight forward and pelted on. At length she heard the sound of an ax, and stopped to look up the cart-path leading to a grove on a near-by knoll. Something told her who it was that chopped so furiously. There he was, cutting poplars out of the grove. She walked rapidly up the path. She had time to think, before he saw her, how magnificently he swung his ax, almost as if he were in a rage against even the innocent trees. He turned and saw her, and instantly his face seemed to set in a disconcerting way. They were confronting each other, and she had to speak. Nothing, she knew, would tempt him to begin. She called up all her angers of the last ten days to support and urge her.

"I should like to know," said she, "what you're so mad about."

Nicholas Woodman set his ax carefully against a large stump, the relic of a cutting long ago. He looked serious, even grieved.

"What makes you think I'm mad?" he asked.

Then Louisa realized she had no reason to give. How could she say, "Because you drive by every forenoon at ten o'clock, and you never turn your head"? If she were to gain anything, it must be by a bravado of assault.

"'D you get my bill?" she inquired, recklessly.

"Then 'twas your bill?"

"I wrote it, if that's what you mean."

"'D your aunt tell you to?"

"No. She told me not to."

This seemed to give him a gloomy



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M MAD?" HE ASKED

satisfaction. "I knew it," said he. "I said to myself, 'Hannah Lovett never in the world would ha' sent a neighbor in a bill for standin' grass.'"

"For mercy sake, why not?" inquired Louisa. She was exasperated, with the gloom of his handsome face, and his unreason, and her own mysterious offense.

"Why not?" he repeated, in a reproachful wonder. "Well, if you don't know I can't tell ye."

"But don't you have bills?" Louisa persisted, unhappily. "Doesn't anybody ever send you one?"

"Why, yes," said Nicholas, "I have bills. I pay 'em, too."

"Then why under the sun can't you pay Aunt Hannah's?"

"She's a neighbor," said he, doggedly. "She hadn't ought to sent me a bill."

"She didn't send it. I told you so. I sent it."

"That's it." He made a little sound that was almost a groan. "You wrote out that bill, and you come yourself and put it into my hand."

Louisa looked at him for a long moment, and he looked solemnly back at her. Then she leaned against a poplar at her side and began to laugh. She laughed so hard she cried a little, too. And all the time he looked at her in a mild reproach, like a dog unjustly beaten.

"I never," said Louisa, as she wiped her eyes, "heard anything so ridiculous in my life. I s'pose that's what they mean by being odd."

A spark leaped into his eyes. "'D anybody tell you I was odd?" he asked.

Louisa nodded.

"I s'pose they said all the Woodmans were odd," he commented, bitterly.

"Yes," Louisa answered, "that's what I heard. And now I can see with my own eyes."

Nicholas turned away from her, put his arm on the trunk of a tree, and bowed his face on it. She saw his shoulders heave with deep-drawn breaths, and fear quickened her own heart, a maternal pang. She took a step toward him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't," she said. "I know how you feel. I keep school. I've seen boys act just as you do now. They can't help it, not till they get the upper hand of themselves."

He lifted his head and turned slowly to look at her. His face was blurred and tremulous. "Yes," said he, "I s'pose I am odd. All the Woodmans are odd, but it never come over me before, so 's I couldn't fight it down."

"Well," said Louisa, comfortably, "now you know it, you can see it never happens again. I'm odd, too. I'm just as obstinate as you are, only it's in another way. I made up my mind you should pay Aunt Hannah that money, and nothing she could say would stop me. But if you're so odd as all that, I guess I don't care. Tisn't my business, anyway."

"It is your business," cried Nicholas, in a loud tone. "It's more your business than 'tis hers. You don't understand, for all you keep school. I wanted you to like me better 'n anybody else in the world, and when you thought I didn't pay my debts and you'd got to send me a bill—"

Louisa stood staring at him with wide eyes. He was startling the truth out of her, and she spoke it, not quite knowing what she said. "I do like you better 'n anybody."

"Why," said Nicholas, "you can't."

"No," said Louisa, "I s'pose I can't. I've hardly seen you more 'n once or twice, except riding by when you wouldn't turn your head. There! we've said more 'n enough. Good-by." She turned away and hurried down the path.

There was a sound behind her. She thought he was softly and irresolutely following. But she did not turn her head. Just as she left the cart-path for the road he spoke, quite near, and then she knew he had been following.

"All is," said he, and his voice sounded furious, whether with her or with himself she could not tell—"all is, I sha'n't pay for that grass a day sooner 'n I meant to pay."

"All right," said Louisa, coldly. "I'm not going to make you. I'm ashamed of being odd. I should think you'd be."

She walked home very fast and got there in time to ask Aunt Hannah to go in and make Lizy Ann a little call.

"You done well to go by yourself," said Aunt Hannah, admiringly, as she got her hood. "Your cheeks are red as a rose."

The next morning Louisa was particularly brisk, and the work was done up early. A little before ten she brought her coat and left it by the kitchen stove.

"You goin' out?" Aunt Hannah asked.

"Yes," said Louisa, "I thought I might. Anyway, I thought I'd warm up and see."

At ten precisely Nicholas came in the red sleigh with the rawboned horse. He walked in without knocking, and threw them a brief good morning. Meantime he was laying back his coat and pulling out his long wallet. He took from it three ten-dollar bills and handed them to Aunt Hannah.

"Count 'em over," said he, carelessly. "I guess that's right."

Aunt Hannah did not count them. "I guess they be," she said. She pulled out the little drawer of the old secretary and tucked them in.

Nicholas had turned to Louisa. "It's a nice day," said he. "What if you should come for a little ride?"

"All right," said Louisa. "I'll get my things."

While she was in the kitchen, slipping on her coat in a joyous haste, Aunt Hannah came and managed, while she laid Louisa's collar straight, to drop a triumphant word:

"What 'd I tell you? There ain't a better man in this town."

"No," said Louisa, in a triumph of her own, "nor in the whole world, either."

The Gods Remember

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE Gods remember always. We forget,
But they forget not: every debt
Howe'er we palter and evade,
Maturing, must be paid.

They pity us, the Gods, but naught forgive,
Lest we, who slowly learn to live—
Children scarce wiser in our age than youth—
Should come to doubt their truth!

Loving the brave who strive and will not yield
Though hurt and fallen on the field,
They teach us not from death to fly,
Lest we, indeed, should die!

For 'tis their will the soul shall rise
Above its earthly agonies:
Triumphant rise, as from the pyre
A phœnix, winged by fire!

A Soul in Prison

THE POEMS AND LETTERS OF X 107

With an Introduction by LORIN F. DELAND

WHEN I first saw X 107 she was serving a two-year sentence in a prison and chafing against a temporary refusal of the authorities to admit her to parole, although the time for parole privilege had arrived.

From the moment she believed I was trying to help her she was, as she expressed it, absolutely square with me. She took the chance that the very defenselessness of voluntary and complete confession would outweigh the disgust and despair it was bound to excite. She answered my questions unreservedly, and often with appalling frankness. At my request she bared every detail of her career, although she knew that the greater part of it I could never discover myself. From first to last she never lied to me.

To better understand her case, I got into personal touch with the places and people among whom she had lived. In the city of her exploits there is a criminal quarter about four blocks long and five blocks wide, which is the "tough" section of the city. The police decided upon making a vigorous effort to clean up this section—not that it could be eliminated, but it might be improved. They fixed upon X 107 as the spot where the "clean-up" should begin. As they expressed it, she "dominated" the underworld there, and she must be gotten rid of at the very start. This was accomplished by a method familiar to all who know the worst side of police possibilities. She was trapped by three or four men, themselves criminals, as the price of their own immunity from prosecution for various petty offences they were known to have committed. In taking this course the authorities felt entirely justified. The Department of Public Safety told me they believed her to be the most vicious and degraded woman they had encountered in a thirty-years' experience. When they learned that I was interested in securing her parole, they "hoped it would not be granted," and asked me to tell her that she could never again set foot in that city without instant arrest. As one expressed it, "We'll arrest her first, and find the complaint afterward."

It struck me that this attitude was singularly revengeful, till one of them showed me a new viewpoint. He said: "I was called down by the chief for the disorder on my division. It was a case of stop it or lose my job. I said to myself, 'It's her arrest or my discharge.' Well, I got her, and I'll get her again if she comes back. I can 'fix' her any time."

It was toward the end of her imprisonment that she began to write verse, apparently for the pure relief of expression. She was indifferent to its reception, and took little pride in it. In certain moods she wrote with great ease. But the characteristic of her mind that interested me from the start was its unexpectedness. She never gave the anticipated answer. Her mental processes had strange orbits, and forecast was impossible. When she appeared before the Parole Board her answers were like so many jolts to those long accustomed to conventional replies. "I suppose your mother was discouraged with you at this time," asked the grave chairman of the board.

She weighed the question judicially. "Should you say 'discouraged'? I think 'disgusted' would better express it."

Let me better illustrate this quality of her mind by a single incident: In prison I once asked her this question, "If you were given absolute freedom to spend one night in the great city, wholly uncontrolled, where would you go—to the theater, to a dance, or where?"

After a moment's thought she replied: "I would choose a warm night after a

rainy day, a night when all the electric lights wore halos round their heads and everything was foggy. I'd go to the Park and walk for an hour up and down the paths, where I could see the reflections of the misty lights in the wet stone pavements. Then I'd like to go to some quiet place where I could hear organ music for another hour. Then I'd go to bed satisfied. But before I got into bed I'd open and shut my door for five minutes steadily. *I'd want to know that it wasn't bolted!*"

I have said that her poems were outlets of emotion, rather than efforts at literature. This is well shown by an incident. On one of her Sunday visits we were crossing the fields to a point where she could take her home-bound trolley, when she flew into a violent passion over my reproofs and freed her mind in her abusive way. Then she boarded the crowded car for a three hours' ride. The first mail on the next morning brought me the poem "Forgive," written on the back of an old envelope and postmarked from a village down the line just two hours after she had left me. She had composed it standing in that crowded trolley-car, where the mere effort of clinging to a swaying strap seemed the limit of one's powers! The mental detachment and concentration are puzzling.

These verses, as well as the extracts from her letters, chosen wholly at random, are printed without any attempt at editing.

LORIN F. DELAND.

APRIL WEATHER

I SAID, in the night, I shall smile no more,
For my grief seemed deep, and my heart was sore;
But I woke when the sun caressed my lips,
And I tingled down to my finger-tips.
So I sang, instead, a lilting lay
To an April sky on an April day.

FORGIVE

DIDST see me on the yesterday,
When meadowward we took our way,
Strike at the hand that lifted up
To my parched lips life's brimming cup?
Didst see me then I say?

And, seeing, didst thou veil thine eyes,
Filled with a saddened, pained surprise?
Or was it planned that such as I
Must know a thousand deaths? Then die
Ere I have grasped the prize?

Didst see me on the yesternight
When sickened soul was black with blight?
Dread quivers of despairing shame
Scorched my poor body like a flame.
Didst see me then—at night?

Upon my heart a little ring
Of whitened scars, that burn and sting,
Remind me that I struck the hand
That led me to a promised land.
How long doth Memory cling?

WHY?

SWEPT in by the tide, and cast on Life's bosom,
Unwanted, uncalled for, an atom of chance
Groping and cursed by the sins of another,
Hopelessly watching the gray years advance.

Swept on by the tide, in its merciless surging,
Battered and lashed by black Poverty's wave;
A plaything of Fate, by Fate ill-begotten,
Wind-driven derelict, marked for the grave.

Swept out by the tide to the land of surmises;
Questions unanswered, naught learned but a cry;
Crushed by the strife of an unsought existence;
Back to the Nowhere, murmuring "Why?"

SPRING IN THE CITY

OH! Spring in the city! It sets my heart beating!
It goes to my head like the tang of the sea!
When down the wet pavements young March flings her greeting,
With wild, whistled songs of hoidenish glee.

Oh, blue is her bonnet, with plumes soft and cloudy!
And gray is her gown with a silvery sheen,
And through the long rent, where she tore it, the rowdy,
Peeps out her bright petticoat, emerald green.

She skips through the Common, the winds follow after,
Now coaxing, beguiling, wherever she goes:
And up to the bishop she dances with laughter,
And knocks his staid head-gear atilt on his nose.

Her cry-baby sister has loaned her the flowers
That drop from her gown in her wild, merry race;
The violet and crocus, from April's own bowers,
She saucily tosses in mother Earth's face.

Oh! Spring in the city! It sets my heart beating!
It goes to my head like a draught of old wine;
Stay, March, I implore you! Oh, be not so fleeting,
For, witch that you are, you are wholly divine!

MY SONG

I CANNOT help but sing, I said,
For joy hath lately found me!
When friendly stars shine overhead,
I cannot help but sing, I said:
Wouldst have me weep? The past is dead,
And kindly friends surround me.
I cannot help but sing, I said,
For joy hath lately found me!

IF SUCH LOVE CAME

IF Love should come to me some day,
And I should sadly to him say,
Before he pressed his first warm kiss,
I have done this, and this, and this,
Confessing sins of human clay;
And he should coldly turn away:—
I would not sigh, nor weep, nor moan,
Nor worship Grief on purple throne;
But rather would I softly say,
If Love should come to me, some day,—
"'Tis better so. Adieu,—we part!
This thing you nurtured in your heart
Was never Love; for Love forgives,
And understands, forbears, and lives!"
And gladly would I go my way,
If such Love came to me some day.

The first of the letters which follow was written in response to Mr. Deland's question asking X 107 how it was possible to reconcile her love of beauty and appreciation of goodness with her career as a criminal.

You ask me how I reconcile a love of poetry, an appreciation of "sweetness and light," with my career as a criminal. You once quoted Montaigne as saying he "loved stout expressions among gentlemen," and your use of direct words is as much a delight to me. I can somehow talk to you straight from the shoulder, and I'll try not to spare myself now.

In earlier days I always thought that I was subject to moods. But as the years went by, and I watched other people, I suddenly realized that the strange contradictions in my nature were not moods, but something far more mystifying and dangerous. There was an inner something that dragged me from the comfortable, pleasant surroundings of simple, church-going people, and was never satisfied until it had plunged me into the depths of indecency and kept me wallowing there.

At first these attacks came at long intervals, and were of short duration, and the reaction was almost unbearable. The tortures of hell were tame compared with my sufferings. It left me sick to the soul, and so shaken that I was sure of nothing in heaven or on earth but one thing, and that was that this thing would come again. I was depressed for weeks, and filled with an agony of shame for my actions, but did not know how to prevent them.

This would gradually wear off, but when I felt most assured that I had the thing by the throat, it would suddenly rise up and knock down all the barriers of good that I had built around it, and, absolutely against my will, my inclination and common sense, I would do its bidding and sink into the depths again.

This began to happen so frequently that I became alarmed, and grew supersensitive. I finally had to arrange for separate homes for these two selves of mine. I cast off all friends and relatives, and disappeared, giving myself up solely to the task of appeasing the craving of both the black and the white part of me.

A clean little room, whose windows looked out on a green lawn dotted with old-fashioned flower-beds, was one place of refuge, where I came and went at will, or remained there until the other self rose up and smothered all the "sweetness and light," when I hastened to the other home, the home of thieves, gamblers, gunmen, jailbirds, and dope fiends.

The lowest types of the underworld were there, and I fitted into the surroundings and company as if I had lived there before, and had been away on a journey, and had just returned to a life

that seemed perfectly natural to me. I needed no coaching, and seemed no different than the others, for their plots and intrigues were discussed before me, and my advice often asked. All the crime, sin, filth, and beastliness did not shock nor horrify me, and I never noticed the beautiful. Here it never bothered me. There was no ecstasy at the sight of a woolly lamb cloud, as there is now. The sky was merely a place to tell whether it was to be fair or cloudy. I had no dislike for certain colors, as my other self had. I was like a cat who purrs and dozes in front of a huge fire, half awake and half asleep, but perfectly satisfied and very comfortable.

Only once did I notice flowers, and that was when I flew into a rage and scratched and bit one of the gamblers because he threw some pansies out of the window, and used the glass that had held them for his liquor.

I find myself wondering how pansies came into that room. I don't know who put them there; one of the women who came there, I suppose. Whoever it was, she probably had some memory, green in spite of her present life, that prompted her to give them a drink of water out of the nearest thing at hand—a sticky, broken whisky-glass.

I wonder now whether those pansies had not pressed the button and made some spark leap into those instincts of beauty lying dormant and smothered under those evil appetites.

After scenes like this the place would suddenly grow disgusting, the filth and cursing nauseating, and the whole atmosphere unbearable. I would then take myself off to my other home, where I would be ill for days with remorse, humiliation, and anger at the knowledge that I had again allowed this inner thing to drag me through the mire. I called it names, and begged it to leave me alone, and even prayed about it. The sight of the beautiful filled me with unutterable longing, sadness, and seemed to reproach me. I even contemplated suicide.

But the good part rebelled at leaving undiscovered beauties, and there was always a faint hope that this would be the last time that the black inner thing would overpower me. In my better moments I was deeply religious, and shrank from coarseness in any form. Does that seem like hypocrisy? It was not meant as such. It was simply natural.

Finally I surrendered. The black part was too strong, and I was weakened with continually fighting it. So, with my eyes wide open to the consequences, I went back to the den of thieves to stay. I made up my mind to fight the thing with its own weapons. If it craved sin, I would give it all it wanted, and more. I would stuff it, as one does a fancy bird, until it dies from overgorging. But I did not find the life hard. Nothing mattered but evading the law. I had no regrets, and woke in the morning eager to be at it again. All decent feeling was numbed. No remembrance of other days haunted me, but I always seemed to be waiting—for what I did not know.

Then came my imprisonment. How I got there, and what I was there for, I could not tell. From the time that the judge sentenced me until I reached the prison I was like a person in a stupor. I was taken there in a motor, for they classed me as a dangerous criminal, who might try to make a getaway on the cars. A matron sat beside me, and the deputy who sat in front watched every movement of mine in a reflecting mirror.

Inside the prison doors, I waited for some time on a long bench in a large hall. At intervals officers passed by and gazed at me curiously, and several asked my name. Then I was taken to the receiving-room and turned over to the receiving matron. Piece by piece my clothing was taken from me and thrown into a heap. When I was ordered to bathe in full view of this matron, I was so filled with an agony of shame and indignation that I made up my mind to get even with them, for to my mind they were worse than the people I had just left.

Even when I had put on the coarse, clean clothing, I felt more naked than I had ever done before, and I felt so degraded that the last remnant of respect I had ever had for myself seemed to have been snatched away from me. Another simple little thing maddened me. The shoes were three sizes too

large, and when I left the receiving-room I scuffled along the hall, admonished by the matron to step lively. I lost one shoe, and as I picked it up I was filled with an almost uncontrollable desire to hurl it at her head. But I thought better of it, and it's good for me that I did. I said to myself that it wouldn't hurt her to have given me a word of good advice. If she had I probably would have worshiped her.

I was next handed over to another matron, a motherly-looking woman, who proved in after-days kind and thoughtful, and who now unlocked two heavily barred wooden doors and put me into a fair-sized room, and left me there. I sat down on a little wooden stool, and watched her as she left the room. I wished she would say a kind word to me, but it didn't come. I listened as she locked and bolted the doors and the jingling of her keys ceased, and then I realized that I was alone, and this was the end, for I believed that I was going to do my whole sentence in that awful room.

My heart was like a heavy stone, and a feeling of utter isolation swept over me, like a child wakening suddenly in the night to find itself alone in the dark. I had a shuddering, sickening sense of clipped wings, and I started wildly up and rushed madly around the room, from the heavily shuttered window to the double wooden door through which no sound could come, in a perfect agony of fright. I beat madly on the door, tore my hair, and pulled the clothes from the cot-bed and stamped on them. I raged up and down for hours like a caged beast, with only one wish in my mind—to go mad and forget. Something said, "Pray." But I laughed at the thought.

As the hours passed I became exhausted, and, looking at the bed, it suddenly came to me that here at least I could sleep. A breathless sense of safety swept over me. Perhaps, bad as this was, it might save me from worse. And far, far down was the thought that here, at least, though the Beast might tear me, it could not drag me in its own slime. There was a comforting sense of security, and, strangest of all, the waiting feeling had suddenly left me; and, sobbing and moaning, I crept into the bed and slept.

Never in the long time I was there did I think that it was I that was there. It was the one who lived with gamblers and such like, and of course she deserved to be there. She was a terrible creature. But of course she had nothing to do with me, for the real I was outside the gate, sending in messages of beautiful things, of April skies, of slanting silver rains, and of birds twittering in a blushing apple-tree. Night after night I would toss in my narrow bed, and talk to the black thing within. It was as if it was another person in the room with me. "Well, you've had your way," I would say; "you've got me where you wanted to, and now you've gone your limit, and you'll stay here. You'll die here, for you'll never go out with me!" It filled me with glee to think I could fool it. My other self would join me at the gate—that much I was positive of—and we would go away together and leave the other one dead inside of the prison. But God alone knows what would have happened, or whether I would have been able to carry out this plot of mine, if I had been put to labor that was not interesting to me. Very likely I would have ended in the dungeon in handcuffs, like other poor devils whom the authorities cannot understand, and who cannot understand themselves.

I began to read as soon as I was put in a cell where there was a light, and I cannot describe the joy that swept over me when I found that a veil had been torn from my eyes, and I saw, not only the printed words, but the exact meaning that was behind them. An apt phrase or a chance line of poetry so delighted me that it brightened my gray days like a burst of sunshine after a thunder-storm. Rhymes danced in my head, and I was obsessed with beautiful ideas. It quieted, soothed, and refreshed me, and I often fell asleep at night repeating lines that had come to me during the daytime. Do you wonder now at my passionate love for poetry? It was my salvation, my beckoning star. It purified me, and lifted me out of the depths onto the heights. It was the message, as I said before, that the other part, waiting outside the gate, sent in to me.

All the while I was growing inside. A

new me was pushing its way into the light. I became absorbed in studying the different characters with whom I lived. Here all were thrown together. Old-timers who have spent the greater part of their lives in prison were mingled with the first offenders. It's bad. What the first offenders don't know about crime, the old-timers teach them. A cottage system is badly needed. Then, too, for the first five months one is in a cell without a light. One can't read, and thinking is enough to drive one crazy. All these things need money, but, oh, it would be so worth while. You learn no trade while in there, and when you come out you are handicapped. It is like so much time lost out of your life. The girls go out of doors more, and it is such a blessing. The sweetness of such hours out of doors lasts for days and leaves the women in a much better frame of mind and easier to handle.

I suppose you are thinking of those that can't read. There is a school, but I wish that there was some way of sending in crochet-cotton and crochet-needles. Those who have money can, of course, buy these things; but those who have neither friends nor money are denied the pleasure which such work brings to many. I was interested in my work, for I loved to create. As the months went by the only bitterness in my cup was the fact that I had no one to take me out. I was as alone as Robinson Crusoe before he found Friday! No home, no friends, no money. The only position the authorities can find a girl is housework. As each girl was taken out by friends, my heart grew heavier and heavier. "So-and-so's mother came for her to-day," would be passed along the line. Or this one's brother, or that one's father or husband. I tried to be glad for them, and wondered if my time would ever come. I was beginning to despair, and the "yesterdays" to drag, when out of the nowhere you came.

I went to the office in fear and trembling, for I thought I had broken a rule. I came out walking on air. I was on an equal footing with the others. I had a friend! You know you are thought very little of among your fellow-prisoners if you don't have at least one visitor. You are sort of a nobody in prison social circles.

What I said I don't remember. What you said I lived on for weeks. Still, I must confess I was rather suspicious. No one had ever done anything for me without some come-back for themselves, and I could not quite figure out what you were going to get out of all the trouble you were taking.

Had I been a very young girl and good to look upon, as youth always is, it would have been different; but being very ordinary-looking (I'd rather be ugly any day than ordinary looking—it's more individual!), I was nonplussed. Can you answer, right off the reel, what the happiest moment in your life has been? I can beat you to it! Not when they called me from my work to be dressed for my release. No; I couldn't be happiest when I knew there were a hundred pair of eyes, wistfully watching me leave the room, wishing they were going, too. You can't say good-by. It's a house of silence, and there's a stifled sob in your throat, and you are almost sorry to leave the companions of so many long, long days. Not when the superintendent shook hands with me at the door and bid me godspeed, and admonished me to be true. No; I wanted to cry then. But it was when you gave the order for the motor to go ahead, and we shot out into the open road, and I left all the old life behind. Moments like that are lived but once. Riches suddenly bequeathed me?—the thrill would be tame beside it. A medal pinned on my coat by the highest of highs?—not momentous at all; a mere nothing compared to it. I chattered of this, of that, of anything at all. Do you remember? What a bundle of nerves you must have thought me! But I apologize. I was too excited to be polite, and I hadn't talked for such a long time. I wanted to say everything at once, and to thank you, and to make all sorts of promises. But I saw everything. That ride, that ride! I shall never forget it. I wanted it never to end, but to ride, ride into the heart of the setting sun. And so, as dusk began to shake out her silvery veil we drew up in front of the quaint little old-fashioned house, where you had arranged that I should stay during a part of my probation.

I have never been able to tell you how

that little house impressed me. You never told me anything about it. Even to this day I never make a move to shake hands first. There are those who wouldn't care to shake hands with a former criminal. And so when those two ladies came out on the lawn and took me by the hand, I was theirs to do with as they wished, and I knew that it would be the right thing always. After you had gone I felt timid, and although I wanted to thank them and tell them that I meant to do my best, I was clumsy about it, and stumbled and stammered over words that would not come. But once in the beautiful old library, with its red-brick fireplace and huge, comfy chairs, I felt more at ease, and here they told me that I was to be as one of them, and that from then on none of us was to refer to the past. Think of it! I was to be put on an equal footing with courteous, well-bred, intellectual people, with no slurs or flinging up of past deeds! They put me to work at once out in the fields. We worked side by side, sharing alike in all labors, which became a perfect joy to me. Do you recall asking me on the way down what I wanted to do the most of all things? I said I wanted to go to my room, and shut the door, and then open and shut it just as many times as pleased me. Well, I did it! I never slept in a locked room when I could help myself. I planted potatoes, hoed, hilled, gathered, and ate them. All day long I was out of doors, where the winds swept over the meadows and brought new life to me. Every one was kind to me, and at night, when the lamp was lit in the living-room, throwing shadows on the beautiful old sofa where Whittier, Longfellow, and other poets had once sat, and on the antique furniture and quaint, old dishes, we would read together, and discuss the leading questions of the day. Such wonderful, scent-laden nights! Such wonderful gardens! And oh, what sunsets! I was so happy that the days were never long enough. I tried to please, first because you put me there, next because they were kind to me, and last, but not least, because I wanted to be a decent woman and a good citizen. And when at last they said that I was trustworthy, my cup was overflowing. Yet underlying all this ecstasy was a dull ache for the comrades I had left behind. There is to-day, and always will be.

So, dear friend, this brings me up to the present time. I really never got my poise until I got back to the city and had to rub elbows with the business world again. Of course it is hard for me to get any sort of a situation where long experience is required. Two years are gone from my life that I can't account for. So every once in a while finds me up against it. But oh, it is good to live, and live clean. I have no intimate friends, but I have some books, and every once in a while a letter from a very dear lady whom I know. I sometimes get tired of Mr. Wall and Mrs. Wall and the two little Walls, but then my room is cozy, if small, and I can open and shut the door when I like.

Do not think that I do not mix with the old crowd of sin because it would get me into trouble. That isn't it. I'm clean, and I'm going to stay clean, so that I can look the whole world in the eyes, and not have to hang my head. Besides, if you must have the truth, I have no appetite for such things. The thought of it fills me with loathing and disgust. Did I tell you that one of the matrons met me the other day, and as I am quite fond of her I went up and made myself known. She said she never would have known me, I have changed so. Who knows but what, if I keep on changing, I'll become a beauty! Stranger things than that have happened, and one of them is that my penurious landlady hasn't tacked twenty-five cents extra on to my room rent for the gas I have burned while writing to you.

Good night. I'm off now to indulge in my greatest dissipation—*mailing letters*.

EXTRACTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

September 2.

When I think sometimes that my identity may be discovered, I turn sick with fear. It is a dreadful secret to carry around. R——, whom I knew five years ago, wonders at the improvement in me, in speech as well as looks, and is so interested in my verses that I am immensely flattered. Anyhow, thanks to you, I find myself picking much wiser associates, and I think they will be my

salvation. I am still out of work, but I am helping out in a lunch-room from eleven to half-past three, which keeps the proverbial wolf from coming to life. This is only temporary, but I think I am lucky, for it means one square meal a day at least.

Oh, such a crowded, lonesome city! It is a very dangerous thing to be unemployed where there are lights and laughter and music, and one is alone. It has given me a good idea for a magazine story, but it is so hot in my "two by four" that I can't write. I will get along somehow, and, if looking will bring me work, I shall get it surely.

I read in the paper that ——— has been arrested for shoplifting. That poor, foolish girl! Only twenty-one years old, to ruin herself again for the sake of pretty clothes! I love pretty clothes, too, and hate to look as if I came out of the ark, as badly as any one I know of; and I know it must have been a great temptation. But, oh, what a price she paid for them!

October 17.

I am very joyous this evening. I have had a great treat in the form of a letter from ———. Her letter is always like a little white posy to me. For the last three years I have saved them very carefully, until now I have a beautiful bouquet. Her kindness in writing to me is one of the bright spots in this navy-blue life. It makes me think of a day when I had been in prison only a few weeks, and I was down on my knees scrubbing my part of a long hall. I had been locked for some time in a cell with a dark window, and so any occupation was welcome. We were not allowed to look up at any one who passed through the hall, and an officer stood at the end of the corridor watching us. My back was aching, my wrists were sore, my knees throbbed from the unaccustomed position, and I was so filled with rage at my humiliation that I longed to knock the bucket of dirty water over, and then roll in it and scream and yell for sheer relief—when some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up with fear, for I thought I was going to be reprimanded, but instead a woman bent over me and handed me one small flower; and when she smiled I could have kissed her feet, and I felt all the anger die away, and my throat ached, it was so full. It was as if I had stepped into a sanctuary, but could not pray. That woman was ———, and I worshiped her from that moment. When they locked me in again, I took the flower from my dress, and forgot where I was; the flood-gates were loosed, and I was given—one of those things they can't take away from us—sleep! That is the curious part of it. We suffer all the untold agonies of mind, and then we sleep, and sometimes dream of daisy-fields. But now the situation is reversed. I sleep and dream that I am back again, and trying to get out. I wake myself up trying to scream, and in those few moments I live all over again the past horror and hopelessness. The very sight of a cot bed turns me sick—its shape and width suggest so much.

I believe I said I was joyous. This does not sound much like it. Still I am.

Am so glad to have Henley's book to browse over at odd moments.

October 20.

Thanks for the little photograph. To think that I have been acquainted with myself so long, and didn't really know until now just how I looked! I shall take your advice and send it to my mother. If anything serious happens, please take the blame. You must not pay any attention to what I say in this letter, for I have soared so high to-day that I have ridden on the tip end of a cloud; and such a sunset! A blood-red sun in an opal sky, and all reflected in a still river of molten silver. No artist could ever paint it. What an artist God must be! No two sunsets alike, infinite variety, each succeeding night more beautiful than the last! I love it, and revel in it, but find words too common and gross to express the beauty of it all.

October 23.

At last I have found a place. I am to start work this afternoon at two-thirty, and work until ten o'clock to-night at the munitions factory. This is the place I spoke of to you, and although it is a *dump*, it will help a great deal at the present time. I cannot sit down like Mr. Micawber and wait for something to

turn up. I only hope that I may be able to stand it. It is horribly dirty, I am told, but the money is clean. It is a place of nations, for all sorts of foreigners are working there. It is like having one's soul hit with a knout to have to go to such a dreary place, away from the sunshine, but we cannot have all we like in this life, and I doubt if it would be good for us if we did.

Well, I'm off to help blow up the Germans—if I don't get blown up myself first. Are you still of the same mind about the poems? I hope so—oh, so much!

I wish I could thank you in the way I wish.

October 25.

Here I am again. This time I simply had to write to you to tell you what I am up against. Before I went to the new job, which is making shells for the British Government, I heard reports that the plant was threatened, and that it was to be demolished some time this week. I couldn't make up my mind which was worse—being blown up by dynamite or being blown up by an irate landlady!

But I went in at half-past two. Ye gods! What a place! No brains are necessary, just brawn. We work seven and a half hours, with fifteen minutes for lunch! . . . Every moment, at some unexpected noise, the girls will scream, and all lights outside are kept burning, and an extra force of guards patrols the building. The war never seemed so real. It is like working on the top of a rumbling volcano.

The accommodations for the women are indescribable, and *this* in cultured Massachusetts. The firm holds back three days from my pay, which is another bad feature. The only good feature about the whole affair is that if I do get blown up, my remains will be so scattered that my loving family will be spared the expense of my burial.

Our clothes are intermingled in an unkempt mass, and the odors are something weird. However, one must live, and as long as there are no other places for girls, some one is ever ready to take the risk, like

Yours sincerely,

November 9.

. . . The munition work goes merrily on, and each night I discover some new noise to add to the torture. All the sins I ever committed really should be washed from the slate, for this work is penance. When you step into that filthy place, reeking of lard oil, and the bell rings that starts that long line all working together like a machine, I feel like hammering on the closed door and getting out somehow; but then the hot wave of anger gradually dies when you wonder how long it would be before you found another place, and you feel rather ashamed that you have rebelled even inwardly at conditions that seem to your co-workers perfectly satisfactory.

Ah, the man that wrote "Where ignorance is bliss" knew human nature, didn't he? The girl next to me had half a chicken for her lunch yesterday, and she confided in me, saying that "the guy she was keeping company with knew the chef at the ——— Hotel, who swiped half a broiled chicken for him every once in a while, and her steady passed it along to her." That poor chicken! What travels! Where he might have been served on a silver platter to some fastidious guest, he is instead toted around in the "steady's" pocket, to end ignominiously as the *pièce de résistance* of a cold lunch in a munitions factory. That chicken must have led a very sinful life, brief as it was, to have to suffer such a fate.

Thanks be that to-day is Friday, for I detest night work, and I am next door to being broke, which of late seems to be a chronic state with me.

I figured up last week and found that I spent more for car-fares and accessories than I did for what I ate. If I tide over this week I think I shall be all right. Next Wednesday I shall be able to eat properly.

Did I thank you for all your trouble? No, I never do. It makes me sort of ache, you are so good to me. Why is it? I have often wanted to ask you, but hesitate, for fear it might be as I surmised.

December 29.

——— writes that she hopes I will some day give up concealment and let

my past be known—"face it publicly," she says, and she adds that there is a great buoyancy and strength which comes from it, which kills cheap gossip and strengthens friendships.

Very likely she is right. But if I was big enough to face my past, the world isn't big enough to face it—nor to give me a future. Think how long I would last in a place if my employer knew. Even if the head of a firm knew, and kept me, others would get together and see that I was discharged. Only those who have friends and money behind them can afford to walk erect—as I wish I could do.

No matter how short the sentence, your time is never done until your name is erased from the book of Life. You go through the door of the great prison, and you say, "I am free." But you lie to yourself! For in the sight of man, when he knows, you are two persons—the person you are to-day, and the person you were. It doesn't make any difference how honest you may be—*you are not to be trusted.*

And so you find, in time, that you lack confidence in yourself. And always at your elbow stalks fear. You even dream about it. When a prisoner has been told just what to do for nearly two years, when every movement has been directed by an officer, she becomes accustomed to it, and becomes a sort of machine, and when she goes out into the world she is left helpless in many ways. She has not been accustomed to take the initiative, and it is a great while before she dares to take that liberty again.

Then the look! Did I ever tell you that when a person stops in the middle of a conversation and looks at me steadily, or when I find a person looking at me whom I don't know, I grow cold? My brain hammers out, "*They know,*" and when an unkind word is said, or some one slights me, the S. O. S. signals, "*They know.*" If it was not for my mother, I would stand up to some of these holier-than-thou people and say, "*Yes, it is so.*" But my mother is old, and I can't rob her of her dearest possession, Pride.

How did this all start? Oh yes; ———'s letter. Well, you see I am moody to-night. That wonderful courage you have spoken of is gone. I am sick and tired of everything, and what adds to my grief is the fact that the woman down-stairs has departed and taken her cat with her. And sometimes I felt sure that that cat liked me.

I bore you? I know it; I bore myself.

An Escape from Freedom

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IT was well after seven, but the sun still reclined on the western dunes, its horizontal rays touching distant objects with an extraordinary fire—the spun-copper of shrouds on fishermen moored a mile away on the quiet, sky-colored harbor; and, still farther out, the weirs foul with golden weed. Even the scows about the unfinished tip of the breakwater had their moment of transfiguration and became vermilion beetles clinging to a pinkish twig, one of them with a derrick-arm lifted in horror of the deep. Up-shore the sanguine beams gave back from the roofs of old houses, weather-polished like mirrors, and trumpeted judgment-day from the little windows in the front street. Down-shore they tried to do something heroic with the beach cottages, and failed. Only the blatant names lettered across the pasteboard things—"Billow Crest," "Harbor Cliff," "Ocean Nest," and the like—helped themselves to the abundant loveliness and blared the louder.

The solitary person on the porch of the "Ocean Nest" jumped up and paced about, driven by an unaccountable sense of oppression. This was the first time he had ever seen the sky or the water. He had accepted these elements as he accepted bolts of invisible cotton-goods, on the evidence of samples; a strip of sky-goods, full of smoke and wires, displayed between lofty cornices; a strip of sea-material laid out between city docks, cluttered with straw and peelings. But this raw, uncrowded radiance . . .

"This is grand," he muttered to himself, uncertainly, and, turning away, sought refuge in the concrete. "Thrown together like a packing-case," he grumbled, clapping a toothpick pillar with his hand. 'Ocean Nest'—my hat! But I bet they've caught other suckers with that bait before me. Well, I guess she likes it, anyway. She hasn't said anything today, and all her letters have seemed to like it. I'm glad I could get it for her."

His mind dwelt for a moment upon the fact that, by working Sundays and Saturday afternoons, he had been able to give her this summer by the sea. A year ago he couldn't have done it. Yes, he was getting ahead. A faint frown moved his brow, and he fumbled for his watch. "I wonder where she is." He bent to peer through a window into the dim, boxlike interior. Sitting down again and propping his feet on the railing, he watched the lazy tide crawling in across the flats till that made him nervous.

"Why, it's *dark!* Where can she be? She just ran over to the Pooles' a second. Where's the Pooles', I wonder?"

He hated to have to be impatient with her the very day he had come down. "But she said—" he justified himself, sulkily. Wandering to the rear of the cottage, he sat on an old dory filled with sand and one weedy nasturtium, and stared along the row of cottage-backs with moody eyes. The dark was kinder than the light had been, wiping out the ugly furbelows and leaving only the pure spot-lights of windows. For a moment his impatience was replaced by an odd feeling of loneliness, a sense of something irretrievably left out of his life. He discovered himself listening with an uneasy heart to the tinkle of a mandolin somewhere down there, young voices harmonizing in fugitive melody, a subdued scream of hammock-rings. Beach cottages! He had never had time for beach cottages, or for youth. His own voice surprised him:

"I never had a chance to be worthless, did I?"

"I wonder which one is the Pooles'," he speculated after a moment. "I could ask." He got to his feet, and then sat

down again in grim rebellion. It smacked too much of the mendicant, this canvassing from house to house.

A party came along the walk on the other side of the street, laughing, chattering, looming in dim holiday jumpers and blazers. Perry's eyes followed them, and when, opposite the yard, one slim shadow detached itself from the rest and came hurrying across the street, he got up with an uncommon tightness in his throat. He struggled with an impulse to forgiveness; he was afraid he was going to pass it over with a laugh, as he always did.

"Why, hullo!" came the voice. "I thought it was you. When did you come?"

His knees let him down on the dory again. It wasn't she, after all, but only the Poole youngster, "Red Head" Dot.

She came forward, sticking her hands deep in the pockets of her blazer. "Isn't this perfectly fine?" she went on in girlish enthusiasm. "Oh, I bet *she* is tickled half to pieces. And after the way she's talked. I *must* see her."

Perry's back straightened with a slight jerk. "Isn't she—at your house?"

"Why, no. Isn't she—here?"

"She—she had to run out on an errand." The need of caution struck him. "Just for a second," he added.

"Oh, I'm going to wait. May I?"

Perry fidgeted and cast about for pretexts. "I—I'm afraid you were going somewhere. Please don't let—"

"No, no; only to the dance, and I don't care if I am late. There's nobody here this year. Come around on the porch; the mosquitoes will get you here. . . . Don't you *love* it down here?" she demanded, when she was perched on the railing. "Please sit down. I'd rather be here."

Perry murmured, "No, thanks," and remained standing in an uncompromising attitude. He had an awkward vision of the home neighborhood in Roxbury, and of "Ma" Poole shaking her head next winter and wondering about this—out loud. The conversation, lop-sided, languished.

After a while Dot jumped down and smoothed out her skirt with light hand-flicks. "Why, I wonder where she's dawdling so long," she speculated. "And your first evening here, too."

"Oh, she'll be back in a minute," Perry put in, hurriedly. To avoid another silence he began to tramp up and down, talking despetately. He had seen so-and-so last week. It had been terribly hot in the city, and foggy, which made it worse. Business couldn't be better in his line; the war was booming things; he had to work like a slave. . . .

"Look here," he exclaimed, wheeling suddenly. "I wish you'd go on to your dance, Dot. Really—I'd feel better."

She studied him for an instant with unexpectedly solemn eyes; then, turning, walked around the corner of the cottage without a word. Perry sat down and listened to the ticking of the watch in his vest pocket. When it had ticked so long, he jumped up again, went into the house, lit a lamp, and by its smoky light wandered about picking up things, straightening the cushions on the sofa, reaching beneath it for the ridiculously high-heeled pumps, which he threw into a closet with a sore vehemence, removing strays of feminine apparel from the backs of chairs. He looked into the kitchen, and, seeing the supper things scattered around, all unwashed, he slammed the door, extinguished the light, and went out on the porch again. It was a long time before he heard the back-door latch lifted furtively.

"I'm out here," he called in a colorless voice.

The latch fell back again, and footsteps came around by the outside. She seemed a little breathless—that was one of the things which made it always so hard—that, and a way of putting her hand to her heart in wonder.

"Don't get up," she implored. "I'll sit on the railing here."

It was strange how the starlight loved her. In the faint, queer light her hair was a luminous mist, and her slim, perching figure seemed more than ever irresponsible and childlike.

"Oh, isn't it lovely, Perry?" she exclaimed, returning the stars' affection with an ineffable gesture. "But I can't stay a second. I must run. Imagine—the dishes haven't been done. I didn't have time."

The venom of hours, or of weeks and years, broke out. "You never have time, do you?"



Drawn by Herbert Moore

"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T JOKE, MOTHER; NOT JUST NOW"

Her hand fluttered over her heart, and she looked at him with wondering eyes, never able to understand how he could speak so. Then she solved the whole trouble by smiling brilliantly.

"Trying to be a bear," she fluttered, gaily. "And the very day you come."

He got up and paced toward the other end of the porch, his hands clasped behind his back. He spoke over his shoulder: "Where have you been?"

"Oh, I ran over to the Pooles, just for a minute, and the time—"

"Mother!" he cried. And then, "Dot has been here."

A traitor hand sought her heart, and she turned her eyes to the harbor, murmuring how beautiful it was. "Perry," she asked, with one of her bewildering shifts, "don't you like Dot? I mean—Oh, you know what I mean."

"Dot?—*Poole?* That—infant?"

She gave him no time to see through the trick. "Infant? Perry, Perry! And they won't let you vote yet, you solemn boy. Dot's nearly eighteen."

"I wish you wouldn't joke, mother; not just now." He began to recollect where they stood. A frown of self-accusation gathered on her face.

"I *must* do those dishes, mustn't I? I'll run."

He followed her into the kitchen by and by, his face still darkened.

"No, no," she cried, when she spied him in the doorway. "You can *not* help. Now you run up to your bed like a good boy. You must be tired."

She reached up a hand, damp with dish-washing, drew down his head, and kissed him. He wondered what made her eyes and cheeks so bright tonight.

They went for a sail next afternoon in Dot's catboat—that is, he and Dot went for a sail. Perry had supposed his mother was going with them, as a matter of course, but when he called in from the porch, "We're ready, mother, whenever you are," she came to the door with her hands lifted in frank amazement.

"I hope you're not expecting *me* to go puttering around with you two vaga-[illegible]onds. The idea! And the Poole tribe [illegible]ng here for supper!" She turned [illegible]t with an expression of whimsical [illegible]ration. "Isn't he killing? I believe he thinks suppers grow on bushes, like beach-plums."

The expedition did not turn out well at all. The afternoon was calm, almost breathless; for endless hours, it seemed, they drifted through pellucid vacancy, hanging without perceptible motion between the turquoise hemispheres. Dot tried valiantly, but her vivacity died at length for want of support, and she dreamed over the tiller, seemingly content. The sunshine poured down out of a hard sky. Perry, who had never known any silence beyond the half-tone of a city night, was unspeakably oppressed by time and space, but to his stirrings and mumblings Dot only raised her lids and murmured with a lazy sweetness, "We'll have a breeze before long, Perry—before long now."

It put the little craft on its beam-ends when it did come, whipping the world black in a breath. It was lucky that they had drifted down very close to the working-end of the breakwater, for the girl had to manage single-handed. Perry clung to the combing, ducking his head before the oblique cataracts of the rain, and grew sick. Preoccupied with his awful anguish, harried by water and panic, he scarcely knew what he was doing till the boat rode suddenly easier in the lee of the red work-scows, and Dot, drenched and triumphant, and trying heroically to keep from laughing at the green torment of his face, bent over to cry in his ear: "If you only *could*, Perry, you'd feel better. . . . Here; climb on the scow!"

He obeyed dumbly, crawling across with the help of her strong arm, and, getting to his feet unsteadily, staggered off across the gently heaving scows, one hand over his mouth, the other over his stomach. A crowd of laborers, driven to shelter in the engine-house under the great derrick, waved invitation with the graphic gestures of the Latin, but he shook his head and passed on, avoiding chains and blocks of granite with the luck of a drunkard, leaped to the face of the rocky wall, clambered up and sat on a wide capstone with his back to the open sea. By and by an Italian came after him and plucked his shoulder, waving at the sky and then at the engine-house, jabbering, "Heem rain—rain!"

"It 'll quit." Perry heaved his shoulders, and the man scuttled back.

It was quitting already. Overhead the rain-banks gave way very suddenly, after the fashion of squalls, leaving only a veil to soften the radiance of the sky and bathe the harbor world in a weird light of resurrection. Perry felt a little better and began to think about the shore. It seemed a long way there in the eery light, looking along the narrow causeway, milky with breakers on the weather side. He noted with a stir of interest that others had been caught out by the squall. They were half-way to the shore, retreating along the wall—summer folks by their dress; the man in khaki trousers and a garish shirt; the woman, or girl, wrapped in a long lilac cape with a hood. The sun-shot vapors boiling down the wind played strange pranks with these fugitives, bringing them back close and clear one instant, and the next whirling them off to float in a far-away nimbus of pearls.

"I'll walk," Perry told himself. He got up with an idea of shouting to Dot, but her mind had outstripped his, and the little craft was already a hundred yards away, canting sweetly against the new blue. He ought not to have watched—the triumphant march of the white-caps brought disaster, and he flopped down again in a heap of woe, his head between his knees. He was aroused after a time by a hail and a slap on the shoulder, and looked up to find one of the fugitives returned. He was not a summer person, after all. The khaki trousers were gray with rock dust and the red work-shirt lay open at the collar to show the cords of a neck hard and weather-browned.

"Well?" Perry demanded, scowling slightly.

The man did not answer immediately, but continued to regard him with a suggestion of amusement, moving the corners of his mouth. There was more than a touch of the Garibaldian about the square figure and the grizzling hair and the ardent melodrama of the shirt, but the gray eyes looking out of silver-rimmed spectacles almost spoiled the effect.

"What you need is coffee," he mused. "Come on!" Turning, he scrambled down the rock and leaped to the scow. "What's the matter? Oh, all right—stay there, then!" He waved his arms and disappeared within the engine-house. A sound of roaring was audible; workmen debouched from every opening; chains began to rattle, booms creaked, a five-ton block of granite mounted the air and hung there over the new-born industry of men, buoyant as a gull. After a short time the foreman reappeared, shifting a hot can from one hand to the other.

"Drink that!" he commanded. He stood with arms akimbo and a meditative twist to his head while Perry sipped the bitter stuff. "Feel better, eh?"

"I should say. Thanks!" Perry rubbed a palm across his damp brow and looked about him. "You don't mean to say you live in there!" He nodded toward the engine-house.

The man threw back his head and laughed. "Hardly! We're princes in this business. See!" He waved toward the shore where a cluster of rusty shacks sprawled over the shoulder of a dune. "Tin Can Hill! The castle at the top is mine. I have a piazza." The strange fellow chuckled and looked down at Perry with humorously squinted eyes.

"But does—" Perry broke off in confusion. He had started to ask if the lady of the lilac cape graced that sheet-iron "castle," but thought better of it. "This is a pretty stiff job to swing," he said instead.

The man looked out over the bevy of scows with a sober pride, almost youthful. "Mmmm— Yes. Sometimes. Sometimes."

"I know a man in the firm, and that's what he says. They're losing money on it. But it's a good 'ad,' he says."

"Oh!" The man's cornerwise glance was half startled, half crestfallen. Color mounted his cheeks. "Oh, that's what you mean. I—I thought you meant— Well, good-by. Hope you're better." He turned and descended to the scow, his square shoulders drooping ever so little.

Perry arrived at the "Ocean Nest" by the shore way, tired and wretched, with his soggy clothing and the fire about his neck where the sunburn began to tell. Hearing voices around on the

porch, he let himself in by the kitchen door. His mother turned a face rosy with cooking.

"Oh, you poor, poor boy!" she cried, dropping a spoon into a saucepan and reaching up to pet his shoulders with that gushing tenderness of hers.

Sinking into a chair, he leaned his head in his palms and allowed her to make the most of him. "I'm all—all right," he mumbled, and was comforted by her redoubled compassion. "Oh, but I'm hungry!"

He looked up to find her patting her heart, her face stricken.

"Dear, dear, you'll not have much to eat to-night, you poor lad." One could see that she was tired to death; her shoulders drooped and her lips quivered pathetically. "*Such* an afternoon, Perry. Everything has turned out wrong; I've had to throw everything away. And now I've come down to scrambled eggs—" She darted to the stove with a little shriek and lifted the saucepan from the flame. "Nearly burned *that!* Imagine! Scrambled eggs for a party!" She was on the edge of tears.

"Why, mother darling, don't take on so." He was on his feet now, comforting in turn. He patted the golden hair in a passion of remorse and pity. "It's all right," he protested. "Nobody's going to mind. You just look your prettiest and talk your wittiest and nobody 'll know what they're eating, anyway." He held her off at arm's-length. "You're a wonder, mother!"

"And you're a darling." She rewarded him with a rapturous smile. "Now you change your clothes. You'll have to do part of the 'looking.'"

He skipped up-stairs, whistling, and for a time could be heard shaking the frail rafters with his tread. He came down by and by at a slower pace and, coming out into the kitchen, spread a damp garment over the towel-bars.

"It will dry better here." His voice was heavy and unresilient as lead. "That's something new, isn't it?" He rearranged the folds of the lilac cape with a dull hand. His face was gray.

"Oh, dear, I know what you think. But it was terribly cheap, really." She was extraordinarily busy over her kettles and could spare him time only for an enchanting pout. "Dear me, I suppose I've squandered awfully."

"Not at all!"

Perry turned away from her, rigid, tight-lipped. In the front room he threw himself down on the couch and hid his eyes in his hands, deaf to the voices droning on the porch. "My mother is a liar," he groaned between his fingers. "A liar! Liar!"

All through the meal he sat in a kind of stupor, smiling a wooden response now and then to the festivity of the Poole tribe. Afterward there was an interminable season of nothing on the darkening porch. "Pa" Poole, an inveterate high-school teacher, recited examination blunders with a zest undimmed by repetition, while "Ma" Poole rocked kindly, ponderously, and in silence. Dot remained almost invisible in a corner, sitting on a cushion with her knees clasped in her hands and a pucker between her brows. She caught Perry's glum eyes once in passing, and smiled, as much as to say, "I don't know what the matter is, but I'm very, very sorry." He avoided her after that.

His mother watched him from another corner, holding her lower lip tightly between her teeth. By and by she slipped over to stand beside his chair and touch his hair with tentative fingers. "Poor lad," she whispered. "You're not feeling well, are you?" And both of them grew whiter at his involuntary recoil from her caress.

"I'm looking at that light out there," he whispered, nodding toward the star on the water where the night-gang's torches flared over the breakwater.

"Yes, yes," she fluttered. "How beautiful!" And, slipping back to her corner, she continued to watch him, the pupils of her eyes unusually large.

Ultimately the Poole tribe had to go home. Perry and his mother walked with them along the beach, both shrinking before the moment when they should be left alone together, both glad to stave it off now by any kind of dawdling. At the Poole steps Perry even discovered an interest in "Pa" Poole's conversational stock, and plucked at his sleeve, demanding, "What was that one about Oliver Cromwell again?"

"Oh yes!" A naïve delight illumined

the lined face. "Oliver Cromwell was nicknamed 'Old Sideburns' from the way he—" He broke off and looked at Perry's mother with eyes of wistful disappointment.

"Oh, I can't go in," she was crying. "Not when it's so wonderful." She clapped her hands at the stars, and then, darting to catch Dot by the hand, called back to "Ma" Poole: "Dot can go for a little walk with us, can't she? That's a dear. . . . Come on, Perry boy!"

They pressed along in silence, once under cover of the back-country woods, two of them a little wild-eyed, the third bewildered. It was Dot who rebelled after a half-mile or so, halting fiercely.

"Why do we walk so fast?" she demanded between wonder and suspicion.

"Wh-why"— Perry's mother sank down on a tuft of sod beneath a little pine, holding her heart—"why do we?" she panted. "Aren't we funny!"

Perry paced to and fro, shuffling the heavy sand of the trail, his hands deep in his pockets. For a time only his footfalls and the tiny scrapings of night creatures disturbed the lush silence of the glade. In the gloom each of the three was a ghost to the others. One, getting up to wander, faded out of sight among the tree-stems before the others were aware of it.

Perry jerked his hands out of his pockets and stood perfectly straight and still. "Mother!" he called. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, nowhere. Just rambling, Perry."

He remained as he was for a moment, irresolute; then, stepping up on the turf-bank, he called again: "Mother! Oh, Mother!" This time the answering hail was farther off. He beckoned Dot with a jerk. "Hurry," he whispered. "Keep track of me." And without waiting to see if she followed, he started away up-hill, crashing and groping through the undergrowth. He paused once in a clearing and, waiting for the girl to catch up with him, called into the night. This time the hail was not answered. "Come on!" he cried, and floundered forward.

She caught up with him on another hill and tugged at his elbow. Her hair was wild and a twig had whipped a welt across one cheek.

"What — are — you — doing?" she panted. "Are you crazy?" Then, seeing his blank white face, she cried with a sudden flare of petulance, "I wish I were home, I do!"

"I wish you were," he said in a queer monotone, his eyes looking through her and beyond. "I wish to God you were."

She was pathetically young. Sinking back against a tree-bole, she stared at him, shocked and dumb and inexpressibly forlorn. After a moment big, round tears ran down her cheeks.

"Why, *Mr.* Barrows!" she stammered. And then, at sight of his desolation, something happened to her and she rushed to him, crying, "Perry! You poor, poor Perry!" She took his hands and shook them up and down in a tempest of compassion. "Tell me, Perry—you *must* tell me what's the matter. Tell me! Tell me!"

Young as she was, he was younger still, for he had never had any adolescence. His knees crumpled, letting him down on a fallen log, and, burying his face in the girl's warm palms, he let himself go.

"Oh, if you only knew, Dot! If you *only knew!*"

She knew enough, instinctively, to let him take his time. By and by he began to pour it out in broken sentences.

"It wears me out—never knowing wh-what she's going to do—next. She hasn't any pride. She's so careless and —and everything. Like a little girl, Dot. You can't get hold of her. When you try to be serious with her she—she laughs—and then she's gone in a cloud somewhere—where you can't touch her. She gets out of things. She has lied to me, Dot. Lied, Dot!"

After another interval, stirred only by the air drifting through the lazy leaves: "She loves pretty things, Dot. She'd do anything for a pretty thing."

He uncovered his eyes and leaned back against a branch. The spiritual comfort of tears had set him up wonderfully—that and the soft incitement of the confessional.

"You can't reason with her," he went on more calmly, gazing up at the star-filled interstices among the leaves. "She began taking an awful dope last winter, not because anything was wrong with



Drawn by Herbert Moore

SHE DROPPED ON THE SAND TO REST, AND PERRY SQUATTED BESIDE HER

her, but because she liked the pretty lady on the wrapper. And when I showed her what it was, why, she clapped her hands and said I was perfectly wonderful, and poured the stuff down the sink—and yet I hadn't touched her, really, inside, any more than I could touch the moon. That's the way with everything, Dot. I guess that's the way she got married to my father. Ran away at sixteen. Think of it. Butterfly! That's how she went about giving *me* a father—*me!* And don't think it hasn't told. It's better now, but when I started I had to pin myself down like a rock-breaker. I liked pretty things, too, Dot. . . . I suppose she got unmarried the same way. I've never found out. The minute I mention it, there she goes, off beyond the moon. He may have robbed a bank, or just forgotten to call her a pet name one evening. I really think they would have amounted to much the same thing with her. . . . But I—I could have done with a little more schooling, Dot." The tone and gesture belonged to his mother, though he didn't think of it.

Dot, flung down at his feet, lifted his hand and patted it softly. "I'm so sorry, Perry. But I should have thought she would get some—some money from him. Don't they make them give—you know—alimony?"

"I've asked her, and she talks about something else. Probably she never 'had time' to find out about it. Or maybe she refused it. She wouldn't be beyond that on one of her tangents. . . . But never mind!" He got to his feet and rubbed a hand across his brow with a gesture of erasure. "I've been willing to work, Dot. It isn't that. It's this, now. Dot, I tell you I'm frightened. I don't know what to—look for. See here!" He turned his eyes with a suspicious jerk, suddenly conscious of how far his confession had brought him. "Dot, you understand this is between you and me, ab-so-lute-ly!"

She scrambled to her feet before she spoke. "Why, Perry *Barrows!* You didn't think I'd *tell!*"

They shook hands with a grammar-school solemnity.

"Well," he said, "I guess the best thing we can do is to go home."

They started off decisively and thrashed through fifty yards of thicket before it occurred to them that they might be going in the wrong direction. Once conscious of being astray, city-bred Perry lost his head completely, and it was Dot who had to take command.

"If we keep going toward the surf," she said, "we're bound to come out on the beach, somewhere or other."

He let her lead the way. They could not have been more than a quarter of a mile inland, but what with swamps and bull-brier thickets to work out of, it was more than an hour before poverty-grass stung their ankles and the naked sweep of a shore-dune lifted before them.

"We must be 'way down," Dot speculated, and then, as a light opened above the dim crest: "A house! Why, where can we be, Perry? Oh yes," she exclaimed a moment later. "It's where the breakwater people live. See the shanties running all down the other side, and there's the light on the breakwater out there. Whew! Some walk, wasn't it?" She dropped on the sand, cross-legged, to rest and breathe, and Perry squatted beside her.

"So that's his 'castle,' is it?" He peered at the squat, ugly box, with its stove-pipe and its vague, improvised "piazza" and its solitary window, lop-sided, with a wad of something stuffed in a broken pane. "Do you understand how anybody can exist in a hole like that?"

Dot shook her head. "No, I don't. It seems awful."

"He's probably used to it. Or maybe he hasn't any idea of anything better. That class of people— S-s-s-sh!"

The door of the shanty had opened, a bright rectangle in the night almost filled with the silhouette of a man. He remained there a moment, leaning against the crazy jamb, his head tipped slightly back as though he studied the sky. The two could hear his voice quite distinctly, absorbed and sedate:

"'Powdered with stars; a road whose'— No; hold on! 'A broad and *ample* road, whose dust is gold and pavement stars.' That's the hang of it." He bent over the face of his watch. "It's a mortal sin to have to go out there on a night like this, isn't it?"

There was a stir inside the cabin, and another silhouette stood in the doorway, the figure of a woman with a halo about her head where the back-light struck through the golden mist of her hair.

"Oh, not yet!" Her voice was warm with rebellion. "No, no, please!"

She laughed in a queer minor strain and darted out a hand to cover the watch, and the man, catching it in his, drew her unstruggling into his arms.

Out there in the curious dark Dot turned her head till she could see Perry from the corners of her eyes. He remained squatting as he had been, with his fingers falling down between his knees. His face, even, had not changed expression. She reached out and touched him with a compassionate hand, and he opened his lips and groaned.

The woman in the light pushed herself back with a little gulp of panic. "What was that?"

"What was what?" The man held her at arm's-length. "Oh, but you're lovely. Did you do that to set me still crazier? Tell me, woman!"

She allowed herself to be taken back, half laughing, half sobbing. "I'm so nervous these days. I'm frightened. They're beginning to watch."

"Don't you think I can look out for you?" There was a touch of bombast about it, quite forgivable. "Come," he went on; "the tide's turned a half-hour already, and Pollack has to sleep." He pulled the door shut and urged her gently with his arms. They moved away slowly, one shadow, down through the sleeping barracks. Their voices, subdued and impassioned, hung in the clear air, now one, now the other, now mingled in confused harmony, as though they had a thousand thoughts to crowd into their last moments.

Dot Poole scrambled to her feet and stood in front of Perry, her arms barring his way. "You mustn't!" she cried in a whisper. "Perry! *Perry!*"

He walked past her, rather slowly, his chin sunk in his neck and his eyes brooding into the darkness of the lower hill. Once he stopped beside a shanty to pick up a piece of iron pipe; a few steps farther and he turned to face the girl who followed in little terror-stricken bursts.

"You will stay here, Dot." His voice sounded shallow and monotonous. He sighed and walked on again, leaving her standing among the shanties, an appealing shade.

There was a lantern at the beach end of the breakwater, hanging high on a cross-piece nailed to a post. It occurred to Perry that it was singularly like a gibbet. He almost laughed; it seemed a joke. He sat down on the higher ground above them with a sudden wave of lassitude and watched the two trying to give each other up under the lantern. Poor, undertrained, tragical boy, the half-finished product of something-or-other, or of nothing-in-particular—and yet civilization had done something for him, after all. In the thirteenth century he would have had to kill them both; in the twentieth he need kill only the man. He ran his tongue over his dried lips and smiled. Would they never come to the end of their hand-clinging?

His mother's voice floated out to him: "No, not yet!" He saw her dart past the man with a girlish flash of body and a flicker of high laughter. "I'm going out part way to-night," she called back, defiantly. The man laughed, too, deep in his throat, and turned to follow her.

"Oh, there! Oh, there!" Perry was up on his toes, crying after him in an absurd soprano. "Wait! You there! Wait!" He came down into the lantern's ring with wooden gesticulations. The two had stopped, and he could see their faces in the half-gloom beyond. The man's was touched with red; his mother's was dead gray, and her lips moved as if she were trying to speak. The man came back a few steps.

"What's up?" he demanded in frank irritation. He stood with his fists on his hips, examining the disheveled intruder. His eyes showed a growing relief. "Oh, that's it, is it? Look here, you're too young to drink that stuff. Now run on home. Here, first, give me that pipe." He advanced, holding out his hand.

Perry struck down at it with a crazy swing. "Damn you!" he screamed. He began slashing at the air without aim, screeching, "I'm going to kill you—I'm going to kill you—"

The other retreated before him, suddenly sobered and wary. The dying

bow-wave of some vessel out there in the dark, caught between the beach and the wall, broke in the air, gray-white, and deluged the pair with fine points of spray. The older man's foot slipped in a crevice; he clawed wildly for balance and fell on one knee. An animal sound, like a primitive yodel, came out of Perry's mouth; lunging forward, he thrashed with his poor, bedeviled muscles. Then, somehow, the pipe was gone from his hand, sailing end over end in the air, and an intolerable pressure clamped his waist, squeezing the breath out of him. Something broke in his heart. He lay there, sobbing weakly into the breast of the red-flannel shirt.

He heard the man's voice, close and loud: "The water will do him good. It's not deep here; I'll throw him in."

And then his mother's voice, thin and high with horror: "Perry! Perry! Don't, Perry!—don't! don't!— Oh, don't!"

The boy lifted one heavy lid and saw her staggering forward over the rocks, hands outflung in wild imprecation; he saw her lips open and shut in the feeble light. Long afterward, it seemed, her voice reached him: "Perry, wait! It's Perry! It's your boy, Perry!"

The pressure went away from his waist and he was sitting on a granite block, staring giddily at the face of the man who kneeled in front of him.

"Are you my father?" he asked after a long idle time.

The man reached out and pinched his shoulder with fingers that shivered in a curious way. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes!"

"Ah!"

Perry got to his feet and walked unsteadily to the beach. On the sloping sand beyond the light he came upon Dot, standing with ecstatic hands clenched under her chin and teary eyes glistening at him.

"I heard!" she cried. "Oh, Perry, isn't it too *romantic!*"

He stared at her, preoccupied. Then he wheeled and stalked back again to face them. They had not changed attitude, save that his mother had put out a hand to rest on his kneeling father's shoulder.

"I suppose you will get married?"

He stood in a quaint, schoolmasterly pose, with his hands clasped behind him. His mother went rosy at the question, became breathless, and patted her heart in the old, cornered way.

"Perry boy," she fluttered her confession, "I—I never had time—I—I never could seem to find time to—to get *un*married. I had it on my mind so long, but—I— He's coming home, Perry!"

"Look here, son!" The younger Perry felt his hand imprisoned strongly and noted with wonder that the brown, square face before him was scowling with emotion and that big, comical tears ran down the sides of the nose. "Perry, old fellow," the man stammered, pumping the hand up and down.

Perry got it back, walked ashore without a word, and turned to the westward through the darkest night of his life. Suddenly, with no word of warning given, he found himself alone. He, who had been so profoundly essential, was unessential. His feet went thump, thump, thump on the road-metal; he stopped so that the thumping would stop, and stood brooding seaward over the blank water. For a moment he was very old, looking at youth. For a moment he knew what it is to be free; the kind of freedom vouchsafed a mother when her last-born faces the world, leaving her hands free—and empty.

It would not have been quite so terrible could it have taken him in the familiar crowded streets or the close chambers of trade, but here in this alien world of beach cottages and silence and space he had nothing to lean upon.

Something touched his elbow, and he heard a voice beside him:

"It's splendid, isn't it, Perry? Now you'll have time to play a little—and for the schooling you wanted."

He turned his head stiffly and stared down at the girl. Her shallowness cut him like a knife; in the gloom he could not see how gray her face was, nor how deep her teeth were set in her lower lip.

"You don't understand," he murmured in a colorless voice, and was turning away from her when his eyes fell on a deeper patch in the shadows down the road. His father and mother had followed him, and, like culprits, they had stopped when he had stopped.

He said nothing, but he walked faster now. Dot lagged a few paces behind, her face grayer and her teeth sharper in her lip. Presently he heard a little scream, and when he jerked about, alarmed, he found her huddled on the ground beside the road, perfectly quiet.

"Dot!" he cried, with a touch of sharpness. He started toward her. "Dot! What's the matter, Dot?"

"I've sprained my — ankle." Her voice scarcely reached him, she was trying so hard not to whimper.

He stood still, quite helpless in the face of this concrete disaster. "Badly?" he stammered. "What will we do?"

Dot did not answer. He ran, bent over her, lifted one of the limp wrists. "Dot!" he cried. "Dot! Dot!"

He was no longer alone. He had escaped from freedom. Dot had fainted at a twinge of pain. Yesterday her buoyant vitality had somehow oppressed him; now her essential frailty, discovered, sent the blood pounding to his head. Forgetting other things, he straightened up.

"Mother!" he called back along the road. "Mother! Dot's fainted!"

They came hurrying toward him, eager and self-conscious as children, who will construct a whole forgiveness out of a single word cast in their direction.

"Oh, dear, dear!" his mother fluttered, thinking of many things.

His father, swinging his strong arms, cried, "Here, I'll carry her along, old man!"

"Carry her! You?" Perry had the girl up in his own arms in a wink. "I'll take care of her," he told them, with a keen flavor of defiance. "If you two will run along and have something ready for us at the cottage," he added.

It was only dimly, as he watched them hurrying away, that he realized the significance of the pattern into which his words had fallen. They were not even trying to hide their elation. The illusion of their youthfulness became more than ever poignant, because dawn was on the make and the night-blue was already troubled by the mystery of resurrection.

He tramped along the road—thump, thump, thump—clasping the slender dead-weight to his breast. He was beginning to feel very queer inside.

"'That infant!'" he heard himself casting back into memory, out loud. It surprised and unsettled him. His eyes went down to the face against his shoulder.

"Dot!" he whispered. "Dot! Dot!"

The eyes opened and looked up at him through the weird light, and the lips moved slowly, close to his own.

"What, Perry?"

What? How was he, who had never had time for such things, to know what? A most preposterous question: "What?"

He felt the fire on his cheeks and saw the answering flame, suddenly, on hers. Then her eyes left his: lying there in his arms she turned to face his mother, who had stopped a little way off. It is hard to tell what they said to each other in that moment of silent interchange, but it was about Perry, and they were women, and it was settled.

Perry had a moment of vision. He seemed to be standing over there where his father was, beside his mother, looking back at those two children on the morning road, with all the things before them that he had lost by the wayside—the things which he and Perry's mother could get back now only by an act of supreme illusion and crowded in an hour.

"I'd like to tell him something," Perry thought. "Good luck or something." His arms were trembling.

Dot turned her face. "You're awfully tired, Perry. Let me down."

He obeyed, still in the mists. And then, remembering of a sudden, he caught her back and cried: "Your ankle, Dot! Dumbhead—I forgot!"

"My—my ankle?"

Her face went crimson, and, with a gesture so familiar to him, a guilty hand fluttered over her heart.

"Then you — Dot — Dear — you weren't really—"

He wouldn't let her go. It seemed incredible, for the moment, that "that infant" had known enough to lie to him. He opened and closed his lips several times, but all the words he could think of seemed absurd. In the end he had a splendid idea.

"I— Dot—I want you to meet my father!"

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART VI

SLEEP would not come. It was not because I was proud of my travels and excited about having been around the big world to China, and feeling contemptuous of Bartel Sperling, "the traveler," as he called himself, and looked down upon us others because he had been to Vienna once and was the only Eseldorf boy who had made such a journey and seen the world's wonders. At another time that would have kept me awake, but it did not affect me now.

No, my mind was filled with Nikolaus, my thoughts ran upon him only, and the good days we had seen together at romps and frolics in the woods and the fields and the river in the long summer days, and skating and sliding in the winter when our parents thought we were in school. And now he was going out of this young life, and the summers and winters would come and go, and we others would rove and play as before, but his place would be vacant; we should see him no more. To-morrow he would not suspect, but would be as he had always been, and it would shock me to hear him laugh, and see him do lightsome and frivolous things, for to me he would be a corpse, with waxen hands and dull eyes, and I should see the shroud around his face; and next day he would not suspect, nor the next, and all the time his handful of days would be wasting swiftly away and that awful thing coming nearer and nearer, his fate closing steadily around him and no one knowing it but Seppi and me. Twelve days—only twelve days. It was awful to think of. I noticed that in my thoughts I was not calling him by his familiar names, Nick and Nicky, but was speaking of him by his full name, and reverently, as one speaks of the dead. Also, as incident after incident of our comradeship came thronging into my mind out of the past, I noticed that they were mainly cases where I had wronged him or hurt him, and they rebuked me and reproached me, and my heart was wrung with remorse, just as it is when we remember our unkindnesses to friends who have passed behind the veil, and we wish we could have them back again, if for only a moment, so that we could go on our knees to them and say, "Have pity, and forgive."

Once when we were nine years old he went a long errand of nearly two miles for the fruiterer, who gave him a splendid big apple for reward, and he was flying home with it almost beside himself with astonishment and delight, and I met him, and he let me look at the apple, not thinking of treachery, and I ran off with it, eating it as I ran, he following me and begging; and when he overtook me I offered him the core, which was all that was left; and I laughed. Then he turned away, crying, and said he had meant to give it to his little sister. That smote me, for she was slowly getting well of a sickness, and it would have been a proud moment for him, to see her joy and surprise and have her caresses. But I was ashamed to say I was ashamed, and only said something rude and mean, to pretend I did not care, and he made no reply in words, but there was a wounded look in his face as he turned away toward his home which rose before me many times in after years, in the night, and reproached me and made me ashamed again. It had grown dim in my mind, by and by, then it disappeared; but it was back now, and not dim.

Once at school, when we were eleven, I upset my ink and spoiled four copy-books, and was in danger of severe punishment; but I put it upon him, and he got the whipping.

And only last year I had cheated him in a trade, giving him a large fish-hook which was partly broken through for three small sound ones. The first fish he caught broke the hook, but he did not know I was blamable, and he refused to take back one of the small hooks which my conscience forced me to offer him, but said, "A trade is a trade; the hook was bad, but that was not your fault."

No, I could not sleep. Those little, shabby wrongs upbraided me and tortured me, and with a pain much sharper than one feels when the wrongs have been done to the living. Nikolaus was living, but no matter; he was to me as one already dead. The wind was still moaning about the eaves, the rain still pattering upon the panes.

In the morning I sought out Seppi and told him. It was down by the river. His lips moved, but he did not say anything, he only looked dazed and stunned, and his face turned very white. He stood like that a few moments, the tears welling into his eyes, then he turned away and I locked my arm in his and we walked along thinking, but not speaking. We crossed the bridge and wandered through the meadows and up among the hills and the woods, and at last the talk came and flowed freely, and it was all about Nikolaus and was a recalling of the life we had lived with him. And every now and then Seppi said, as if to himself:

"Twelve days!—less than twelve."

We said we must be with him all the time; we must have all of him we could; the days were precious now. Yet we did not go to seek him. It would be like meeting the dead, and we were afraid. We did not say it, but that was what we were feeling. And so it gave us a shock when we turned a curve and came upon Nikolaus face to face. He shouted, gaily:

"Hi-hi! What is the matter? Have you seen a ghost?"

We couldn't speak, but there was no occasion; he was willing to talk for us all, for he had just seen Satan and was in high spirits about it. Satan had told him about our trip to China, and he had begged Satan to take him a journey, and Satan had promised. It was to be a far journey, and wonderful and beautiful; and Nikolaus had begged him to take us, too, but he said no, he would take us some day, maybe, but not now. Satan would come for him on the 13th, and Nikolaus was already counting the hours, he was so impatient.

That was the fatal day. We were already counting the hours, too.

We wandered many a mile, always following paths which had been our favorites from the days when we were little, and always we talked about the old times. All the blitheness was with Nikolaus; we others could not shake off our depression. Our tone toward Nikolaus was so strangely gentle and tender and yearning that he noticed it, and was pleased; and we were constantly doing him deferential little offices of courtesy, and saying, "Wait, let me do that for you," and that pleased him, too. I gave him seven fish-hooks—all I had—and made him take them; and Seppi gave him his new knife and a humming-top painted red and yellow—atonements for swindles practised upon him formerly, as I learned later, and probably no longer remembered by Nikolaus now. These things touched him, and he said he could not have believed that we loved him so; and his pride in it and gratefulness for it cut us to the heart, we were so undeserving of them. When we parted at last, he was radiant, and said he had never had such a happy day.

As we walked along homeward, Seppi said, "We always prized him, but never so much as now, when we are going to lose him."

Next day and every day we spent all of our spare time with Nikolaus; and also added to it time which we (and he) stole from work and other duties, and this cost the three of us some sharp scoldings and some threats of punishment. Every morning two of us woke with a start and a shudder, saying, as the days flew along, "Only ten days left"; "only nine days left"; "only eight"; "only seven." Always it was narrowing. Always Nikolaus was gay and happy, and always puzzled because

we were not. He wore his invention to the bone trying to invent ways to cheer us up, but it was only a hollow success; he could see that our jollity had no heart in it, and that the laughs we broke into came up against some obstruction or other and suffered damage and decayed into a sigh. He tried to find out what the matter was, so that he could help us out of our trouble or make it lighter by sharing it with us; so we had to tell many lies to deceive him and appease him.

But the most distressing thing of all was that he was always making plans, and often they went beyond the 13th! Whenever that happened it made us groan in spirit. All his mind was fixed upon finding some way to conquer our depression and cheer us up; and at last, when he had but three days to live, he fell upon the right idea and was jubilant over it—a boys-and-girls frolic and dance in the woods, up there where we first met Satan, and this was to occur on the 14th. It was ghastly, for that was his funeral day. We couldn't venture to protest; it would only have brought a "Why?" which we could not answer. He wanted us to help him invite his guests, and we did it—one can refuse nothing to a dying friend. But it was dreadful, for really we were inviting them to his funeral.

It was an awful eleven days; and yet, with a lifetime stretching back between to-day and then, they are still a grateful memory to me, and beautiful. In effect they were days of companionship with one's sacred dead, and I have known no comradeship that was so close or so precious. We clung to the hours and the minutes, counting them as they wasted away, and parting with them with that pain and bereavement which a miser feels who sees his hoard filched from him coin by coin by robbers and is helpless to prevent it.

When the evening of the last day came we stayed out too long; Seppi and I were in fault for that; we could not bear to part with Nikolaus, so it was very late when we left him at his door. We lingered near awhile, listening; and that happened which we were fearing. His father gave him the promised punishment, and we heard his shrieks. But we listened only a moment, then hurried away, remorseful for this thing which we had caused. And sorry for the father, too; our thought being, "If he only knew—if he only knew!"

In the morning Nikolaus did not meet us at the appointed place, so we went to his home to see what the matter was. His mother said:

"His father is out of all patience with these goings on, and will not have any more of it. Half the time when Nick is needed he is not to be found; then it turns out that he has been gadding around with you two. His father gave him a flogging last night. It always grieved me before, and many's the time I have begged him off and saved him, but this time he appealed to me in vain, for I was out of patience myself."

"I wish you had saved him just this one time," I said, my voice trembling a little; "it would ease a pain in your heart to remember it some day."

She was ironing at the time, and her back was partly toward me. She turned about with a startled or wondering look in her face and said, "What do you mean by that?"

I was not prepared, and didn't know anything to say, so it was awkward, for she kept looking at me; but Seppi was alert and spoke up:

"Why, of course it would be pleasant to remember, for the very reason we were out so late was that Nikolaus got to telling how good you are to him, and how he never got whipped when you were by to save him; and he was so full of it, and we so full of the interest of it, that none of us noticed how late it was getting."

"Did he say that? Did he?" and she put her apron to her eyes.

"You can ask Theodor—he will tell you the same."

"It is a dear, good lad, my Nick," she said. "I am sorry I let him get whipped; I will never do it again. To think—all the time I was sitting here last night, fretting and angry at him, he was loving me and praising me! Dear, dear, if we could only know! Then we shouldn't ever go wrong; but we are only poor, dumb beasts groping around and making mistakes. I shall n't ever think of last night without a pang."

She was like all the rest; it seemed as if nobody could open a mouth, in these wretched days, without saying something that made us shiver. They were "groping around," and did not know what true, sorrowfully true things they were saying by accident.

Seppi asked if Nikolaus might go out with us.

"I am sorry," she answered, "but he can't. To punish him further, his father doesn't allow him to go out of the house to-day."

We had a great hope! I saw it in Seppi's eyes. We thought, "If he cannot leave the house, he cannot be drowned." Seppi asked, to make sure:

"Must he stay in all day, or only the morning?"

"All day. It's such a pity, too; it's a beautiful day, and he is so unused to being shut up. But he is busy planning his party, and maybe that is company for him. I do hope he isn't too lonesome."

Seppi saw that in her eye which emboldened him to ask if we might go up and help him pass his time.

"And welcome!" she said, right heartily. "Now I call that real friendship, when you might be abroad in the fields and the woods, having a happy time. You are good boys, I'll allow that, though you don't always find satisfactory ways of proving it. Take these cakes—for yourselves—and give him that one, from his mother."

The first thing we noticed when we entered Nikolaus's room was the clock a quarter to ten. Could that be correct? Only such a few minutes to live! I felt a contraction at my heart. Nikolaus jumped up and gave us a glad welcome. He was in good spirits over his plannings for his party and had not been lonesome.

"Sit down," he said, "and look at what I've been doing. And I've finished a kite that you will say is a beauty. It's drying in the kitchen; I'll fetch it."

He had been spending his penny savings in fanciful trifles of various kinds, to go as prizes in the games, and they were marshaled with fine and showy effect upon the table. He said:

"Examine them at your leisure while I get mother to touch up the kite with her iron if it isn't dry enough yet."

Then he tripped out and went clattering down-stairs, whistling.

We did not look at the things; we couldn't take any interest in anything but the clock. We sat staring at it in silence, listening to the ticking, and every time the minute-hand jumped we nodded recognition—one minute fewer to cover in the race for life or for death. Finally Seppi drew a deep breath and said:

"Two minutes to ten. Seven minutes more and he will pass the death-point. Theodor, he is going to be saved! He's going to—"

"Hush! I'm on needles. Watch the clock and keep still."

Five minutes more. We were panting with the strain and the excitement. Another three minutes, and there was a footstep on the stair.

"Saved!" And we jumped up and faced the door.

The old mother entered, bringing the kite. "Isn't it a beauty!" she said. "And, dear me, how he has slaved over it—ever since daylight, I think, and only finished it awhile before you came." She stood it against the wall, and stepped back to take a view of it. "He drew the pictures his own self, and I think they are very good. The church isn't so very good, I'll have to admit, but look at the bridge—any one can recognize the bridge in a minute. He asked me to bring it up. . . . Dear me! it's seven minutes past ten, and I—"

"But where is he?"

"He? Oh, he'll be here soon; he's gone out a minute."

"Gone out!"

"Yes. Just as he came down-stairs little Lisa's mother came in and said the child had wandered off somewhere, and as she was a little uneasy I told Nikolaus to never mind about his father's orders—go and look her up. . . . Why, how white you two do look! I do believe you are sick. Sit down; I'll fetch something. That cake has disagreed with you. It is a little heavy, but I thought—"

She disappeared without finishing her sentence, and we hurried at once to the back window and looked toward the river. There was a great crowd at the other end of the bridge, and people were flying toward that point from every direction.

"Oh, it is all over—poor Nikolaus! Why, oh, why did she let him get out of the house!"

"Come away," said Seppi, half sobbing; "come quick—we can't bear to meet her; in five minutes she will know."

But we were not to escape. She came upon us at the foot of the stairs, with her cordials in her hands, and made us come in and sit down and take the medicine. Then she watched the effect, and it did not satisfy her; so she made us wait longer, and kept upbraiding herself for giving us the unwholesome cake.

Presently the thing happened which we were dreading. There was a sound of tramping and scraping outside, and a crowd came solemnly in, with heads uncovered, and laid the two drowned bodies on the bed.

"Oh, my God!" that poor mother cried out, and fell on her knees, and put her arms about her dead boy and began to cover the wet face with kisses. "Oh, it was I that sent him, and I have been his death! If I had obeyed, and kept him in the house, this would not have happened! And I am rightly punished; I was cruel to him last night, and him begging me, his own mother, to be his friend!"

And so she went on and on, and all the women cried, and pitied her, and tried to comfort her, but she could not forgive herself and could not be comforted, and kept on saying if she had not sent him out he would be alive and well now, and she was the cause of his death.

It shows how foolish people are when they blame themselves for anything they have done. Satan knows, and he said nothing happens that your first act hasn't arranged to happen and made inevitable; and so, of your own motion you can't ever alter the scheme or do a thing that will break a link. Next we heard screams, and Frau Brandt came wildly plowing and plunging through the crowd with her dress in disorder and hair flying loose, and flung herself upon her dead child with moans and kisses and pleadings and endearments; and by and by she rose up almost exhausted with her outpourings of passionate emotion, and clenched her fist and lifted it toward the sky, and her tear-drenched face grew hard and resentful, and she said:

"For nearly two weeks I have had dreams and presentiments and warnings that death was going to strike what was most precious to me, and day and night and night and day I have groveled in the dirt before Him praying him to have pity on my innocent child and save it from harm—and here is His answer!"

Why, He had saved it from harm—but she did not know.

She wiped the tears from her eyes and cheeks, and stood awhile gazing down at the child and caressing its face and its hair with her hand; then she spoke again in that bitter tone: "But in His hard heart is no compassion. I will never pray again."

She gathered her dead child to her bosom and strode away, the crowd falling back to let her pass, and smitten dumb by the awful words they had heard. Ah, that poor woman! It is as Satan said, we do not know good fortune from bad, and are always mistaking the one for the other. Many a time since then I have heard people pray to God to spare the life of sick persons, but I have never done it.

Both funerals took place at the same time in our little church next day. Everybody was there, including the party-guests. Satan was there, too; which was proper, for it was on account of his efforts that the funerals had happened. Nikolaus had departed this life without absolution, and a collection was taken up for masses, to get him out of purgatory. Only two-thirds of the required money was gathered, and the parents were going to try to borrow the rest, but Satan furnished it. He told us privately that there was no purgatory, but he had contributed in order that Nikolaus's parents and their friends might be saved from worry and distress. We thought it very good of him, but he said money did not cost him anything.

At the graveyard the body of little Lisa was seized for debt by a carpenter to whom the mother owed fifty groschen for work done the year before. She had never been able to pay this, and was not able now. The carpenter took the corpse home and kept it four days in his cellar, the mother weeping and

imploring about his house all the time; then he buried it in his brother's cattle-yard, without religious ceremonies. It drove the mother wild with grief and shame, and she forsook her work and went daily about the town cursing the carpenter and blaspheming the laws of the emperor and the church, and it was pitiful to see. Seppi asked Satan to interfere, but he said the carpenter and the rest were members of the human race and were acting quite neatly for that species of animal. He would interfere if he found a horse acting in such a way, and we must inform him when we came across that kind of horse doing that kind of a human thing, so that he could stop it. We believed this was sarcasm, for of course there wasn't any such horse.

But after a few days we found that we could not abide that poor woman's distress, so we begged Satan to examine her several possible careers, and see if he could not change her, to her profit, to a new one. He said the longest of her careers as they now stood gave her forty-two years to live, and her shortest one twenty-nine, and that both were charged with grief and hunger and cold and pain. The only improvement he could make would be to enable her to skip a certain three minutes from now; and he asked us if he should do it. This was such a short time to decide in that we went to pieces with nervous excitement, and before we could pull ourselves together and ask for particulars he said the time would be up in a few more seconds; so then we gasped out, "Do it!"

"It is done," he said; "she was going around a corner; I have turned her back; it has changed her career."

"Then what will happen, Satan?"

"It is happening now. She is having words with Fischer, the weaver. In his anger Fischer will straightway do what he would not have done but for this accident. He was present when she stood over her child's body and uttered those blasphemies."

"What will he do?"

"He is doing it now—betraying her. In three days she will go to the stake."

We could not speak; we were frozen with horror, for if we had not meddled with her career she would have been spared this awful fate. Satan noticed these thoughts, and said:

"What you are thinking is strictly human-like—that is to say, foolish. The woman is advantaged. Die when she might, she would go to heaven. By this prompt death she gets twenty-nine years more of heaven than she is entitled to, and escapes twenty-nine years of misery here."

A moment before we were bitterly making up our minds that we would ask no more favors of Satan for friends of ours, for he did not seem to know any way to do a person a kindness but by killing him; but the whole aspect of the case was changed now, and we were glad of what we had done and full of happiness in the thought of it.

After a little I began to feel troubled about Fischer, and asked, timidly, "Does this episode change Fischer's life-scheme, Satan?"

"Change it? Why, certainly. And radically. If he had not met Frau Brandt awhile ago he would die next year, thirty-four years of age. Now he will live to be ninety, and have a pretty prosperous and comfortable life of it, as human lives go."

We felt a great joy and pride in what we had done for Fischer, and were expecting Satan to sympathize with this feeling; but he showed no sign, and this made us uneasy. We waited for him to speak, but he didn't; so, to assuage our solicitude we had to ask him if there was any defect in Fischer's good luck. Satan considered the question a moment, then said, with some hesitation:

"Well, the fact is, it is a delicate point. Under his several former possible life-careers he was going to heaven."

We were aghast. "Oh, Satan! and under this one—"

"There, don't be so distressed. You were sincerely trying to do him a kindness; let that comfort you."

"Oh, dear, dear, that cannot comfort us. You ought to have told us what we were doing, then we wouldn't have acted so."

But it made no impression on him. He had never felt a pain or a sorrow, and did not know what they were, in any really informing way. He had no knowl-

edge of them except theoretically—that is to say, intellectually. And of course that is no good. One can never get any but a loose and ignorant notion of such things except by experience. We tried our best to make him comprehend the awful thing that had been done and how we were compromised by it, but he couldn't seem to get hold of it. He said he did not think it important where Fischer went to; in heaven he would not be missed, there were "plenty there." We tried to make him see that he was missing the point entirely; that Fischer, and not other people, was the proper one to decide about the importance of it; but it all went for nothing; he said he did not care for Fischer—there were plenty more Fischers.

The next minute Fischer went by on the other side of the way, and it made us sick and faint to see him, remembering the doom that was upon him, and we the cause of it. And how unconscious he was that anything had happened to him! You could see by his elastic step and his alert manner that he was well satisfied with himself for doing that hard turn for poor Frau Brandt. He kept glancing back over his shoulder expectantly. And, sure enough, pretty soon Frau Brandt followed after, in charge of the officers and wearing jingling chains. A mob was in her wake, jeering and shouting "Blasphemer and heretic!" and some among them were neighbors and friends of her happier days. Some were trying to strike her, and the officers were not taking as much trouble as they might to keep them from it.

"Oh, stop them, Satan!" It was out before we remembered that he could not interrupt them for a moment without changing their whole after-lives. He puffed a little puff toward them with his lips and they began to reel and stagger and grab at the empty air; then they broke apart and fled in every direction, shrieking, as if in intolerable pain. He had crushed a rib of each of them with that little puff. We could not help asking if their life-chart was changed.

"Yes, entirely. Some have gained years, some have lost them. Some few will profit in various ways by the change, but only that few."

We did not ask if we had brought poor Fischer's luck to any of them. We did not wish to know. We fully believed in Satan's desire to do us kindnesses, but we were losing confidence in his judgment. It was at this time that our growing anxiety to have him look over our life-charts and suggest improvements began to fade out and give place to other interests.

For a day or two the whole village was a chattering turmoil over Frau Brandt's case and over the mysterious calamity that had overtaken the mob, and at her trial the place was crowded. She was easily convicted of her blasphemies, for she uttered those terrible words again and said she would not take them back. When warned that she was imperiling her life, she said they could take it and welcome, she did not want it, she would rather live with the professional devils in perdition than with these imitators in the village. They accused her of breaking all those ribs by witchcraft, and asked her if she was not a witch? She answered scornfully:

"No. If I had that power, would any of you holy hypocrites be alive five minutes? No; I would strike you all dead. Pronounce your sentence and let me go; I am tired of your society."

So they found her guilty, and she was excommunicated and cut off from the joys of heaven and doomed to the fires of hell; then she was clothed in a coarse robe and delivered to the secular arm, and conducted to the market-place, the bell solemnly tolling the while. We saw her chained to the stake, and saw the first thin film of blue smoke rise on the still air. Then her hard face softened, and she looked upon the packed crowd in front of her and said, with gentleness:

"We played together once, in long-gone days when we were innocent little creatures. For the sake of that, I forgive you."

We went away then, and did not see the fires consume her, but we heard the shrieks, although we put our fingers in our ears. When they ceased we knew she was in heaven, notwithstanding the excommunication; and we were glad of her death and not sorry that we had brought it about.

One day, a little while after this,

Satan appeared again. We were always watching out for him, for life was never very stagnant when he was by. He came upon us at that place in the woods where we had first met him. Being boys, we wanted to be entertained; we asked him to do a show for us.

"Very well," he said, "would you like to see a history of the progress of the human race? its development of that product which it calls civilization?"

We said we should.

So, with a thought, he turned the place into the Garden of Eden, and we saw Abel praying by his altar; then Cain came walking toward him with his club, and did not seem to see us, and would have stepped on my foot if I had not drawn it in. He spoke to his brother in a language which we did not understand; then he grew violent and threatening, and we knew what was going to happen, and turned away our heads for the moment; but we heard the crash of the blows and heard the shrieks and the groans; then there was silence, and we saw Abel lying in his blood and gasping out his life, and Cain standing over him and looking down at him, vengeful and unrepentant.

Then the vision vanished, and was followed by a long series of unknown wars, murders, and massacres. Next we had the Flood, and the Ark tossing around in the stormy waters, with lofty mountains in the distance showing veiled and dim through the rain. Satan said:

"The progress of your race was not satisfactory. It is to have another chance now."

The scene changed, and we saw Noah overcome with wine.

Next, we had Sodom and Gomorrah, and "the attempt to discover two or three respectable persons there," as Satan described it. Next, Lot and his daughters in the cave.

Next came the Hebrew wars, and we saw the sworms massacre the survivors and their cattle, and save the young girls alive and distribute them around.

Next we had Jael; and saw her slip into the tent and drive the nail into the temple of her sleeping guest; and we were so close that when the blood gushed out it trickled in a little, red stream to our feet, and we could have stained our hands in it if we had wanted to.

Next we had Egyptian wars, Greek wars, Roman wars, hideous drenchings of the earth with blood; and we saw the treacheries of the Romans toward the Carthaginians, and the sickening spectacle of the massacre of those brave people. Also we saw Cæsar invade Britain—"not that those barbarians had done him any harm, but because he wanted their land, and desired to confer the blessings of civilization upon their widows and orphans," as Satan explained.

Next, Christianity was born. Then ages of Europe passed in review before us, and we saw Christianity and Civilization march hand in hand through those ages, "leaving famine and death and desolation in their wake, and other signs of the progress of the human race," as Satan observed.

Then the Holy Inquisition was born—"another step in your progress," Satan said. He showed us thousands of torn and mutilated heretics shrieking under the torture, and other thousands and thousands of heretics and witches burning at the stake, "always in the pleasant shade flung by the peaceful banner of the cross," as Satan remarked. And in the midst of these fearful spectacles, as an incidental matter, we had a marvelous night-show, by the light of flitting and flying torches—the butchery of Christian by Christian in France on Bartholomew's Day.

And always we had wars, and more wars, and still other wars—all over Europe, all over the world. "Sometimes in the private interest of royal families," Satan said, "sometimes to crush a weak nation, but never a war started by the aggressor for any clean purpose—there is no such war in the history of the race."

"Now," said Satan, "you have seen your progress down to the present, and you must confess that it is wonderful—in its way. We must now exhibit the future."

He showed us slaughters more terrible in their destruction of life, more devastating in their engines of war, than any we had seen.

"You perceive," he said, "that you have made continual progress. Cain

did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without the Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time."

Then he began to laugh in the most unfeeling way, and make fun of the human race, although he knew that what he had been saying shamed us and wounded us. No one but an angel could have acted so; but suffering is nothing to them, they do not know what it is, except by hearsay.

More than once Seppi and I had tried in a humble and diffident way to convert him, and as he had remained silent we had taken his silence as a sort of encouragement; necessarily, then, this talk of his was a disappointment to us, for it showed that we had made no deep impression upon him. The thought made us sad, and we knew then how the missionary must feel when he has been cherishing a glad hope and has seen it blighted. We kept our grief to ourselves, knowing that this was not the time to continue our work.

Satan laughed his unkind laugh to a finish; then he said: "It is a remarkable progress. In five or six thousand years five or six high civilizations have risen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best, to kill being the chiefest ambition of the human race and the earliest incident in its history, but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christian; then the pagan world will go to school to the Christian—not to acquire his religion, but his guns. The Turk and the Chinaman will buy those to kill missionaries and converts with."

By this time his theater was at work again, and before our eyes nation after nation drifted by, during two or three centuries, a mighty procession, an endless procession, raging, struggling, wallowing through seas of blood, smothered in battle-smoke through which the flags glinted and the red jets from the cannon darted; and always we heard the thunder of the guns and the cries of the dying.

"And what does it amount to?" said Satan, with his evil chuckle. "Nothing at all. You gain nothing; you always come out where you went in. For a million years the race has gone on monotonously propagating itself and monotonously reperforming this dull nonsense—to what end? No wisdom can guess! Who gets a profit out of it? Nobody but a parcel of usurping little monarchs and nobilities who despise you; would feel defiled if you touched them; would shut the door in your face if you proposed to call; whom you slave for, fight for, die for, and are not ashamed of it, but proud; whose existence is a perpetual insult to you and you are afraid to resent it; who are mendicants supported by your alms, yet assume toward you the airs of benefactor toward beggar; who address you in the language of master to slave, and are answered in the language of slave to master; who are worshiped by you with your mouth, while in your heart—if you have one—you despise yourselves for it. The first man was a hypocrite and a coward, qualities which have not yet failed in his line; it is the foundation upon which all civilizations have been built. Drink to their perpetuation! Drink to their augmentation! Drink to—" Then he saw by our faces how much we were hurt, and he cut his sentence short and stopped chuckling, and his manner changed. He said, gently: "No, we will drink one another's health, and let civilization go. The wine which has flown to our hands out of space by desire is earthly, and good enough for that other toast; but throw away the glasses, we will drink this one in wine which has not visited this world before."

We obeyed, and reached up and received the new cups as they descended. They were shapely and beautiful goblets, but they were not made of any

material that we were acquainted with. They seemed to be in motion, they seemed to be alive; and certainly the colors in them were in motion. They were very brilliant and sparkling, and of every tint, and they were never still, but flowed to and fro in rich tides which met and broke and flashed out dainty explosions of enchanting color. I think it was most like opals washing about in waves and flashing out their splendid fires. But there is nothing to compare the wine with. We drank it, and felt a strange and witching ecstasy as of heaven go stealing through us, and Seppi's eyes filled, and he said, worshipingly:

"We shall be there some day, and then—"

He glanced furtively at Satan, and I think he hoped Satan would say, "Yes, you will be there some day," but Satan seemed to be thinking about something else, and said nothing. This made me feel ghastly, for I knew he had heard; nothing, spoken or unspoken, ever escaped him. Poor Seppi looked distressed, and did not finish his remark. The goblets rose and clove their way into the sky, a triplet of radiant sundogs, and disappeared. Why didn't they stay? It seemed a bad sign, and depressed me. Should I ever see mine again? Would Seppi ever see his?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Final Star

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

MEN, holding mastery over steel and stone,
Dreaming of gain alone,
Raise giant towers in challenge to the sky,
And set proud lights on high.
Beauty they seek not; but her royal sway
Returns like conquering day.

On cold, dark shafts, where shrouding vapor clings,
Her iris veil she flings,
Giving them tender outlines, many-hued,
In the air's solitude.
Those mighty temples, set for sordid power,
Wait on her changing hour,
And wear, in pageants of the day and night,
Her variant robes of light;
They worship, as at heaven's very bars,
Her priestly, marching stars;
And in her velvet darkness musing stand
To guard her magic land.

Time is her friend, and wills not to destroy
Her morning gleam of joy.
Ruin itself reads laughter in her eyes,
And finds a fairer guise.
All crafts, all projects, but her vassals are,
And she their final star.

The Perfumes and Perspectives of Grasse

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

FOR several months I had been seeing Grasse every day. The atmosphere of the Midi is so clear that a city fifteen miles away seems right at hand. You can almost count the windows in the houses. Against the rising background of buildings every tower stands out, and you distinguish one roof from another. From my study window at Théoule, Grasse was as constant a temptation as the two islands in the Bay of Cannes. But the things at hand are the things that one is least liable to do. They are reserved for "some day" because they can be done "any day." Since first coming to Théoule I have been a week's journey south of Cairo into the Sudan, and to Verdun in an opposite corner of France. Mentone and St. Raphael, the ends of the Riviera, had been visited. Grasse, two hours away, remained unexplored.

I owe to the Artist the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Grasse. One day a telegram from Bordeaux stated that he had just landed, and was taking the train for Théoule. The next evening he arrived. I gave him my study for a bedroom. The following morning he looked out of the window, and asked, "What is that town up there behind Cannes—the big one right under the mountains?"

"Grasse, the home of perfumes," I answered.

"I don't care what it's the home of," was his characteristic response. "Is it old and all right?" ("All right" to the Artist means "full of subjects.")

"I have never been there," I confessed.

The Artist was fresh from New York. "We'll go this morning," he announced.

From sea to mountains, the valley between the Corniche de l'Esteral and Nice produces every kind of vegetation known to the Mediterranean littoral. Memories of Spain, Algeria, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy are constantly before you. But there is a difference. The familiar trees and bushes and flowers of the Orient do not spring from bare earth. Even where cultivated land, wrested from the mountainsides, is laboriously terraced, stones do not predominate. Earth and rock are hidden by a thick undergrowth of grass and creepers that defies the sun and draws from the near-by mountain snow a perennial supply of water. Olive and plane, almond and walnut, orange and lemon, cedar and cork, palm and umbrella-pine, grape-vine and flower-bush have not the monopoly of green. It is the Orient without the brown, the Occident with the sun.

The Mediterranean is more blue than elsewhere because firs and cedars and pines are not too green. The cliffs are more red than elsewhere because there is no prevailing tone of bare, baked earth to modify them into brown and gray. On the Riviera one does not have to give up the rich green of Northern landscapes to enjoy the alternative of brilliant sunshine.

As we rode inland toward Grasse, the effect of green underground and background upon Oriental foliage was shown in the olives, the dominant tree of the valley and hillsides. It was the old familiar olive of Africa and Asia and the three European peninsulas, just as gnarled, just as gray-green in the sun, just as silvery in the wind. But its colors did not impress themselves upon the landscape. Here the olive was not master of all that lives and grows in its neighborhood. In a landscape where green replaces brown and gray and pink, the olive is not supreme. Its own foliage is invaded—for frequently rose ramblers get up into its branches and shoot out vivid flashes of crimson and scarlet. There is also the yellow of the mimosa and the inimitable red of the occasional

Judas-tree. Orange-trees blossom white. Lilacs and wistaria give the shades between red and blue. As if in rebellion against too much green, the rose-bushes put forth leaves of russet-brown. It is a half-hearted protest, however, for Grasse rose-bushes are sparing of leaves. Carefully cultivated for the purpose of bearing to the maximum, every shoot holds clusters beyond what would be the breaking-point were there not artificial support. Nature's yield is limited only by man's knowledge, skill, and energy.

As we mounted steadily the valley, we had the impression that there was nothing ahead of us but olives. First the perfume of oranges and flowers would reach us. Then the glory of the roses would burst upon us, and we looked up from them to the flowering orange-trees. Wherever there was a stretch of meadow, violets and daisies and buttercups ran through the grass. Plowed land was sprinkled with mustard and poppies. The olives had been like a curtain. When it lifted as we drew near, we forgot that there were olives at all!

The Artist developed at length his favorite theory that the richest colors, the sweetest scents were those of blossoms that bloomed for pure joy. The most delicate flavors were those of fruits and berries that grew without restraint or guidance. "Nature is at her best," he explained, "when you do not try to exploit her. Compare wild strawberries and wild asparagus with the truck the farmers give you. Is wistaria useful? What equals the color of the Judas-tree in bloom? Do fruit blossoms, utilitarian embryo, compare for a minute with real flowers? Just look at all these flowers, born for the sole purpose of expressing themselves!" All the while we were sniffing orange-blossoms. I tried in vain to get his honest opinion on horse-chestnut blossoms as compared with apples and peaches and apricots. I called his attention to the fact that the ailantus lives only to express itself, while the maple gives sugar. But you can never argue with the Artist when he is on the theme of beauty for beauty's sake.

From the fairyland of the valley we came suddenly upon the Grasse railway station, from which a *funiculaire* ascends to the city far above. Thankful for our carriage, we continued to mount by a road that had to curve sharply at every hundred yards. We passed between villas with pergolas of ramblers and wistaria until we found ourselves in the upper part of the city without having gone through the city at all.

We got out at the promenade, where a marvelous view of the Mediterranean from Antibes to Théoule lies before you. The old town falls down the mountain-side from the left of the promenade. We started along a street that seemed to slide down toward the cathedral, the top of whose belfry hardly reaches the level of the promenade. Before we had gone a block we learned that the flowers through which we had passed were not blooming for pure joy. Like many things in this dreary world of ours, they were being cultivated for money's sake and not for beauty's sake. Grasse lives from those flowers in the valley below. We had started to look for quaint houses. From one of the first doors in the street came forth an odor that made us think of the type of woman who calls herself "a lady." I learned early in life at the barber's that a little bit of scent goes too far, and some women in public places who pass you fragrantly do not allow that lesson to be forgotten. Is not lavender the only scent in the world that does not lose by an overdose?

The Artist would not enter. His eye had caught a fourteenth-century *cul-de-sac*, and I knew that he was good for an hour. I hesitated. The vista of the street ahead brought more attraction to my eye than the indication of the perfume-factory to my nose. But there would still be time for the street, and in the acquisition of knowledge one must not falter. I knew only that perfumes were made from flowers. But so was honey! What was the difference in the process? Visiting perfumeries is evidently "the thing to do" in Grasse, for I was greeted cordially, and given immediately a guide, who assured me that she would show me all over the place and that it was no trouble at all.

Why is it that some of the most delicate things are associated with the pig,



Drawn by L. G. Hornby

A RAINY EVENING IN THE RUE DE LA POUOST



IN THE POTTERY MARKET

who is himself far from delicate? However much we may shudder at the thought of soused pig's feet and salt pork and Rocky Mountain fried ham swimming in grease, we find bacon the most appetizing of breakfast dishes; and if cold boiled ham is cut thin enough, nothing is more dainty for sandwiches. Lard *per se* is unpleasant, but think of certain things cooked in lard, and the unrivaled golden-brown of them! Pigskin is as *recherché* as snakeskin. The pig greets us at the beginning of the day when we slip our wallet into our coat or fasten on our wrist-watch, and again when we go in to breakfast. But is it known that he is responsible for the most exquisite of scents of milady's boudoir? For hundreds of years ways of extracting the odor of flowers were tried. Success never came until some one discovered that pig fat is the best absorbent of the *bouquet* of fresh flowers.

Room after room in the perfume-factory is filled with tubs of pig grease. Fresh flowers are laid inside every morning for weeks, the end of the treatment coming only with the end of the season of the particular flower in question. In some cases it is continued for three months. The grease is then boiled in alcohol. The liquid, strained, is your scent. The solid substance left makes scented soap. Immediatly after cooling, it is drawn off directly into wee bottles, the glass stoppers are covered with white chamois-skin, and the labels pasted on.

I noticed a table of bottles labeled *eau-de-cologne*. "Surely this is now *eau-de-liège* in France?" I remarked. "Are not German names taboo?"

My guide answered seriously: "We have tried our best here and in every perfumery in France, but dealers tell us that they cannot sell *eau-de-liège*, even though they assure their customers that it is exactly the same product, and explain the patriotic reason for the change of name. Once given, names stick. The public will not accustom itself to a change. Once we launched a new perfume that made a big hit. Afterward we discovered that we had named it from a wrong flower. But could we correct the mistake? It goes

by the wrong name to-day all over the world."

I was glad to get into the open air again, and started to walk along the narrow Rue Droite—which makes a curve every hundred feet!—to find the Artist. I had seen enough of Grasse's industry. Now I was free to wander at will through the maze of streets of the old town. But the law of the Persians follows that of the Medes. Half a dozen urchins spied me coming out of the perfumery, and my doom was sealed. They announced that they would show me the way to the confectionery. I might have refused to enter the perfumery, but, having done so, there was no way of escaping the confectionery. I resigned myself to the inevitable. It was by no means uninteresting, however—the half-hour spent watching violets, orange-blossoms, and rose-petals dance in caldrons of boiling sugar, fanned dry on screens, and packed with candied fruits in wooden boxes for America. And I had followed the flowers of Grasse to their destination.

The Artist had finished his *rol-de-car*. I knew that to find him I had only to continue along the Rue Droite to the first particularly appealing side street. He would be up that somewhere. The Artist is no procrastinator. He takes his subjects when he finds them. The buildings of the Rue Droite are medieval from *rez-de-chaussée* to cornice. The sky was a narrow, curved slit of blue and gray, not as wide as the street; for the houses seemed to lean toward one another, and here and there roofs rubbed edges. Sidewalks would have prevented the passage of horse-drawn vehicles, so there was none. The Rue Droite is the principal shopping-street of Grasse. But shoppers cannot loiter indefinitely before windows. All pedestrians must be agile. When you hear the "*Hue!*" of a driver, you must take refuge in a doorway or run the risk of axle-grease and mud. Twentieth-century merchandise stares out at you from either side—Paris hats and gowns, American boots, typewriters, sewing-machines, phonographs, pianos. One of the oldest corner buildings, which looks as if it needed props immediately to save you from being caught by a falling wall, is the emporium of enamel bath-tubs and stationary



YOU GO DOWN INTO THE CITY THROUGH AN OCCASIONAL ARCHED PASSAGE

wash-stands, with shining nickel spigots labeled "Hot" and "Cold." These must be intended for the villas of the environs, for surely no home in this old town could house a bath-room. Where would the hot and cold water come from? And where would it go after you opened the waste-pipe?

But there are sewers, or at least drains, on the hillside. Grasse has progressed beyond the *gare-à-l'eau* stage of municipal civilization. Before your eyes is the evidence that you no longer have to listen for that cry and duck the pot or pail emptied from an upper window. Pipes, with branches to the windows, come down the sides of the houses. They are of generous size, as in cities of Northern countries where much snow lies on the roofs. Since wall-angles are many, the pipes generally find a place in corners. They do not obtrude. They do not suggest zinc or tin. They were painted a mud-gray color a long time ago.

After lunch we strolled along the Boulevard du Jeu-de-Ballon, the tramway street. In old French towns the words boulevard and tramway are generally anathema. They suggest a poor imitation of Paris, both in architecture and animation, in a street outside the magic circle of the unchanged that holds the charm of the town. But sometimes, in order to come as near as possible to the center of population, the tramway boulevard skirts the fortifications of the medieval city, or is built upon their emplacement. It is this way at Grasse. One side of the Boulevard du Jeu-de-Ballon is modern and commonplace. The other side preserves in part the buildings of past ages. Here and there a bit of tower remains. No side street breaks the line. You go down into the city through an occasional arched passage.



THE CHARCOAL-BURNER'S SHOP

We stopped for coffee at the Garden-Bar, on the modern side of the boulevard. The curious hodge-podge opposite, which houses the Restaurant du Cheval Blanc and the Café du Globe, had caught the Artist's eye. The building, or group of buildings, is six stories high, with a sky-line that reflects the range of mountains under which Grasse nestles. Windows of different sizes, placed without symmetry or alignment, do not even harmonize with the roof above them. Probably there was originally a narrow house rising directly above the door of the Cheval Blanc. When the structure was widened, upper floors or single rooms were built on *ad libitum*. The windows give the clue to this evolution, for the



MARKET-DAY IN GRASSE

wall has been plastered and white-washed uniformly to the width of over a hundred feet, and there is only one entrance on the ground-floor. Working out the staircases and floor-levels is a puzzle for an architect. We did not even start to try to solve it. The Artist's interest was in "the subject," and mine in the story the building told of an age when man's individual needs influenced more strongly his life than they do now. We think of the progress of civilization in the terms of combination, organization, community interest, the centralized state. We have created a machine to serve us, and have become servants of the machine. When we thank God unctuously that we live not as our ancestors lived and as the "uncivilized" live to-day, we are displaying the decay of our mental faculties. Is it the Arab at his tent door,



AN OLD BELFRY IN THE PLACE AUX AIRES

looking with dismay and dread at the approach of the Bagdad Railway, who is the fool, or we?

Backed up at right angles to the stoop of the Cheval Blanc was a grandfather omnibus, which certainly dated from the Third Empire. Its sign read: "Grasse—St. Cézaire. Service de la Poste." The canvas boot had the curve of ocean waves. A pert little hood stuck out over the driver's seat. The lean pair of horses—one black, the other white—stood with noses turned toward the tramway rails. The Artist was still gazing skylineward. I grasped his arm, and brought his eyes to earth. No word was needed. He fumbled for his pencil, but to our horror the driver had mounted and was reaching for the reins. I got across the street just in time to save the picture. Holding out cigars to the driver and a soldier beside him on the box, I begged them to wait—*please* to wait—just five little minutes.

"There is no place for another passenger. We are full inside," he remonstrated.

But he had dropped the reins to strike a match. In the moment thus gained I got out a franc and pressed it into his hand.

"Your coach, my friend," I said, "is unique in all France. The coffee of that celebrated artist yonder, sitting at the terrace of the Garden-Bar, is getting cold while he immortalizes the Grasse-St. Cézaire service. I beg of you to delay your departure ten little minutes."

The soldier had found the cigar to his liking. "A quarter of an hour will do no harm at all," he announced positively, getting down from his place.

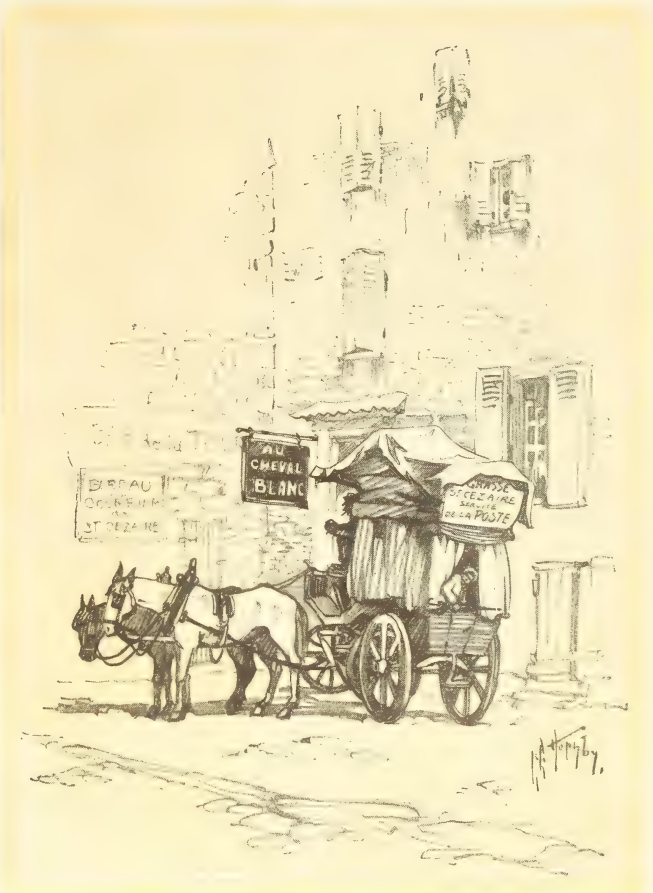
The driver puffed and growled. "We have our journey to make, and the hour of departure is one-thirty. If it is not too long—fifteen minutes at the most." He pocketed the franc less reluctantly than he had spoken.

The soldier crossed the boulevard with me. Knowing how to appreciate a good thing, he became our ally as soon as he had looked at the first lines of the sketch. When the minutes passed, and the soldier saw that the driver was growing restless, he went back and persuaded him to come over and have a look at the drawing. This enabled me to get the driver tabled before a tall glass of steaming coffee with a *petit verre*.

Soon an old dame, wearing a bonnet that antedated the coach, stuck out her head. A watch was in her hand. Surely she was not of the Midi! Fearing that she might influence the driver disadvantageously to our interests, I went to inform her that the delay was unavoidable. I could not offer her a cigar. There are never any bonbons in my pocket. So I thought to make a speech.

"All my excuses," I explained, "for this regrettable delay. The coach in which you are seated—and in which in a very, very few minutes you will be riding—belongs to the generation before yourself and me. It is important for the sake of history as well as art that the presence in Grasse of my illustrious artist friend, coincident with the St. Cézaire coach before the door of the Cheval Blanc, be seized upon to secure for our grandchildren an indelible memory of travel conditions in our day. So I beg your indulgence."

Two school-girls smothered a snicker. There was a dangerous glitter in the old dame's eye. She did not answer me, but a young woman raised her voice in a threat to have the driver dismissed.



THE ST. CÉZAIRE OMNIBUS CERTAINLY DATED FROM THE THIRD EMPIRE

But enough time had been gained. The Artist signified his willingness to have the mail leave now for St. Cézaire.

Off went the coach, white horse and black horse clattering alternately hoofs that would gladly have remained longer in repose. The soldier saluted. The driver grinned. We waved to the old woman with the poke-bonnet, and lifted our glasses to several pretty girls who appeared at the coach door for the first time in order that they might glare at us. I am afraid I must record that it was to glare. Our friendly salutation was not answered. But we had the sketch. That is what really mattered.



IN THE COURT OF THE PERFUME FACTORY

We were half an hour late at the rendezvous with our carriage-man for the return journey to Cannes. But he had lunched well, and did not seem to mind. Americans are scarce this season, and *fortes pourboires* few and far between. On the Riviera—as elsewhere—you benefit by your fellow-countrymen's generosity in the radiant courtesy and good-nature of those who serve you until you come to pay your bill. Then you think you could have got along pretty well with fewer smiles. We knew that our man would not risk his *pourboire* by opposing us, so we suggested with all confidence that he drive round the curves alone and meet us below by the railway station "in half an hour." We wanted to go straight down through the city. The *cocher* looked at his watch and thought a minute. He had already seen the Artist stop suddenly and stay glued on one spot, like a cat patiently waiting to spring upon a bird. He had seen how often oblivion to time comes. The lesser of two evils was to keep us in sight. So he proposed with a sigh what we could never have broached to him. "Perhaps we can drive down through the city—why not?" "Why not?" we answered, joyously, in unison, as we jumped into the victoria.

Down is down in Grasse. I think our *cocher* did not realize what he was getting into, or he would have preferred taking

his chances on a long wait. He certainly did not know his way through the old town. He asked at every corner, each time more desperately, as we became engaged in a maze of narrow streets which were made before the days of victorias. There was no way of turning. We had to go down—precipitously down. With brake jammed tight, and curses that echoed from wall to wall and around corners, the *cocher* held the reins to his chest. The horses, gently pushed forward much against their will by the weight of the carriage, planted all fours firm and slid over the stones that centuries of sabots and handcarts had worn smooth. The noise brought every one to windows and doors, and the sight kept them there. Tourist victorias did not coast through Grasse every day. Advice was freely proffered. The angrier our *cocher* became, the more frequently he was told to put on his brake and hold tight to his reins.

After half an hour we came out at the *funiculaire* beside the railway station. "How delightful and how fortunate!" exclaimed the Artist. "That certainly was a short cut. We have saved several kilometers!" I thought the *cocher* would explode. But he merely nodded. Far be it from me to say that he did not understand the Artist's French for short cut. Perhaps he thought best to save all comment until the hour of reckoning arrived. He did not need to. The ride back to the sea was through the fairyland of the morning climbing, enhanced a thousandfold, as all fairylands are, by the magic of twilight. One never can make it up to hired horses for their work and willingness and patience. But we did live up to local American tradition in regard to the *cocher*.

Homeward Bound

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ACROSS the scarce-awakened sea,
With white sail flowing
And morning glowing,
I come to thee—I come to thee.

Past lonely beaches
And gleaming reaches,
And long reefs foaming,
Homing—homing—
A-done with roaming,
I come to thee.

The moon is failing,
A petal sailing,
Down in the west
That bends o'er thee;
And the stars are hiding,
As we go gliding
Back to the nest—
Ah! back to thee.

The Rotational Tenants: A Hallowe'en Mystery

BY W. D. HOWELLS

WHEN the summer cottagers of the neighborhood began to go, the keenest pang of parting was inflicted by the first load of trunks which the local express-wagon carried to the station. The cottage disgorging the trunks was a large one, and had been filled to the attic by all sorts of people, young and old. It was a family especially beloved by everybody in spite of the wealth and fashion which it could not keep from sticking out. The mother, earlier in the season, had made her brags that she was going to stay into the fall as long as the fine weather lasted. After the whiz and bang of the summer it would be lovely to settle down for a long, quiet rest, and draw a full breath. She just loved that cottage, she said, and could not bear the thought of cramping into a city house with no place for the children to play except the Park; it was some consolation to be so near the Park. She grew less decided about staying on through October, after the frost that followed the line-storm in September. The weather mellowed again, but her resolution had received a shock, and she was the first in the neighborhood to take her family back to town.

The season had begun to wane even before the end of August. The rush and whir of the motors on the road from the cliffs up between the cottages had sensibly diminished; their lamps glared seldomer through the early dusk; their shapeless squawks no longer alarmed the pedestrian by day. The dinners of the place were by this sign no longer of daily occurrence; a final Sunday parade on the beach was not of the luster of the earlier parades which sharply followed morning service in the churches.

When the Erlcorts saw no lights in the cottage of that largest, lovablest family, the first night after its going, they could not bear it, and pulled down their blinds. But when the next family went they suffered less. They said, "Well, *they're* gone," and as one cottage darkened after another, if it had not been for a certain quality of the blood-red sunsets, they would not have felt lonely at all. It was only when the windows had all blackened round them, and not a soul was left in the cottages of their neighborhood, that a sense of their desolation "shot light horror through their pulses." The selectmen had thriftily put out the street-lamps; the dim light in the window of a remote native alone pierced the darkness. But the skies above were splendid with stars, fixed or flying, icy-clear and frosty-keen, when before they switched out their lamps the Erlcorts opened their door and looked up into that immeasurable geode, that world-wide cup, "hollow and lined with crystals," and tried to draw faith and comfort from it and from the moral law within them, twin-proof with it of their immortality. They had a great deal of the moral law within them, nearly as much as Kant himself when he looked up into the starry heavens, and they were proud of it.

They were rather an elderly young couple—he invented the name and she agreed sadly—who had married a few years before for the convenience of going to Europe together. She had been an artist, and had not specifically renounced her art, though she no longer painted pictures. As a rule nobody used to want her pictures, or at any rate wanted to buy them, and this made it easier, when it came to the point, for her to give herself to consoling him for his failure in a Critical Bookstore which he

had established in New York to satisfy a long-felt fancy of selling the public only the literature he thought good for it to read. The enterprise succeeded commercially, but it left him bankrupt in the taste-pride which had urged him to undertake the censorship of the public's choice in reading. He was in fact a very diffident person, and when he realized what he was doing, he sold out to a friend who applied the principle of universal suffrage to the business by inviting his customers to vote whether he should put this or that book on his counters. The behavior of the moral bankrupt had so wrought upon the imagination of the elderly girl whom he had been reciprocally in love with for some time that she immediately married him, and from the moment they sailed (by the Southern route) she devoted herself to coddling him with all a woman's resolution. She found her account in this, for, without knowing it, she had always wanted to coddle somebody, and he made her observe in vain that he was the only person on board who was not seasick. They would have been willing to stay abroad indefinitely, but they thought that they ought to come home, though they could not have said why, and they came back early in the spring of the third year of their absence. Both their heads were now beginning to show grizzled in a strong light, but their hearts still occasionally leaped young in their breasts; and then it seemed as if the whole process of growing older had been reversed in them. Their love for each other did not exclude a tenderness for the rest of the human species, and there was no kindness they would not have done if it had come their way. They took their cottage at Sea Woods (the rent rather made them hop when first asked) after coming down to look at it on an April day, when the dull, warm sun tempted the bees out to taste the sap oozing from the holes which the woodpeckers had made round the throats of the maples, and they tossed like children on the dead leaves heaped in the little hollow, after they had lunched on the coffee in their thermos-bottle and the sandwiches which she had brought. It would have been in the American nature of things for him to send her down alone to look at the place, but they liked to take life in common as much as possible.

In noting to her at the end of the summer how much less he felt each successive departure of their neighbors, as the cottagers day by day and week by week abandoned their habitations, he experienced a kindly contempt for them, and the motives for going which they falsely alleged. He knew that they were feebly departing because they were scared at being left after the season, or were afraid of being caught by a cold snap. The Erlcorts, with their furnace and their fireplaces, were afraid of nothing, not even of being left after the season; but as he sat at a westward window one evening when the shrinking days went out one after another in a glory of crimson sunsets almost throughout that wonderful October, suddenly he felt his own heart bleed with the dying day. "Oh, this is dreadful, but it's divine," he called to Margaret, fussing at the fire behind him. "It's Heine's *höchst angenehmer Schmerz;* it's what that awful old hymn calls the 'lovely appearance of death.'" She turned and pulled down the window-shade between him and the ensanguined sky. "Oh, what did you do that for?" he lamented. "But, yes, yes! You're right! In another minute I should have died of it."

In the succession of these sunsets there came the evening of the day when the last cottager's family left the neighborhood, and all the cottages that were in sight blackened round them in outer and inner darkness. In the thickening dusk there was no sound but the sea raving on the beach, and the waves dragging the pebbles at the foot of the cliffs, snarling and fighting to be free of their clutch. He bore it as long as he could, and then he ran in, pulling the door to behind him with a slam.

"For Heaven's sake, Margaret, switch on all the electrics and heap the fire with all the logs there are; break up the furniture and throw it on so that we can keep out a little of this blackness of darkness."

"Why, Fred," she entreated, "you said you *wanted* to outstay everybody, and have nature to ourselves before you left it."

"But I didn't know nature would be like this. Oh, it is wicked, wicked! You've heard me talk about that summer which I spent in town, when I was the only man in my block, my street, and the long rows of beautiful, big, empty houses mocked the poor with the shelter which they withheld?"

"Yes, yes; and I always respected you for it. So few would have taken that view of it."

"Well, you know, I didn't open my own house to them; I was merely ashamed not to. But just now I felt the sin of the thing worse than ever, when I looked at these practicable all-the-year-round cottages shut up tight for nine months against the people who might be living in them. I counted twenty in our neighborhood before I came in, and there must be three or four hundred in Sea Woods altogether. Think of the people who would be so glad to come and pass the winter in them at special winter rents!"

"I had an uncle who had a cottage on the Great South Bay, and he once got in a winter tenant, at a winter rate. His tenant banged the cottage almost to bits; he broke every piece of furniture, and left the very wall-paper hanging in rags. It was frightful, my aunt said."

"They didn't take pains enough in choosing their tenants. They expected to make money out of him."

"No, they let him have the cottage for almost nothing; and he had chosen himself, so he ought to have been the right kind."

"Well, *I* don't own these cottages, and if you wish to spoil a beautiful dream with a vile Long Island instance, go ahead!"

"Oh, I don't, dearest," she entreated. "Do go on with your beautiful dream."

But at this moment the neat waitress, who was staying on at accommodator's wages as late as Thanksgiving, if they said so, came to the parlor door and murmured that supper was served.

"Oh, do 'take me out'!" Margaret seized his arm; she crooked it up so as to make it seem as if he had offered it, and trailed a step after him, in the pretty gown she had put on.

When, after the long evening over a book read aloud, they had come to the moment of covering with ashes the embers that the back-log had broken into, and then supported each other to the door for their habitual last look at the night, the sense of the solitude swept through them again. The empty cottages bulked up out of the dark and stood like tangible shadows along the ridge which fronted their own knoll and from the meadow sloping seaward in the hollow space between. The cosmic geode sparkled keen above them with suns and planets which filled it so densely that it seemed as if you could not put a pin into it without making some heavenly body jump, Margaret said; and "Yes," he responded, "they needn't tell *me* that all those suns and planets are merely for the conditioning of life on this wretched little puff-ball of an earth, with no sort of life of their own."

"No, indeed!" she passionately agreed. "I'm a thorough Martian. I believe they're every single one inhabited. What a waste if they weren't! How do people prove they're not?"

"Oh, by the waste spaces even on the earth."

"I don't see how that proves anything. But come in now, or you'll catch your death of cold. Ugh!" She hurried to shut out with the solitude the silence where they heard nothing but the fallen leaves skating over the frost-stiffened grass and the branches shuddering above.

An hour later Erlcort was startled by a flash of light that filled his room. He thought the house was on fire; then he ran to the window and looked out. Every cottage of those which he had left blind in the gloom was bursting with the blaze of its electric lamps, not only from its windows, but from the lanterns under its veranda roofs.

"Margaret, Margaret!" he shouted. "Come here! Look out! What in the world has happened? Is it a universal burglary, or am I dreaming?"

"Then I'm dreaming, too," she answered from her room, and he was aware of her staring into the night from her own window at the incredible spectacle. "But we couldn't both be dreaming the same thing! What do you suppose it means? I simply can't trust my senses!"

"We must trust each other's senses, then. Listen! The electric lights seem to be singing together like so many morning-stars."

There came from the cottages a sound not only of singing, but laughing and a joyous racketing, as of people dancing, and of thumping their feet to accentuate the phases of the figures.

"Oh, *I* know!" Erlcort shouted in self-derision for not having thought of it before. "It's Allhallowe'en, and they're keeping it. I had forgotten what day it was!"

"Why, so it is!" Margaret shouted. She had got on a warm dressing-gown, and she hurried into his room, so as to look out of the same window with him. "Isn't it fun?"

A glittering line which lengthened as it passed each of the cottages, from the one farthest east, beyond which the breakers on the beach showed their white in the collective splendor, to the one nearest the Erlcorts', from the verandas the inmates came successively in fantastic frolic of dress and pace, carrying pumpkins cut in masks, with light flaring out through eye-holes and mouths. Old and young were footing onward and singing—gappers and gammers, fathers and mothers, and children of every size and age. They shouted the loudest and capered the wildest as they came closest to the Erlcorts', who exchanged glances of wonder.

"Not our summer neighbors, I think," she said. "They were very nice, but they hadn't the happy look of these people, had they? They didn't look as if they could do things, though they certainly gave nice lunches and were as friendly as could be. But these— What do you make of them, dearest?"

"It's perfectly simple. They're the winter tenants. The natives have taken the hint from our talk, and have made an out-season rate to these people. I wonder we didn't think of it at once. Oh, good heavens, Margaret! I hope they're not expecting a speech from me!"

"No, no! *They'll* want to do the speaking. You need only just bow and perhaps say Heartfelt thanks! or something. Isn't it too charming!"

The lantern-bearers had formed a line in front of the assembled cottagers, each with an electric lamp in his pumpkin connected with the house currents by a carbonic filament; and now in front of all there stood forth a frolic sire who took off his Hallowe'en hat (Erlcort instantly recognized the pattern) and bowed toward the window. He said he and his neighbors had to thank the Erlcorts for calling them into being in circumstances so surprisingly sympathetic.

"He has to thank *you*, my dear," Margaret said. "*I* should never have thought of it."

"'Sh!" Erlcort silenced her.

There was only one drawback to their happiness, the frolic sire continued, and he hoped that the founders of their colony would add to its perfection by promising to remain through the winter and keeping on imagining it.

Margaret could not be prevented from throwing up the window and shouting out, "We never *dreamed* of going!" and Erlcort felt that this was perfectly true.

"Well, then, that's all right," the spokesman said. "It only remains for us to account for ourselves as the Rotational Tenants."

"Oh yes, we have heard of you," Margaret eagerly assented. "Dear," she said to Erlcort, "you remember about the Rotational Tenants?"

"I should think so. I invented them," Erlcort said, stiffly.

"Of course, dear," Margaret assented, "with your idea about those nice houses in town standing empty the whole summer long. But you hadn't thought out the details, had you? Wouldn't it be interesting to know about the practical working of your idea? Just how did it begin?" She turned to the frolic sire, who was now sitting comfortably down with them in their parlor at afternoon tea. He had taken off his Hallowe'en hat, and showed himself a serious representative Rotational Tenant.

"It was perfectly simple," he said, "when the owners heard who we really were. Our being unemployed didn't count against us when it came out that we could each do something."

"How 'do something'?" Erlcort asked, with a clearing of his throat which sounded grudging to Margaret; she knew that he did not like having had the

experiment taken out of his hands, after all, he *had* invented the idea. "Who were you, really?"

"All sorts and conditions of men except voluntary idlers. We were and are painters, sculptors, authors, ex-editors, ministers, actors, stenographers, telephone-girls, teachers, inventors, skilled mechanics, all the higher grades of artisans."

"Rather a motley crew," Erlcort observed.

"Yes, I flatter myself we are," the Rotational Tenant said. "And we could turn our hands to a lot of things outside our specific lines. We had no vulgar class feeling and no shame in being generally useful when wanted. I don't say the owners of the property hadn't their misgivings when you first suggested the notion of our tenancy—"

"I?" Erlcort broke in. Then he remembered claiming the notion, and added, "Of course."

"They wished to pick and choose among us, but we wouldn't hear of that: all, or none, we said, and they soon felt the force of our position. When they did, I think they would have been willing to let us have their houses rent free; but we couldn't stand *that*. We said we would pay a nominal rent, and we would engage to leave the premises in better shape than we had found them. I didn't mention that there was a great variety among our womankind—domestics, housekeepers art-students, trained nurses, dressmakers, milliners, club women."

"Oh, come!" Erlcort protested. "You don't mean to say the *women* accepted your ideas of equality?"

"They *had* to! It was either that or the stuffy lodgings and the surreptitious light housekeeping carried on in bathrooms. I don't say women ever accept equality willingly, but they'll come to that when they have the vote. I don't remember where I was, exactly—"

Margaret gave Erlcort a reproachful look for interrupting so much. "About giving the houses up nice even in the fall."

"Oh, yes. The owners saw that it would be the greatest advantage to have their houses lived in. In the first place, they wouldn't have to have them put in order for the summer—pictures shrouded, rugs rolled up, blankets and linen stowed away, curtains taken down, and the whole place covered with naphtha balls, and then wired against burglars, or, worse yet, left with caretakers."

"Why worse?" Erlcort demanded, not to let the Rotational Tenant have everything his way.

"Why? Because caretaker spells bedbug, if you *must* know; and they never take their analogues away with them—"

"Of course," Margaret said. "I don't wonder the owners wanted you in their houses. You mustn't think I flatter, but the moment we saw you it decided us to stay all winter. It will be the ideal country neighborhood that we've always dreamed of in America. I'm sure it was just such people that my husband was thinking of for the tenants of these great, beautiful houses."

Erlcort felt that she was putting it on rather thick, and he thought it well to ask, "And did you go down into the slums and invite the hungry and naked people to come in and share those houses with you?"

"Well—no," the Rotational Tenant reluctcd. "There is always the line somewhere, you know. But we did the next best thing: we put the nicest of the poor into the quarters we vacated, as far as the quarters would hold out. But the very, very poor swarm so, you know, that a large majority of them naturally had to stick to their cellars and garrets."

"I see," Erlcort assented, thoughtfully.

"But we have made a great step forward and we don't despair of getting the more meritorious of the deserving poor into the simpler dwellings of the less well-to-do among ourselves in a few years. There is a mystical principle governing human action in things of this kind, and I don't think we are to blame if we have conformed to the universal law. It's been noted before this that if a man is in absolute need you give him the smallest possible pittance, and you increase your benefaction in the ratio of his ability to do without it."

"Naturally," Erlcort said, in contempt of so mere a commonplace.

"Well, we simply acted upon that principle."

Erlcort began to feel strangely drowsy, and he dozed off; but he was going to frame an objection when he heard Margaret saying: "A demonstration? Oh, just like the Folk-Dancing at Stratford-upon-Avon!"

"That is the idea," the Rotational assented. He now stood hospitably beside their chairs where they sat looking out from the cottage of that richest family which had been the first to go in September at the young people leaping and stamping the light snowfall on the lawn in the figures of the Morris Dance. The bells at their knees jingled like sleigh-bells, and wrought in Erlcort's brain a sweet confusion of the moment with the times when he used to follow that music in a swift cutter over the country roads. The dancers came ambling forward in the joyous advance of Morris On, and danced till they spent their strength and lagged drooping away in the retreat of Morris Off, their heads wreathed in the clouds of vapor blown from their panting lungs. The circle of those whose singing had been the music for their dance parted laughing, and they all came in for afternoon tea through the red evening light which the morning sun threw over the snow. Erlcort felt that the tea ought to have been served in his own cottage, and he instantly found himself offering cups of it which his wife was pouring. Under these circumstances, he was not surprised to have the first cup accepted by one of the natives who owned most of the cottages at Sea Woods and who had let them to the Rotational Tenants.

No perceptible time had passed, but the tenants were no longer any of them present, and the oldest of the natives, who was known to his neighbors as being hard as nails, and was always spoken of as the Old Sir, was saying: "I don't hold with the general idee much, and I wa'n't the first to give in when they came round offerin' a tenth o' the summer rent. 'But here,' I says to my wife, 'it's better to have the cottages lived in and took care of for next to nothing than to lay empty all winter; especially if the Rotationals agrees to git out before the summer folks begins to come down and look for places.' I don't believe but what we hadn't ought to begrutch a good action to others when we see it's goin' to help *us* at the same time. Don't know as I should be for it if it wouldn't," he ended, conscientiously.

"A selfish motive is at the bottom of every good action," Erlcort remarked.

"I don't see why you say that," Margaret protested. "I'm sure I often act unselfishly from an unselfish motive."

Erlcort heard a buzzing in his brain as of angry bees, which he recognized as the noise always made by conflicting ideas; he had often been of Margaret's experience, and he was now striving against it. But it was somehow not to her that he spoke. "What is the use of taking that ground?" he demanded, and it was the Old Sir who said: "It's the only way to get your rent out of 'em."

It seemed to be the Rotational Tenant who had suddenly reappeared; and who added for the Old Sir, "The higher the rent the surer you are of it; the size of the debt appeals to their self-respect."

"It would," the Old Sir assented, "if the debt was any size at all. But with the ragtag and bobtail that you Rotationals have sublet the cottages to at a cut-rate of one-tenth of your own winter rent, the debt comes to next to nothing."

Erlcort looked out and saw that the cottages were swarming with the lowest of the poor, who bulged from the doors and windows, and infested the landscape. A wild rout, preceded by a line of wretches bearing what seemed masks cut from pumpkins went straggling by. "Oh, come!" Erlcort protested, "we can't have this sort of thing all over again. We can't have two Hallowe'ens in twenty-four hours."

"Oh, look, Fred!" Margaret cried. "They're not pumpkins!"

He looked and saw that the lanterns were skulls through which the electric lights grinned and glared.

"This sort of thing ought to be stopped," Erlcort declared. "It's an outrage." At the same time he made the reflection, "It's like the moving pictures, the way the things come and go," and Margaret said, as if he had spoken to her, "Yes, exactly like the movies."

The Rotational Tenant ignored the

irrelevant passage. "Why outrage? It is the logic of events. It is the inevitable conclusion from the premises."

"Oh, premises!" Erlcort said. "What will be left of the premises when they're done with them?"

"The premises that I mean will be in as good shape as ever they were. The real property, as you call it—though there is nothing so unreal—may suffer some deterioration."

"I should think so," the Old Sir whimpered in his quality of typical landlord. "There won't be hide or hair of the cottages left when they're through."

Erlcort's sympathies began to veer to the new tenants. "What sort of premises have you in mind then?" he asked the Rotational who had assumed the Old Sir's place.

"Your own doctrine that when any human being comes into the world naked, hungry, and homeless he has a right to have his material wants supplied by the civilization which, as Fiske proves, his prolonged infancy has established."

"And do you mean to say that you have turned yourselves out of doors, and put these paupers in possession of your larders and wardrobes in illustration of a principle?"

"Not quite. We've taken most of our provisions and all but our best clothes away with us to the Summer Palace Hotel, so as to be near and watch the result of the experiment. The natives will supply them with food and fuel," the Rotational explained. "They can't let them starve or freeze."

"It doesn't seem a solution," Erlcort demurred.

"I never said it was," the Rotational Tenant replied. "But I say it's a conclusion from the premises. We can't stay here looking after them. Our lease of the cottages only runs to May 1st, and we've got to get back and look after our summer rents in town; people will be leaving their pleasant houses."

"That's very well," Erlcort put in. "But where is it to end?"

"I don't know," the Rotational said. "But you ought to. You began it."

"*I* began it?" Erlcort felt his temper rising, and Margaret, at the angry note in his voice, tried to soothe him.

"Now, now, Fred dear!"

"Yes, you! Didn't you imagine us, when you saw these great, pleasant houses standing empty, and thought what a shame it was such people as we should not be in them at a nominal rent?" Erlcort dimly recalled some such mental specification. "We were very well, where and as we were. We were not very comfortable, but we were not unhappy, and we had our little outings, down the bay and into the country by trolley on Sundays; some of us camped a few weeks in the woods and on the beach, or took farm-board. But when you bettered our condition, you obliged us to better people of worse condition. We immediately imagined the poorest of the poor in the housing we had abandoned. It was the same here. They are subtenanting our cottages, almost rent free, and we have gone to co-operative housekeeping in the Summer Palace Hotel, which we have got practically for nothing; the landlord and his family haven't got back yet from Florida?"

"I see," Erlcort faltered, but he felt his responsibility. "Well, I accept your theory of my initiative. What are you going to do about it?"

"Then you think you don't owe us any reparation?"

"Reparation? For what?"

"For the stress of conscience you put us to in possessing us of houses which we didn't own. If they had been ours, we shouldn't have minded misusing them; but as tenants at will—*good* will—we had to be more careful of them than if they had been ours."

"Well, you can put your subtenants here to the same stress."

"Would that be any compensation? Besides, we don't know that they *have* consciences. They may be as indifferent to the property rights of the natives as to the claims of our kindness."

"Then what is to be done about it?"

"Nothing that I can see. We have gone the length of our tether, at your suggestion. There is nothing for it now but charity in its most forbidding form; a step beyond, and we shall have the millennium at our throats."

"The millennium? Oh, horrors!" Erlcort was aware of groaning aloud. He had a vision of the world as it might be

when its people had all things common, and shared equally without regard to their quality or merit, in food, shelter, and raiment. His inferiors jostled him at every turn as he was used to being jostled by his superiors, and he could not despise them, or even pity them, as he sometimes did his superiors. They seemed very happy, but they were repulsive. Charity, with her conditions and restrictions, had gone; there rose a blind figure, bearing a sword and balance, benign enough, but with no apparent respect to persons.

In what followed, Erlcort perceived that if the moving pictures ever came to operate instant changes of mind, as they now operated instant changes of scene, the effect would be something like the bewildering fluctuation of opinion between himself and the Rotational Tenant, who said, "Besides, I now see that your notion derived from a totally mistaken conception of creation."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it didn't take account of the creative principle, of waste or apparent waste. Look up at this heaven full of worlds! All lifeless and solitary for the conditioning of life here! It is the same in the moral, the economic universe. Waste, waste, waste! To those who have it shall be given. Those beautiful houses stood empty in obedience to that principle. They rightfully belonged only to the people who wasted them, but you came along with your petty idea of use and you see what it has led to."

"But I deny—I deny that the planets are not inhabited," Erlcort protested. "Besides, who chose the people whom those beautiful houses should be wasted on? Who chose the wretches whom their waste should leave unhoused?"

The Rotational Tenant laughed. "Oh, you're supposing *choice!* In this universe things are not *chosen;* they *happen.*"

"But I deny that," Erlcort shouted. "I deny your whole position. I deny that there is a waste of the many for the few intended by the Creator. I deny that there is any waste in the universe, material or spiritual. Everything within me and without me denies it. The starry heavens are full of life which declares the glory of their Maker. The moral law within me affirms His concern for all His creatures. He did not create the poor for the conditioning of the rich."

"No," the Rotational assented; "in this universe there are neither rich nor poor by the divine purpose. But people get what they are *fit* for, not what they have a *right* to; and they inhabit palaces or hovels according to that law."

"But who are you, anyway?" Erlcort demanded. "You pretend that you are an esthetic person, an artist or an artisan, a landscape-painter or a painter and glazier, or something of that sort. But your sentiments—I don't call them ideas—prove you a mere parasite of pecuniary prosperity, a political economist in disguise. I believe you are really a capitalist. Are you a capitalist?"

"Search me," the Rotational replied, and he seemed to waft himself away in a gale of derision and leave Erlcort looking out into the night.

"What in the world are you doing there, Fred?" Margaret called to him.

"I thought I saw a light in one of the cottages."

"Then it's tramps; or, more probably, it's in that native's house. Somebody's sick. But *we* can't do anything."

"No, thank goodness! not to-night. We can telephone in the morning."

In the morning they walked out in the mild October sun, under the yellow hickory leaves and red oak leaves; the grass was still green; a clump of cosmos was in flower at a corner of the house.

The native went by in his rattling and snuffling third or fourth hand motor.

"Anybody sick at your house?" Erlcort asked. "I saw a light."

"Nope. Maybe the boys left their Hallowe'en lantern in the window. Goin' to take this cottage next year?"

"I thought of buying it," Erlcort said.

"Well, I should think twice, myself, the way prop'ty's goin' at Sea Woods. But you're the doctor."

The native had got out to crank his crazy machine, and now he got in and clattered away without further parley.

"Had you realized that it was Hallowe'en last night?" Margaret asked.

"It seems to me I didn't realize anything last night," Erlcort said.

Edwy Peddie—Scientific Humanitarian

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

MY name is Edwy Peddie, and by profession I am a scientific humanitarian, the first, I believe, to choose that particular line of endeavor. Until very recently I confined myself to the theory of this science, endeavoring to master its intricacies. But recently I have actively engaged in practice, with results of a gratifying nature.

Some sixty days ago I engaged an office and had my name and calling placed upon the door in gilt lettering. It was exceedingly effective. In addition I caused to be printed business cards, also bearing my name and calling, but in addition a legend to the effect that it was my business to ameliorate the suffering of humanity at large, or of individuals, at reasonable rates.

No client appeared for upward of a month. Then there entered my office a large, pinkish gentleman, who wore low shoes, and who mopped the shining top of his head with an expensive handkerchief.

"Does that card mean what it says?" he demanded, extending one of my pasteboards.

"Absolutely," said I.

"Huh!" said he.

"Without doubt," said I.

"Without doubt *what?*" he roared.

"Without doubt," said I, somewhat taken aback—"why, without doubt there is suffering in your life which you desire to have ameliorated, not to say eradicated."

He snorted. Then he flourished his handkerchief at me in a belligerent manner and said, astonishingly, "How are you on dogs?"

"Dogs?" said I.

"Dogs," said he. "Canine dogs. Leg on each corner, tail behind."

"I am not a veterinary," said I. "If your pet is ill—"

"He ain't ill. *They* ain't ill. If only they were! If there was a dog pestilence! I'll say, Mr. Edwy Pettie, if that's your name, if I was half as healthy as the sickest one of my wife's dogs they'd have me in a medical museum and lecture about me. Those dogs have *constitutions*. Nothing affects them. I know; I've tried."

"Indeed," said I. "But, if I may ask, what interest have I in your dogs' constitutions?"

He shook my card in my face. "I'm a suffering human," said he, thickly; "an acutely suffering human. I want to be ameliorated. I'm agonized by dogs—not dog singular, but dogs plural. You admit men can suffer from relatives, or imaginary snakes, or mosquitoes, or microbes, or hallucinations. Then why not dogs?"

"Very well," said I. "I admit dogs without further argument. You wish to retain my services?"

"I'd retain anything to get rid of those slam-doodled pizzle-winkuses! Why, listen here. Last night, when I got home, my wife had a new one. Looked like a fountain squirtin' white hair. All you could see was hair. Couldn't tell by lookin' at it which way was behind it. And she had it in her lap feedin' it out of my mustache-cup! Said the cup was made on purpose!"

"The case interests me," said I. "It has novel aspects. I am prepared to accept your retainer."

"Good," said he; "any port in a storm." This expression I considered trite and not especially complimentary to myself. "How are you going at it?"

"My methods are unique," said I. "I shall work along lines that would not be patent to the ordinary intellect. I must have a free hand. Now, then, your name?"

"Lemuel P. Crabb," said he.

"First, Mr. Crabb, it will be necessary for me to study the situation. I

must be invited to your home as your guest. It would not be wise, I take it, for your wife to be informed of my business."

"It would not," said Mr. Crabb, "be wise—for you."

"I presume," said I, rising, "that you wish me to undertake this matter at once. I am ready. My bag is always packed. Let us proceed."

Mr. Crabb escorted me to an automobile which stood at the entrance to the building. It contained a chauffeur, so I knew at once that my client was a person of means, and I at once made a mental note to increase my fees. We drove beyond the limits of the city for a distance of some twenty miles into the rural district. There we approached and drove between high brick gateposts from which swung wrought-iron gates. Presently we arrived at the house itself, and stopped. The house was imposing. I made a second mental note with respect to my fees.

On a bench, beside a Japanese-lily pool, sat a portly lady, with an auburn-haired dog on her lap. At her feet coiled a grayhound. A few feet to the right the white creature which Mr. Crabb had likened to a fountain disported itself with the lady's hat, which seemed to afford her quiet amusement. There were other dogs, but my attention was distracted from them by a young woman who sat beside Mrs. Crabb. Notwithstanding an expression which I took to be one of discontent, or rather sadness, she was, I do not hesitate to affirm, pleasing to the eye.

Mr. Crabb conducted me toward them.

"My dear," said he to his wife, "I have brought home with me an old friend. You have heard me speak of him often. It is Mr. —," Here he hesitated and eyed me malevolently, as though I had rendered him an ill service; then he fumbled in his pocket and brought out my card. "It is Mr. Edwy Peddie," said he. "He will stay with us as long as his business will permit."

Mrs. Crabb eyed her husband briefly, then turned and extended a plump hand. "You are welcome, Mr.— I'm afraid I failed to catch your name."

"Edwy Peddie," said I.

"Mr. Edwypeddie," said she, "my daughter, Jane."

I bowed. "Two names, please," said I. "First name, Edwy; family name, Peddie."

"It's not a bit worse than Crabb," said Miss Jane.

"What's the matter with Crabb?" her father demanded, with heat. "It used to suit you. You never saw anything wrong with it till you took it into your head you wanted to change it. Well, young woman, Crabb is your name, and Crabb it will stay for some time. Anyhow, it will never be Coppy. Coppy"—he uttered this name witheringly—"sounds like a pet name for a policeman."

I gathered that the family was not altogether in harmony. They seemed to differ on the subject of dogs, of names, and, if I were not grievously in error, on the subject of a certain young gentleman.

At that instant a small dog of the terrier type appeared, dragging the remains of a white chicken fully as large as himself. He gave evidence of pride; indeed, he seemed overweeningly vain. Mr. Crabb swore. I say this without fear of contradiction. He made use of a profane ejaculation. Also, he moved with belligerent intent toward the dog, but Mrs. Crabb intervened.

"Now, dear," she said, soothingly.

"It's another of Wilkins's," said Mr. Crabb, chokingly. "He claims they're prize chickens. Every one that confounded yapper kills is a prize-winner. If he's bound to kill chickens, why doesn't he pick out common, ordinary Plymouth Rocks or something, eh? Fifteen dollars the last one cost me."

The dog edged away from Mr. Crabb's vicinity. It showed a degree of intelligence.

"That's only one to-day," said Mrs. Crabb, "and the dear little fellow gets *so* much pleasure out of chasing them. I really think we ought to buy a few chickens to play with."

Mr. Crabb uttered an inarticulate sound and kicked a concrete bench. This seemed to give him comparatively little satisfaction, for he turned and walked rapidly away from us, muttering

in his throat in a truly baleful manner.

Suddenly the expression of Miss Jane's face changed. She smiled. It was a joyous, winning smile, but tinged with wistfulness. With pardonable curiosity I followed her eyes and perceived a handsome young man in a large automobile, which proceeded at a rate slower than it has ever been my good fortune to see a handsome young man traveling in a large automobile. One might say veraciously that the car crawled.

The young man leaned as far toward the Crabb estate as safety permitted, and smiled most ingratiatingly at Miss Jane. It was a continuous and admiring smile. In addition he waved his hand.

Mrs. Crabb spoke sharply to her daughter, and then addressed me. "Would you believe it, Mr. Pettie," she said, pursing her lips and elevating her ample chin, "but that young person has passed our house to-day not less than twenty-four times; I have counted."

"You missed one, mamma," said Miss Jane. "There were twenty-five."

"For excellent reasons he has been forbidden the place," said Mrs. Crabb, "but he persists in obtruding his unwelcome presence at—er—at long range, so to speak. He is a person of no taste."

"I am led to believe," said I, with a bow to Miss Jane, "that in one respect his taste may not be impugned."

For the first time Miss Jane smiled at me in a manner indicating some friendliness.

"He does nothing but drive back and forth in front of this house all day," complained Mrs. Crabb. "It is a public thoroughfare and we have no redress."

"It must be a great expense to him," said I, "with the price of gasolene so high."

"His name," said Mrs. Crabb, "is Coppy."

"Indeed!" said I.

At that juncture a bell sounded in the house, which Mrs. Crabb informed me signified that dinner was ready. We were escorted to the dining-room by numerous dogs of assorted ancestry. One had to step carefully. At the door Mrs. Crabb picked up a diminutive brown puppy with a bored expression and floppy ears, and at the table held it precariously on her lap. Mr. Crabb was there. He glanced at the puppy and nodded to me with a significant scowl.

The meal began in silence, but presently Mrs. Crabb turned to address an inconsequential remark to me. Mr. Crabb interrupted vehemently.

"Hey, Maggie," he shouted, "that insect's eating off your plate!"

I looked. It was so. The puppy was partaking calmly of Mrs. Crabb's potatoes.

She was in no wise irritated. "Poor 'ittle ducksy," she said. "Him's hungry. Can eat off mother's plate if him wants." She then addressed her husband. "I want you to understand," she said, "that he's as fit to eat off my plate as anybody. He had his bath this morning, and his little mouth all washed out with listerine."

"Huh!" growled Mr. Crabb. "Did he gargle his throat, too?"

I perceived that my task was to be no simple one. When I left my office I had thought that I might persuade Mrs. Crabb to give up her dogs for her husband's sake, and that this might be brought about by presenting arguments in that logical and courteous manner which is so characteristic of myself. But events proved me to be wrong. Without doubt I should earn my retainer in this case.

Mrs. Crabb treated her husband with a haughty coldness during the remainder of the meal; on his part, he glared at the puppy and made grumbling sounds in his throat. Miss Jane appeared oblivious to the situation, and seemed to be listening constantly. Four times during dinner an automobile passed the house and honked three times sharply. This seemed to give her acute pleasure.

After dinner I found opportunity to take Mr. Crabb aside. "This case," said I, "presents baffling features. I may say," I continued, "that in all my career as a scientific humanitarian I have never been retained in one more difficult." This was, of course, true. It was not only the most difficult, but also the first, but professional men are obliged to have recourse to such innocent means to aggrandize, so to speak,

their importance in the eyes of their clients. "I have collected a mass of data already," said I, "but I must observe further. Just now I must seek seclusion to arrange in coherent form and digest what I have already seen. I find my mind—which you have already perceived to be of no usual caliber—works best while my legs are in motion."

"Maybe it's nearer your legs than most folks'," said Mr. Crabb, sourly.

I made no retort. I left him and passed out into the road, assuming what the dullest intellect would have recognized as a thoughtful, studious pace. From time to time I removed my hat and clutched my head as one does during arduous brain toil. To be successful in any profession one must not neglect to impress observers.

I was so engrossed in study, my mind was so perfectly concentrated, that I did not observe the approach of an automobile. At least I gave its occupant that impression. He was obliged to stop in order not to run me down. It was none other than Mr. Coppy.

"Hey!" he shouted, "can the Aristotle stuff! Peripatetic ratiocination became perilous with the advent of the motor-car."

Though I am not familiar with American argot, I understood the word "can" to signify "eliminate."

"I am not," said I, "a philosopher of the peripatetic school. On the contrary, I am a man of action and resource. I am the sole member of a unique profession."

"The profession of putative sons-in-law?" he asked, ironically.

"I do not follow you," said I.

"You are a guest at the Crabbs', aren't you?"

"After a manner of speaking," said I.

"Hasn't Father Crabb picked you for a son-in-law? You're about my idea of what he *would* pick."

"No," said I, "I am there professionally—with relation to dogs, I may say without betraying professional confidence."

"Not with relation to Jane?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Dogs," said I, "are my sole mission."

"Veterinary?"

"Indeed not! I am," said I, with an impressive air, "a scientific humanitarian. My card." I handed him one with grave dignity.

"Ah," said he, "I see. Something is vexing the little doggies, and you're here to alleviate them, eh? Dogs seem despondent. Mrs. Crabb worried to the brink of collapse. Calls in expert. It's as clear as day."

"I am not," said I, "retained by Mrs. Crabb, but by her husband; nor am I here to nullify any suffering on the part of her pets, but on the part of Mr. Crabb. In short," said I, "it is my task to eradicate the dogs."

"And I'm barred out," he said, with anguish in his voice. "I can't be there to see it." Suddenly an idea seemed to illuminate his face. "Say, Mr. Edwy Peddie, does this card mean business? Are you a professional brightener of hearts and lightener of destinies?"

"I am," said I, "for a suitable retainer."

"Observe me, Mr. Edwy Peddie. My heart is torn by grief. I am a human sponge saturated with woe. Can you dry-clean *me?* Can you make me happy, care-free, buoyant again?"

Though I did not follow him exactly, I did scent a possible client, and assured him of my competence in such matters.

"Are you in a position to accept a retainer from me?" he asked.

I considered cautiously, for it is never well for a professional man to seem eager to obtain a client. He must grant his services as one bestowing a favor. "I think," said I," that my engagements will permit the acceptance of one more case at this time."

"Splendid," said he. "Here's my ailment. I am heartbroken, lovelorn. I am forbidden to approach, converse with, cast fond eyes upon, or in any manner communicate with the young lady upon whom my affections are centered, and whose affections, in return, are centered upon me. There is but one cure. I must have that young lady. Do you take the case?"

"Miss Jane Crabb?" I asked.

"The same," said he.

"Very well," said I. "I will study the conditions. You may look forward without dubiety to satisfying results."

"Mr. Peddie," said he, fervently, "for this assurance I thank you. Meantime I shall continue to pass and repass the prison-house of my lady, reassuring her from time to time with merry honks upon my horn. Good evening.

I now had two clients and two plans to formulate. But I did not despair. I felt my energy and intellect to be amply able for the task.

On my return I made marked progress. I reasoned as follows: If you want an individual to do a certain thing, there are two ways to go about it. You may reason with him and persuade him, or if his mental attitude toward the action be such as to make this impossible, you may resort to what may be termed a stratagem to bring about the desired end. No common mind would have achieved this piece of ratiocination in one short walk!

Therefore, as it was manifestly impossible to reason with Mrs. Crabb and persuade her to consent to the elimination of her dogs, and as it was equally futile to attempt in that manner to bring about the happiness of Miss Jane and Mr. Coppy, I determined to invent some subtle artifice which could not fail of success. To many this would have seemed difficult.

"Well?" said Mr. Crabb, as I reentered the gate.

"Sir," said I, "it is as good as done."

"When?"

"Within the week," said I, with perfect confidence.

"Excellent, if true," said he, somewhat skeptically. "By the way, you don't walk in your sleep, do you?"

It is never wise to make an admission until you are fully informed of the reasons governing the inquiry. I was, consequently, non-committal. "Why do you ask?" said I.

"Because," said he, with a malevolent gleam in his eye, "it ain't safe around here. You saw that man Coppy. Well, we're guarding the house against him. He's unprincipled. We fear he will attempt to take away our daughter by force. Yes, indeed. Or that the influence he seems to have acquired over her will induce her to steal out to him. She is not, as you may have observed, allowed to leave the place."

"But why should I not walk in my sleep?" I asked.

"From nine till twelve the gardener and the chauffeur patrol the grounds; from twelve till three the butler and the under-gardener are on the job; from three till six the dairyman and one of the farmer's sons keep an eye peeled. And they're there for business."

"Um!" said I, somewhat taken aback, for this complicated matters decidedly.

"Good night," said he.

I met Miss Jane in the hall. Wishing to inform her that she had, all unknowingly, a true and dependable friend at hand, I put my finger to my lips and assumed an expression denoting secrecy. Also I whispered the illuminating words, "*Do not despair!*"

She was much affected by the disclosure, for she uttered a cry that was almost a shriek, clutched her throat, turned and sprang through a door which I heard her lock after her. I went to bed with a feeling of warmth about my heart. It is indeed true pleasure to bring joy and relief to others.

Next morning, as I descended to breakfast, I overheard Miss Jane say to her father, "Is the man right in his mind?"

"That," said her father, "remains to be seen."

I wondered whom they could be speaking of. I had lain awake for a considerable time, permitting my brain to dwell, with its accustomed fertility, upon my problem, and before I slept a plan presented itself. The ordinary man would have made two plans, a dog-plan and a Jane-plan. I, however, made but one to accomplish both ends. True science is economical. At breakfast I began to put my stratagem into effect.

"This weather," said I, in a courteous tone, "is the very sort to cause an outbreak of rabies—the so-called hydrophobia."

Mrs. Crabb screamed and dropped a cup of coffee.

I changed the subject. "Miss Jane," said I, "if you were going on a wedding-journey how many trunks would you carry?"

"I'm—not going—on a wedding—journey," she said, instantly tearful.

"But if you *were?*" said I, endeavoring to convey a hidden meaning. "I do not ask from idle curiosity."

"F-four," said she, sniffling.

"Excellent! Splendid!" said I, really delighted, for no number could have been better suited to my designs.

"Rabies!" said Mrs. Crabb, in a weak voice.

Outside, an automobile horn sounded three times, and Miss Jane brightened perceptibly. Mr. Coppy was taking up again his daily labor of passing and repassing the house.

"I'll—I'll fill the road with broken bottles," said Mr. Crabb.

"Do you think *he* cares for tires?" said Miss Jane, scornfully.

"*Rabies!*" said Mrs. Crabb a third time. Her tone was tragic.

Miss Jane got up abruptly and went into the garden. I followed her in a moment. When she saw me coming, for some reason which was not clear to me, she seemed to meditate flight.

"Wait," said I, "I have an important disclosure to make."

She backed away from me in the queerest manner. I wondered if all were well with her mentally.

"Have you," said I, "ever worn overalls like the chauffeur?"

"What!" she gasped.

"Because if you haven't," said I, "you'd better get some and practise in your room—good greasy ones."

She retreated a few steps and seized a rake which the gardener had left there. "What—what do you mean?" she panted.

"'Sh-sss-sh!" Again I put my finger to my lips. "I am a scientific humanitarian. My business is to eradicate woe and suffering. Mr. Coppy is in a condition of extreme anguish because he is deprived of you, and has retained me to cure him, so to speak. In other words, I am here as a professional man, to restore you, as it were, to Mr. Coppy's yearning arms."

"Honest?"

I nodded. "Are you prepared to put yourself without reserve into my hands and to obey without question? Otherwise I shall retire from the case."

"Yes," she said, breathlessly.

"Then," said I, "I shall notify Mr. Coppy to provide a means of conveying four trunks away from here to-morrow night. Four was the number, was it not?"

She nodded.

"Remember," said I, "the overalls. Greasy ones. Practise walking like a chauffeur. I will give you other directions later."

I left her and walked down the road. When well screened from view I waited for Mr. Coppy to appear. To him I outlined my plan and directed him to arrange for the carriage of Miss Jane's trunks.

"We'll make for Europe," said he. "I'll engage passage for the day after to-morrow. There's a sailing. The trunks can go directly to the pier."

"Good," said I. "Between twelve and three. It seems more advisable to act during the watch of the butler and the under-gardener. Butlers are notably timid, and under-gardeners are seldom men of action." I paused to give impressiveness to my next request. "Bring me to-morrow a bit and brace," said I. "A bit that will bore a good-sized hole. Do not forget. Everything hinges on the bit and brace."

"You shall have it, Edwy," said he, affectionately calling me by my given name. "A whole chest of tools if you like."

"A bit and brace only," said I, with dignity, for one may not be otherwise than dignified when acting professionally. Clients must be impressed.

When I returned to the house I found Mrs. Crabb in the garden with her daughter. I simulated excitement and some fear.

"Mrs. Crabb," said I, "I have just encountered a dog which acted—to state the matter without exaggeration—queerly. He made noises which quite unnerved me. I would not want to go so far as to say—"

"*Rabies!*" ejaculated Mrs. Crabb, and sank into a seat. "Oh, my little darlings! My precious pets! What shall I do? Advise me, Mr. Peddie. How shall I protect them from that awful beast?"

"In your place," said I, with judicial gravity, "I should quarantine the dogs—each and every one of them; I should

confine them in the kennels. Thus they will be protected from dangers which lurk without, and you and your family will be safe should it prove to be a fact that any one of them has been infected with the dread disorder."

"It shall be done at once," she said. "I shall give orders myself. Rabies!" She hurried away as rapidly as her weight and conformation permitted.

The kennels, let me make clear, adjoined a small building used as a dairy down-stairs and as a trunk-room up-stairs. Perhaps it will not be clear at this time why I desired the dogs to be confined in juxtaposition, as it were, to the trunk-room, but my reasons were excellent. My plans were working splendidly.

"Have you your overalls?" I whispered to Miss Jane.

"Greasy ones," she whispered back.

"At midnight to-morrow," I said. "Be ready."

She nodded. "How will I get my things out to pack my trunks?"

"You have the balance of to-day and to-morrow," said I. "Carry out your things piecemeal, concealed under the garments you are wearing. If your parents evince an interest in your visits to the trunk-room, tell them you are thinking of devoting your life to art. You paint in water-colors, do you not? Tell them you are considering remodeling the trunk-room into a studio."

Next morning I sought out Mr. Coppy, whose car had continued to patrol the road before the house, and made my final arrangements with him. Also I received from him the important bit and brace.

As for Miss Jane, she made innumerable journeys between her wardrobe and the trunk-room, but her explanation about the turning of her heart from Mr. Coppy to art not only reassured, but delighted her parents. It was a little thing, but skilful.

Toward six o'clock a small motor-truck stopped before the house, having developed trouble with its motor. For a couple of hours the driver vainly tried to set it going again, and then entered Mr. Crabb's grounds, mopping his brow disgustedly. He accosted Mr. Crabb.

"Say, mister," said he, "the blasted thing's busted down. Can't see to tinker it to-night. Mind if we push it in on to your driveway. I hate to leave it standin' out in the road all night."

Mr. Crabb granted the permission, and the driver, with his helper and some aid from the gardener and the chauffeur, pushed the truck into the grounds and rolled it along until it stood on the drive between the garage and the building in which the trunk-room was located. "We got blankets," said the man, "and we'll just roll up and sleep in the truck."

I did not retire with the family, but as soon as they went up-stairs I entered into conversation with the chauffeur and gardener, who were on guard. I explained to them that I was troubled with insomnia and thought I would walk about in the moonlight. Presently I sauntered away, rounded the house, took my bit and brace from the bushes where I had concealed it, and cautiously mounted to the trunk-room.

Perhaps two hours were consumed by what I had to do there. When I came down I passed the truck and said to the driver, in a low voice, "Ready."

Then I returned to the front of the house where the guards kept their careful vigil. It was now eleven o'clock. I had not been there long when I heard the engine of the motor-truck.

"They must have succeeded in starting it," said I, and the three of us walked over to see. It was a fact; the truck was moving out of the yard, and the driver called to us:

"Found the trouble by accident-like. Wire busted inside the insulation. Much 'bliged."

My heart beat high with excitement and pride, for there, inside that truck, proceeded Miss Jane's four trunks.

Promptly at midnight the under-gardener and the butler appeared to take up their watch. As the change of sentinels was being made, I heard, faintly, far down the road, three honks of an automobile-horn. It was Mr. Coppy's signal that he was in readiness. I knew he would run close to the house now—with his lights off—and there wait for Jane.

I had told Miss Jane to come down to the side-entrance at midnight, and I

now walked, as though aimlessly, around the corner of the house to give my aid in this last crucial moment of her delivery. As I rounded the corner of the house, I saw a figure in overalls standing carelessly in the open, and made a mental note to rebuke her tactfully when it should be safe. Of course, it was dark, but one should never take unnecessary chances. It is not scientific.

I walked up to her rapidly and took her arm. "All is ready," I whispered, stealthily. "Come," and I led her toward the gate. We passed close to the butler and the under-gardener, but they suspected nothing, taking the chauffeur with his greasy overalls for granted.

Jane and I walked slowly up the road, though the temptation to run was well-nigh overpowering. We walked some hundred yards when Jane spoke:

"Say, sport, what's the idea?"

I stopped, nonplussed. The words were not such as a young lady would use; the voice was undeniably bass.

"Well," the voice said again, "we're on our way, but where to?"

"You—you aren't Miss Jane?"

"Do these pants look like I was? Say, sport, that insominy of your'n don't affect the noodle, does it?"

"But," said I, "there's some mistake. You *ought* to be Miss Jane."

"Say, what's goin' on, anyhow? What's Miss Jane got to do with it? Where is Miss Jane?"

"I would give," said I, fervently, "as much as five dollars to know."

"Somethin's wrong here," the chauffeur said, grimly; "you come along with me back to the house. This needs lookin' into."

He gripped my arm in fingers of unbelievable strength, and glared at me with ferocity. "Don't cut up no capers now, or I'll drop somethin' hard on your bean. Come gentle, pal."

In this plight I re-entered the grounds of Mr. Crabb's estate. The butler and the under-gardener were doing their duty, for we did not pass them unnoticed.

"Say, Dick," said the butler to my captor, "what you flittin' around so much for. First you go off with this gentleman. Next—and I dun'no' how you done it—you come skedaddling around the house there and make off across the lawn like you was bein' chased. Then here you come back again 'fore you've had half time to git where you was goin'."

"You're seein' things," said Dick.

"I guess I got eyes," said the butler.

"I seen you, too," said the under-gardener.

At that moment the lights of a car flashed on us, a motor-horn tooted thrice derisively, and, startled, we looked up to behold Mr. Coppy, in his big roadster, speeding past, and at his side sat an individual clad like a chauffeur, but the figure was hatless, and long hair streamed out behind. I recognized Miss Jane.

The events I have described are now upward of a week old. It will not aid to describe how I effected my escape from the corn-crib in which the chauffeur and the under-gardener and butler incarcerated me, expressing emphatically their opinion that I had aided Miss Jane to escape. But escape I did, and reached my office in safety.

I have not sent Mr. Crabb an additional bill for services, regarding his initial retainer as ample remuneration. I have not desired to communicate with him at all.

As for Mr. Coppy, he has reason to be grateful to me, and I shall render him a supplementary invoice, but not until later. At the present moment, doubtless, he feels some small irritation toward me—not, as you may suppose, because I mistook the chauffeur for Miss Jane, but for another reason altogether. The reason is this: They have with them aboard the steamer bound for Liverpool, not four trunks filled with Miss Jane's clothing, but four trunks containing seventeen dogs, mildly under the influence of chloroform. I removed Miss Jane's garments from the trunks, perforated them with many holes, using the bit and brace Mr. Coppy supplied, and put four dogs in each, excepting the fourth, which contained five.

So I am successfully launched in my profession. Scientific humanitarianism has proven lucrative, and I can refer skeptical clients to Mr. Coppy and Mr. Crabb. Both will have to admit my efficiency.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE fourth year brings round that civic turmoil, peculiar to our republic, which involves the choice of our chief magistrate. By what magic this is incident with the privilege which equals woman with man in one of the most dramatic prerogatives of life we should be very far from trying to say, though probably we could say if we tried hard enough. We are richly content with the phenomenon itself, and have no ambition to explore the reasons why the year of our presidential election should always be coincident with leap-year. It is a pleasing conjecture that the Fathers of the Republic may have wished to pay a graceful duty to the Mothers in choosing for the quadrennial election of our president that year out of the four when each or any woman may demand the man of her preference in marriage. But this conjecture may be too fond; the fathers may have had no such notion; they may not have thought of it; or if they did, they may have recognized the coincidence in a sort of afterthought, as a joke which the mothers would enjoy with them when they saw it; in that kind of domestication which is pre-eminently characteristic of our commonwealth they may have expected to laugh it over with them. In a later generation, the mystical concurrence of leap-year and the presidential year was probably lost to the political consciousness, as it has ever since remained forgotten until our conjecture had, most unexpectedly with ourselves, pierced to it, though few of our brother and sister psychologists will be willing to allow the fact.

There is a further inquiry which we will not press, but will merely offer for the general pursuit. It is quite possible that it was within the intention of the founders of the commonwealth to build it upon the wisdom of the citizens of both sexes, and not lopsidedly leave it toppling upon the uneven judgment of the male citizens. It does not seem too much to suppose that they esteemed the female citizens equally worthy of public trust, and that in the fullness of time, say after the lapse of nearly a century and a half, they meant their intention to appear. At any rate, it is remarkable that now, in the thirty-first or thirty-second presidential campaign, none of the political parties propose to fight it without the help of the female citizens, unless the anti-suffragists have a champion in the field, who will of course be a man. The Progressives were pledged to the cause of the equal vote four years ago, in out-and-out terms; and in their reunion with the Republicans they have been able to imbue that party with their ideal. We are not sure that an ideal can be employed in imbuing anything, but we are supposing it can, and we are sorry that we have not a like figure to represent the like effect with the Democratic party, which also has declared itself for the same principle. To be sure, both of these elder organizations have declared for the suffrage conditioned upon its adoption by the States before accepting it nationally. One of the candidates has already gone farther and offered his preference for a change in the Federal Constitution. Both parties might see their way out of fulfilling their promise, if necessary, but they will not see their way out if the women can bind them to it, or if they can keep them in mind of the fact that they already hold some millions of votes in the equal-suffrage States which they can cast this way or that. If the Fathers of the Republic meant equal suffrage by adopting leap-year as the presidential year, the granddaughters will take care that they do what they meant in due course of time.

It is difficult to divine from the system of other republics just what they do or did mean. There are now some eighteen or twenty American republics in the two continents of our hemisphere, beginning with ourselves, and counting southward through Mexico, Yucatan, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba, Venezuela, United States of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Uraguay, and Brazil, Hayti, and Santo Domingo. In the Old World there are more republics than one would suppose, beginning with the Spanish republic of Andorra and the Italian republic of San Marino, both commonwealths of the greatest antiquity, to say the least of them, and then advancing through Continental history with Portugal and Switzerland to the most democratic of all, our foster-mother and younger sister, France. Our memory does not serve as to Africa, except in the sole instance of Liberia, but a few years ago Great Britain destroyed two there. In Asia we are sure of the youngest of the family, and of the twenty-sixth republic, in the vast, bland, pacifist commonwealth of China. She, with feet unbound, takes her place in the glorious rank of the peoples whom God gave into their own keeping when he said:

> . . . "I am tired of kings;
> I suffer them no more."

She is perhaps not all yet that we could wish her to be, but she is as like ourselves as she can be at such short notice, and whether her president is quadrennially elected, or whether her presidential year is coincident with leap-year, we cannot be so sure as we should like. The president of the French Republic is septennially elective, and in his succession leap-year cannot be kept account of; but in Switzerland, where the chief magistrate is chosen every second year, every other election may fall on leap-year. In our fair, massive sister Brazil the election is quadrennial, like our own; but as to the Spanish-American republics we prefer to leave the reader in ignorance as dense as our own. What we know is that the day of equal suffrage must be dawning in Chile and Argentina, as it is with us, and that the daughters of the republic there will keep round after the sons and see that they observe the promises which they might willingly break.

Upon the whole we are very well satisfied with the outlook in the republican world. Mexico, indeed, is not that peaceful scene which we should like; but we do not think at the moment of any monarchy which is an image of secular repose, and we must remember that Mexico has had more good advice from us—not to say active medicine—than any body politic could well digest. The other republics are doing very well, and we are approaching our quadrennial choice of a prince with much more dignity than the impious peoples manifest who forget that God is tired of kings. We know that this will be a hard saying for all romantic-minded persons, idolaters of tradition, lovers of titles and other baubles; but a little reflection, such reflection as they are able to summon to their help, will teach them its truth. They may suppose from what they have been told by the story-books, or have had handed down to them from father to son, that there is something very august and noble in the succession of a born ruler to another born ruler, but this is often attended with mortifying difficulties. In the first place, with all the frequency and fertility of royal marriages it is difficult to get just the rightful ruler born to the satisfaction of his subjects. It will never do to explore the annals of monarchy to its most intimate moments, and the republican muse shrinks from mentioning the presence of official witnesses to the authenticity of the royal heir in the birth-hour. Even then distressing doubts persist; suppositions of supposititious infants remain, and poor Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., was followed to her grave and beyond it by the misgivings of so many of her husband's subjects that it is still questionable whether an actual princess of Bavaria is the rightful heir of the English throne, as so many devout Jacobites believe. As for that family question of the Spanish Succession which once drenched half of Europe in the blood of nations unconcerned in it, we must not recur to it, for that way madness lies. But why is not a Bourbon of some sort

now on the French throne, instead of that good M. Poincaré, who certainly was not born to the presidential chair? There are plenty of Bourbons, and to spare, and there is now a perfectly good Braganza (as Braganzas go) knocking about Europe somewhere, who was duly witnessed and certified as the babe born to rule over the Portuguese people. Since that graceless nation has decided to rule over itself, there is a king out of a job, and in the shuffle of Central Europe during the present war there are several other kings, good, bad, and indifferent, who are wanting work, as we should say if kings ever worked. Perhaps there will be others yet; there has already been talk, but no very lively hope, of a German Republic. We do not insist, and all this about the unemployed princes is beside the question whether the chief magistracy of a state is better acquired by birth or suffrage. Most Americans believe that suffrage confers it with greater dignity and justice, and even in the heat of a presidential campaign we venture to think that the choice of a candidate for the succession by means of delegates to a national convention chosen by primary election, and then roaring through a week of discussion, of trading votes and using every stratagem possible under the rules or over them, is a finer and nobler and honester thing than having an heir-apparent born and bred to the job of royalty.

The monarchical superstition dies hard, as all the other phases of romanticism do. What we are saying, and even saying over, is that our elective succession is a more wholesome, honest and dignified, method of handing on the power of the executive than the monarchical method. If we are wrong in anything, and we are probably wrong in many things, we are wrong in giving too much power to the executive. The presidency, as we invented it when Washington refused a crown, was an image of the kingship; we had got no further than that; and it remains an image of the kingship, though smirking and dodging at times in the keeping of the cleverer politicians, and trying to look always like an expression of the popular will. In the French Republic the presidential election is not so popular as with us in form or in fact, for our electoral college apparently refines, but does not really refine, upon the popular choice. In Switzerland the president is merely the clerk of the legislative body; they get on in Switzerland without even the presidential effigy of a prince, and probably it is so in Andorra, though we are not so sure about Liberia or the Spanish-American commonwealths. These may have forms more like ours and less like the French, which has not taken us for an ideal so much as we suppose in considering our priority. In his *Spirit of Laws*, Montesquieu anticipated Jefferson in that famous passing of the Declaration of Independence when he said that all men were born equal, and this subject of an absolute monarchy divined and pronounced the truth concerning political conditions in saying that under a despotism favor ruled; under a constitutional king, honor; but in a republic, virtue. It does not always seem so with us. Possibly at this moment there are those of the Republican party who deny any sort of virtue to the Democrats, and Democrats who are willing to remain in power with the conviction that the Republicans are altogether vicious. Yet somewhere in the commonwealth virtue resides and keeps it sound if not sweet. Upon the whole it is better than the favor which sustains the subjects of a despotism, or the honor that keeps the lieges of the constitutional monarch in heart and hope. Yes, virtue is better than those, and the great matter is to make sure of it even in the chief magistrate.

One way of doing this, perhaps the easiest and promptest way, is to deny its existence in the different candidates. This puts them on their mettle and obliges them to manifest it, which is harder for the head of a republican state than it is for a despot to show favor, or for a constitutional prince to behave as the fountain of honor. In fact we are disposed to rest in supreme content with our system, and to deny that it has any defects, at least serious ones. One thing in its working, however, is a thing of rather modern date, is the custom of the presidential candidate taking the st
in his own behalf or that of his p
Such a thing is not imaginable of W

ington, or of either Adams, or even of Jefferson, and we doubt if Jackson openly espoused the cause of the Jackson party. The first Harrison did not, and probably could not—being more used to speak by the cannon's mouth, as Taylor was. Clay, indeed, spoke in his party's behalf, but Clay spoke so easily and eloquently. He was beaten, and so was Cass, who was famed for a campaign speech in which he excused himself from trying to declare his position on the slavery question because the noise and confusion would prevent his being heard. General Scott's gift, like Taylor's and Harrison's, was arms rather than letters; his one brief oration praising "the rich Irish brogue and the sweet German accent" did not win him hyphenated votes enough to save him from defeat at the polls. Lincoln, who had spoken so much and so well before his nomination, was silent afterward till he read his inaugural address. He seems to have thought with Washington that he had said enough in words and deeds; but very likely he would not have been as critical of presidential candidates on the stump as we fancied ourselves to have begun by being.

We say fancied, for we seem to have been working silently round to another and a better mind about them. We find ourselves asking ourselves, why not? If it is what the people want, why not give it to them? What does it matter whether or not the French candidate or the Swiss stumps the legislative body which elects him? The candidate in San Marino is too busy in his vineyard; let the people come there to hear him if they want to know what he thinks on the tariff and the other burning questions. Shall we let Brazil, or even China, determine our custom in this matter, especially if we are not sure they are not merely waiting to follow our example? At first we were inclined to think stumping the country for one's party was undignified, but was it really undignified, or more undignified than listening to the stump speeches, as the candidates' fellow-citizens do? Is it better to campaign the country as the Mexicans do with the arms which we have furnished the candidates and their followers?

In our other and better mind about our custom (it has become our custom) we think the great point is that the stump speeches of the presidential candidates should be not only interesting and able, but perfectly sincere—as sincere as the attitudes of their listeners and fully as intelligent; or, if that is expecting too much, as intelligent as that of the journalists who will comment on them the next day, and will make no such secret of their convictions as the Easy Chair is now doing in the like case. Why it is doing this, we could not exactly say, but it is perhaps to preserve an impartial or at least a judicial attitude. Our notion of the judicial attitude is that it is the effect of a mind so absolutely free that no facts against the ruling of the courts can have any effect with it; and who knows what the ruling of the great popular court, the court of last appeal, will be in the actual instance? It is for the majority to say, and the voice of that majority is so often the voice of the minority in our presidential elections that we cannot wait too patiently, too reverently, for its utterance before conforming to it.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

DURING the last twelvemonth a book has appeared, unique in character; remarkable for its absolute competence in the expression of all it attempts to express—including many of the most elusive phases of nature and of human nature; noteworthy also for its dramatic values, though up to this moment we have seen no notice of it. Perhaps its length—over seven hundred closely printed pages—has proved formidable for the casual novel reviewer; but, as it is hardly longer than some of De Morgan's volumes of fiction, more likely its singular divergence from the ordinary lines of the modern novel has deterred recognition.

We do not purpose to review the book—if, indeed, book-reviewing were properly one of the functions of the Study—but we feel impelled to follow the prompting of certain suggestions which this novel, *Wood and Stone*, by John Cowper Powys, an English writer hitherto known rather as a brilliant essayist than as a novelist, has aroused in us—suggestions that have an important bearing upon all artistic expression in literature.

After what we have said of this author's faculty of expression—we might call him the master of Explicitness, who still holds to the Implication closely enough for the purposes of art—we should confidently expect of him a perfectly lucid accounting for his own situation, with reference to the theme of his undertaking, and to the implied necessity of a concrete presentment of it—that is, of the essayist's suddenly turning novelist. Whatever disappointment the novel itself may hold for us—here at least, in accounting for himself and for his purpose, there should be no disappointment.

Usually a novel needs no preface; but here, in one of five pages, the author, instead of giving his readers an entrance to the edifice he has evoked from "airy nothing," reaches forth to compass the whole complex structure within a single view—a comprehensive summation of its meanings.

We see that the novel is a thesis—a synthesis resting upon interpretative analysis. The theme—to get to the bottom of the world-old struggle, recently so startlingly obtruded by the writings of Nietzsche, between the "well-constituted" and the "ill-constituted." "In other words, is the secret of the universe to be reached only along the lines of Power, Courage, and Pride? Or, on the contrary, is the hidden and basic law of things, not Power but Sacrifice, not Pride but Love? . . . In a universe whose secret is not self-assertion but self-abandonment, might not the 'well-constituted' be regarded as the vanquished, and the 'ill-constituted' as the victors? In other words, who, in such a universe, are the 'well-constituted'?

"But the difficulty does not end here. Supposing we rule out of our calculation both of these antipodal possibilities—both the universe whose inner fatality is a striving towards Power, and the universe whose inner fatality is a striving towards Love,—will there not be found to remain two other rational hypotheses, either, namely, that there is no inner fatality at all, that the whole thing is a blind, fantastic, chance-drifting chaos; or that the true secret lies in some subtle and difficult reconciliation, between the will to Power and the will to Love."

So far as to the theme; no hint as yet of a story, of anything concrete. Only the essayist at work, in speculative contemplation. Now, for the dramatic procedure—its scene, motive, and method, as involving esthetic interest and the corresponding transformation of the essayist into an artist—"the writer feeling

that, . . . where the elusiveness of human nature plays so prominent a part, there is more hope of approaching the truth, indirectly, and by means of the imaginative mirror of art, than directly, and by means of rational theorizing. . . .

"Art, alone—that mysterious daughter of Life—has the secret of following the incalculable movements of the Force to which she is so nearly akin. A story which grossly points its moral with fixed indicative finger is a story which, in the very strain of that premature articulation, has lost the magic of its probability. The secret of our days flies from our attempts at making it fit such clumsy categories, and the maddening flavor of the cosmic cup refuses to be imprisoned in any laboratory.

"At this particular moment in the history of our planet it is above all important to protest against the prostituting of art to pseudo-science. It must not be allowed to these hasty philosophical conclusions and spasmodic ethical systems to block up and close in . . . the large free horizons of humor and poetry. The magic of the world, mocking both our gravity and our flippancy, withdraws itself from our shrewd rationalizations, only to take refuge all the deeper in our intrinsic and evasive hearts. . . .

"The pivotal point of the ensuing narrative might be described as an attempt to suggest . . . that the hearts of 'ill-constituted' persons,—slaves, Pariahs, cowards, outcasts, and other victims of fate,—may be at least as interesting, in their bizarre convolutions, as the hearts of the bravest and gayest among us. And interest, after all, is the supreme exigency of the esthetic sense."

The author justly criticizes the many modern writers who, "in their earnest preoccupation with philosophical and social problems, grow strained and thin and sententious, losing the mass and volume, as well as the elusive-blown airs of the flowing tide." He thinks that the deplorable thinness and sententiousness may be due to the fact that, in the excitement of modern controversy, these enterprising writers have no time to read; and, in contrast with these, he refers to Mr. Thomas Hardy as of all recent English writers "the only one who brings with him an atmosphere of the large, mellow, leisurely humanness of the past." To him he has dedicated the novel, intimating that "one could hardly have the audacity to plant one's poor standard in the heart of Wessex without obeisance being paid to the literary overlord of that suggestive region."

Here—in the sandstone quarries of Leo's Hill, presided over by their self-made Napoleonic owner, Mortimer Romer, and in the opposing eminence of Nevilton Mount, with its Christian associations dating from the discovery of the Holy Rood of Waltham—this novel finds its title, *Wood and Stone;* also its gigantic metaphor resting upon these eminences as representing the two conflicting mythologies of Power and Sacrifice. Into the details of the human drama—in which the struggle goes on between the Pariahs of various types and the powers that be, as well as fateful circumstances—we cannot enter here, but certainly the reader who wholly submits himself to the currents of the drama will agree that Mr. Powys has at least succeeded in making it esthetically interesting, and in some chapters—notably the one entitled "Auber Lake"—cumulatively tense and impressive.

This is one of the books that beginning writers may most profitably read as a study in expression, and it is mainly on this account that we have directed attention to it—not for itself alone, but even more for the class of books to which it belongs. There is no school or system of training by which one can be inducted into the literary art. The critic detects at once the difference between a writer of fiction whose only preparation for his art has been the reading of fiction and one whose dilection for the representation of life has been the result of direct sympathetic observation.

But the writer who has not been an avid reader, fresh as may be the charm and flavor of life drawn from its direct assimilation, has had a limited pasturage, and has been cut off from the large humanistic fraternity. The modern masters of fiction have been wide and discursive readers. This is true even of one as realistic as Mr. Howells, whose charm of manner has been enriched by

the distinctively humanistic affiliations thus cultivated. But the masters of fiction we have now especially in view are not thus realistic, nor, being classicists, can they, on the other hand, be termed romanticists. Their peculiarity is the speculative range of their creative imagination. By reason of this large detachment they escape confinement to the actualities of any limited time or place; yet nothing human is alien to them.

If we were to name the writers of the last century who have most inspirationally stimulated the imagination of young prose writers in England and America, we should include very few of those primarily recognized as novelists—perhaps only Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad.

Of these four, Hardy stands alone, as a creative genius in the interpretation of man and nature as well as in their blended dramatic embodiment. It would be as difficult to define his influence upon other writers—though we see it illustrated in Mr. Powys's novel—as it would be to fix the order of his genius in any classification. Conrad seems more nearly akin to him, though all at sea, than any other. Both are at home with the elements, natural and human; both, in their detachment from the ordinary actualities of life and in the tension of their art, recall the masters of Greek tragedy; neither was first known as an essayist, as is usually the case with the largely speculative modern novelist.

Indeed, within the limits we have set, those of the last century, we should first of all, for the stimulation of the creative imagination, commend to young writers that master essayist, Thomas De Quincey, whose nearest approach to anything in the shape of a novel was in *Klosterheim*, but who in almost any other of his characteristic writings—as in *Joan of Arc* and, most of all, in his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*—showed vastly greater power of visualization and impressive dramatic impersonation. Though in diction he is an example of what any writer of fiction should avoid, yet any novelist who is also a humanist should find in the deep wells of his impassioned sensibility inexhaustible resources of power. For something of the same kind of stimulation we might go back two centuries earlier to Sir Thomas Browne.

How many of our college undergraduates, we wonder, are now reading Jean Paul Richter or Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, as we were sixty years ago. But they certainly do still nourish their imaginative powers by the reading of Coleridge's essays and of "The Ancient Mariner," of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, and of Carlyle, that other great essayist, who, if he did not attempt fiction, gave us *Sartor Resartus* and interpreted the French Revolution. These great humanists are never outworn. They still are our mighty metaphor-builders, uplifting for us in illuminating mirages a past humanity.

It is not expected of all writers of fiction that they should be humanists in this large, leisurely, and masterful fashion. We recall but a few besides those we have already mentioned who, even in a lesser degree, have served as torch-bearers of human culture: such writers as Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, Charles Reade, William Smith—the almost forgotten author of *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst*—and the late Samuel Butler. With the exception of George Eliot—in her later fiction—and Mrs. Humphry Ward, the writers who, since Richardson, have made fiction freshly and directly representative of contemporary life—and the larger proportion of these have been women—could not, as to the content of their fiction, be styled humanists. Not even the divine Jane. Doubtless, if they were worthy of this designation, they would not so well have served either the vital mission of their art or for the entertainment of their readers.

Nevertheless, for the nurture and development of imaginative vision and faculty, the great humanists—whether essayists, novelists, or poets—have had their larger place and service.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Shopping*

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

A TIRED-LOOKING woman wearing an anticipatory expression, slightly tinged with apprehension, stands waiting patiently among the baby-carriages, dogs, and dripping umbrellas, at the entrance of a large department store. The babies cry, the dogs yap, and the umbrellas drip. It is all most depressing. She shifts from a congealed foot to its companion, and as the moments go by her look changes to one of o b s t i n a t e resignation. One feels she would resolutely endure a hair shirt if convinced it w a s her duty to do so. P r e s e n t l y the Waited-For arrives, rather exploding than walking through the outer plate-glass doors.

My dear Helen, so you're first—as usual. I can't think how you do it—you are so maddeningly punctual. I hope you haven't m i n d e d waiting. . . . Three-quarters of an hour! Not really? Well, anyway, it's given you a nice rest—you look a bit tired—and we shall have a good long day of it. I thought I never would get off—and then, at the last moment, there were so many things I forgot to remember—you know how it is. And just as I was coming out Mary started in—a list a yard long. I've told her and told her she must stop it, but it's not a bit of use; she only looks impertinent and says she can't be expected to cook proper meals if she has nothing to do it with. So what am I to do? And then she looks superior, and I could kill her—only it isn't allowed. And of course it had to go and rain. Why it always has to rain the very day I select for shopping I don't know. If you'd had a telephone it would have been different. . . . No, no—I didn't mean that; I meant I could have 'phoned you and changed our plans. It always puts me in a temper when I go shopping even under the best conditions, and this morning everything has upset me. But I want you to have a pleasant day; I thought you would enjoy it.



THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR! NOT REALLY? WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S GIVEN YOU A NICE REST

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I wish you wouldn't look like that; it's just the expression Alec puts on sometimes when I'm talking to him—precisely the same. I sha'n't be horrid to you—I just feel disagreeable inside; it never comes out on the surface, and I never show my feelings anyway—no matter what they are. And when I saw how it was pouring I wore this old coat, and I said to myself, "I know I'll meet every one I know this morning." Sure enough, I hadn't but just gotten to the bottom of the steps when Mrs. Little came along—she gets huger every time I see her. I can't bear her. I wouldn't trust her around the corner—she's so everlastingly good-natured, and never says a nasty thing about anybody. It's so unnatural. I'm sure she's a hypocrite.

But I was so glad you could come to-day. I positively loathe shopping alone—anything rather than being by myself—if it's only the dog with me. But I'm having such a time with Karl—Carlo. You see, I thought we oughtn't to call him by that name until the war is over, so I've changed it to Carlo—and Alec thinks that dog is so intelligent, but I don't. He doesn't seem to understand a bit, and the other day he stood stock-still in the middle of a store while I shrieked "Carlo" until I was ready to faint. And he wouldn't budge, but just walked to a woman who said, "Nice doggie," and wagged his tail. I was furious. So I can't take him again until he knows his new name—so I have to leave him at home.

Talking about the war—I think if a few of them had the things I have to go through with every day they wouldn't mind a few bullets and those hand-trenches they throw. And I've done my share, I think. I've nearly finished a muffler, but I cannot make out why it's so strange; none of it looks like itself except for a few inches at a time—and I've been so careful—but it's all full of holes and lumps and different widths all the way up—or down—whatever you choose to call it. Some one said something about lost stitches, but I've looked and looked, and can't find one—only holes. Alec was too horrid about it; he said the soldier who had to wear that would probably get pneumonia. So I've given it to Carlo to sleep on, but he bites it. I never did like that dog, although Alec thinks so much of him. He growls so and sometimes his expression is scarcely human. Still, I can't help it.

My dear, *will* you tell me why we stop here talking in this damp, sloppy place? . . . Well, I'm sure it wasn't my idea to stand here. I suppose we must check our umbrellas. Now, boy, be sure we get back our own. . . . Excuse me, my dear; they do—they try to change them for old ones if you don't look out. I don't know how they do it, but they do. I feel just as though every one was going to be hateful and rude to me to-day. I can generally tell. Come on.

. . . Oh no—nothing in particular. I just thought we would shop to-day. I don't expect to buy anything unless I strike a bargain, so we will only look at the high-priced things—unless I *do* take something. Might—don't know. Oh yes, I do want to get some samples. Alec's mother is making us some kind of an awful and unearthly quilt, and these pieces help out wonderfully. It keeps her quiet, and we need never use it—so I don't mind.

My *dear*—I hadn't noticed before—why did you wear that hat? It's most unbecoming turned up that way. I like one that covers more of your face. . . . Now, Helen, it's very foolish of you to take it like that. You know I wouldn't *say* anything unkind for the world. I was only *telling* you—a very different matter. Besides, it's just the brim that doesn't suit you; it's too girli— Well, it doesn't exactly go with your—what you might call mature style—that's all. . . . How can you say so? I know I should only be too thankful to any one who would tell me if a thing didn't look well on me. . . . I did *not*. I didn't say it wasn't becoming. I said it was *un*becoming—quite another thing. . . . Well, I'm glad you understand—words have such delicate distinctions of meaning. I remember our professor of something at school used to say so—or something like it—I'm not clear which, but I know what I mean. Anyway, here are the velvets.

Did you see that girl deliberately look the other way when I tried to attract her attention? And she knows me perfectly well—I suppose I come in here on an average of twice a week for samples—and then pretends she doesn't recognize me! Really, I— Oh yes, velvets, please. . . . I don't know. It doesn't matter—something cheerful to look at. I mean— Wait a minute. Perhaps gray—yes, gray. Helen, now what do you think? I want you to give your opinion. I thought if I took my gray cloth and let in sort of side bits at the bottom, and at the top put a bias band to let it out— . . . What? Dear me, no. I'm not any stouter. It isn't that. It's just a little snug for the new styles, and it rather worries Alec if he thinks I'm the least bit tight. Personally, it doesn't make me uncomfortable, and I never show it—you know so many get red in the face—but it doesn't upset me. Still—

. . . That's much too dark. It's nearly black. . . . I can't help it if it is *called* gray. It *looks* nearly black. Indeed, I should say it was a light black! Haven't you something brighter? . . . Oh yes, you have—excuse me— What's that sticking

out up there on that top shelf? That's lighter. . . . Oh, oh—is it? It seems a very odd idea to mix up silk and velvets like this.

Helen, this girl is determined not to wait on me properly and won't get me what I want. . . . Well, of course I don't know exactly what I want myself—but I might see it. That's the way with shopping. You never know what you mightn't see—if you're shown it. But how can you tell if you're not? They don't know what an easy time they have of it compared with what we have to put up with—me, anyway. Besides, I don't suppose they have the same feelings we have, and wouldn't understand them if they did. I'm sure I would never be rude and disobliging if all I had to do was to stand behind a counter and show things to people all day. You would think they would learn nice manners just by coming in contact with us and waiting on us. But it doesn't seem to have any effect on them.



YOU WOULD THINK THEY WOULD LEARN NICE MANNERS JUST BY COMING IN CONTACT WITH US AND WAITING ON US

. . . Oh no; that's much too light—it's nearly white—a dark white. Really, I cannot understand why you don't show me something I want. Oh, I don't think silk would do. Do you, Helen? What do you think? . . . You do? Well, I don't. But you might show me some.

. . . Now I said to Alec only this morning—I said, "It isn't as though I asked you what you *want* for dinner, but just give me a *hint*"—an entirely different thing—when you have to plan three meals a day, with the children growing out of themselves every other minute—and Teddy had no sooner come down with a cold last week than Eva insisted on having her hair up!—all in one day. Breakfast I don't mind; that's easy enough—something quick and slippery without much chew to it. Alec only takes about five minutes over his breakfast, and— Why, that's satin! I thought you were going to show me some silk? . . . I know I said I didn't think I wanted silk, but I would have looked at it just the same. But satin is just silk, anyway, with a shine on, isn't it? And I think my mind is set on velvet, after all—and you haven't what I want. So you'd better show me the satin—bring several more pieces at once.

. . . "Well," I said to Alec, "you don't stir out of your office all day long while I have a million things to do." And if you'll believe me, all he did was to snort! Yes, snort—that's the only word to express it. I sometimes wonder if men really mean to be as exasperating as they are, or if it's so natural to them they don't notice it. Now I always say— Do look over there! . . . Why, those cushions—precisely the same as I paid two-forty-nine for last week—and now one-ninety-eight! Isn't that outrageous? You would think the people who buy things and practically support these stores had some rights—but there you are.

Dear me, when you bring me so many pieces at once it confuses me so and I sha'n't know what I'm doing. . . . Yes, I know I said to, still—

Helen, this girl is simply hopeless as a saleswoman. Here's a whole shopful of things and she doesn't show me anything I'm going to buy! . . . Nothing of the kind. A good saleswoman is supposed to guess at what you want before you know yourself,

and make you take it whether you like it or not. You know, the more I think of that gray cloth the less I believe I will touch it at all this year. No; I'll drag it through another season just as it is. I could move the hooks out to the extreme edge with a bow, and put some braid over the seams where it is beginning to strain; it's only a little snug. Most women I know would consider themselves loose, but, as I said, Alec doesn't like me tight. . . . No, you haven't shown me a thing I'd take. . . . Oh yes, I suppose you have done your best, but it isn't *my* fault you haven't sold me anything, is it?

. . . I think that was a most impertinent remark for that girl to make to me. Really, I was quite embarrassed. I told you I just felt every one was going to be hateful to me to-day. I can always tell.

Now what shall we look at next? . . . You think so? Oh, I don't. I wish I hadn't seen those cushions. They will be in my eye all day now. I can't bear to think I've been swindled. . . . What is the use of you trying to excuse it? It's a swindle—a perfectly audible swindle.

. . . Floor-walker, where are the shoes? . . . Top floor? And the hats? . . . On the floor below? Now, Helen, what do you think of that—piling the shoes on top of the hats! But that's just the way with these people who make up stores. I don't suppose they give these things the least thought.

Oh, bother! I forgot the samples. I'll go back and get them. I might change my mind about the gray. You just keep the elevator waiting until I come back. I won't be long. We'd better start in with the bargain basement and work our way up from floor to floor. . . . No, I know they don't keep anything decent there, but I just want to buy a few little presents to send away to the country—nothing but relatives. Then we'll spend some time in the shoe-department. Nothing rests me more than trying on shoes when I'm shopping. I want to get these off; the heels are beginning to tire me. . . . Oh no! just try on. I'll be back shortly.

. . . My dear, I can't tell you how rudely that girl looked at me when I went back and asked her for the samples—simply glared, and just slashed right into the goods like mad and then fairly flung them at me. But I got much larger pieces that way. What about the rugs, as long as they are right here? It's a bit early, perhaps, to begin in the basement. We don't want to get through too soon. Oh, Helen, why didn't you keep the elevator waiting till I came back? . . . Yes, he would, if you had been firm enough about it. . . . Well, never mind.

Perhaps we'd better— Oh, do look at those lovely shirt-waists for ninety-eight cents! And silk at that! I believe I'll get one if I can just elbow my way through this crush. Here, hold my things till I come out. It is absolutely unbelievable what women will do when they are after a bargain. I think I can squash my way in.

. . . Pardon *me*, madam, *I* had hold of this shirt-waist first. . . . Well, I can't help what *you* think. *I* know I had it first. Here, miss, I'll take this shirt-waist. But wait a moment. I don't like them so plain. Haven't you one with a little lace or something on? . . . Yes, that's better—but the lace looks cheap. . . . Well, of course I didn't expect real lace for ninety-eight cents—with a shirt-waist attached to it! Haven't you any linen or lawn ones? . . . Yes, that's more like it. How does it fasten up? . . . Hooks? I don't like hooks on a thin shirt-waist. No, that won't do. Haven't you got any with buttons? Or, better still, anything with "husband fasteners"? . . . You don't keep them? Why, every up-to-date shop keeps them now! I put them on almost everything; my husband drags off all the hooks and buttons. Even the clumsiest man can't fail to make them hitch. They just seem to jump together at a touch.

Upon my word, the way these women push is too disgraceful! There, I gave that one just as good as she sent. I cannot understand how they can act so.—Oh, that's the linen one. Um-m-m! I don't know whether I like that embroidery, now I see it, in the flesh, so to speak. Would you mind trying it on? I can tell better. Let me see the back. Your shoulder-blades poke out so it is rather difficult to tell. I don't know. It seems a bit too early to buy a thin shirt-waist, when you come to think of it. The styles may change before you have a chance to wear it.

Now, did you see the way she flounced off? No matter how polite and considerate you are to them, they are so rude. I told you I knew every one was going to be hateful to me to-day. I felt it in my bones. And they generally are right. So I think we had better look at the hats at once. A becoming hat always cheers me up—and, as a matter of fact, I look well in almost anything.

. . . Here we are at last! I loathe those osculator stairways. I always expect to be ground up in them. . . . Yes, hats, please—and nothing cheap or tawdry—something in your newest modes. And I don't mind at all about the price as long as it suits me. Let me see that one over there—the one with the what-you-may-call-it on one side and the thingumbob on the other. Yes, that's it. Now I like that—yes, very pretty indeed! How much is it? Oh—oh—! N-no, I don't think I care for it. . . . Well, I've just

changed my mind, that's all.

. . . Y-yes — I rather like that. If the grapes were moved to the back and the bow changed to this side and the buckle put in the front, why, it would look quite different, it's true—quite a nice hat. . . . No, I don't think I care for that one with the autumn leaves. I don't like the suggestion, somehow. I think it's too old for me. What do you think, Helen? . . . Oh, you don't? Well—

. . . No, I really don't know what I want. I expect you to find out. But it must be stunning — something very stunning and picturesque — not bunchy, but spread out—with feathers, perhaps—standing up — or lying down — not too much of it, you know, but with a good brim—drooping in some places, but straight up in others. I think you know now just what I want.

. . . Well, of course it hasn't all the things about it I described, but still— Yes, I do like it. . . . What? Very girlish-looking? I'll try it on. —Yes, it really is very becoming indeed. What did you say about "young," Helen? Sometimes you don't speak distinctly. . . . You don't care for it? Well, I do. I'll take this. But I think I'd better have it sent home on approval first. Could you just leave it for a day? My husband won't be home until to-morrow night, and I want him to see it. . . . Oh, you could send it then? Yes, but I want my mother to see it, too, and she is going back to the country in the morning, so it would have to be there by the first delivery. Send a special, will you?

'Sh-h-h, Helen! I'm not going to buy it. I want to have my picture taken in it to-morrow, to go with my black velvet. They never know it if you don't make hat-pin holes in it. Mrs. Ridley did the same with those gorgeous ermine furs. Didn't hurt them a bit; sent them right back the next day. . . . Nothing of the kind. It's only clever, that's all.

. . . Now you will send it by a special, won't you? . . . Thank you so much. Good morning.

. . . Well, we have made a good beginning, haven't we? What do you say to having a bite of lunch somewhere—just a glass of milk and a sandwich? I never feel like eating when I'm shopping; it tires me so. . . . Oh, my dear, I couldn't let you! This is my treat to-day. I don't feel as though I ought— Still, if you insist— Well, I don't know, come to think of it, I believe I'm rather hungry myself. Yes, perhaps, after all, a good, hearty lunch would be just the thing to start us in well for the afternoon. Come on!



I LOATH THOSE OSCULATOR STAIRWAYS. I ALWAYS EXPECT TO BE GROUND UP IN THEM

A Treaty

SMALL Elizabeth was visiting her grandmother in the country. Going from stile to stile across a field one day, she had to pass close to a ferocious-looking cow with long horns and bloodshot eyes. Said she, arguing with the creature and shaking her finger at it:

"If you'll let me alone, I'll let you alone!"

Mistaken Kindness

LITTLE Rachel had arrived in the country for the first time. In the yard she saw a hen gathering her brood of chickens under her wing for the night. Flourishing her apron, she ran at the hen, exclaiming:

"Shoo! Shoo! You naughty thing! You mustn't sit down on those pretty little birds."



SHE: "*He sings the lullabies specially well.*"
OTHER: "*Yes, but I am afraid he will wake every baby in the block.*"

He Couldn't Tell So Soon

TOMMY had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded:

"'Ain't been home yet."



"*So this is your brother. How much older is he than you?*"
"*We are twins, sir, only he's working in a cheese factory and I'm not.*"

A Shopper

SHE was charming to look upon, this young woman, as she entered the Chicago post-office, and, after a moment's hesitation, stepped up to the stamp-window. The clerk glanced at her admiringly and expectantly, and she asked:

"Do you sell stamps here?"

With his most courteous smile he assured her that they did.

"I would like to see some, please," came the unusual request.

In a dazed sort of a way the clerk handed out a large sheet of the two-cent variety, which she examined carefully. Pointing to one near the center, she said, "I will take this one, please."

Reproved

"GOOD morning, Nora," said Mrs. Rogers. "Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again this morning when you 'phoned the order in?"

"He was that," complained Nora, "but I fixed him this time. I sez: 'Who in blazes do you think you're talkin' to? This is Mrs. Rogers."

A Moonshine Wish

THE concentration of troops in Hawaii had brought together again some old comrades of Indian frontier days, and one of the good wives insisted upon gathering them at her table to talk of Auld Lang Syne. They had been talking of a comrade's splendid services and advancement up the ladder of fame. All knew he was superstitious and never hesitated to stake all on one chance if he could see the new moon over his right shoulder. The hostess summoned one of her guests to the lawn to try his luck, and said:

"You must hold this silver dollar in your left hand, look at the new moon over your right shoulder, make a wish, and it will come true."

The thing was very quickly done, and they rejoined the party. Later the hostess asked if the wish had been made, and, upon being informed that it had, she remarked:

"Where is my silver dollar?"

"Oh!" replied the guest, "I wished that I might keep the silver dollar, and it came true."

A Utilitarian View

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Knight were of a very artistic temperament, and it seemed to the mistress only natural that her maid, who had been with them some months, should have developed some love of art in that time. One morning while Ellen was dusting the living-room Mrs. Knight entered and found her gazing at the Venus of Milo.

"Do you like her best of all, Ellen?"

"Sure, an' I do, ma'am. She may not look quite so natural with her arms gone, but she's so aisy to dust, I just love her."

Take Your Choice

A COUPLE of tourists driving in the picturesque hills back of Santa Barbara decided to take a short cut to the ocean front, but were not quite sure of the road. The only human visible being a ragged lad sunning himself in the dust at the side of the road, the driver addressed him.

"Say, boy, how do you reach the ocean from here?"

Whereupon the boy, without batting an eyelash, gravely responded:

"Well, which ocean do you want to go to?"



Not What He Preached

"Well, well, well, now what's the matter, little boy?"

"That er—Socialist feller over there speakin' went an' took the box off'n my wagon to stand on, an' he won't give it back."



HUSBAND: "*The acoustics of that church are remarkably good.*"
WIFE: "*Yes, even the people in the back could hear you snoring.*"

Strained

THE chicken soup which the native cook was fond of serving to the new missionary to Burma seemed to be thickened largely with feathers, which both offended and embarrassed the good man, especially when there were guests at his table. The "boy"—cook—was given elaborate instructions in regard to straining the soup.

Accordingly at the next dinner party there was chicken soup, minus the plumage.

"An improvement," said the host in an undertone, taking a generous spoonful.

"Yes," exclaimed the delighted "boy," in a tone perfectly audible to all, "I strained him good through sahib's sock." Then, seeing the horrified faces, he hastened to explain. "Needn't be mad; didn't take a fresh one."

News to Her

A TRAVELING-MAN one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling-man turned to the waitress with:

"This certainly looks like the Flood."

"The what?"

"The Flood. You've read about the Flood, and the Ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

"Gee! mister," she returned, "I 'ain't seen a paper for three days."

Costly

MARY had just been taken to call on grown-up cousins who had recently built and decorated a large and handsome new house with which she was much impressed.

"Is Cousin Mary very rich?" she asked when she left.

"Yes, dear."

"Then I'm glad we're not rich. It must be so very expensive."



"*Do you find that your game varies a great deal?*"
"*No, confound it! I wish it did.*"

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Two Mid-Atlantic Isles

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

IN my boyhood I once dreamed that somewhere in the vast sweep of the North Atlantic there bulged over the horizon an island. It was a beautiful, wonderful isle, where I walked among strange buccaneers who were kind to me. It was a setting such as I afterward learned to love in the drawings of Howard Pyle. Half a lifetime later, the port mudhook of our little, black-hulled, rakish schooner stirred the calm in the protecting lee of my isle of dreams. There was the chain's rattle to break the stillness of dawn; there, too, the wild sea-birds, startled shrill-crying from towering cliffs, dark-seared by forested ravines, and waterfalls silver-threaded over the cliff edges. Yes, and the landing-beach, the little town, and all.

To the voyager over great oceans the experience of coming upon deep-sea islands induces a thrill, subtle and indescribable. The *Kitty A*[1] lay "at Flores in the Azores," with twenty-two hundred miles of ocean behind. That daylight we had sailed by Lagens Lighthouse, our beacon all the previous night. Our anchorage was just south of the island capital, Santa Cruz. Its quaint, white, rectangular house fronts with black borders, like so many mourning-cards stuck up on edge, were relieved by red-tiled roofs as they echeloned gently down to meet the sea.

Even the great cliffs are partly terraced by the islanders; while Nature, through the modeling-tool of time, has soft-molded the friable lava soil and given to Flores with her frequent rainfall and proximity to the Gulf Stream the greatest richness and fertility of the Azores. Cultivated lands spread out, and, beyond, the undulating hill country, punctuated by craters, culminates in lofty Morro Grande.

Flores is an isolated part of the volcanic chain of the Azores—a stupendous, nine-by-twelve-mile lava mass which, eons ago, boiled up from beneath the sea. Rimmed with towering walls, with no harbors and but few fair-weather landing-places, Flores is surrounded with a *chevaux-de-frise* of rocks through which swirl dangerous currents, often lashed into fury by Atlantic gales.

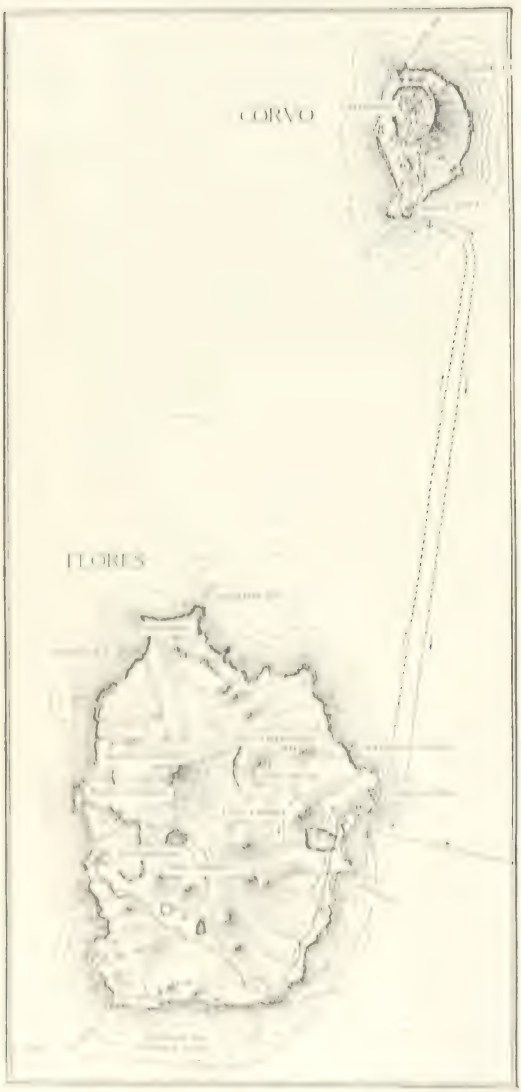
At Santa Cruz a thousand souls have set their dwellings on a sheet of verdure-carpeted lava, beneath a juniper-crowned hill. From this little town rise the two Moorish dome-crowned towers of its church—so spacious that half the seventy-three hundred islanders could worship together within its walls, but so little used that grass finds entrance through the crevices of its aisles. A wireless station now gives Flores communication with the outer world; otherwise its only regular connection with the

[1] The *Kitty A*, fifty-three feet on the waterline, was the schooner in which the "West-African Islands Expedition" sailed from Newport to the west coast of Africa, carrying out various work in the Azores, Madeira, the Desertas, and the Canaries. The expedition comprised Mr. Harry R. Amory, Dr. William G. Erving, Prof. Charles W. Furlong, a mate, three sailors, and a cook.

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rest of mankind is by the monthly call of the old Portuguese steamer *Funchal*.

When human eyes first gazed on the pristine luxuriant lava pile of Flores history fails definitely to record, but credits its first sighting to the bold navigator Vanderberg, nineteen years after the discovery of the new world. But the middle of the fifteenth century São (Sant) Jorge, about one hundred and ten miles to the southeastward, had been settled by Flems under Van der Haagen. About 1460 he was requested by the grantee, Maria de Haagen de Vilhema of Lisbon, to transport his colony to Flores and its smaller neighbor, Corvo; but within seven years they all trundled back to São Jorge because of the difficulty of colonizing "two such remote and stormy islands."



FLORES AND CORVO—THE WESTERNMOST OF THE AZORES

The sea and land routes of the expedition are indicated.

Perhaps it is the Flemish infusion which gives to these rather good-looking, short-statured natives the slightly lighter complexions than those of the inhabitants of São Miguel. Although Moorish customs predominate, some are undoubtedly of Flemish origin, noticeably the *capote e capello*, worn by the women—a long cloak of dark blue, falling from a large hood stiffened out by strips of whalebone to almost hide the face of the wearer, its fore and aft dimension too big to permit passing broadside through the smaller doorways.

Before the town had rubbed its eyes awake, the officials' boat with Senhor Don César, who later rendered us many services, pulled alongside. In this we soon landed, through a dangerous archipelago of colossal pinnacled cinders. About these weird scoriæ, even in the calmest weather, treacherous currents or the subtle breath of the sea lushed and gurgled, while gales produced an inconceivable maelstrom through which no boat could pass.

The transatlantic voyage on our little windjammer had developed in us an acute condition of "sea-legs"; long vigils, buffetings, and the overstrain of seventeen days had thinned us out, old Neptune having exacted of me a *per diem* toll of a pound of flesh.

The houses, with their Moorish-styled Venetian blinds over heavy balconies, were an echo of old Portugal. Don César escorted us to the house of Mr. James Mackay, British Vice-Consul, whose kindly help to various needy nationals has caused him to be known throughout the Azores as "The Consul of Europe," to which should be added, "and the United States." He appeared in a frock-coat and top-hat—the only one I saw in Flores. During his fourscore years and over he had left the island but once—by accident. American whalers and long-voyage vessels from Good Hope and Cape Horn Lay off here



MR. JAMES MACKAY, THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL, AND HIS FAMILY

when short of provisions. During a visit aboard one of these, a northwest gale suddenly sprang up, making his return impossible, and in ten days he found himself in England, but in three more he took the first vessel back, and here he has been ever since.

Late forenoon found us heading downcoast in our large dory toward a cavern called Furna de Fernão Jorge, in an unsubmerged portion of a crater ring whose seaward side had been broken away by storms. We rowed into this great amphitheater, which had once vomited forth a hell of fire and then sucked in the waters of the Atlantic.

An ever-falling curtain of water from the eaves of the great semi-domed cavern ahead screened the mysterious darkness beyond. Through this shower shot the dory, bringing up on a steep-shelving cave floor of large water-rounded stones. From the arching wall hung festoons of ferns, mosses and small plants grew, reeking in wetness. Tiny olive-green canaries flicked by and were lost in the verdure or darkness. The sputter of Erving's bird-gun, as he brought down two specimens—the first of our collection—had an uncanny, smothered sound; one almost expected its report to bring the tremendous suspended mass crushing down upon us.

"The dory's adrift!"

The subtle surge had worked it from the steep beach into the fast-sweeping current. With a flying leap and plunge John fortunately recovered it, for the lonely cavern was no place to be marooned at high tide.

Farther southward, we again left the bright sunlight and steered into the Furna dos Enchareos—a colossal gash in the side of Flores. At first we rowed in the darkness of night. Then the bases of the arching walls, like the transparent water, took on a peculiar ultramarine—daylight turned to shadow and oxidized by nature. Cautiously for two hundred feet we felt our way into the bowels of the great cliff. Here the cave, narrowing, terminated in an inner chamber. The dory softly heaved to an uncanny, subtle, under-sea motion.

"Back water! Look there!" came from the bow. From the inner chamber issued a peculiar rumbling; before the dory could be backed out of the narrow corridor it became a seething caldron. From its center a geyser shot hissing into the darkness, telescoped, then all was still. We warily reapproached this interesting phenomenon, which, after a few moments' quiescence, recurred again and again. That inner chamber was a weird, uncanny sight, an impres-



HEAVY BULLOCK-CARTS CREAK THEIR WAY OVER ALL THE AZORES

sion of direct connection with another world.

Preparations to cross the island were speedily under way. There being no interior villages, and the coast rugged and mountainous, transportation was along the coast by fishing-boats. Mr. Mackay secured for me the only horse on the island—a beautiful creature, white and diminutive, too dainty to load with the heavy packs. Our outfit comprised Erving, Amory, myself, Medeiro (a young Portuguese from Fayal), José Susanna (the guide), José de Soza (the horse-boy or *arriero*), and a little taggeron, José Cabral—many Josephs, but with coats of one color.

Having left the schooner in charge of the mate, at 6 A.M. we started out through the half-slumbering town. On the outskirts we met country people coming in—young women carrying water-jugs or green fodder on their heads, old men and women bearing fagots. "*Bons dias!*" I greeted one nonagenarian, tottering beneath a load bigger than herself. She kissed the silver-piece I placed in her withered hand, and in so doing blessed me and it.

Climbing upward along the rough-paved, zigzagging road, we passed heavy bullock-carts, such as creak their slow-swaying ways over all the Azores. The squeak oftentimes rises like the chorus of a thousand pairs of two-dollar shoes; in fact, some owners take pride in cultivating varied squeaks, perhaps to offset the silences of their isolation. But these *carros de bois*, as the carts of Flores are called, have each a certain melodious resonance, which they sing over and over in slow, rhythmic cadence, sometimes with a slight variation, like a high-strung note of a violin or a flute-like tremolo—a number from the island orchestra. The song of the *carros* mingled with the matins of the birds—of the *melro* (a blackbird), the petite wheat-ear, canaries, and purple sandpipers.

Field and roadway, from the schooner, had appeared framed with broad, blue-gray walls of stone, which now proved to be limitless hedges of hydrangeas—*hortensia*, the islanders call them. The blossoms, averaging a foot in diameter, smothered the hedges, often twelve feet high, in light-blue violet.

Not only did they form hedges, but great masses flowed in streams of color into the valleys. Were these floral beauties of five minutes' journeying under the glass of an American florist, he might retire for life; yet through such a profusion of beauty we could travel for days.

Our schooner, far below, now lay a mere speck, and the island of Corvo, fifteen miles northward, was head-dressed with a swirl of clouds. From the ridge gentle grades undulated inland over a verdant table-land. The road dwindled to a trail over an uninhabited moor and pasture-land country, from which rose the truncated cones of the *calderas* (craters), where here and there the molten island had once bubbled up and the bubbles, bursting, had left hardened rims. We explored a number of these, most of which offered remarkable spectacles, their precipitous sides shunting abruptly down to the edge of opalescent lakes. The tallest crater, 3,037 feet, was Morro Grande, northeast of the island's center, across which our course lay.

In late afternoon we came to where the interior country abruptly ended, and stood on the edge of a sheer, thousand-foot drop.

"*Quão magnificação, Senhor!*" murmured Susanna.

Leaning cautiously from among the cypress and laurel-like shrubs fringing the treacherous edge, we beheld a great amphitheater, rimmed for five miles by precipitous escarpments. Southward nestled the little village of Fajemzinha; on the coast-edge lay that of Fajem Grande. Far below us, walled fields in neutralized yellows, browns, emeralds, and maroons, made a patchwork seaward, there bound with a band of jagged, glistening jet, selvaged with silver surf which merged through turquoise into the sapphire of the sea.

It was Flores which led Mark Twain to remark that he "did not take any interest in islands at three o'clock in the morning"; and it was the charm of these two hamlets and the surrounding country which overcame this insular aversion and inspired his graphic portrayal of this island, as he and the other "Innocents" huddled sleepily on the deck of the *Quaker City* in a raw, blustering morning of mid-June.

For nearly a mile we followed this edge of wonderland, treading softly on mosses or brushing through ferns and wild flowers or among growing juniper, laurel, and box-myrtle. Without warning, Susanna disappeared over the ridge itself—into a hidden trail. Down the steep, forested cliff-side we clattered; but it was easier going from the cliff's base between lava-walled fields of the villagers and through areas of corn, barley, potatoes, broad-leaved yams, pulse, and tomatoes, growing on an underlay of red lava ash or rich, brown tufa soil.



A CRATER LAKE OF FLORES

In fertile pastures browsed cattle, which give this valley its exporting products—live-stock and butter—some of the proceeds of which go to fill the coffers of the overlords of Portugal.

At the village edge a swarthy, sinewy-built young man approached me. "My name is Francisco Pimeatel; I am a friend of Mr. Mackay's. *Mi case es sue.*" (My house is yours.)

The picturesque inhabitants, following along with us, blocked the eight-foot highway as we halted at Pimeatel's home. Rest and fodder for the pack-horse was my first consideration. We were then conducted to a large, second-story room with the customary sand-scoured wooden floor, simply furnished with chairs, a table, long lace curtains, and a few pictures. From a window could be seen the flat, black, jagged reefs, upon which broke a light surf.

"It is very beautiful," I remarked to Pimeatel's father, a keen and intelligent man who had acquired English in the United States.

"*Si!* but it can be very terrible. Many a good sheep is here wreck-ed. The biggest sheep was a big linere, the *Slavonia*. She smash against a cleef farther south. But only seven weeks ago a women here early in the morning she see a 'fresh man' [stranger]. He come from the shore with a life-preserv-eer, his clothes all tear. Soon it is light to see the sheep—a French bark—the *Bipard*. The small boats put away from her, when, queek—she break and go down."

Susanna had pointed her masts out to me when we came down the mountain.

"Well, a fair sea was running, 'about like' [as it is now], and vairy cold. The boats turned over; all our people run to the shore; and the strongest men with ropes go over the shoals into the sea.

"Great combers dash the crew, torn and bleeding, on the rocks—like dead feesh. With much dangere, all the twenty-two are rescued, but nine died from beating on the rocks. The captain, Brondell, all his clothes were gone, but a woman queeckly put him her dress. Everybody do what they can; some they bring to my house."

"But, Senhor, I hear that your son was the hero."

"Well," and the old man's eyes lighted with restrained pride, "of course he do his part—he save fourteen."

Soon tea, island cheese, and unleavened corn-bread were set before us by Pimeatel's parents, who fully expected us to remain overnight. Our sailing schedule, however, prevented; so about six o'clock we bade our hosts farewell.



LOOKING DOWN ON FAIAL GRANDE

Outside we were met by Padre Bisarra, the village priest, and two other notables, backed by almost the entire population, who trailed a while in our wake. Then Pimeatel, following the old Portuguese custom of seeing a guest on his way, merged his long shadow with ours toward Fajemzinha, and we fell to talking.

"Senhor, do you know the little Senorita Irene?"

"*Si*, Senhor." And I recalled the pretty, black-eyed Portuguese lass of fourteen, a member of Mackay's household.

"Ah! *Meu amigo!* She is *muito formosa*, *muito sympathetica*, she is my *futura* [betrothed]. But the law—it make it *dous annos*—two years, Senhor, before we are married."

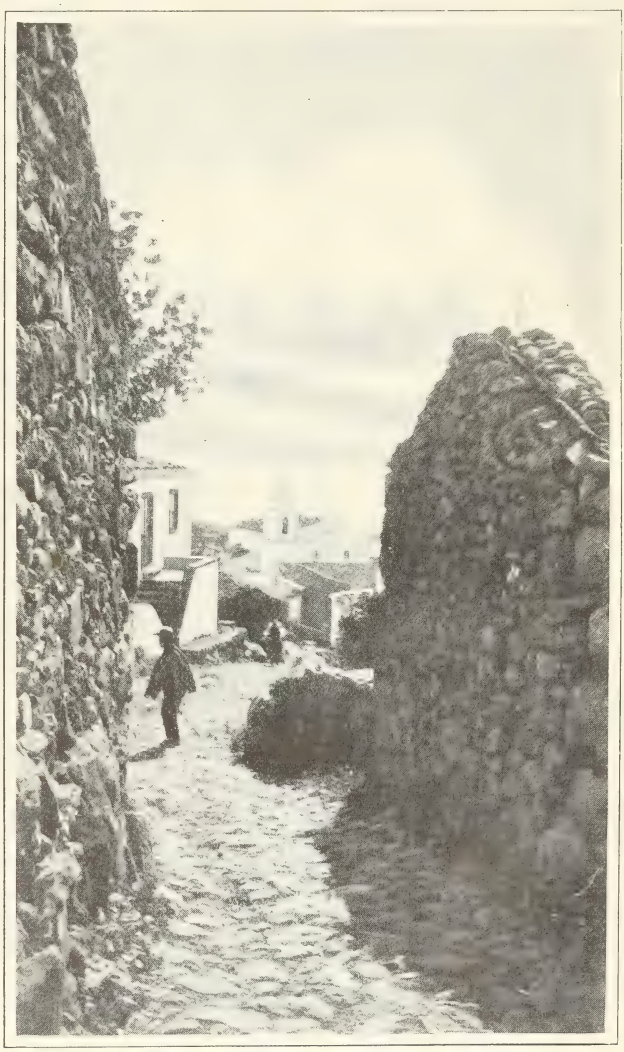
It took but half an invitation to induce him to head with us for Santa Cruz, and but half an eye to see that the lithe young Portuguese was an able walker. As sunset mellowed the fertile valley and saffron-tinted the whitewashed houses of Fajemzinha we passed through its main square. Then came, excitedly scurrying, nearly every man, woman, and child of the place to beset Susanna with questions about "*os Americanos*."

Darkness brought cloud and storm; the trail became more treacherous, causing the party to somewhat string out. So we planned to keep well together, but as the depressed trails muffled sound, in case of separation or difficulty two shots were to be fired.

The *arriero*, who carried my rifle, left it at a spring a half-mile behind, so I went back with him for it. In catching up with the outfit, we came upon a lone, dejected figure seated on a stone at the foot of a steep climb. It was Amory, nursing a strained hip muscle. The wild-blowing wind and rain-gusts in their sweep across the mountain slope was the only response to the signal shots; so the *arriero* was hastily despatched to halt the expedition and bring back help.

"I can't walk; I'll have to ride the pack-horse," murmured Amory.

Visions of a one-hundred-eighty-pound Don Quixote astride a diminutive Rozinante, on whom the hard day's journey had already begun to tell, convinced me that that was impossible until beyond this steep, rough climb. After the party located us, we managed in relays to half carry the injured man, stumbling over rocks and through tough, wiry shrubs, to the waiting pack-horse. But he was a



THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF FAJEM GRANDE

wise little horse, and had left for parts unknown; he was, however, eventually rounded up.

Distributing the packs among the men, we got Amory on, and set off down the steep slopes in darkness and downpour—an arduous journey even for an unloaded animal. Once he fell. Fearing injury to his rider, as well as to assist the game little creature, I led him the next four hours and a half with my shoulder under his jaw.

Down shrub-arched, narrow ravines, over sharp rocks, large and small, we slipped and slid in intense darkness, the water squirging from our shoes, which worked like suction-valves at every step. To avoid falling headlong down steep declivities and pitfalls, we sent a man ahead with mountain-stock to grope out the trail; and a few treasured matches assisted horse and rider down the most dangerous rockfalls. Occasionally the little animal trod on me; but he was so light and delicate that it was not even annoying, and we seemed to have a perfect understanding. Hour after hour the courageous creature went steadily on thus, struggling under his heavy burden.

The Portuguese, like all the hardy Azoreans, proved to be fast and enduring walkers, while Pimeatel's acquaintance with this section of the island made him invaluable as a guide. Finally, down a long, steep slope and far away in a gap of the coast, came the welcome gleam of Lagens light, and two hours later our little party clumped wearily through the outskirts of Lagens; then between its cottages, gray and still in the misty night. Pimeatel said there was no place to put up here, so he and Medeiro disappeared down a byway to rout out some fishermen to take Amory by boat to the *Kitty A.*

At the village center, to his relief and that of the little horse, Amory dismounted. Wrapped in Erving's warm Peruvian poncho, he ensconced himself on a low wall where we anxiously awaited Pimeatel's return. Half famished as we were, the small piece of unleavened bread I had shoved into the packs at Lagem Grande gave us something to ruminate on.

"The fishermen — soon they come," remarked Medeiro as they returned. "Come, we wait in the *case*; eet is to a friend of Senhor Pimeatel." And he led the way to a little drinking-tavern.

A rap; a candle glimmered within, where the boatmen soon joined us. It was a rough, swarthy crowd that grouped itself on keg and counter. The candle's glow, reflected from wet and oily cheeks in flickering high-lights, gleamed from shifting eyes or scintillated from the mugs of *aguardente*. This raw drink, with some tough bread, was brought out to us.

It was nearly midnight before a bargain was culminated with the *capitão* of the five fishermen. Amory's injury required Erving's medical attendance, and the majority of the party decided to go with them. Susanna, the *arriero*, and the little pack-horse were to continue to Santa Cruz along the coast, and with them I cast my lot. "Good lucks" were exchanged, and we set out again, heading north.

This east-coast "going" was the worst yet. The narrow trail eternally twisted and zigzagged across valleys and down and up precipitous gorges.

"*Cuidade! Senhor, cuidade!*" (Have a care!) constantly reiterated Susanna. As we stumbled in almost total darkness by the black nothingness which now and again gaped beside us, from one of these nether worlds came the roar of a rain-swollen torrent on its mad dash to the sea. Our crossing was aided by rocks which, wet and slippery, and often a foot or more under the swift-rushing current, were sounded out with the guide's mountain-stock.

Rozinante vanished in the gloom—swept away, I feared. Splash! the *arriero* followed suit, into a deep-swirling hole; thus in shunning Scylla we fell into Charybdis. A good footing, fortunately, enabled me to drag him out. At last we reached the other side, and there found horse and packs safely awaiting us.

On the ridge above Cabeiro Point we entered another hamlet about 3 A.M. Here we stopped at the home of one of Susanna's numerous cousins, who seemed to emanate from the soil as prolifically as did the *hortensia*. A resounding knock by the *arriero*.

"Who raps!"

"*Amigo*" (friend). "It is Susanna," answered my guide from a distance in the roadway; "with me is the *cavalleiro, um Americano*. Lend me a lantern; it is hard traveling." From within he made answer, likewise his wife, who was with him in bed; and without bestirring themselves from their respective vantage-points, a detailed conversation as to the journey took place. These informalities over, he arose and gave us the light, because he was our friend.

As we dropped down into the extensive valley beyond Cabeiro Point, far ahead the riding and cabin lights of the *Kitty A* gleamed like yellow pin-points. We knew all were safe aboard, for hundreds of feet almost directly below us, slow-moving on the dull light of the sea, we discerned a tiny dark speck—the returning fishermen's boat.

Dawn-break found us slowly crawling out of the beautiful Cabeiro Valley, fresh-reeking with the spent rain of the night. On grass and trees glittered diadems of dew. From this fairyland the first sweet matin of a bird mingled with the purling of brooks. Below us, violet mist-rivers drifted slowly seaward and lifted from the upper heights over which we toiled.

As we wearily dropped down the slope into Santa Cruz the sun rose out of its bars of crimson and another day burst upon the world. It was five-thirty when the *arriero* and I unloaded the staggering pack-horse. From sunrise to sunrise the faithful little creature had journeyed, heavily burdened, through storm and darkness, gorge and flood, up and down thousands of feet of steep mountain wall, having covered fifty miles of rugged and rock-strewn traveling in twenty-three and a half consecutive hours.



STREET COSTUME OF MIDDLE-CLASS WOMEN

Before dawn next morning the schooner was holding toward Corvo, smallest and northernmost of the Azores. Longer grew our turquoise wake, higher ranged the reef-rimmed island before us—one beautiful green slope, culminating in a single stupendous crater, called by the islanders *O Calderon*—the caldron.

The entire island is one enormous extinct volcano, shunting a half-mile skyward from its fan-shaped, ocean-washed base. In a break in its twenty-mile, cliff-encircling dado, nestled Villa Nova da Corvo, the only settlement. Notwithstanding the official census of seven hundred and forty-six souls, the story persists that Corvo's population is an unfluctuating even thousand, for when some one dies there is always a birth.

Picking an anchorage off its rock-studded coast was difficult; our large dory was headed cautiously toward the



LOOKING DOWN TWELVE HUNDRED FEET INTO THE GREAT CRATER OF CORVO

nearer of the two charted landing-places. Cries were faintly borne "down wind" from a group of gesticulating figures, clinging like barnacles to a rocky peninsula. It was well that they motioned us around this point, to what was now the only landing-place, for even in this comparatively mild weather the sea surged dangerously into this pocket, at whose rock-littered end it broke in a smother of foam.

The sturdiest onlookers climbed down a small cleft.

"*Aqui! aqui!*" (Here! here!) chorused the excited islanders as they judged the passing seas. We backed cautiously in on the lift and fall of the heavy surge.

"Hold her!" The oars bent as the sailors held on the rise of a comber for a brief moment; two of us sprang over the gunwale and were dragged by the islanders up the rock. The dory dropped into a wave hollow, shot by, was again towed out and the same procedure repeated until all, with kits, were landed.

The bulky Corvoan pilot, with best intent, bent on a visit to the schooner, took a flying leap from amid the spectators into the dory. He was unfamiliar with the idiosyncrasies of this New England coast craft—one resentful twist on its part, a splash, a gurgle, and all but the pilot's broad-brimmed straw hat disappeared, our two sailors nearly following suit. Unceremoniously they hauled him in, dripping and bedraggled, then pulled for the schooner, the warmth of the forecastle, and a suit of the mate's clothes.

We labored across a reach of rough scoriæ, to which a lot of barefooted youngsters adhered. These sea-urchins followed us through a rock passageway into a unique and toylike hamlet, most of whose streets one could span with outstretched arms. The houses of volcanic cinders, smoothed down a bit, were mostly early eighteenth century. Outside stairs lead to the living quarters—usually on the second story, the lower floor being used as a store-house and quarters for fowls, pigs, or cattle.

The somber gray of the village was brightened by the early sunlight playing over its picturesque ramble, and enlivened by warm-tiled roofs and the colorful dress of its inhabitants, who turned out from every nook and doorway to see the *estranjeros*.

The Portuguese government steamer

calls but quarterly, and the *Kitty A* was the only foreign craft to land here for at least four years. Not only has lack of ports and distance from the other islands caused Corvo to be neglected by its home government, but even nature, by furious gales and tremendous seas, has isolated it from the rest of the world for five months at a time.

Many Corvoans have made round-the-world voyages, have culled wealth from the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod or the fruit vales of California and returned to stay a spell in little Villa Nova. But the only habitable world for most of its people is the sides of its extinct volcano, whence they look only on sea, sky, and distant Flores, some occasionally journeying in small craft to their metropolis, Santa Cruz.

Thus Corvo has two classes, those who go away and those who never go away, but according to Don César they resolve into one big class—*os pobres* (the poor). However, if we concur with the philosopher that a man's wealth consists in the fewness of his wants, how rich are these people—each with his house, such as it is, a cow or a pig, and a few fowls.

When Corvo was first visited is as obscured in the mists of time as the island itself when enshrouded in its veil of cloud. But about 1460 and later the Flems touched here, Moroccan captives were exiled to work its land under Portuguese overseers, and, though in the throng about me a blonde stood out conspicuously here and there, the prevailing dark-haired, regular-featured type, with rich olive complexions and a pink tinge to the cheek, bespoke the Moor. A half-century ago there was not a glass window or a chimney in the place; the only pair of shoes belonged to the priest, affectionately known as "Father of the Island." His was the only watch—the town clock—preserved in a stout leather case which reposed in numerous linen bags.

From all appearances *os pobres* who crowded about us did not lack nourishment, notwithstanding their staple diet of corn-bread, milk, and potatoes. Strange to say, they do not seem to care much for fish, which abound; and though milk is plentiful, they make no butter, preferring cheese. The island delicacy, their specialty, is smoked pigs' tongues. Nearly every family may indulge in pork two or three times annually, but some eat meat but once a year—on the *Festa Espirito Santo*. At this time the population gathers about the church in the heart of Villa Nova on a Saturday.



A THRESHING-FLOOR OF CORVO IN THE HEART OF VILLA NOVA

Two men called *cabeça da festa*, selected from the islanders by the brotherhood *Irmandade do Espirito Santo*, distribute meat and bread. Next day occurs the *Festa da Igleria* and the *Coràõcão* (Confirmation), and on Monday the festa continues. At this annual carnival these simple folk appear in their island dress, woven from their native flax: the women in white kerchief headdress, dark jackets, and full, blue skirts edged with a peculiar border of blue, red, white, or yellow stripes, varying from a half to four inches in width; the men exchange their blue home-spun trousers for white-linen knee-breeches, but retain their coarse brown coats studded with huge horn buttons, while their round caps, with triangular, blue-edged side-pieces, complete these distinctive island costumes.

From accounts of these people, their isolation, and consequent inbreeding, I expected to find them small-statured, ill-nourished, and degenerate. Instead, they were, as a whole, a fine physical type, many having a peculiarly sweet and attractive expression about the mouth. Some, however, did not grasp ideas over-quickly; possibly through lack of association, limitation of experiences, and having had a more circumscribed basis for the simultaneous association of ideas than outsiders. Then, too, as there was no place to incarcerate mental defectives, such were more in evidence.



A TYPICAL CORVESIAN HOUSE

Until we became acquainted with these folk they were very wary of the camera; pointing it at them was the surest way to open an avenue through the narrow street. Our objective was the *Calderon*, and we were soon ascending through cultivated fields and vineyards which terraced like colossal steps—the rise, grayed by lava walls; the tread, greened by vineyards and fields of corn, melons, potatoes, or yellow-splurged with wheat and flax, while the red and brown tiled roofs, like a Turkish rug, spread out at their base. On Rosario Point the settlement threshing-floors shone like miniature craters filled with quicksilver, and the sails of the white, hive-domed windmills lapped lazily in the morning air.

Here the expedition divided—Amory, with the young Medeiro, to roam the fields for wild pigeons; Erving, Medeiro Sr., Nunez (the customs guard), and I headed for the crater rim. As there was not a horse or donkey on the island, we took along a young islander, Ignacio Fraga, as guide and pack-bearer.

A number of birds were secured; one is locally known as the *tintilhão*, a large, pretty blackbird which here abounds. Although the island is named Corvo, not a crow has ever been seen on it, but the similarity of the *tintilhão* to his larger cousin may be responsible for the appellation.

Continuing up the trail, we eventually reached the crater crest, over which ripped a cold, mist-soaked wind, bringing great masses of cloud which obscured the view.

The rifting clouds in silent steadiness dropped like waterfalls over portions of the crater rim. One marveled why they



TERRACED FIELDS OF CORVO, WITH CIRCULAR THRESHING-FLOOR IN CENTER

failed to fill the colossal concavity. As they suddenly dispelled, there opened up a superb view of this vast, flat-bottomed crater bowl, rimmed by two leagues of cliffs sheering down over twelve hundred feet below. Here the Lagoa Limos d'Agua, a lake of shimmering sapphire, was emerald-studded and broken with peninsulas and islands. As their relative sizes, shapes, and positions suggested the Azorean archipelago in miniature, each had been given its respective island name — all but the ninth; this missing one they say is Graciosa, which as yet has not had the grace to appear.

The lure of this little velvety green world below enticed me, with Ignacio, down to where pigs, sheep, and cattle browsed on its soft, rock-speckled sward.

"*Vete!*" (Look!) "*un corrida de toros!*" (a bull-fight!). A quarter of a mile below, two bulls, a black and a brindle, with locked horns struggled for supremacy. We hastily joined the interested and critical spectators — a half-dozen milch cows — who circled about the combatants and moved with the fight.

The hoofs of the great brutes struck big clods of earth into the air as they charged. Then, drawing back, pausing, they pawed the ground, as with ominous moans the fierce breath of fight wheezed from their red, dilating nostrils. Mighty roars of rage, a mad rush, and these living dynamos, surcharged with power and cunning, met head on again and again. Finally the brindle conceded the laurels to the black, who then joined the milch cows, while the brindle browsed alone.

My principal interest was to make a collection of Corvo's limited flora, found principally in the mosses which filled the damp, wheel-rut-like water-courses, which in time of rain feed the lake. This minute flora was scarcely visible, but the most prominent plant was a sedge, which in scattered tufts grew over the slope and in large masses fringed portions of the lake. This carex is cut and used as fertilizer by the islanders.

Somewhere along the lake edge grew the *Isoëtes azorica*, a little aquatic plant found nowhere else in the world. With meager description I searched in the limpid shallows for specimens of it, and when the results of the expedition's collections are worked up our possession of this little plant may be verified.

In the last red glare of the sun we sailed away from Corvo, so soft-clothed by time and nature, but in reality a great frozen bubble of one of earth's last gasps of heated hell.

Emma Blair

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I WAS excited and depressed, the last night out—excited because at dawn we should lift that wondrous headland of which I had heard; depressed because I was looking for health, and health, which is the most decent thing in the world to possess, is the least decent thing in the world to look for. Or, at least, so I've always felt. Travel for pleasure, for gain, for idleness, for revenge—all those motives are plausible. But to crawl about, expecting the planet to resolve itself into a pill—no, that's not done. It jaundices the beauty of high heaven. A sick man should stop in his hole. But, like every one else, I had obeyed physicians; and there I was. The vast, inhuman wastes of the Pacific were supposed to be tonic, and even more tonic the haven where I should presently be. I am not prepared to say that the Pacific was not tonic, but that night there was fever in me. I spent the long hours on deck, fully dressed; and before dawn I had fought my disgust to a finish—sent it to the mat in a bloody crumple. I would not pretend that my illness was interesting, but I would fight for exceeding fitness. Then I would fold my arms and nod, comrade-wise, at the wonders of nature. I would mix in crowds again and shrink from no man.

We landed in the very early morning, and I found myself liking it almost as a healthy man may. Never mind the island or the port; if you'll permit me, I'll be geographically vague. You may think of me as anywhere between the equator and the Tropic of Capricorn. Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, the Cook Islands—anywhere will do. Plain, seaworthy little steamers go to all of those places, as you know. I betook myself to the hotel, and a very decent place it was—small, and by no means vacuum-cleaned, but comfortable and airy and extremely well victualed. It was kept by a Frenchwoman, the widow of the late landlord, who had been, I believe, a British subject—with a touch of the tar-brush. The place had improved, I was told, since his death. I do not know whether my destination had been guesswork on the part of my physician. If so, it was a guess of genius. After three nights I began to sleep under my mosquito-bar as in many a long month I had not slept at home.

Curious what the tropics do to you! If you know that you don't have to stay forever, that is. As an interlude they are very convincing. I found myself ready to recline on the bosom of Nature in almost Wordsworthian fashion, though before long I began to understand . . . and I sat up straight very quickly. Of course, if Wordsworth had ever seen the tropics, he would have run away at once. It is easier, you see, to find God a little above Tintern Abbey than in Polynesia—if only because He was put there a long time ago. I soon realized that my favorite poets had met Nature only at afternoon tea, and that it was too idiotic of them to pretend to know her character. Her character, I have come to believe, is very unsavory. That is why I said, just now, that the tropics were all right if you knew you weren't going to stay—if you didn't intend to make it a permanent relation. White men have arrived in the South Seas; they have even lingered there; they have left strange and touching monuments to themselves; but they have not been there long or numerously enough to tinge the atmosphere. Nature is still dominant, and she is no more to be trusted than the obscure Venus of the Hollow Hill.

That is a digression, of course. And yet it isn't, wholly. If I had not come to my adventure by just the ways I took, it would have tasted differently to me. That I know. I was eventually ripe for

the encounter with an old acquaintance—two, you might say, except that I never, thank Heaven, really encountered *him*.

Sleep soaked me through and through, then turned me over to the sun to saturate me again. For days and weeks I walked about, heavy with sun and sleep. Then the buoyancy of my reviving body made me eager, alert. I began to cast an eye on humankind. I was no longer content to lie in a palm-grove on the beach, idly filling and refilling my lungs with the Trade. I became curious once more. I had not been curious for a very long time. The native idiom intrigued me, and I bribed men to stop mending their nets and talk to me. I grew adept in Polynesian beauty, disdaining to watch any girl over fifteen. I dined out with consuls, and gathered in the news that beats about such ports as this—opera-bouffe news, a lot of it, but true. It was always one of two *données*—the comic one of the brown man trying to be white, or the tragic one of the white man trying to be brown. As stories, they went off into nothing, because they were too absurd. But some of them were exciting enough, to a semi-invalid. Never, though, did I get a hint of this story. I had to discover that for myself. I stood beach-combers to drinks in villainous bars, and followed conch-shells at dusk to the outskirts of festival. The lovely, frowsy little town became known to me in detail. Then, human-fashion, I began to get tired of it. The natives were incredible; and in so far as the few white people conscientiously stayed white, they were permanently provincial—always thinking of the little European towns they had come from. The only people who tried to understand were the missionaries, and they were rather a scratch lot. When a missionary doesn't manage to understand, he is the poorest company in the world. Of course I ran into the usual sleek Sydney trader, but he wasn't a very interesting breed—except as there is always drama to be had when a man is doing a little business in pearls on the side. I always kept away from pearls and talk about pearls, because I expected to need all my money for an infirm old age; and the things the small trader drinks don't agree with me. Copra and trepang were the rest of it.

It didn't, as I say, take me many weeks to feel that I had exhausted the resources of the capital—exhausted them, that is, as far as one of my temperament and condition was able to. And, though I distrusted Nature, I thought that, forearmed by my distrust, I could perhaps afford to see her a little more intimately. The town was lovely; but it was a port, a trading-center, and there were too many mongrel faces and voices. I wanted to push on into the interior of the island, find an enchanted gorge, and pitch my camp above a rainbow torrent—with perhaps a palm-smothered village to hum a few hundred feet below me. The climate made hardship very improbable. I applied for aid and advice to the man most likely to help me. He put his back into it and made excellent arrangements. He named the gorge, the torrent, and the village for me, dragged the town for a couple of natives to make up my little caravan, and discovered, engaged, and haled to my feet a weazened, one-eyed Chinaman who, he said, could cook and was anxious, for reasons of his own, to flee temptation. The proud possessor, for a term, by contract, of these mixed dregs of humanity, I started for my waterfall. The island is small, of course; and, whatever happened, I should not be too far away from what called itself civilization. The wonder was that, twenty miles from the capital, I should be able to find the lonely gorge of my dreams. But I was.

All known indolence is hectic compared with the life I lived for a week on the upper slope of my cañon. I had only to lie among the fern and look, look, look until the world swam into a parti-colored blur. Sleep? I have never known sleep like that. I descended into it as into a bath of cool wine, waking into an air heady with flowers and fruit. More than once I scrambled down to the stream and bathed at dawn, then clambered back and plaited myself a cap of fern stuck over with orchids, all before breakfast. A green parrot in the pandanus-tree above my tent roof screeched to the sun while I drank my coffee. I had no great use for my two natives after I had once arrived, and as I failed

to invent any services for them, they often crept away into the fern on business of their own. They brought fruits, and things for the Chinaman to cook—fowls for which I paid through the nose, and fresh-water fish for which I thanked them with elaborate facial contortions. Except for foraging, though, there was little for them to do, and I believe they spent quite half their time in the village below. Sometimes I could feel a dozen eyes peering at me out of the foliage, and then I knew that they were exhibiting me to friends. I did my best, on such occasions, to show off properly, without noticing them. The Chinaman, true to type, asked nothing better than to work, and he took the sole care of me. His name, amusingly enough, sounded like nothing but "Chink," and "Chink" I called him. Nature herself lightened his tasks considerably; it was impossible to complicate life very much. For a week I moved in a restricted and perfect dream. I sought no other vistas; I did not even make my way to the head of the gorge, or yet pass back again along the trail up which we had come. I hollowed myself a fragrant retreat about a hundred yards from the camp, and there I drowsed and lay for long hours, my whole heart fallow to the sun. I knew what Nature's tender moods were worth; but while they endured, I was ready, like any other male, to flirt.

Of course it could not last. Such an experience is unreal, an artificial gesture on the part of life. I have never believed those men who pretended that they had really prolonged such an existence. The goat's horns and the cleft hoof always gleam through their accounts at some point or other. Whereas my relations with Nature were perfectly innocent. No, of course it could not last. My paradise was bound to be shattered over my head. One night in my second week I sat in my retreat after the sun had gone down. The crimson crash of his setting was my dinner-gong; but sometimes I waited for Chink's sibilant echo before I made for my tent and dinner. The tropic twilight, as you know, hardly exists; night is rung down like a quick curtain; and I had just time to pace my hundred yards between sunset and dark. On this occasion Chink uttered no refrain to the sunset, and for a few moments I stayed on lazily where I was. I had to hurry to reach the camp before the undergrowth should trip me in the dusk. I saw the ashy glow of a forsaken fire in the cooking-place, but my own tent was dark. So, too, was the little shack the natives had put up. I hunted about for the cook, and found him, at last, dead drunk among the fern at a discreet distance. By match-flare, he was a horrid sight—with a trickle of what had once been food from the corner of his mouth—and I left him where he was, then proceeded to cook my supper. I had never learned the secret of cooking over hot stones, and I let it go at tea and eggs. I was thoroughly disgusted with Chink, and, as I splashed myself at dessert with mango juice, I greatly wondered.

There were no spirits in the camp, except for a flask of whiskey which at that moment I drew forth from my pocket safe and undepleted. Kava, of course, and probably square-face, were going, down in the village near the stream, but I knew that Chink did not share my natives' habit of descending to colloguc with the villagers. I kicked about in the grass of the little clearing, by torch-light, but I found nothing that could have held strong drink. I could have rifled the man's shapeless garments while he slept, but a complete and perfect repugnance prevented me. I lay cradled in the fern outside my tent all the evening, face upturned, hunting the stars through waving banana-fronds. The native boys returned, softly chattering, and soon slept in their absurd hut. Toward midnight there was still no sound from the cook; I judged him safe then to sleep it off and wake sober, and I turned in. I had brought no fire-arms into Eden, and I wanted to be quite sure.

Chink's weazened face, as he served me my breakfast the next morning, was impassive and shameless. True, I do not know what emotion would have been powerful enough to work upheaval among those secular features. He might have been the cunning enemy of dinosaurs, one who had survived their defeat and his own prime. There was no point in expecting expression to prick through



Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

I BRIBED MEN TO STOP MENDING THEIR NETS AND TALK TO ME

that hard, yellow glaze. He intimidated me; it was so inconceivable that my opinion of him and his opinion of me should ever encounter each other. And of course I had only pidgin-talk to probe him with. I couldn't get at the situation, and I am ashamed to say that, with the morning well advanced, I still had made no beginning—not the first word of a reproach. I poked about for a cache with large, exploring gestures, but I found nothing. Luncheon came, and still I said no word to Chink. My rest-cure, so far, had been no preparation for the kind of scene I ought to make. If it had been merely the drunken sleep I could have ignored it; but the failure to cook my dinner I could not ignore. Before night I must assert myself and tell that grotesque creature he was a sinner. I assure you Chink's conduct and my own pusillanimity blackened the day for me.

A nap after luncheon was part of my ritual, and I turned in conscientiously. I did not sleep very long, though; and when I woke, the sun, which by rights should have been high in the heavens and still torrid, was temporarily obscured by clouds. I came out of my tent and saw Chink busy, with a monstrous industry, over pots and pans. Of course I must speak to him. No shaft of mine could reach his soul, which was at least a thousand years away; but I must register for him the fact that I knew I had had to cook my own dinner. He was a creature who might have waited on you in a dream; he had nothing to do with life. Yet there we were, on the map, you might say; and latitude and longitude, our eternal masters, forbade the plausible dream hypothesis. I must reprove and question him—now: my conscience told me.

My reply to conscience was to turn my back on Chink and strike off through the bushes toward the head of the gorge. I had never gone in that direction before, though a trail of sorts snaked through the trees. After I had put twenty minutes between myself and Chink I stopped and reflected, sitting on a rotted tree-trunk. What should I do then? I had stuck out my tongue at my conscience, and I might as well get any benefit I could from my impudence. The trail wound on and on ahead of me, leading, I inferred, to the waterfall at the head of the gorge. Probably a religious trail, I mused—trodden by men and women bearing queer little vegetable gifts to some unpronounceable god. I knew already something of their habits. Well, I decided to follow it up myself and see what the head of the gorge was like. Probably at the end the trail would wind down, and perhaps I should find a rock pool beneath the fall to bathe in. Chink would simply have to wait, focusing his single eye upon the pots and pans.

After half an hour of very slow walking—for of course the path was constantly impeded by the irrepressible jungle growth—I reached a point where the trail forked. I could see nothing through the thick fern, like green jalousies let down on every side of me; but the trail itself turned downward among bamboo clumps, while there was unmistakably a little smear going off in an easterly direction, higher up the slope. The trail would take me to the waterfall, I felt sure; indeed, I could hear a faint, watery rumble off there to the northwest, where the fall must be. But somehow I wanted to follow the slug-track, up. So I embarked on the sketchier path, beating the fronds and stalks away from my face with my outstretched hands — an awkward swimming motion that was very tiring. After about fifteen minutes of slow climbing I found the path widening. Nor had it been widened only by the passage of bodies; the growth had been lopped off by a knife or a hatchet. I pressed onward, much intrigued.

Suddenly I heard something that made me turn; I could not have identified the sound; I almost more felt it than heard it. I was only aware, and sharply, that it was something other than the constant little stir of vegetable life. It had a direct human clumsiness. I caught a glint of blue about twenty yards behind me; it wriggled once in the streaky light and then was motionless.

At that instant, drama entered into my experience. Chink, for reasons of his own, was stalking me. I cared little enough what became of Chink, either

in this world or the next—his adventures could probably be neither phrased by my language nor conceived by my brain. But none the less that little blue wriggle among the fern seemed to me part less of Chink's life than of mine. My own spine wriggled in sympathy. Then I felt something nearer home than Chink's illegal presence; and I looked down to see a tiny pig caroming off my left ankle. A few steps more, and the path widened into a clearing, within which, about fifty yards ahead of me, I perceived a house, half wood and half thatch, boasting a rude veranda. Dirty chickens pecked round it, and there were more pigs on the veranda. Indescribable heaps of junk lay about the compound—things half decayed, half rusted, or half torn. There was a rude outdoor oven near a spring, and dirty white curtains at the windows of the house. A few chairs huddled together on the veranda, in the unsociable attitude of furniture that a slatternly maid has flung about while sweeping. Various little plots at the outer edges of the clearing were under cultivation and showed the uneven green tops of their different crops.

I hardly knew, after the first survey, what to do—whether to turn in my tracks or go forward and wait among the pigs and poultry until I could have speech with the occupants. I decided to wait a few moments, anyhow, and give Chink time to evade me. I had no desire to make the return journey with Chink. So I halted where I was, etching that scene of complicated desolation on my mind. The hens squawked in their universal tongue, and the baby pigs paid no attention to me whatever except when they collided with my feet. They ran about like blind things. I did not quite want to sit down where I was, nor did I want to go up on the veranda. Finally I rolled myself a cigarette and stood with my back against a tree, politely staring. A blue smock came round the corner of the house, and I started. By what devious way had Chink got to the back of the house? The blue smock, which had evidently been making for the spring, wheeled sharply at sight of me, and ducked again behind the house. I had just time to see that it was a foot taller than Chink and therefore not he, when it disappeared. I settled myself comfortably down into my drama, but rather wished I had something better than a slight stick to play my part with. I do not know why two one-eyed Chinamen are so much more than twice as bad as one, but the green patch over the left eye of this apparition turned me quite sick. I decided to go away; to get back to my friendly, feckless Polynesians. They might be devils, though I didn't believe it, but they were at least good-looking. I do not know what inward impertinence moved me to pick a custard-banana off a near-by tree and eat it before I went; but at all events it gave time to Chink's compeer to carry his news within the house. Just as I flung the peel away and started to go, a woman came out on the veranda and down the steps toward me. That, of course, stopped me in mid-flight. My feet seemed to have entered the earth and changed into roots.

The woman was tall, with stooped shoulders. So much of her figure only could I make out, for all the lines of her body were heavily hidden by one loose garment of no cut or mode. She looked as if a pink calico curtain had been hung round her. Chinese straw sandals flopped on her white-stockinged feet. Her hair was a straight, faded yellow, and she wore it in a frowsy plait over one shoulder—a kind of parody of pre-Raphaelite tresses. As she moved across the disheveled compound toward me I saw that she was naturally of an almost Scandinavian fairness, though her features were those of our own race. The pink curtain that hid her body from the world was very dirty, but she had rings on her fingers—a wedding-ring, and guarding it—I think—an emerald.

She did not speak for a moment, as she faced me; nor did I find any word to greet her with. My tongue seemed suddenly to have turned vegetable like my body. For one thing, I had no notion, for all she looked so like a misused compatriot, what language to try. For another, I had a tortured sense of having seen her before, and not in a dream, nor yet in a previous existence. Those features, I could not but believe, were known to me; that mouth had

spoken to me; yet I could not place her anywhere within my experience of space or time. My shadowy memories wheeled about in a confusing, batlike flutter. Whether she belonged to my childhood or to my maturity, I could not have told; yet I was sure that I had seen her, somewhere across the world, in the flesh. Meanwhile her opaque blue eyes searched my face.

Desperately I decided on French, and began to apologize for my intrusion.

She cut me short. "You are English, aren't you?"

"No. American."

"Oh, American."

"I am camping down near the mouth of the gorge. I somehow think my Chinese cook comes up here to see yours. In fact, I believe he has followed me this afternoon. He was very drunk last night—I don't know on what. But I mustn't trouble you. I stumbled on your place—didn't dream it was here. I'll be going now. Very sorry to have intruded."

My speech, which had begun firmly enough, ran out in a little, ineffectual trickle of words. She was appalling in her degeneration, her familiarity, her silence.

"It's all right." And she turned her back on me.

I lifted my hat and turned, then, resolute if ever. Luckily my feet politely consented to move. I would go back to camp, pack up my kit, and leave on the morrow; and I would never, never speak to Chink about his misdemeanors. I felt curiosity to be as dangerous as pearls. I had got perhaps ten paces out of the clearing when a voice behind me pulled me up short.

"Mr. Kirwin!"

My own name, ringing out of that unkempt compound on the edge of the world! What was a guilty blue smock in the fern, to that? I wheeled, of course. I came back into the clearing almost at a run. Against the significance of that cry my mere will was about as powerful as a bent bodkin.

I came close to where she stood, looking into her face. Her arms were folded tensely across her breast. Her stooped shoulders gave her a crouching look. She spoke at once, almost in a whisper:

"I knew you at once, of course. I didn't mean to let you know, but when I saw you going—going off, away—I had to bring you back. I must talk to you."

"But how do you know me? Where did you know me?" At a gesture from her I brought my eager voice down to an explosive whisper. "Your face— I know I've seen it; but I can't place you. You must forgive me. I knew I knew you; that was why I stood and stared like a stuck pig."

"You really don't know me?" Her face was so close to mine that I could hardly make out the features. Why were we whispering intimately to each other in all that tropic emptiness? "You don't remember?" Her low murmur was as tragically hurt as though she were Helen of Troy.

"No." I was ashamed, but I stuck to the truth.

"Then I will talk. I will have it out. You *shall* remember!" Her voice seemed torn in her throat. Then she flung her arms wide and looked down the length of them to her hands; surveyed the dirty, pink wrapper, the flapping sandals, the white stockings—with a hole in one of the toes. I was still struggling among my memories—searching the ground at my feet as if I could find her name written there.

"Of course, of course," I muttered. Nothing in the litter underfoot gave back her name to me.

"Look at me!"

Stupidly I lifted my chin and looked at her.

"You don't remember? Look hard."

I looked hard. My eyes bored obediently into her peevish, thrust-out countenance, though that dirty sallowness still said nothing to me. Her mouth had gone slack, but the nose was very beautiful. Surely one must remember such an aristocrat among noses. I looked at it—focused my eyes on the high bridge and the delicate nostrils. It brought back no name, no scene, however; and I could not stand there forever gazing at a woman's nose, two feet from mine, as if I were a beauty-doctor. I wriggled a little, then wrenched my eyes away from the lovely masterpiece of bone and cartilage, and directed them at her own opaque blue ones.

"No," I breathed, uncomfortably.

"Oh, it's too much—not to remember *me!*" She seemed actually to speak of herself with awe. Then she bit her lip and changed her tone. I fancied then I was hearing the voice that her one-eyed Chinaman was wont to hear. "When can I see you? Can you wait until I'm a little more civilized? I can't talk to you like this." She glanced scornfully down again at her pink curtain and her sandals.

"But why not?" I tried to suggest by my own tone that she was, if she liked, Helen of Troy.

She did not answer the direct question. "Can you wait for twenty minutes?"

"I'm afraid, if I don't get back before dark, I can't. It's not much of a trail unless you're used to it."

"I am used to it. I'll take you back.

"Oh, thank you . . ." And I now had my turn at feeling that it was "too much." But the matter was apparently settled. "Does your Chinaman give my Chinaman liquor, do you think?"

She shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "Very likely. Lung is a vicious beast. But he cooks well. Only it would be more likely to be opium, I should think. Lung smokes it, I know."

"No; my man was drunk. It wasn't the black smoke. Besides, there was no apparatus about. Perhaps he gave him some to eat."

She shook her head. "They don't eat it much, you know. But Lung would have had plenty of square-face—or would have known where to find it—and he gets kava from the natives, I imagine. He can stand any amount, though. He's never really drunk, though stupid, sometimes, after the black smoke." She spoke very indifferently, as if the subject were quite irrelevant. But irrelevant to what? "If you are going to be about here for some time, I'll speak to Lung, if you like—tell him not to give stuff to yours. Only, you know, they are probably 'brothers' of some kind. In that case, no interference would do any good." The lady seemed very bored—afternoon-tea bored, within her dirty pink curtain.

"I shall strike camp as soon as I can—to-morrow, if possible. I only hired Chink for a few weeks. He doesn't belong to me, thank God."

She started toward the house. "I'll get a chair for you. Please don't come up on the veranda."

But I was not going to have her fetching chairs for me, and I followed. She looked at me, a little helpless for all her truculence, and did not protest. She only jerked a grass curtain across one of the open doors, and handed me down one of the light chairs. Then she leaned over the rail. "I can't talk to you here. We should wake my husband. Go over in the banana-grove. I'll come." And she disappeared.

I fetched a second chair, averting my eyes discreetly from the grass curtain, and passed across to the indicated spot. I do not know how long I sat in the banana-grove, waiting. Long enough, anyhow, for plenty of lurid conjectures to take up their abode within me. I no longer wondered who she was, for I knew that she would presently tell me, and I gave up trying to think. But I was very curious about the sleeping husband. She hadn't the air of a woman who has married a native. Still . . . if he had been a white man, shouldn't I have heard of him, down yonder, with my consuls? Anyhow, he was not expected to assist at the conference. He was—asleep. Then suddenly, from behind a banana-tree, Chink appeared, salaaming. Here was my chance for a scene. Chink's wickedness, however, was no longer so very important to me. There was other drama afoot. Matched up with the mystery inside the house—Caucasian, and a woman—he had shrunk into a vague, yellow blot. Within twenty-four hours I hoped to return Chink politely to the temptations of the capital; meanwhile I was not going to wrestle either for Chink's soul or for my own dignity. Doubtless I could have got comedy out of it by keeping him on for a few moments; but the imminent hint of tragedy sours the laugh in one's mouth. I looked at him contemptuously and waved him away. He slobbered a little, inarticulately, then made off behind the house to join, I suppose, his one-eyed brother. It was a hectic life for a semi-invalid, and I was feeling a little tired.

The lady did not keep me waiting, certainly, beyond the twenty minutes mentioned. Presently I saw her come out of the house and down the veranda steps, toward me. I rose and faced her as she approached. The pink curtain was gone, and the sandals; in their place she had donned slippers and a garment of faded blue that looked like a long-superannuated tea-gown. It was creased and spotted, but both the creases and the spots looked to be of very ancient date. The dress linked itself to none of my recent memories of female attire. I know nothing of fashions, but it looked quaint; it might have been something she was in the habit of wearing at the unremembered period when I had "known" her. Her hair was dressed high on her head and skewered through with imitation jade hair-pins such as low-caste Chinese women wear. She looked singularly battered; more so, I suppose, because she was now unmistakably an American woman, though a shoddy and shabby one. Nothing, probably, could give her back beauty—or neatness; but at least she looked extraordinarily out of place in that filthy clearing at the hidden head of that exotic gorge. She turned and gazed at me silently as she sat down. Evidently she thought that, once more in the garb of her class, I should know her. But I didn't, though scenes began to shape themselves vaguely behind her—rooms full of people, and city streets, mistily encroaching on bamboo and palm. I shook my head, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Of course I never knew you well, but I am Emma Blair. I used to see you at your cousin's—Gerty Fox."

Emma Blair! I cursed myself then with more than orthodox fervor. No wonder! no wonder! Of all the brutal things my merely average personality had ever achieved, this was the most brutal. Not to have recognized her—it was the *Urdummheit*, no less. Perhaps I blamed myself at the moment too much. It had been ten years since I or mine had set eyes on Mrs. Blair, or heard of her. Still, it was hard on her. In a state of contrition that would almost have sufficed for Lucifer, I laid my hand on hers, though I stared straight ahead of me into the cluster of banana-trunks.

"Mrs. Blair! How could I? But I've had many misfortunes. I've been out of the world, wandering in my own inner jungle. I've lost touch with them all."

They were poor words, but they seemed to hearten her. She put a shy and stealthy hand up to her hair, straightened one of the fantastic hair-pins. "Then you think others may not have forgotten?"

Indescribable, the fanatic eagerness of her voice!

"They've forgotten what your husband did, I believe."

I meant it, Heaven knows, for reassurance—what kinder thing could one say to Blair's wife than that the world had forgotten Blair's crime?—but it did not have that effect.

"Forgotten? Why, people can't forget a thing like that—forging, and then absconding! Or do you mean that they think my husband is dead? I hope they don't think *I* am dead."

I remembered so much, now—comments, gestures, the expressions of frowning, averted faces, social and moral attitudes publicly struck, a coruscating heap of detail. Incredible that, up to the utterance of her name, I should have had that visual aphasia. Out of the heap of detail, one fact glimmered most brightly—that never, at any moment, from her marriage on, had Mrs. Blair pretended to care the snap of her finger for her husband. That she should leave the country with him had been the breath-taking fact—not that Rupert Blair should have done any one of the thousand things that aren't "done." There were those who had said that she had stuck by him when the crash came, for the loot. They had soon found out, however, that there couldn't have been much loot; and it was then that Mrs. Blair's accompanying him in his flight had turned to a nine-days' wonder. A few dowagers had praised her nobility into one another's ear-trumpets, but most of them were dead by this time. Other people had given it up and gone on to other things. You can't be intrigued forever, if there is no promise of the riddle's being solved. If a person goes down at once, and never rises again, that is. . . .

"People forget everything. And, as it happens—if I remember rightly—no one suffered much who couldn't afford to suffer."

"Perhaps not. That's one thing *I* have forgotten." She smiled bitterly. "But it was a dirty, disgraceful act, dirtily and disgracefully done."

It was not a pleasant line for her to take, and I hardly knew how to meet her words.

"You haven't forgiven him—even now?"

"Forgiven him? What do you mean? Surely people don't think that of me! Do I look as if I would forgive that sort of thing?"

She looked—*pace* the unforgetable vision of her—as if she would forgive anything; as if the sun had corrupted her to its own indifferentism. So I only stammered.

"And yet," she went on, "that was no worse than a dozen other things, for his wife. It was no revelation to me. He was always a beast."

The "beast," please remember, was just over yonder, in the house, hidden from the veranda by a grass curtain pulled across a door.

"Do you mean that you always hated him?"

"Always. I didn't happen to be in love with any one else, but I certainly never pretended to be in love with him."

"Why didn't you divorce him?"

Mrs. Blair drew the loose, faded folds of her gown around her, then let them fall across her knees. I noticed again the beautiful line of her nose.

"One has to stand by the cards, don't you think? I married for what I could get out of it. Of course, if I had expected to get this"—her voice harshened a little with disgust—"I shouldn't have sat in. But if you play the game, you must play it, mustn't you? I thought my friends realized—" Again the questing agony in her voice.

"Not if the man you're playing with cheats," I answered, slowly.

"Oh, the law—! I'm talking about one's marriage vow."

"You mean you think it's a sacrament?"

"I've forgotten about the sacraments. It's a long time since I've seen one. I mean that I was brought up to be a sport."

The words fell oddly from her lips; I can hardly explain how oddly. They didn't sound spontaneous. They weren't vivid; they might have been an old formula dragged out of a trunk like the creased tea-gown. The formula was stale on her lips. It had been invented years ago for a moment that never came. When the moment did come, there was no time to furbish and freshen. Her phrase was musty—and not clean. . . . This is important, for the whole situation was Emma Blair's. Except hers, there was none. My coming there at all, my ill-health and the doctor's guess, my little "affair" with Nature, my troubles with Chink, were only part of her delayed fate. I assure you I felt all that, very humbly, as I sat there beside this terrible person. It was perhaps her greatest misfortune—yes, her greatest—that when her big scene came she couldn't put it through any better than she did. The footlights only picked flaws in her make-up. Or shall I say that her obsession had gnawed her into an impossible shape? But I had to go on.

"You were magnificent."

"Was I? Is that what they say of me?" She crossed her hands on her breast and breathed hard. I tell you her eagerness was not decent. No one has a right to want anything—even good report—for himself with such a bestial intensity. I began to see my difficult part in it all. For the truth was that no one said anything, any longer, and the mention of Emma Blair would awake only yawns. No; a nine-days' wonder mustn't ape immortality.

"I tell you I'm out of the world. But that is what they did say. It was very fine of you to stand by. And finer than ever, when one considers this." I lashed myself into admiration, looking round at the desolate dirtiness of her home.

She drank in my words, lips wide apart over her yellow teeth. "They don't know, I suppose, what has become of me," she panted.

"No, of course not. Even the people in T——"—I mentioned the capital of the archipelago—"didn't tell me there were white folk up here. You've kept it all awfully quiet."

"We never go down." And again her voice dropped to indifference. "Lung does our buying. That is—he gets the square-face and the brandy. Otherwise, we live on the land." She crooked a scornful finger at the fuzzy crops that girdled the compound. "They've forgotten about us down there, I don't doubt. It must be years since either of us has crossed the island."

"What do you find to do?" And indeed my curiosity on that point was vivid.

"I live." With a turn of the hand she shut off my curiosity, pressed it back to its source.

"But—"

I got no further, for then Emma Blair began to talk, like a resuscitated actress of the old school. Her tones and gestures had been learned long ago, and the world had gone on. I cannot reproduce for you her harangue—all her out-dated phrases and her occasional old-fashioned slang. Points of view don't change much—the blessed old world has always held them all. You can't out-date tragedy, but a given expression of it can be laid on the shelf. The real tragedy of Emma Blair was her belief in her own heroism. She didn't mind suffering in her apathetic way, if her name were only a sacred symbol in certain drawing-rooms of our Atlantic seaboard. I made it all out, sooner or later; and her false stresses, her bad (artistically bad) egotism, were, you might say, smelly torches to light me to the truth. There had been a glimmer of a fine idea in the beginning—that of "standing by the cards"; of sticking to a disgraced husband whom she detested, because she had taken him originally for what she could get out of it. The trouble was that the fine idea hadn't been genuine. She hadn't really conceived it to be her duty; she had only conceived it to be a showily beautiful act. If you choose to object that she had at all events really done it, for whatever reason, and that she was really "paying"—well, I can't deny that. But she was counting very heavily on praise. She was a sentimentalist, and you can't be more rotten than that. She was stiff with histrionism still. I dare say, more than once, in the years, she had wished that she hadn't originally burned her boats. But now and then, in a phrase, I saw the secret ambition that had kept her alive.

She expected, sooner or later, to lay him in six feet of disgusted earth, and return to find her shrine waiting. With a moral pre-eminence like that, losing her looks wouldn't count. She would have stolen a march on her contemporaries who, when *their* looks went, would have no striking moral beauty to show. I don't say she had worked it all out when she left hastily by night, with Blair, for parts unknown. Working it out had probably been the one solace of her unspeakable days. Unlike her husband, she had abstained from square-face, and refreshed herself from this hidden spring. Once or twice she said the most overweening things—as if she expected people to model her in marble and set her in a public square with an appropriate inscription. (How was I to tell her that they would be much more likely to put her in an old-ladies' home?) She had hoped that people talked of her constantly; she had held her breath across the world, in her leafy retreat, imagining what they were saying. And I had frightened her terribly by not even knowing her; not knowing her even when she had put on real shoes and done her hair on top of her head. That, she just couldn't bear. It all came out, pell-mell—what she had expected of her friends at home, and what she felt about them if they hadn't lived up to her expectations. Her moral beauty was about as real as the sapphires in a fifty-cent bracelet. But one thing was real enough—her idea of her moral beauty and of what it merited. People who didn't appreciate it, feed on it as gospel, were serving the devil; they would get no quarter from her.

There were moments, as I sat there listening to her, when I loathed her. She was a model of idealistic greed. I wanted to break in, to tell her that no one gave a hang for her; that I hadn't heard her mentioned for years; and that, if I spoke of her on my return, the subject wouldn't last twenty minutes. But on the heels of that desire came always a horrified wonder at what she had actually borne, in however bad a cause. And on the heels of *that* came the fear that

she would have it all out of me before I could leave the enchanted gorge behind me. A sentimentalist can usually be put off with a lie; but she was greedy, too, and the greedy man knows whether his mouth is filled or not. She had broken down, you see, before my insulting failure to recognize her. Her myth had been stabbed. . . . I don't suppose she really thought her old acquaintances were forever tiptoeing round the earth, hoping at each instant to surprise her in her hiding-place—not really. But I am sure she felt that to discover her would be a climax to any adventure. Well, it was a climax, Heaven knows, to mine! I was very tired.

With that sudden weariness, I realized that I must be getting back. The sky was being hastily prepared for sunset. I didn't know where Chink was; and, in any case, had not Mrs. Blair said that she would accompany me? I would much rather have taken my chances alone in the fern, but I did not expect to be let off. I rose at last.

"I've got to get back, Mrs. Blair. Is there anything in the world I can do for you?"

She got up, too. "Nothing, thank you. I am afraid I can't give you the pleasure of meeting my husband. He's always drunk in the afternoon. He's drunk now—up there. She nodded at the house.

"But—but what a life!"

"You may well say it. But it won't last much longer. He has delirium tremens, I believe."

"Couldn't a doctor do anything? There's a decent one down yonder."

"It's not very easy to get a doctor up here. And I'm sure he would hate being cured. What is there left in life for him but drink? I tell you it won't last much longer."

"But you— How hideous—how dangerous for you!"

She shook her head. "I stay out of the way when it's bad. Lung is very strong. He looks after him. If Lung is far gone with the black smoke, I simply hide in the bush until it's over. I don't intend to be killed in that way. It's not as if I had ever loved him."

"No, of course not," I stammered. "Does he love you?"

She stopped, with one foot on the lower step of the veranda. "Are most people at home as stupid as you are?"

I met her in like temper. "Just about, I think."

"There used to be quarrels. There aren't, any more." Leaving my question thus quite unanswered, she passed into the house. I tiptoed up on the veranda and listened—I did not look—through the grass curtain. There was no doubt that Blair was within.

"Your man has gone." Mrs. Blair's voice sounded sharply in my ear. "I'll see you home."

I protested, with all the fervor my shaken nerves could muster. But it was of no use. Mrs. Blair kilted up the soiled folds of her dress and led the way. I gave one look back at the clearing and the house, and then we started out, in full sunlight, with a lighted lantern. In the gloom of the trail it was not useless, and before half an hour dusk was upon us and we picked our way only by its light.

Mrs. Blair walked ahead, carrying the lantern. She was shapeless as some monster there ahead in the gloom—a monster with a blue skin, as you could tell from the occasional patch of her that the swinging lantern illumined. Our conversation was very slight and quite scrappy. I ventured once, "This is a heavenly beautiful place."

"Is it?" She did not turn, and her words came to me muffled. It seemed an interminable walk. I was dripping with sweat and aching in every sinew; and how I longed to be out of her custody! The trail to the clearing behind me, the jungle on either side, and the swaying blue monster in front of me— Never was a man more vilely imprisoned than that. Toward the end of our journey it became too much for me.

"I know it's not very far, now. Please don't go farther. I really can get there safely. Unless you'll come all the way and have supper with me, then let me send some one back with you?"

I fancy she, too, had had enough of it. She turned to me. "Well—if you can find your way." And we stood there for a moment, facing each other in the narrow path.

"Of course I can. And I can't tell



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"OH, IT'S TOO MUCH—NOT TO REMEMBER ME!"

you—" I searched desperately for a fitting final word, but it was not easily come by.

She swung the lantern back and forth viciously. "Of course you can't tell me," she broke out suddenly. "Who could? Even I, getting my chance after all these years, can't tell *you*."

"You don't need to. Think of what you've put through." Yes, she had put through unspeakable things, and I must keep my mind on that fact. I could see her beautiful nostrils quiver faintly as they met that incense.

Then, abruptly, she held out her hand.

"Good-by. I've done what no other woman in the world has ever done—and it hasn't been worth it. I haven't even a child to be proud of me."

"May I tell them at home about it?"

"Some day I'll tell them myself. But you can tell them what you like. Only—if they are all like you—they'll never understand. Why, you had forgotten me!"

"I never shall again."

"No?" There was irony in her tone—and yet a last little spent eagerness, too. Then she passed me in the narrow trail and faced homeward. "But it would take a great genius to understand me—to explain. People like you forget."

Without another word she started up the trail. I watched the blue glimmer of her figure until, in the near distance, the path took a turn. Then I stumbled on home, infinitely glad to be rid of her, convinced that she was a little mad, my pity mitigated by the knowledge that no one would ever pity her for the right things. For the more obvious blows of circumstance, Emma Blair had developed a kind of anæsthesia—though, no doubt, she bled inwardly from strange wounds.

The rest is—nothing much. I made up my mind, in those last strides down the trail, not to question Chink. He had prepared for me a remarkable dinner. I ate it appreciatively, but in silence; then announced to my caravan that we should leave on the morrow. Impossible, they said. On the day after, then, at dawn; and to that they agreed. Chink, so far as I know, did not journey back to his fellow-countryman at the head of the gorge; and, certainly, all the long day no word came down the trail for me. I do not suppose that Mrs. Blair told her husband of my visit. It would not, at least, have been in character.

I was in twenty minds as to whether or not to make inquiries when I got back to T——. It was rather stupid of me, I think, to decide not to; but at the time I did not really crave more information than I had. I held my tongue about the Blairs and praised the beauty of my camping-place. Before many weeks I started for home.

Of course I brought my nine-days' wonder out on the first possible occasion. I had been even more right than I knew. I found that unless I was prepared to lie about Emma Blair I could not make her the talk of the town. The women wanted to know how she looked; the men yawned when I said I had not seen Blair himself. If I could have painted a *grande passion* in an enchanted valley, I might have brought a few tears to the gentlest eyes. But my memory was inexorable. I could not force any false splendors into my phrase. The pigs, the poultry, the junk-heaps, and the sordid hatred that brooded over that compound got in my way. Only my cousin, Gerty Fox, made any practical suggestion. She spoke vaguely of sending paper dress-patterns to poor Emma. I doubt, though, if she ever did. I was never able to hold any one for more than half an evening with the tale. To be sure, I did not have a chance at any great genius.

Blair may not yet be dead, for Mrs. Blair has never turned up. When she does, she will do her own work better than apparently I can do it for her. Yet as the years go on and she doesn't appear, I cannot help suspecting that she has renounced her reward. Blair can't have lasted so long as this—not if she spoke the truth. Then I am stabbed with fear—fear lest it should really have been I who spoiled her life, for I had not been reassuring about her fame. There may, of course, have been some hideous Oriental *débâcle* at the end. Yet I sometimes wish I had lied better—for though she may have been a little mad, it was a very discouraged monster that faded away from me in the gloom of that hidden trail.

The Adventure of the Many Dishes

BY FERDINAND REYHER

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

I MET Djari Bey on the first Berlin-Constantinople express, which I had boarded at Sofia. With three American newspaper men whom I had met in Germany, he was making the initial journey under the guidance of a Herr Hauptmann, for this first Balkanzug via Serbia was a ceremonious occasion. Djari Bey was a fairly tall, very heavy rather than stout Turk, twenty-five years of age, who had studied law in England. He had a sense of laughter, a timely gift for absent-mindedness, and a slight squint. Whenever you became very much interested in explaining anything to Djari he would fix you with mediocre attention and think of something else. Indeed, my most definite expression of Djari Bey is that he was thinking of something else.

He had a penchant for importance. In Stamboul, at the reception to the travelers on that historic train—every one knew it was historic before it left Berlin—among the soft splendor of the extraordinary carpets laid from the tracks to the waiting-rooms transformed into an Eastern dream of wall-hangings and silk rugs, and a Mecca of pastry, Turkish cigarettes, champagne punch, sandwiches, *café Turc*, admirals, pashas, journalists, and bad air, I caught sight of Djari for the first time in characteristic executive flashes. He looked a foot taller and many degrees more imposing. He seemed to be arranging the whole performance, and I became acquainted with his irritable, famous "Come along!" which was the command for me to be presented to important men. At the buffet we met in more human relationship several times.

For some days I saw little of Djari, although we lived in the same hotel. One afternoon I met him in the utter confusion of Karakeuy, the Galata threshold of the Outer Bridge, as I was hurrying to meet a friend at the renowned *mahelibi* shanty in a little alley off Karakeuy. He grew hungry immediately and made me wait with him until a tardy journalist arrived, and we went together to the dim little café. We sat at a wobbly table outside and ate *mahelibi*, a firm, white pudding, said to be made of the pulverized white meat of fowl, delectably sweetened and ultimately sprinkled with rose-water. *Mahelibi* gets a curious hold on the stranger. You find yourself drawn to the little café at unexpected moments, and making preposterous detours to pass it. You eat two portions, and an hour later you wish to return for more. It was the first Turkish dish I ate in Djari Bey's company, but it was not until a few days afterward, when Stetson came down to Constantinople on the second Balkanzug, that the Adventure of the Many Dishes began in earnest.

Stetson and I were at dinner when Djari came through the dining-room. He had not dined, and did not want to dine. When I ordered some pastry, however, he proposed that we go to a real Turkish café and eat some national sweets. We walked up Great Pera Street and past many places that were too clean to be genuinely Turkish, Djari said.

"It is true," he went on, earnestly, when I laughed. "You cannot get the best Turkish things in those cafés where every one goes."

"Of course not," said Stetson.

Djari motioned with his head at me. "He is always laughing. I have never seen such a boy!"

We came to a little shop with marble tables and red-plush wall-sofas and chairs, took seats at a corner table, and allowed Djari to order. There was

brought a crisp and brown, thin-scaled pastry, very sticky and candied, and filled with chopped nuts. No sweets in Europe can compare with the Turkish, where candy and cake meet as the East and the West are supposed to meet.

"This is wonderful stuff, Djari Bey!" I said, gratefully.

"I can eat many pieces of this," said Djari, grinning. "We must have some more—yes?"

We demurred—it was very filling and very sweet—but Djari insisted.

"Oh, you are a bad boy. Do you not like this?" he complained.

He had some bottled water brought. (You must pay for all good drinking-water in Constantinople.)

"I shall have another piece," said Stetson, after drinking a glass of water.

"Will you not have more?" Djari asked me.

"Yes," I said.

At last Djari had eaten all the pastry he could manage, and he paid, and told us how much we owed him. As we went toward the door we had to pass the counter and shelves where in round, low pans the pastry stuck and swam in its own juice. There was a variety which we had not tried.

"It is very good," said Djari, with equal regret and hope. "Do you want to eat some of that—yes?"

"Not now!" we said, panic-stricken. "Another time—*sutra!* to-morrow."

As we walked back to the hotel, he told us a few of his projects. He intended to start a grenade factory, because the Germans were charging the Turks entirely too much for munitions; he was going to open and manage a genuine Turkish restaurant, and build a modern hotel that would charge reasonable prices, because there was none in Constantinople; he would continue editing his paper, *I-K-Dam*, and corresponding for the *Leipziger Zeitung;* he had undertaken to make moving pictures of the Turkish Empire; and he



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE

proposed to organize a strictly pro-Turkish party. He was built on the heroic scale and was really a demon for work, keeping about half of his ambitions abreast of one another.

The next morning Djari came upon Stetson and myself some time before noon, and we were told that we were speedily due at the office of Hikmet Bey, Chief of the Censor Bureau. We must be there on the minute, for Hikmet Bey was a very important man, one of the most important in the government. But Djari had a short German note to write, and asked Stetson to help him. It would only take ten minutes, then we should still have time to have a bite to eat at some indisputably Turkish restaurant in Stamboul before we went to Hikmet Bey. I sat in a comfortable chair in a far corner of the writing-room and waited. After I had read all the newspapers and recent magazines, and then the magazines of six and seven months' antiquity, I moved suggestively closer to the table where Djari and Stetson were composing the "short note." Here I went comfortably into a prolonged doze. Suddenly Djari woke me.

"Come along!" he said, impatiently. "We are very late!" As though it were all my fault.

"What about food?" I asked, weakly.

"Yes, what about food?" agreed Stetson.

"We must eat after we have seen Hikmet Bey! Oh, how late it is! Afterward we shall go to a real Turkish-restaurant in Stamboul. Come along! It is necessary we hurry!"

We rushed into the street. There was no car.

"Come along!" Djari dashed down Great Pera Street toward the Tunnel, which leads from the hill of Pera almost to the quays of Galata. The whole time he groaned about our tardiness. Hikmet Bey was expecting us—at what time I could not discover except that Djari assured us the time was long past. For my part, having on principle an aversion to interviews, I could only think of my gnawing stomach, and antiphonally responded to Djari's "We are so very late!" with "When are we going to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to eat something," said Stetson once.

"Come along!" ordered Djari; "Hikmet Bey is very important man!"

Should we get a fiacre?—No, they were too slow. Could we take a car?—No, there were none. Was it worth while to telephone?—No, it was not. We raced across the Valideh Sultan Keuprisi, the Outer Bridge, and were in Stamboul, turned to the left and toward the Sublime Porte.

"Oh, these wonderful shops! Look! look at that pastry!" I moaned.

Djari stopped before the windows of one or two of the little, dirty shops. "There's where you get the best *baklava*," or "There's where you get the most famous *Rahat locoom*," he would say. "Let's go in!" I proposed, promptly. "Come along! we have no time!" answered Djari, more promptly, and hurried on.

Suddenly Djari Bey turned in his tracks and headed the other way. "Come along!"

"Where are you going?" Stetson and I asked.

"You must have some caviar!" replied Djari, fiercely.

"Caviar!" I ejaculated, faintly.

"Would you like some caviar?" he asked the straight-faced Stetson, ignoring me. And Stetson the shameless, without a twitch in his countenance, answered, firmly:

"Yes, I think I should like some caviar!"

The first three shops either did not conform to Djari's ideas of caviar shops, or had not yet attained that ripe appearance of outward decay that was necessary to convince Djari that there you could buy things of an original quality. Finally, on a narrow, crowded, cobble street of Stamboul we came to an open shop. Everything in it was oily. There were small kegs of dried fish, dried fish on shelves, and strings of dried fish, vast caviar cheeses from which they sliced you off any measure, caviar that looked like axle-grease in tins, solidified fish eggs, squashy black olives. Djari began a violent conversation in Turkish with the shopkeeper.

"What does he say?" we asked.

Djari mentioned a price which the yellow cheese caviar cost. "Would you like some?" he asked.

"Yes," said Stetson, "I think I should like some. You can get what you think is enough."

The shopkeeper laid two dried leaves on the counter.

"Do you eat it this way?" asked Stetson.

"Oh, you shall not eat it now—you must save it for breakfast. It is very fine and cheap, and you will not have to go out your room in the morning."

After Stetson received his spike of saffron caviar in the dried leaves and paper wrapping, Djari said something else in Turkish, and the man brought down a handful of green-black things about the size of clothespins, shaped like stunted and warty bananas. They were the famous fish eggs, and Djari had the man slice a few crumbs to let us taste. They tasted exactly as salted shoe-leather might be expected to taste. But Stetson bought a fish egg. Abruptly, while sticking his wedge of caviar in a trousers pocket, Djari bethought himself of Hikmet Bey, and with a "Come along!" we were again swept in a mad dash for the Sublime Porte, with long, resilient wedges of pale-yellow caviar and the vulcanized fish egg in our pockets.

We walked without stopping for two blocks, then the comedy of the thing became too much, and to relieve my feelings I took refuge in renewed lamentations for real food. Stetson inquired if it wasn't possible to get a *café Turc?* Stetson was always wanting coffee. But Djari was inexorable. We had our caviar, Stetson had his fish egg, we were late for the important interview—"Come along!" Humorously resigned that eating was all a myth, positive that we should never get a bite again, we followed—Stetson serious-faced and eyes twinkling, I complaining. Suddenly Djari turned again and ran back from us. He disappeared through a door, and a moment later emerged with a bundle which he unfolded and divided some objects that looked like pale, unsalted pretzel rings.



FROM THE GALATA BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARD STAMBOUL

"Eat!" commanded Djari, brusquely. "Come along!"

The rings were *simit*, a kind of potato bread, and they tasted flat, but at that

particular moment good. Of course he had got them at the most famous and dirty *simit* bakery in Stamboul, and "were they not fine?"

Djari had tasted food and was relenting. A block farther and we were in a dirty room with wooden deal tables, a waiter with a dirty apron, and beside the street window the inevitable dirty counter and above it the shelf with many little crocks and pots with white stuff in them. We ate *yaourt*, a milk curd, and *youghourt*, a kind of sweetened rice-thick milk-junket, which we ate with caviar and *simit* rings. And then at last we were seriously on our way to the long-waiting Hikmet Bey.

It was my first visit to the Sublime Porte, and the faded yellow buildings, the dilapidated walls, the untidy grounds, and the slouching portier-guards were anything but sublime. Djari did a great deal of inquiring, and we entered a long, three-storied, yellow building through a corridor hung thickly on both sides with overcoats. We came into a longer hall that grew dimmer as we progressed. What followed in the next half or three-quarters of an hour is not clear. Indeed, the only thing which remains at all distinct in my memory of our raids upon the Sublime Porte are the things we ate and the shacks in which we sat in Stamboul before and after seeing ministers.

First Djari asked a great many questions of a great many cavasses, and ultimately I recall we went through a little pantryway decorated with crowded clothes-trees and more cavasses. Djari blocked us in the vestibule before one of the clothes-trees and hissed with not so much suppressed excitement as suppressed rage: "Take off your coats! Take them off!"

He never wore an overcoat and he never put on his gloves, in addition to which he wore a fez which need never be doffed, out or inside of a building. He went in first. It was inspiring to see Djari enter chambers of state, beautifully erect from the lines of his gray-striped trousers to the soft edge of his dark-red fez, his chest well thrown out, his gloves clasped in one hand, moving evenly forward until he caught the important man's eye, and then bending slightly with no touch of obsequity in the graceful, rhythmic bow of greeting. When the three of us entered a room together, Djari would always throw a hardly noticeable glance over his shoulder, as though to see whether Stetson and I were keeping a straight line.

In the first room we entered Djari presented us to a group of Turks; we shook hands all round, and sat down. Djari said something in Turkish; there came replies, and abruptly Djari rose and said, "Come along!" We shook hands all round, bowed awkwardly in imitation of his grace, tagged foolishly out after him, had our overcoats shoved upon us by cavasses, and found ourselves in the dark main corridor again. A cavass had been sent with us, however, whom we followed, and Djari had just time to say: "Hikmet Bey! He waits for us!" when we found ourselves in a small trapezoid vestibule among more clothes-racks.

"Take off your coats!" breathed Djari, angrily, and we followed him into a large, red room.

A slender man sat behind a long table. We paused a moment, and Djari presented us to Hikmet Bey, who half rose and extended a limp hand with courtly languor. I do not remember much of the interview in that mulled room, except that I sat cozily in my chair, smoking the excellent cigarette which had been offered to me, regarding the heavy, red, gold-bordered hangings whose shabby folds kept most of the sunlight out, and coveting a beautiful green-glass penholder with which Hikmet Bey toyed.

We had been informed that he was ill; that he had risen only to grant us this interview; and, indeed, the sallow man, not shaven for several days, did not look well. The *motif* of his health seemed to recur until it was almost a refrain. Hikmet Bey spoke only Turkish and French—and, as Djari was with us, very little French. But the whole interview was charged with suppressed hilarity as I thought of our sitting with those resilient wedges of caviar in our pockets before the man who was controlling the public opinion of the Turkish Empire, and who was expected to control the outer world's opinion of Turkey. Again we were bowing in order

to Hikmet Bey's small, static bend, and we departed with an elaborate wish for his speedy recovery.

In the corridor Djari asked us if Hikmet Bey were not all he promised us he should be? I replied:

"Well, now can we eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed Djari. "No! We must see—" he rushed on. "Come along!" he ordered, peremptorily, and he mentioned somebody else important to whom we must be presented. Djari would never stop at one minister a day.

Eventually, after questions and inquiries, we found ourselves in a kind of anteroom information office where seven or eight fezzed men were sitting on chairs and tables, smoking and drinking coffee. The man whom we were to see was not in his room. Was a certain other important man there? One of the men telephoned. After a wait we were sent to another building, the first and oldest of the Sublime Porte. We came into a new maze of corridors and front and side stairways, cavasses, *café Turc*, cigarette odor, shabby hangings, and dust. We got as far as the antechamber of an elaborate suite, were met half-way in a long reception-room, and informed that the important man either could not see us or was not there. We came down by other corridors and stairways, passed a barefooted believer kneeling on a fine, faded carpet in an open corridor room, halted until a *saka* (water-peddler) could pour us some clear, cold water from his jug, and came out again, freed for one day of Djari's ambition to meet the important. He did make a few more feints to hunt up somebody else, but they were all false starts, and soon we were walking down the Bab i Ali Dschaddissi to the kindlier level of the Stamboul of *simit* and caviar.

With commendable directness we made for a restaurant, and Djari Bey looked into only two or three before he found one sufficiently dirty to be unquestionably Turkish. We ate a memorable ragout, and *fasoulia pilakui*, a half-cooked, white-bean salad, soggy with oil. Could we get some beer? No, the Turks never used alcohol, but we



A CONSTANTINOPLE VEGETABLE MARKET

could have some *raki*. What was *raki? Raki* was—bad absinthe, supplied Stetson. Could we have some sweets? No, indeed, this was no place for sweets; we must go to another shop. Stetson wanted coffee. He must wait; there was another shop for coffee also.

We went out of the low-ceilinged, dark restaurant and came to a compromise café where we could get the best *baklava* in Stamboul, and also *café Turc* and Persian tea. I held out for some shredded pastry diamonds, brown and candied, and for Persian tea. The pastry was delicious, and Djari with some impatience consented to tell me it was *tel kadif*, and spelled it. It was difficult to get information out of Djari. The waiter eventually brought Stetson his coffee, and set a cup of coffee before me also.

"But I ordered tea."

"They have no tea; you must drink that," said Djari, absently, and added, in a tone of utter hopelessness, "Oh, you are a boy!"

We sat for a while resting and watching a group of Turks at a cluster of adjoining tables making much of one of their number, who Djari informed us had just returned from Gallipoli. When the soldier rose to go he shook hands with all but two of the others, whom he embraced and kissed on both cheeks. The simple heartiness of it was pretty to see. Then Djari had a conversation with the waiter, and ultimately informed us that we would have to pay three times more for our pastry now than if we had eaten it a year and a half ago. We paid, and, with the exception of a few side flurries at some shops that never led within them, reached and crossed the bridge. We looked into the *mahelibi* den on principle, but it was closed. Over two old-fashioned steaks, preceded by some of the caviar which had gone with us to Hikmet Bey, and the petrified fish egg which we shelled and sliced like sausage, Stetson and I concluded the First Adventure of the Many Dishes.

The next day I wandered early over to Stamboul. In the faint drizzle that later in the afternoon became a steady downpour, I walked up and down the tunnel streets, loafed about Balik Charshi—the fish-market—and along the streets of the rope-makers, the silversmiths, chandlers, cobblers, and provision merchants, dodging reckless horsemanship and *hamals*—pairs of ridiculous human legs under impossible burdens. I went again through the Great Bazaar, which every one describes, and no one can describe, by itemizing its contents and talking about this from Damascus and that from Samarkand, cataloguing its variegated junk, and I wondered why no one has ever mentioned the fascinating little restaurants at the broader cross-paths of the Bazaar. To read most travel books one would never think that the human race has a stomach. Little chopped mutton pegs—*rebat*—sizzling on the ends of thin, black sticks; *kibobs* on skewers, things that looked like swimming fried liver; fried *picti* and *plaki*, and mullet and sword-fish, and the eternal pastry with *kaimak*, a small roll of solidified milk, rich and creamy tasting; *shira*, a pink combination of cider and weak wine; and the very excellent *mahelibi*, of course, with its sprinkle of rose-water.

In the evening I met Stetson. He had fallen early into the kindly clutches of Djari, and had had a marvelous day behind him. After the customary prelude of "short notes" which Stetson was to help Djari write in German, and responded to on this occasion by similar notes which Stetson wished Djari to write for him in Turkish, they had set out, hours late, to keep an appointed interview with "one of the most important men in the government," the Minister of Education. This meeting had assumed solid proportions. They had received much dubious information, and when they left the minister presented them either with cards or promises to visit all the schools in Turkey, even the lower girls' schools. Djari was incited to work by this interview, and only by the unfortunate proximity of some dirty little shops was prevented from immediately hailing a cab and driving back to the hotel, where they were instantly to begin a joint series of articles on the educational aspects of the Turkish Empire in war-time.

"Oh, we must go at once to the hotel and write this interview!"

They started, but the dirty little shops



FLOWER-VENDERS

intervened with their irresistible lure of *baklava* and *tel kadif*. Djari would go long periods without food, postponing dinner, breakfast, supper—compensating himself eventually by myriad excursions up blind alleys of Stamboul where the originals of famous national dishes were to be had. And so they ate. But it was the fez-blocker who proved their complete undoing.

Djari had bought himself a new fez a few days before, and if you knew Djari, you would comprehend the perfect logic which led him to want the fez reblocked on the first rainy day. Stetson had a *kalpac*, a fur cap which passed for a fur fez in Constantinople, but Djari was ambitious to have him purchase a red fez. There was one fez-blocker whose shop we had passed several times in Stamboul, and each time Djari had hesitated a moment before it. On this fatal day, as Stetson and Djari came dashing in the rain toward the bridge and a trolley to take them to the hotel where they were to write up the important interview, the shop proved too much for Djari, and he stopped short. First he wanted Stetson to buy a fez, and, as Stetson gratefully demurred, Djari decided to go in and have his new fez blocked while they waited.

"But you just bought it! It does not need reblocking, does it?" asked Stetson. "Anyway, why have it reblocked when we must go out in the rain again?"

With his subtler sensing of seemingly remote relationships, Djari only replied that this was his fez-man, and he had bought the fez from him. So they went in and sat down.

One of the fez-men took the fez and first soused it in a hot stew, then it was crushed and ironed out, made to look almost as new as it really was, restewed, recrushed, reironed. There were several more thrilling processes in which everything was done to the fez except to chop it into fine bits.

When it ultimately emerged, Djari tried it on. "How does it look?" he asked.

"Very fine," said Stetson; "almost like new."

"It seems a little large," said Djari, thoughtfully.

"I do not think so," Stetson hastily assured him.

But Djari thought the fez had gained a little, so the whole melting, mauling, smoothing process was repeated.

In the mean time another man had come in, carrying a hat-box. Djari engaged the man in a long conversation. At length he turned to Stetson.

"Now what do you think is in that box?" he asked.

"A fez," said Stetson.

"A fez! Not at all. Cheese!"

There was another interlude of enigmatic Turkish.

"Do you want to taste some?" asked Djari.

"Not now, Djari Bey," protested Stetson, gently; "after a while, perhaps."

"But it is very good," insisted Djari.

Just then the fez emerged from the last of the second series of the macerating process of reblocking. Again Djari tried it on. Before he could ask Stetson, he was vehemently assured that now the fit was perfect; that indeed it could be seen that before it was too large, but now—now it was magnificent. Djari, content, paid the fez-man, and went out with his new and reblocked fez into the rain.

The next day was my red-letter day with Djari.

I had been leisurely breakfasting and looking out on Great Pera Street through the café window, and about ten o'clock came into the lobby. There stood Djari in pensive distraction.

"Where is that Stetson? Have you seen that Stetson? Where is he?" he asked me.

"No, I had not seen him that morning.

"Oh, this is awful! Why does he run away like this and leave no word where he can be? This is very bad!"

Djari had received a reply to a note written to Talaat Bey for an interview, and at half-past one we were to be at the Sublime Porte. For two hours we waited; rather Djari Bey waited and I watched him wait for Stetson, asking the portier innumerable times if he had said where he was going, if any one knew where he had gone, if he had telephoned or was likely to telephone. Djari fumed and fussed.

"Oh, what a man!" he said. "He must not go away like this! It is impossible for him to do this! What does he think?"

"But he did not know that Talaat Bey would appoint an interview this afternoon."

"This is terrible! But he should know. To go from his hotel like this and never come back! It is impossible for me to do anything if he behaves like this. I shall not arrange for him again!"

"But Djari Bey! Be reasonable—"

"It is awful! Oh, that man Stetson! This is so ver-ry important, and now after I arrange for him he is not anywhere!" A moment later he added, with renewed vexation, "And there was also another very important meeting with the Minister of Education again today!"

It came noon, and we decided to eat something. Djari left complicated instructions with the portier, that amounted to fettering Stetson, should he show himself. We would be back in ten minutes.

I hurried after Djari, who flew ahead without overcoat or fez to a small, comparatively neat restaurant on Great Pera Street. There Djari solemnly handed me a Turkish menu; I stabbed blindly at something, but Djari canceled it. He canceled a few more of my igno-

rant desires, and I finally fell back on *pilov*—rice and chopped meat cooked together, the Turkish national dish. Then, although our ten minutes were up, he had the waiter bring us a tray of small fish out of the window. We selected two, and six or seven minutes later I had the opportunity of tasting *ous koumri*, surely one of the finest fish in the world, and prepared in this little Turkish eating-room in a manner to rival the most skilled planking of the freshest Delaware shad.

After the fish and the bean salad, Djari was so elated by my sincere approbation of his choice of dishes that he bustled me out of the little restaurant with a "Come along!" and into a pastry-shop. Here I was rewarded with *boghatcha*, a sort of warm cheese pastry. And then Djari simultaneously thought of Talaat Bey, Stetson, and the Minister of Education, and we bolted for the Tokatlian. No Stetson. Djari was miserable with indignation now.

"Never will I arrange! This is terrible—to go a whole day from his hotel and not return! What does he think? I never saw such a man, no!" he exclaimed in his high voice.

Finally, with twenty minutes left to reach the Sublime Porte, which was over a half-hour's automobile ride away, we left with more involved instructions to the portier. We stood for a moment waiting for the tram-car, which was about a hundred yards distant. "Come along!" said Djari, unable to bear the agony of delay any longer.

"It 'll be here in a minute!" I called after him.

He turned and brandished his gloves at me: "Come along! It is too slow!" He plunged down the street, between the tracks and the curb, I after him. Four cars passed us before we reached the Tunnel. Djari was frenzied. "We are so late! Oh, this is very bad!" He flung some coins down and pushed me on. "Go in! Be quick! We are so late!"



IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS QUARTER OF STAMBOUL

In the Tunnel train Djari met a friend. He never could turn without meeting some one he knew. There took place the usual whir in Turkish. When the train stopped, Djari and the other, still talking, came slowly behind me. In the street he took a long and voluble farewell from his friend. They shook hands and then stood with hands clasped, still chatting. Suddenly Djari laughed; the other laughed; they pumped hands vigorously; Djari said something

to him, and he shook hands with me; then Djari shook hands with him again, and then he seized me by the arm.

"Oh!" he cried in despair. "How late! This is horrible! Come along!" And we bolted for the bridge and past the white-aproned toll-collectors, who shouted weakly after us. On the other side of the bridge Djari dodged behind the toll-house into the little open place where cabs wait, and began a volleying interpellation of four or five *araba* drivers at once. The dirtiest and oldest driver of the dirtiest and oldest vehicle finally won Djari, and in we clattered. Round two corners the ancient steed hobbled, and then at the beginning of the long incline that leads to the Sublime Porte it settled into a gentle back-and-forth rocking which rattled the antique receptacle in imperceptible millimeters forward. Djari grew tense with impotent wrath. He shouted something terrific at the driver, who never deigned a sign or reply, and then Djari Bey, late of Inns o' Court, Paris and Berlin, settled into his corner in crushed inactivity and just waited, nervously jerking his knees, biting his finger-nails, and crumbling his gloves. After an incredibly long period we reached the top of the hill and the Sublime Porte. I disentangled myself from the debris in which we had arrived, and Djari kicked himself out after me; he reached in his pocket and gave the man a coin. We turned and fairly ran toward the building before us. Suddenly from behind there sounded something appalling and piercing—the wildest, eeriest Oriental shriek I have ever heard. At the first sound of it Djari Bey's face relaxed, and he laughed freely and happily. I turned and looked back. The patriarchal jehu was wobbling up in the crow's-nest of his wreck, holding to nothing but his rage, shaking a fist and cutting the whip at us, the picture of madness, futility, rags, and senility, shouting mammoth profanities. . . . The door closed and the maledictions of the cabman were cut off, and on Djari Bey's face the benign and pleasant grin faded, and only once he clinked the extra piastres in his pocket significantly.



THE FAMOUS MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

Now followed a fantastic speeding through mazes of corridors and anterooms, encounters with cavasses and secretaries, and every moment Djari Bey and myself, although rushing along side by side, seemed to be sweeping farther and farther apart, for I never could

discover whom we were going to see at any particular time, whether the Minister of Education, the Secretary of the Sublime Porte, or the Minister of Interior and Finance, or all of them at once, because when we arrived, two hours behind the time of our appointment with Talaat Bey, Talaat Bey had not yet come. Neither had the Minister of Education; so Djari Bey, undaunted, rounded up some lesser potentates, and the confusion of names, personalities, time, places, and purposes became for me chaos hopeless of order. Suddenly, like a clarifying bolt, Djari stopped me impressively in the corridor after a mystic conference with a short, dark man with a smooth, spacious face, and informed me I had just interviewed—Talaat Bey!

I waited a moment. "Talaat Bey!" I said.

"Yes," answered Djari, seriously.

"Talaat Bey—!"

With no appreciation of the immortal humor of the situation in which I had "interviewed"—that is to say, shaken hands, nodded, sat down, and almost gone to sleep in the same room with Talaat Bey; risen, shaken hands, and gone out of the presence of the man who in many respects is the most important figure in Turkey to-day—without knowing who the man was, Djari began to impress me with the international significance of this meeting.

"You must write of this."

"Yes," I said, meditatively—"yes, I am now qualified to write up an interview with Talaat Bey. For"—here I appealed to Djari—"have I not seen him?"

"Yes," Djari recklessly agreed, and went on: "You must write a fine interview. It is very important."

Through an imposing weathered gate we entered the Seraskerate and the great drill-grounds which lie before the War Ministry. Four companies of soldiers were drilling in different parts of the field, kneeling, presenting arms, battering one another with wooden lances, marching. A trio of tall German officers, with long, clean, gray capes, stood at one side watching two companies goose-step. One of the officers wore the vermilion collar of the General Staff. I wanted to watch the soldiers, but Djari became impatient at once.

"Why do you stand there? There is nothing to see."

We entered the bare dinginess of the War Ministry. Soldiers stood round on guard, but no one challenged us. We went up the great, dirty stairway and round the broad landing corridors that skirt the wide court. There were old and dirty guards and cavasses everywhere, and seemingly there to little purpose, because Djari went from one to the other with the same questions. We were to see some officers—whom or for what purpose Djari avoided informing me. We went into many rooms, then I was left outside of many rooms, and ultimately Djari and I were conducted to the reception-room of Enver Pasha.

I pushed after Djari through a tiny cubical chamber choked with attendants and wraps into a great, square room that flung itself instantly upon you with mellowed magnificence, and was really impressive to the point of being startling. The dominating colors were faded scarlet and old gold. In the center stood a long table, marble-topped and ornately carved, with large red-and-gold chairs backed to it. On one side of the room a dark-wood cabinet reaching from floor to ceiling was filled with old, dustily gleaming armor and weapons. Round the other sides were chairs and sofas. Near one of the distant corners stood the desk of Enver Pasha's adjutant, a slim, smooth-faced young officer, neat as a girl. The room seemed toned down, weathered; there was an old, softening touch of gray dust upon everything, and, big and impressive as it was, it was strangely comfortable, and the yataghans, kandjars, and lances in the glass cabinet anything but fearsome.

But the most brilliant spectacle in the room was a line of Arabs seated along the wall opposite the adjutant's desk. On the farther end were five boys, perhaps eleven or twelve years old, swathed in the glorious robes of princes, sitting with unchildlike poise and solemnity, incurious of what went on about them. At each end of this courtly line were two dark men, grand in pale-green and saffron stuffs, with the black scrolls of their swords lying on their knees. Apart from

this group sat, immobilely grave, three chieftains of the highest rank, leaders in every fold of their imperial garments and every glance of their streaming, small black eyes. In deep arm-chairs, one on each side of a wide sofa, sat the young sheiks; in the center of the sofa, occupying it as a throne, sat a superb old sheik, wildly gorgeous beyond words in his purple and green, saffron and gold, with his curled, intensely red dyed beard and heavily jeweled simitar. They were come to pay their respects to Enver Pasha. There were many others in the room: men in fezzes and the sad monotony of Western clothes; busy, puffy little men with papers and gesticulations. I had kept my overcoat on, Djari having given me no time to leave it in the vestibule. It worried him sorely now. "Why did you not take it off? You should— "

A cavass had entered, and now the adjutant said something to Djari. I rose at his "Come along!" and left with more than real regret the magnificent room and that Arabian feast for the eye, following him without enthusiasm to another important somebody. We came to the office of a major. After the customary nods and bows and hand-clasps I sat myself upon a soft sofa and listened to the busy muddle of Djari's Turkish.

When we returned to Enver Pasha's reception-room the Arabs were gone. Djari went after somebody else important, and I remained on a sofa beside the adjutant's desk. He had not been gone a minute when Stetson came in, and in a few valuable minutes I prepared him for the worst. It appeared he had received a letter from Enver Pasha that morning and had come for an interview. Hardly had Stetson been called away by a cavass, and I was composing myself to a spell of open-eyed somnolence, when the American ambassador and the first dragoman entered. When the ambassador and the adjutant talked, the young, slender officer always backed with an exact respect from each step of the ambassador's, and his conversation was mostly: "Jah, Excellenz! Nein, Excellenz!"

Stetson returned, and in a few minutes Djari appeared. "Where were you? Why were you not at the hotel this morning? You missed such important interview I arranged!" began Djari, but he was silent when Stetson told of his being called to Enver Pasha's, and, it seemed to me, thoughtful.

We came out on a clear, washed evening sky with great, golden Eastern stars already pricking through the satiny-blue whiteness. We stood undecided in the great open place between the gates of the Seraskerate and the Mosque of Sultan Bayrsid, when suddenly Djari asked, "Would you like some soup?" We walked across the place; I remember we passed two thinly veiled girls, the most beautiful I had seen—one in a clinging purple dress, the other in a kind of brown silk, tripping with mincing steps in their extraordinary high heels and tight-fitting skirts. We came to a narrow street of shops, where a trolley-line ran, and walked until we reached quite the most wretched hovel we had yet looked into.

"Here you get the best soup!" said Djari, but even he paused.

"Well, shall we go in?" I asked, finally.

We squeezed into the narrow room. There were two tables, at each of which six people could sit. In back was a little open closet where two young fellows had wedged themselves and now spoke softly and grinned at us. On the right, by the door, was a counter behind which a pair of fezzed, ruffianly-looking gentlemen chopped up those parts of fowls and beasts we generally throw away, and dropped them into large boiling kettles in which a licorice-gray concoction with white splotches bubbled and steamed. We sat at the farther table, and three bowls of soup and three large, hard, shapeless crackers were brought to us. Then followed the worst moments of my life. Djari was absorbed in the rapid despatch of his soup, but I sipped and gulped miserably on the inexhaustible contents of each spoonful and kept my eye on Stetson's bowl, Stetson his eye on mine. I have never encountered anything so difficult to make an impression upon as that soup. I strangled on six or seven spoonfuls; I looked at Stetson's bowl, that was just as full as mine; the two boys in the closet watched us and

grinned; I strangled again, and the conglomerate tide never went down a millimeter on the sides. A little, knotted workingman opposite me finished his bowl with a smack and a scrape and called something to one of the men behind the counter. Another bowl was brought to him. I strangled and stopped, tied with Stetson, who stopped also.

"Do you not like it?" asked Djari in astonishment, almost to the bottom of his bowl.

"Oh yes, it is very fine!" said Stetson; "but, you see, I ate a big lunch and am very satisfied."

"Marvelous soup!" I said. "Totally different from anything I ever tasted."

"But why do you not finish?" demanded Djari.

"Well, you see, I expect to eat a big dinner, and—well, I do not want to eat too much now."

Stetson and I went out. There was a voluble commotion behind us that lasted some moments while Djari and the soup-men argued about the price. Djari rejoined us, setting his fez a little firmer.

"That was very fine soup," he said, gravely.

We could not go back through the Great Bazaar, for the entrance was boarded up and locked. We walked down a dark street lighted only by the poor, yellow lamps of occasional semi-subterranean shops. Across the street from one of these Djari stopped.

"There," he pointed; "he sells one of the finest things in Stamboul. It is very good; you must have some—yes?"

"What is it?" I asked in dismay. "Soup?"

"Soup! No; candy," said Djari.

We crossed and stepped down into the shop, which was a tiny, squalid place consisting of a window-shelf, a block counter, and a little wall closet. Two large, gray cheeses lay on the window-shelf. Djari and the man conversed,



TYPICAL HOUSES IN THE RESIDENCE QUARTER

and one of the cheeses was taken out. With a great deal of vocal reluctance the man sliced off two tiny pieces and allowed Stetson and myself to taste. A powdery, brittle sweet which tasted as cream cheese might taste were it candy instead of cheese. But it was very agreeable stuff, with a buttery, melting-away quality.

The next evening Djari, Stetson, and I went to a Turkish drinking-den on Mesarlyh Street. It was a long room, with a single line of tables on each side

with wall benches and wooden chairs, and an aisle between. The large street windows were painted white, and behind them hung dirty red curtains. The plaster walls had been colored a kind of back-fence green, divided by panels painted on in brown, and a little above the middle ran a festoon of Italian garlands and Grecian pottery streaked on in reds and yellows. In the rear was a door, and to one side of it a platform, on which six men sat playing string, reed, and concussion instruments without notes. The air was heavy with chibouk and cigarette smoke and a thin, spiced, oily smell. And somehow, making everything vibrate, quivered the low, minor drone and restless thrumming of flutes and zithers and the erratic clapping of wooden surfaces.

One touch of Saturday night makes the whole world kin, and all the tables were occupied with men, heavy-eyed but quite erect, fezzed, and with coats thrown open showing chains slung from waistcoat pocket to waistcoat pocket; men without collars and with their shirts spread apart at the neck, smoking cigarettes, puffing a chibouk, or sucking a narghile between drinks. There were no women. We attracted no particular attention. The end musician, a respectable-looking man in a yellow-brown suit, who plucked a guitar absently and watched the room, was most interested in us. But the Oriental is essentially incurious.

We ordered *raki*, and Stetson wanted a narghile. He had smoked one at Harvard, and wished to show us how it was done. The waiter brought a great tray of little dishes with white, oil-sogged beans, hazel-nuts, tiny blocks of raw fish, squashy black olives, a fuzzy cress salad, and small dominoes of bread. The *raki* came, and finally an unoccupied narghile was brought, with a faint glow still in the half-ashed tobacco in the cup. They played another Oriental song—a sighing, rising, suddenly falling, measureless music, with a peculiar second-tenor wail to which the musicians chanted a nasal accompaniment and the drinkers clapped and sang as well. Across from us a little man snapped his fingers and sing-songed in an off-key voice that was oddly pleasing.

We ordered more *raki*. Another song was played and sung; and the *uts*, a kind of mandolin, quavered and quivered with sensuous yearning.

"This is a famous love song," said Djari.

Stetson sucked at the bulbous mouthpiece of the narghile until his cheeks must have ached, and attained tiny, inconsequent puffs of thin, blue smoke. A sallow youth who sat against the opposite wall blowing furnace discharges at the ceiling smiled superiorly, and the finger-cracking genius snapped his fingers with suggestive abandon.

The *uts* and flutes and castanets swung into an eerie, timeless croon—a song of homesickness, said Djari.

The finger-cracking person broke out into a sudden solo in which it was impossible to tell whether his fingers accompanied his singing or his voice his fingers. The sallow youth blew smoke straight at us now. In the midst of a whining, half-syncopated ballad Stetson looped the recalcitrant narghile about itself; we paid and went out.

As we almost reached the hotel entrance a strange, Oriental, medieval being came toward us, swinging a tremendous lantern and carrying a tall metal can on his head, singing a melodious cry to dark Great Pera Street and the Eastern stars. It was the *ketan helva* vender. We bought a little paper horn of silk *helva*, a needly candy that looks like cotton, indescribably weightless, and melting in the mouth as a shooting-star melts in the sky.

Two days later I saw Djari for the last time. I had to hunt up Hikmet Bey at the Sublime Porte again, and asked Djari to go with me. But he was at last at his articles for the *Leipziger Zeitung*, culinarily long-delayed, and was sleepily dictating in English to a little stenographer who was typing in German. I regretted that he could not accompany me. He regretted also; he half thought—no, he really must finish these articles, which were very important, and should have been sent away—oh, so long ago. I did not see Djari Bey that night, and next morning as the sunrise was turning the Bosporus to crimson I left Constantinople, truly the epicure's most golden cornucopia.

The Things that are Cæsar's

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

IT had got about at once that the new druggist and his wife were musical. She had remarked quite casually to Mrs. Rainey and Mrs. Masterson, who dropped in at the store while they were settling things on the shelves, that she was "lost" without her piano. Of course, she said, *Mr.* Hurrle had carried his violin with him when he came. And he, dusting his hands together, had turned from his ladder to say, with a smile, that "you couldn't trust *that* to the railroad companies."

Mrs. Rainey had received this inference of their accomplishments with a remark which was to assume later in the poor lady's mind the proportions of having actually vouched for the Hurrles being taken in.

"Oh, you'll be quite an addition!"

Surely not an unnatural thing to say, since their social position might have been said to be already established by virtue of their business position. Mr. Ford, who had had the drug-store before, had been a great social favorite, but he had, to the regret of everybody, involved himself in some kind of financial difficulty which forced him to give up the store and leave Burton on rather short notice. And it was, perhaps, because of the social graces of their predecessor that the Hurrles were looked upon by those who saw them the day of their arrival as a kind of disappointment. But once the word had gone out that they were people "with talent," there seemed to spring up the hope that they might make up in an artistic way for what they lacked in—well, in appearance. For that, at first, was all there was to judge them by.

A little stir went round at the news—for the advent of two simon-pure musicians amounted to news in Burton—a stiffening of the artistic backbone, a preparing among the followers of the muse to look to their laurels. For they were impressed from the beginning with the familiar way in which the Hurrles talked about music; particularly Mr. Hurrle, who used technical phrases which no one, it seemed, but a simon-pure musician would know how to use.

The elder Miss Holmes, who owned and played upon the more distinguished of Burton's two violins, gave, upon being led by Mr. Hurrle at their very first meeting into musical waters entirely beyond her depth, a most heroic imitation of swimming gracefully along at his side. And Miss Holmes, because of that experience, came last to acknowledge what every one else made no show of denying after they had heard the Hurrles play.

After all, nothing could have been more unfortunate for the Hurrles, for their future in Burton, than the way in which circumstances seemed to build up for their music a kind of suspended interest, and to make of their first public appearance a sort of dramatic entrance; so much more hanging upon it than if there had been no suggestion, no innuendo.

It was Mrs. Jude Pierce, whose husband owned the bank, and who liked music, as she said, without knowing one thing really about it, who heard them first. For the social fabric is woven of the same pattern in Burton as in the metropolis. Certain financial operations are entailed in the carrying on of a druggist's business—an account must be placed somewhere—and Mr. Jude Pierce, sitting at supper one evening, inquired casually of his wife whether she had been to call upon Mrs. Hurrle; and she, with that perfect understanding which had made of their marriage such a shining success, announced her intention of doing so the very next day. During the course of this visit Mrs. Pierce asked Mrs. Hurrle to bring Mr. Hurrle over

the following evening, with his violin—they had a piano, and would enjoy hearing some really good music. Mrs. Hurrle showed her pleasure quite unreservedly, and said they had been starving to get at their music again.

They went, and the next day Mrs. Jude Pierce, stopping for a moment at Mrs. Rainey's side-gate, mentioned their having been there the night before.

"Oh, and how do they play?" asked Mrs. Rainey.

Mrs. Pierce was not ordinarily cryptic, and this lent to what she said all the force of her usual obviousness:

"Well, my dear, of course *I* don't *know* — but I just want you to hear them!"

Mrs. Rainey, who knew about music, took it for unrestrained praise, and it was not until afterward when the dictum of the town had gone forth, that she recalled the words and seized upon them as a sort of final corroboration of her own opinion. For if Mrs. Jude Pierce, with no preconceived notion at all to go on, could see it, then it must in all reason be so.

The Hurrles' household goods followed them shortly, and when they were installed in the cottage they had rented at the end of the little main street within easy distance of the store, they brought on their two children, a girl and a boy, from wherever it was they had been staying with some relative of Mrs. Hurrle's. The boy, undersized and fair like his father, was a sullen little fellow, and considered stupid by the boys of his own age. The girl, about eight—four years younger than her brother—was an attractive, gay little creature, with her mother's black eyes and wilfully curling hair, and a great deal more robust than either of her parents. They were, both of these children, at just the formative period when they could shed no light whatever upon the two who had brought them into the world. This did not, however, prevent Burton's judging them by that very standard, using, when they wanted proof, the things they disliked in the children as evidence against the parents. "That boy, you know, is simply not *bright*," and "she"—referring to the little girl—"is too pert for words." This, to be sure, came about long afterward, and only at the last, when the good people of Burton felt the need of some sort of justification.

The very night they unboxed the piano, Mr. Hurrle hastened home from the store at nine o'clock, and they played—he standing upright after his long day's work, holding his violin caressingly, lightly, she at the piano, until half-past eleven. And Miss Holmes and her sisters, who lived within hearing, came out on their porch to listen. And they listened in a queer kind of silence, until Miss Holmes after a long time exclaimed, with a look of amazed illumination: "Why, it's Chopin! But you'd never in the world *recognize* it!" But she, still under the spell of Mr. Hurrle's superior knowledge, said nothing whatever about it. Her escape had been so narrow that even Mrs. Masterson's assurance at the time that "the easiest thing in the world was to *talk* learnedly" had no effect whatever upon her.

For Mrs. Masterson, who had been about more than any one else in Burton, and consequently was in a position to know people better, had, almost on first sight, seemed to perceive in the Hurrles something which no one else was able to see; something which had its outlet on the very day when she had gone into the store and had heard for the first time their mention of music in a remark made to Mrs. Rainey, when they came out, to the effect that the Hurrles didn't *look* like musicians. To which Mrs. Rainey made the reply that you couldn't really tell by that—a statement which Mrs. Masterson admitted willingly enough to be true. But a moment later Mrs. Rainey, troubled perhaps by the vagueness of her friend's remark, asked what then she thought they *did* look like. She received an answer typically quick and typically concise: "*He* looks like nothing in the world but a drug clerk, to me."

"Which isn't," said Mrs. Rainey, "so strange, considering the fact that he's always been in it. He told some one—I've forgotten who now, but some one of the men—that his father was a druggist before him; he was brought up in the atmosphere, and he was sent away to a school of pharmacy when he was fifteen, or some ridiculous age, in order to be able to help out at home."

"If *that's* true," exclaimed Mrs. Masterson, scarcely waiting for Mrs. Rainey to finish, "*when* did he have time to study?"

And since there had been apparently no information vouchsafed upon that subject, Mrs. Rainey had no light to cast upon it, and so could only acknowledge, by walking along in silence at her friend's side, the shadow in which the matter lay.

They were asked, little by little, other places—one by one others heard them play. "Have *you* heard them yet?" came to be the question invariably asked by those who had just had that puzzling experience; and, except for a definite reservation of judgment—a reluctance which seemed to possess every one equally to express even so much as the faintest opinion—one might have thought they had passed muster, had been already accepted. Whenever two people met who had heard them, and the subject came up, there was sure to be one pair of raised eyebrows, and one enigmatic, "Well? What did you think?" But it remained for Mrs. Masterson, whose opinion was always accepted on matters of art, to come out flatly at last with the truth. Her position would permit later, if she wished, of a change of front.

"Why, good heavens, they can't play at *all!*"

This was after a certain musical evening at Mrs. Rainey's, to which the Hurrles had come bearing a whole portfolio of things to play, and had declared that they felt at home for the first time since they had come to Burton. They had missed, they said, more than anything else the music club to which they had always belonged; and every Friday night, at the hour they had been accustomed to go to the club, they had suffered such attacks of homesickness that they had begun to wonder if they should ever really become reconciled to Burton. But this—*this* was delightful! They hadn't known there *were* so many musical people in Burton. What was to prevent their having a club themselves—they knew exactly how to go about the organization. There was something almost pathetically enthusiastic about them—a quality of emotion new to Burton. And the others had been so affected by it as to become for a few moments enthusiastic themselves. All this, however, took place before the Hurrles had played. Miss Holmes had played, and Mrs. Masterson, and there had been talk in between, but the Hurrles had held off with a rather nice sense of deference, enjoying, it seemed, the atmosphere of so much talent to a really touching degree. Certainly nothing could have been truer than the thing Mrs. Rainey said to Mrs. Masterson in the seclusion of the dining-room, where, by the most obvious chance, they encountered each other directly after the performance: "You can't say they *pushed* themselves." But Mrs. Masterson, with the enigmatic look on her face which all Burton had come to dread, came back more than promptly with: "No, indeed! They knew better than that!" For if Mrs. Masterson's position permitted of a change of front later, it did not permit of any hesitation whatever in the formation of her opinions. It was this definiteness, this never waiting for any one else to deliver an opinion, which had gained for her her reputation.

The Hurrles had, upon being asked in the height of their enthusiasm, gone at once to the piano, and while he tuned his violin to her repeated sounding of the key, they consulted together about what they should play. Then, quite suddenly, without announcing their decision, Mrs. Hurrle had set up a bound volume of music before her, opened it at a page marked "Opus 64," and they had begun to play; had dashed into what appeared to be the very middle of something with a tremendous effect of having done it just that way often before, although, as Mrs. Rainey afterward said, it didn't seem possible they could ever have done it exactly that way twice.

Every one sat gazing straight at the Hurrles, or looking down at their own feet, making, according to the degrees in which they were puzzled, painful efforts to maintain upon their faces expressions which would commit them to nothing whatever. No one had the temerity to ask, when they had finished, what it was they had been playing. Miss Holmes asked Mrs. Masterson afterward if *she* knew, and Mrs. Masterson merely gave Miss Holmes one of her

looks, and said that it "didn't seem to make much difference to the Hurrles *what* it was."

But the silence which greeted the end of the composition translated itself to the Hurrles, and it would certainly have done to any person looking round upon that entranced circle, as the subtlest of appreciation; for Mrs. Hurrle had turned a beaming face upon them, and plunged them still further in darkness by saying, in a voice that fairly thanked them for *not* applauding, "We're so fond of all of his things." And when, by the way they smiled at her, and Mrs. Rainey's nervous little "Yes, indeed!" they had admitted not only their knowledge of who "he" was, but had conveyed the impression to Mrs. Hurrle that they, too, shared her fondness, she turned a page or two and, with a little nod of her head to her husband, struck the opening chord of another of "his" compositions. Near the close of this selection Mrs. Masterson was felt to shift slightly in her chair; and the others, glancing surreptitiously in her direction in the hope of some sort of cue, were rewarded by that lady's slightly lifted eyebrows above the keen, amused expression of the eyes themselves, and responsibility in the matter of the Hurrles fled at the sight of her bored little yawn, ironically suppressed under the tips of her fingers.

The relief of knowing at least which way the wind might be expected to blow expressed itself when the music came abruptly to an end a moment later in a clapping of hands and a general shifting of uncomfortably strained positions. And Mrs. Hurrle, without turning round, and with the air of a concert singer coming down from a difficult aria in a foreign language to an encore of "Annie Laurie," broke into "Anitra's Dance," in which Mr. Hurrle joined. Now this was something they all knew. Miss Holmes played it, and Mrs. Masterson, and even Mrs. Rainey. And of course it was the test. And Mrs. Rainey herself had to admit that she hadn't been exactly sure at first that it was "Anitra's Dance." And surely, if they could play at all, they could manage that. It had owed its rage to its simplicity.

At the end of this Mr. Hurrle laid down his violin, she rose from the piano, and there was a general moving about. It was at this point that Mrs. Masterson left the room and went into the dining-room, whither she knew Mrs. Rainey would follow her shortly, and where, a few moments later, she delivered her ultimatum.

"But what," said Mrs. Rainey—"what about the club they belonged to?"

"Why, *I* don't believe," said Mrs. Masterson, "they ever *belonged* to a music club!"

They were recalled almost precipitately at that moment by the sound of Mrs. Hurrle attempting to accompany Miss Holmes, a gallant experiment on both sides, abandoned at length with the suggestion on Mrs. Hurrle's part that they must "get together and practise." At which Miss Holmes had received from Mrs. Masterson across the room a glance of open commiseration.

What was most remarkable about the whole thing was that the Hurrles, who might be said to have already laid claim to certain fine sensibilities, appeared to be wholly unconscious of the atmosphere which had grown up about them, and in the end they went away with the plain conviction that the evening had been for them the complete initiation into the circle in which they were most at home. And what happened had been so obvious that the least sensitive among those others, after the Hurrles had gone happily off together, understood that judgment had been brought in against them, and that from that judgment there was no appeal. It was, to be sure, the judgment of one class, of the initiate alone—a judgment which they might have survived so far as the town was concerned, had their first public appearance not been of a particular nature to bring out at once to the very dullest the sadness of their deficiencies.

Before, however, this lower court had brought in its verdict, Mrs. Hurrle had made known her intention to take a few pupils; and there were those among the townspeople who, impressed by the variety and volume of sound which issued nightly from the Hurrles' cottage,



Drawn by Gayle Hoskins Engraved by S. G. Putnam

EVERY ONE SAT GAZING STRAIGHT AT THE HURRLES

gave over their young daughters to Mrs. Hurrle's tuition. And if the pupils themselves saw little in the endless scales and exercises which she immediately imposed upon them, their elders continued to be swayed by her talk of "a thorough foundation which should stay with them forever." These were, of course, the uninitiate, except for Mrs. Jude Pierce, who had at the very first sent her Flora, and saw no immediate way to withdraw her. Flora had sulked through the first few lessons until, on the day after the Hurrles' unfortunate public appearance, overcome no doubt by the force of public opinion, and exceeding her mother in the art of diplomacy, she cut her finger to the extent of not being able to practise, and solved the question herself, as when the finger healed the subject of going on with the lessons was not even broached.

The community spirit could never have been said to flourish in Burton. As nearly as it had come to expressing itself at all, it was in the allegiance they paid to the High School's Saturday-Night Dancing Club. Oh, they were very modern in Burton! This allegiance involved a gratifying kind of patronage which included the decoration of the assembly-hall and the volunteer furnishing of music for the dancing. Incidentally, too—and this may or may not have been the loam at the root of their loyalty—they diminished in this way the problem of entertainment for the younger members of their own families. Miss Holmes and Mrs. Rainey had been unflagging in the matter of music, and Mrs. Masterson had contributed dash and her brilliance as a pianist whenever it suited her mood to enjoy the rôle of patroness. She was always, for some reason, looked upon as the person who gave most.

It was for one of these occasions, the week following the affair at the Raineys', that the Hurrles volunteered their services for the music. They said that it seemed to them the brunt must have fallen rather heavily upon a few, and they wanted, now that they had come to Burton to live, to do their share. They could go up directly after nine, when Mr. Hurrle closed the store.

Perhaps Mrs. Jude Pierce, who was indisposed that night and so allowed Flora to go under the chaperonage of Mrs. Masterson, had from her daughter upon her return home the most unvarnished and consequently the most truthful account of what happened.

"Well, dear," she said, looking up as Flora came into the room and let her cloak fall petulantly across the first chair, "did you have a good time?"

"A good time!" Flora repeated. "Those Hurrles played!"

"Well?" said her mother, with a sudden feeling of dismay and of knowing that something unpleasant was coming.

"We simply couldn't dance, that's all."

"You couldn't dance? Why?"

"They can't *play!*" said Flora, as if they had offered her an effrontery she would never forgive. "They can't keep time! Every one was furious—"

"Furious?" Mrs. Pierce broke in with an air of alarm. "They didn't *show* it—they didn't—"

"Oh no—we kept on trying to dance—but the boys and girls all said they'd not go next time if the Hurrles were going to play."

"Who did they say it to?" Mrs. Jude Pierce seemed seized with an awful idea that there had been some sort of disgraceful scene.

"They said so to one another."

Mother and daughter remained silent a few moments, then Mrs. Pierce asked, suddenly, "What did Mrs. Masterson say?"

"She wouldn't say anything — only laughed. We made her play the last dance, though. I hope they *saw*."

"Flora! It was nice of them to offer, you know. Maybe they haven't played much for dancing. They'll do better next time."

"We won't have them," said Flora.

And they didn't. When they offered, as they did several times after that, there was always some one present to say that some one else had been good enough to promise for this time. When this had occurred for the third time, the Hurrles ceased their offers. If they saw anything beyond the mere statement of fact, they gave no visible sign.

And people began, in presence of the Hurrles, to avoid any mention of music.

It put upon those who had taken them up in the beginning a kind of restriction, so that they were almost reduced to playing, for a few days, behind closed doors—playing at least more softly—so that they should let them down easy, shouldn't appear to be needlessly flaunting their own—well, their own superiority, in their poor faces. They wondered at first if the Hurrles really knew they were being left out, and the hope even presented itself that they might think people were a bit awed, a little afraid to ask them to give such extraordinary services as theirs. Their attitudes seemed almost unsuspecting enough for that.

They were not asked again into any one's home—that is, any one who mattered at all. They were not asked again to play in public. It seemed the only thing to do, and by common consent every one seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it would be better to avoid all future awkwardness by "letting them down" at once, as easily, of course, as it could be done, but firmly, and in a way which should leave no doubt as to their intention.

And Mrs. Masterson and Mrs. Rainey and Mrs. Jude Pierce and the others—because there was still some element about it they had not in their own minds been able to fathom, an element which touched upon the Hurrles' *reason* for what they had done—buried the subject as if the Hurrles had been guilty of something reprehensible of which they did not care to speak even among themselves. They could not bring themselves even to utter what was in their minds—how decent the Hurrles had really been about it, how little trouble they had made. It would have seemed, somehow, to put upon them some culpability, and of that the Hurrles' amazing presumption had certainly absolved them. They preferred, when it crept in unaware, to laugh it off and dismiss it as an amusing but not at all important little incident in the history of the town. And they assumed, unconsciously, when they went into the store, a slightly patronizing air toward the Hurrles, from whose manner it would have been impossible to say whether they were bewildered by such treatment or merely callous.

Not that they possessed in any degree the grand manner, or even, for that matter, poise. Indeed, Mr. Hurrle seemed to make rather extraordinary efforts to be agreeable, so that he came to be spoken of in the weekly newspaper as "our genial druggist." He never failed to have ready for each one of his customers a little joke or an anecdote of the kind one might cut out of funny papers or magazines, and he gave them out, one with each purchase, like little souvenirs to attract trade. Sometimes the jokes were good, and sometimes they were dull; but he seemed to have set himself the curious task of not telling the same one twice. Among the farmers who came in to trade he was considered a fine fellow and a very great wit.

At noon every day she came, crisp and clean in her freshly laundered dresses, to see to the store while he went home for his lunch. And again at supper-time in the evening.

And every night from behind the drawn curtains of the little cottage at the end of the street, beginning at half-past nine and continuing sometimes until midnight, there issued the sound of that strange, inexplicable music, without rhythm, without time, yet unaccountably blending, piano and violin. And it came after a while to be like one of the natural sounds of the night—no more breaking the monotony, no more noticed than the rush of the ten-three express or the creaking of the nursery windmill back of the town.

After all, it seemed the final proof of their inferiority that they showed no resentment. But there was more than one day that first summer when Mrs. Hurrle's eyes bore the unmistakable sign of tears bathed away in cold water. Perhaps it was because of the children they stayed, for the drug-store paid—they had chosen well, for the first time in their lives, as to that. Perhaps it was because of what it would bring them for the future; perhaps they were able to live, those two, in the future as the very old live in the past.

And there had grown up between them and the town a sort of provincial *noblesse oblige*—a compromise they made with the town: they would carry on their business, give the best possible

merchandise for the money, do all they could for the trade of the place, and in return they asked only that the people do as well as they might by them in whatever way they found compatible with their dislike, with their strange disapproval.

For two years both sides kept the bargain. And then one day, before the town knew he was seriously ill, and after only three days absence from the store, Mr. Hurrle died. And it was not until then that people recalled how white his face had been for the last few months in the perpetual gloom of the drug-store, and that of late he had joked a good deal about having a headache.

The undertaker came from the next town and, in response to Mrs. Hurrle's toneless, "Whatever there is to be done. . . . I don't know," took charge of the funeral. The Reverend Mr. Oatman preached one of his short, stereotyped funeral sermons for non-members. The little church was more than half filled. Mrs. Rainey played the organ, and Mrs. Masterson sang. And through it all Mrs. Hurrle, in black, sat with her children beside her, and never once during the service did she take her eyes from the spot where her husband's body lay.

They buried him in the little cemetery north of the railroad station.

There was, it seemed, some insurance; not much, to be sure, but with that, and the price Mr. Jude Pierce, two days after the funeral, offered her for the business, Mrs. Hurrle packed and stored her furniture ready for shipment when she should need it, and left Burton with her two children on the south-bound afternoon train, without saying a word to any one as to where she was going.

It was learned, after a few weeks, that she had sent for her things. She had written directions to the station-master, and it was through him that it came out she had gone to the city. They wondered what she would do there; look for a place in a drug-store, probably, since she knew the stock. After all, they said, the city was the best place for a woman alone—there were so many free things to be taken advantage of for the children. Yes, altogether she had been very wise.

They could talk of her now quite openly, which they did in a pitying key—and then they forgot her. And they forgot him, too, sleeping there in the corner of the little neglected cemetery north of the station.

It was three years afterward that there occurred, at a meeting of the Burton Music Club, a thing which had upon certain of the members there present the effect of an apparition.

The club had been formed two and a half years before, and the membership included all of the musical talent of Burton. A piano-teacher from Parksville had a weekly class in Burton, and in three lessons the pupils were playing regular pieces; it was perhaps the advent of this stimulating personality which had brought about the organization of the music club. The young people were taken in. They had had Grieg afternoons and Macdowell afternoons and Beethoven afternoons; they subscribed to the *Music Review*; the club was a tremendous success.

This afternoon had been Wagner, and so far, as the president said, the programme had been an especially interesting one. Miss Holmes and one of the younger members were playing a selection from "Lohengrin"; Mrs. Jude Pierce, with the air of a person under the delusion that so much sound had rendered her invisible, was turning over the pages of the article which, in lieu of actual musical performance, she read aloud at each meeting from the *Music Review*. She had determined upon the pronunciation of all of the unusual and foreign words, and had gone on to read a column of "Notes and Comments" which followed. Suddenly, and with a movement that was almost a jerk, she brought the journal up from her lap to an angle from which she could eliminate all possibility of trickery on the part of her eyes. And after she had remained fixed in that position for a moment there came into her face an expression of alarm, as if from the page before her a ghost had stared suddenly out. Without waiting, and as if wishing to rid herself of it, she abruptly passed the journal, open, across to Mrs. Masterson, pointing out with a rigid forefinger a particular place upon the page. And Mrs. Masterson, receiv-

ing it passively, let her eyes fall languidly upon the indicated paragraph. She seemed then to struggle for an instant with an expression which, if not exactly like the one which had taken possession of Mrs. Jude Pierce, was at least akin to it. She permitted, however, this invasion to get no further than her eyes, and over these she immediately drooped her lids while she perused for a second time the paragraph. The music, stopping suddenly, found her still in her attitude of intense concentration; and it may have been that abrupt cessation of sound which brought to its focus a deliberation which had been going on in the back of her mind as to whether, since it was certain some time to come out, it would be better to pretend she had not seen it, or take the bull by the horns and be the first to announce the discovery. Urged, perhaps by the idea that to read it herself would at least relieve her for the moment of any other expression, she decided apparently upon the latter course, and, as if she had been waiting only for the music to cease, she looked up and about, including every one there, and asked, in that crisp, slightly harsh voice of hers:

"Have you seen this—in the *Review?*"

They gave her, as they always did, their immediate attention, and, dropping her eyes at once to the page, she read aloud:

"Heard for the third time this season, Fanny Hurrle gave fresh proof of the distinguished quality of the work of her husband, Edward Hurrle, whose untimely death is a matter of increasingly poignant regret among musicians. Mrs. Hurrle played from manuscript two hitherto unheard compositions written during the last few months of his life, and in each of these she revealed that remarkable sympathy which must have existed between them, for in no one else could he have found so tender, so worthy an interpreter of that genius which, however bizarre its note to stranger ears, never for one moment loses its leaping, flamelike quality—a flame fanned now and then by winds whose source we shall never know—a flame, alas, blown out too soon, but not, we are thankful, before it had caught fire in the soul of the eager little woman who thrilled us from the first moment that strange rhythm broke upon our ears in the midst of her first conventional programme, which also bore in her hands the impress of his personality. It seems almost incredible that Edward Hurrle had no other teacher than his father, who, like his son, was a chemist and, like him, spent his life behind the prescription counter of a country drug-store, combining all day long those mysterious elements for the cure of bodily ills, and combining at night, after his day's work was done, elements more mysterious still for the cure of the soul."

Mrs. Masterson ceased, and looked up to encounter in every face that same expression of fright, of alarm, as if the ghost which had stared out at Mrs. Jude Pierce a few moments before had become visible now to them all. It held them, breathless and overcome, so that no one thought at first of speaking. And there seemed to creep into their expressions presently a sort of horror, as if the apparition had been an accusing one.

It was the new music-teacher, to whom the name had meant nothing, who spoke first.

"Who are they?" she asked, mystified at the effect of the paragraph.

Mrs. Rainey's voice, after an interval, automatically answered, "The druggist."

"Here? In Burton, you mean?" Excitement ran her question up in a little crescendo.

Some one nodded.

"Then why, *why* haven't you *talked* about them?"

It was Mrs. Jude Pierce who suddenly brought forth out of her agitation the only answer that could have been given, an answer which gained for her the instantaneous gratitude of the others.

"They played so little in public while they were here—we had no chance to know."

"Oh, exclusive!"

And at this half-interrogation, half-exclamation, there was strangely an involuntary little chorus of noes as if forced out by so many consciences weighed down already with more than enough to bear.

The music-teacher looked about for a moment as if at a loss to understand what they could mean, and then, dismissing such intangible evidence, put a new question.

"How long ago was it?" she asked. "When did they move away?"



Drawn by Gayle Hoskins Engraved by H. Leinroth

MISS HOLMES MADE NO ANSWER, FOR SHE, TOO, WAS SEEING THE VISION

This time it was Mrs. Rainey who, after the same interval, answered, "He died, about three years ago, and she went away."

"Died here, you mean? Here in Burton?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rainey, hesitated as if she were about to add something more, and then stopped altogether.

Again the little crescendo of excitement: "He's not *buried* here, is he?"

And again some one merely nodded. But it was enough for the vigorous personality which expressed itself through the new music-teacher, always in action. She burst out at them in a perfect fever of enthusiasm, thrusting out both hands dramatically and half rising, in her delight, from her chair.

"We'll give him a monument—the club—before any one else thinks of it! What do you say?"

What they said was so little, and so much in the nature of what a class of hypnotic subjects might say at the suggestion of the hypnotist, that they found themselves swept, within half an hour after Mrs. Masterson had read the paragraph, into not only pledging themselves individually to give certain amounts toward the price of a suitable monument, but actually into going to look for their purses and giving into the hands of Miss Evans, the teacher, those sums in cash, according to her highly efficient policy of "doing it right away—*first*, you know—and doing it right."

She had skipped, with a mental agility more like an athlete's than a dancer's, all those lesser considerations of the relationship of the Hurrles to the town, and had stood firmly upon the main fact that Burton had a genius and something must be done about it. It was something worthy of her peculiar talent, and she went about it as directly, with as little loss of time, as she had plunged her pupils into classical music. She even found time to discuss, and to discuss at what seemed to the others unconscionable length, what epitaph should be engraved upon the monument, and the kind of marble they should select. And she herself made finally the motion to adjourn in order that every one might go home and look up quotations. She thought there was one of Moore's or somebody's which went, "So angels walked unknown on earth, but when they flew were recognized."

They left in a kind of thankful daze, under cover of Miss Evans's enthusiastic orders. Mrs. Masterson had gone, rather hurriedly and alone, as soon as the motion to adjourn had carried, as if she had already stayed too late and had something important to see to.

Miss Holmes and Mrs. Rainey walked home together, and for a block and more they found nothing to say. One might have said they were suffering some extraordinary embarrassment, had there not been something so childlike, so awed, and so chastened in the thing Miss Holmes did presently find to say.

"You remember," she said, breaking the silence as if she had not been conscious of it at all, "those jokes he used to tell?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rainey, "I remember them. Why?"

"Well—" Miss Holmes began, and then seemed to find something difficult in what she had been about to say. "Do you suppose—he could have been trying—in that way—to come down—to bring himself down to *us?*"

Mrs. Rainey looked straight before her with widened eyes, as if the ghost had again appeared on the path before them.

"It may be," she said, "that he was."

They had turned, without a word to each other, a block out of their way into the path which ran along the corner of the cemetery. And it was precisely at the same instant that their eyes sought, with a little uncertainty, for they had almost entirely forgotten, a spot in the most weed-grown corner.

"It was under that smallest pepper-tree over there, wasn't it?"

Miss Holmes spoke as if they were coming into a Presence.

"No—not under a tree; I remember those lots were all taken. But it was somewhere near." Mrs. Rainey was looking intently, but with little, furtive, backward glances, as if she feared the town might be spying upon them. "Shall we?"

The other nodded, and they turned in at the broken gate, and, holding their skirts away from the brown, tangled

grass, picked their way among the meager graves until, halting together, they looked first about, and then at each other. They stood there for a moment, and then Mrs. Rainey uttered a strange little cry, and started so suddenly forward that she looked as if she were about to fall.

"Look!" she cried out, her voice strained and sharp. "He's gone!"

Her friend followed then the direction of her pointing finger to where, not more than ten feet away two long mounds of baked brown earth bordered an empty grave. And the walls of the grave were baked and brown, and a little caved in, so that it was plain it had had no tenant for a long time—for months at least, perhaps for a year. Lying near, and half concealed under one of the piles of earth, an undertaker's plain, pine headboard showed in half-obliterated, black-painted lettering: "Edward N. Hurrle. Died May 24, 1912. Aged 36 y'rs, 4 mo's, and 10 days."

"When," said Mrs. Rainey, after a moment, and as if she were speaking through some vision moving before her—"when did she take him away?"

Miss Holmes made no answer, for she, too, was seeing the vision—the vision of a slender, black-eyed little woman in mourning, and workmen, on some late afternoon, or perhaps early morning, while the town went blithely about its affairs, coming to take him away.

Thy Hands

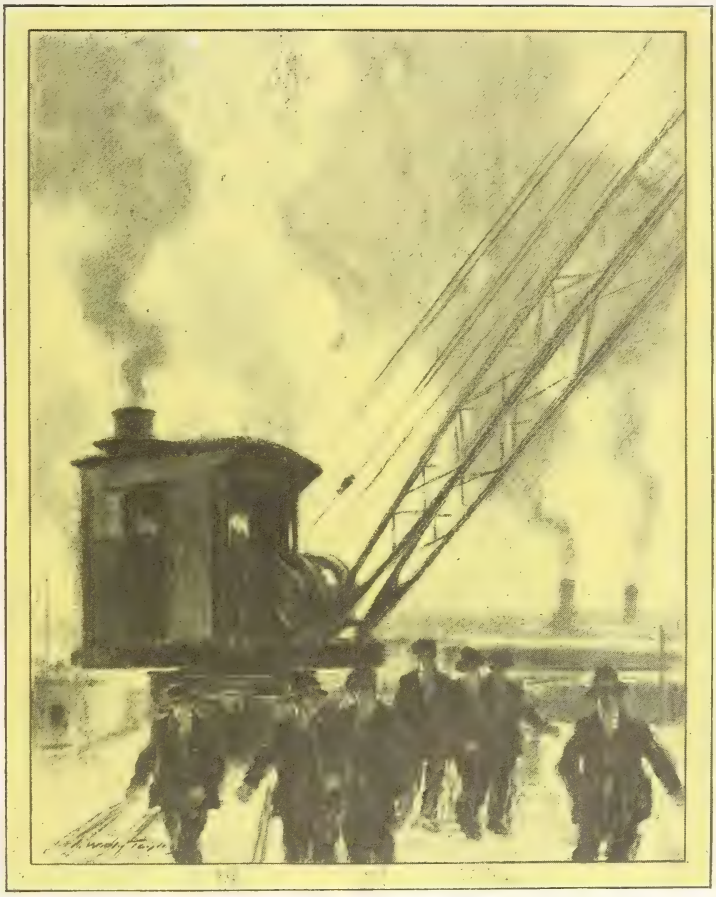
BY LOUISE WINTER

THY hands are lilies, fragrant, fair:
I bow before thy tender hands
Folded above my head in prayer.
Oh, let them rest a moment there.—
Thy supplicating hands.

Thy hands are lilies, fragrant, sweet:
They weave a skein of many strands,
They weave it firm, and when complete
It spreads to catch my straying feet.—
Thy mystic weaving hands.

Thy hands are lilies, pallid, fair,
With fragrance culled from many lands:
They beckon to me in the night,
They build a palace of delight.—
Thy wonder-building hands.

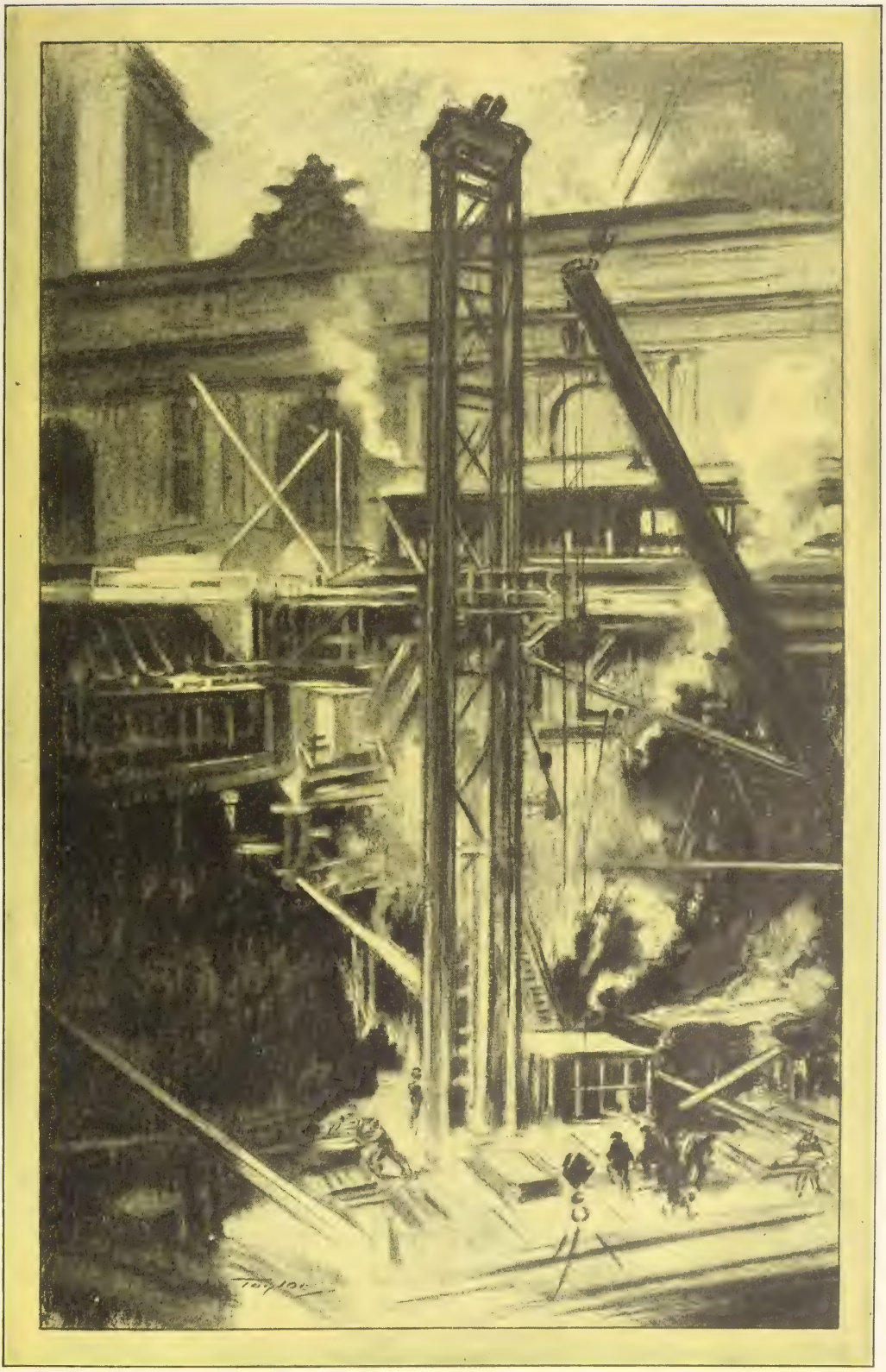
The Rebuilding of A Great City



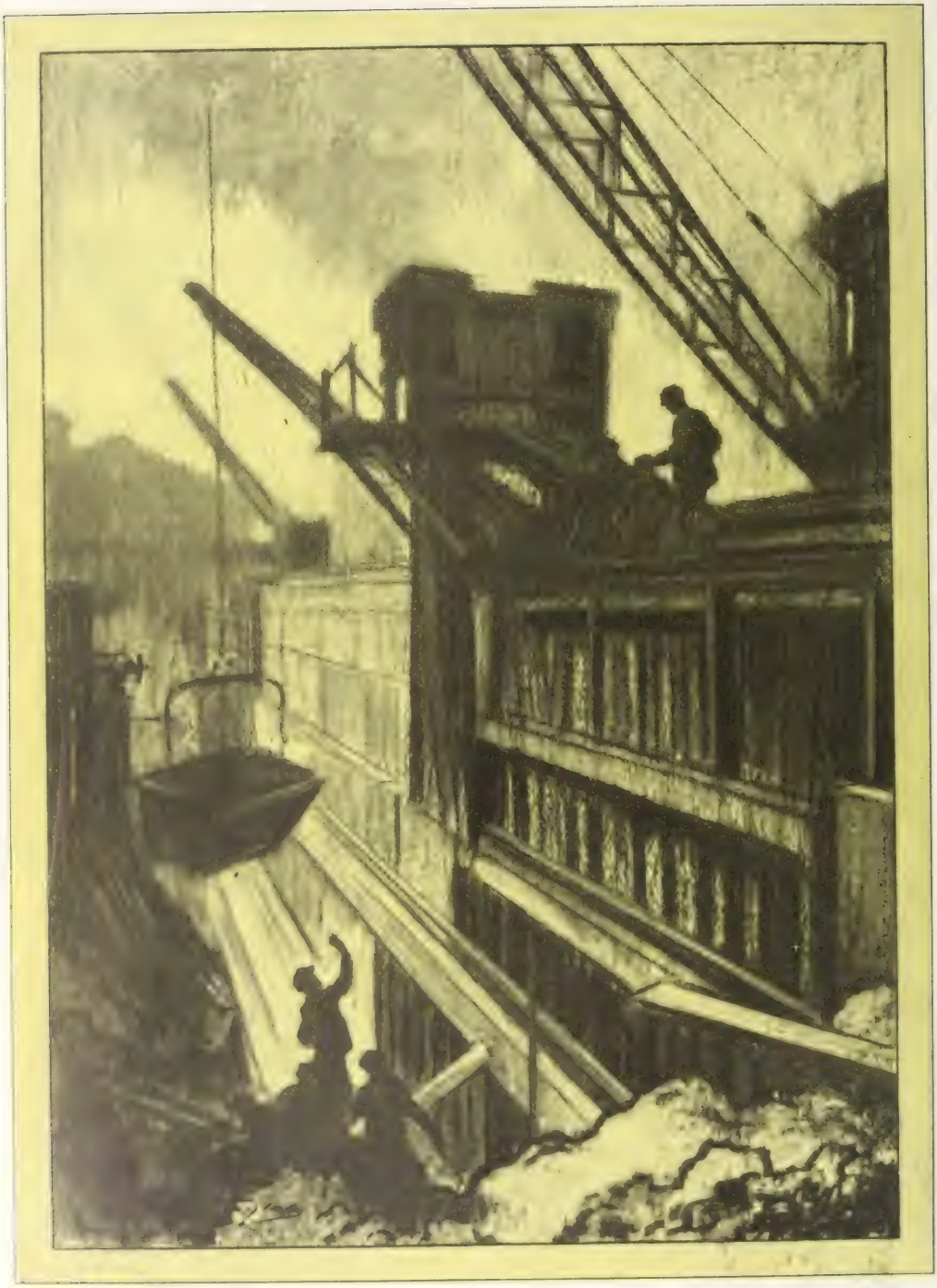
A Series of Pictures
by
F. Walter Taylor



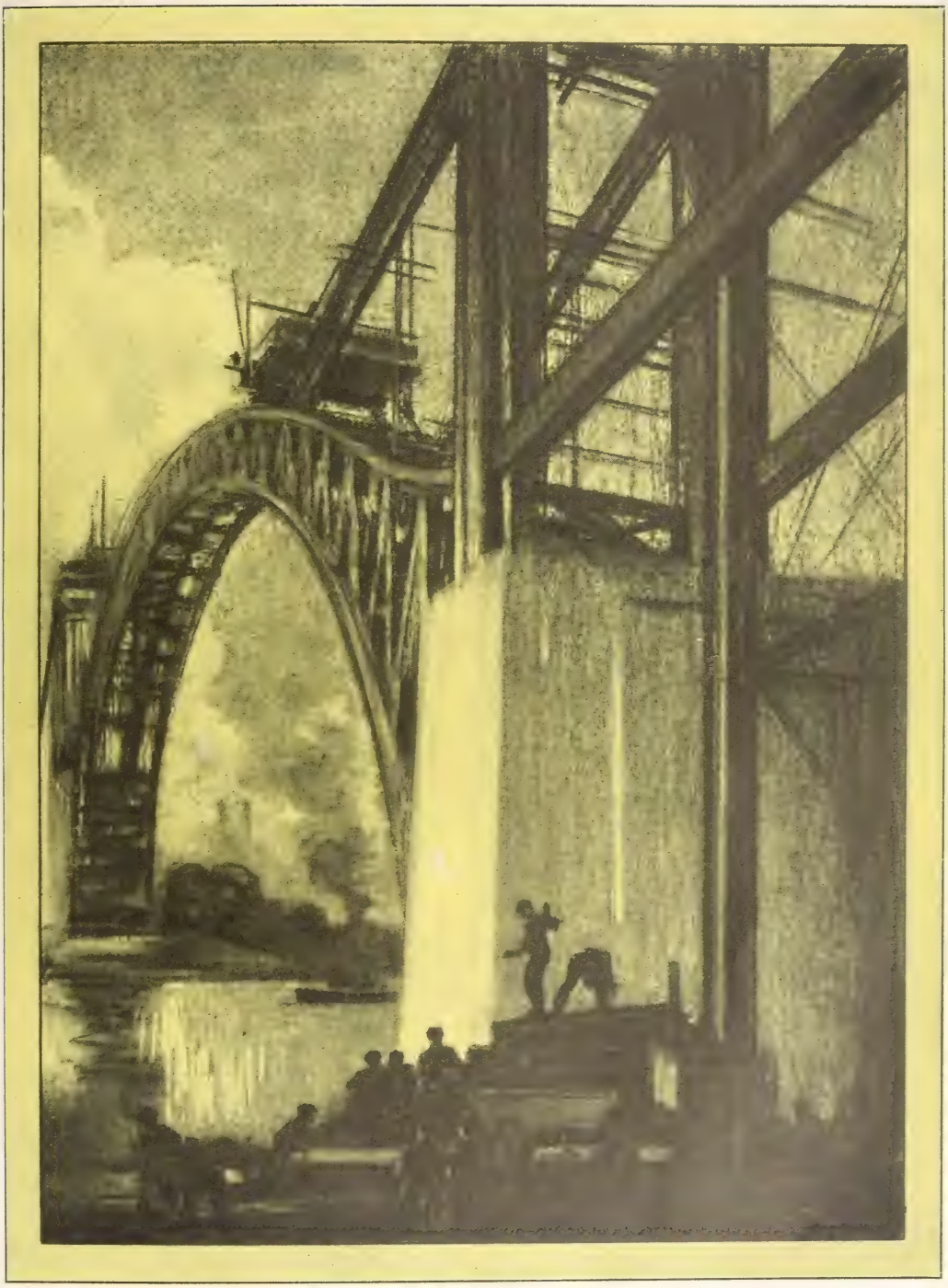
THE GREAT DAM OF NEW YORK'S NEW RESERVOIR AT KENSICO



UNDERMINING NEW YORK ON A GIGANTIC SCALE FOR THE NEW SUBWAYS



BUILDING THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP DOCKS AT FORTY-EIGHTH STREET



THE HELL GATE BRIDGE IS A BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE ACHIEVEMENT

The Band

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THE rut road was heavy with sand. The horse's feet made spongy syncopation against the drone of the sea. As the narrow, high wagon entered the moor hollows, the lantern underneath it threw semblance of another wagon, spectral, bony, entangling the wheels.

To the hired man's observations, sociably thrown out, his three companions made no answering speculation. While the moon like a white ship breasted the black waves of the moors, and every breath of the Island was sea promise and swamp secret, they progressed stonily, embedded in an habitual concrete, a very vise of indifference.

The hired man, however, went on supplying topics. If he drew his blood from socially unmentionable sources, it had been by widely opposite channels. An anointment he knew not of was on his eyes.

Insisting that "the hull island was so dry by now that it was more tinder than anything else," he hugged his knees, devouring the monotony around him. He took out a towel-like handkerchief, applying it to the inside of his derby hat. "I sweat," he remarked, observingly; then, as if thirsting for common sensation, "I'll bet them pines back on Huckleberry Cawmon is a smokin' yet! Now who sot them fires? A lady gathering musherrooms in the paster tolt me it was a miscreent done it 'miscreent,' that's what she called it, but I told her I guessed somebody just hove down a match somewheres."

The canvas-hatted driver jerked the reins, the two black-shawled figures on the back seat made no comment. Whatever was in their minds as the gaunt wagon ground its slow way, crushing sweet fern and bay, was like overlate fruit, first sour and hard, then dry and decayed, never ripening into juicy humor or refreshing speech. Something grim and niggard expressed itself in their very shoulders. This something, it appeared, was directed toward the summer night, wavy fence-rails glimmering, dim reaches of retrospective moors.

If the hired man seemed determined in his efforts toward personal intercourse, it was because in his narrow head on which the large black derby quivered was the sense of excursion. Things he ignored afoot or in the day's work he now pointed out as objects of interest. He cast a thumb over his shoulder at barren fields nebulous with the lacy growth of wild carrots.

"Old Miss Footser 'll have some trouble to clear out her land," was his scientific statement. "Onct them white-saucer flowers takes aholt and they'll eat land. Eat it? Hear *me!* They'll gnaw it to the bone!"

The driver at mention of the name roused himself blightingly. "Ef they'd eat her they'd go further and fare worse," was his surly witticism. His bushy eyebrows were forbidding under a soiled canvas hat; his gnarled hands twitched and flapped the reins.

A last rattle around a stony curve in the road brought the wagon down a slope, from which could be seen the lights of the island town crescented in delicate band down to the jewel of a lighthouse on the point. This was a sight at which there would have been no comment among the occupants of the vehicle but for the hired hand.

"Watch them electrics jump? I'll bet that plant cost the town heavy—and all done for the summer people."

"Well, there's nothin' too good for them, is there?" inquired the driver, sarcastically.

"They'll take the best all right," was the concession. "Well, hear *me*," the hired man corrected himself, meticulously. "Ef 'twa'n't for the summer people," he spoke as if of a distinct race

of Apaches or of Persians—"ef 'twa'n't for the summer people, we wouldn't be goin' down to the town to-night, for there wouldn't be no Band t' listen ter."

"Who says so?" demanded the farmer.

Grasping the dwarf pine branch, selecting from it a few needles, the hired man chewed them meditatively. "Herb Prindle an' me was a-talkin' about that here movin' picters they all run ter. Herb says the summer people brought 'em. Herb says you can see, ef you look into it, that the summer people brought the made-ice and the hotel work and the salt-water bathin', and I dun'no' what-all. They'll bring ottermobiles soon, Herb says; they ain't nothin' they won't bring once they set their minds to it."

At the descent into marsh tracts from which a night heron flew up, one of the closely enveloped figures in the back seat shrank irritably. "Drive faster, can't ye, Abel?" a querulous voice urged. "That damp creeps right into my bones."

At this the other gaunt figure drew her shawl over her mouth; speaking sideways through it, she turned a conjectural face to the black masses of oak and pine where soft lights of honeyball and clethra glimmered.

"Nowadays they say any kind of air is healthy," this figure heroically volunteered. The pinched, interrogative face leaned anxiously toward its neighbor. "I read it into my Sunday *Searchlight;* there's real old folks goes out now in automobiles onto the mainland. Any kind of air, the new doctors holds, is better than being boxed-in like."

"Uh-huh?" rejoined the other; she did not argue the question, but merely hawked and sniffed in the disparaging manner of the professional invalid. Suddenly she leaned forward, scrutinizing the moor hollows paved with a curious silver radiance. "My sakes! look at that pizen fawg lyin' in the hollers like sour milk. Can't you hurry the hoss none?"

As the state road revealed its conventional ribbon unrolling toward the town, a single dark gable by the wayside flung back the hoof-beats. An unpainted house, black in its sharp lines, a few trees in its weed-grown yard, seemed almost to float forth in the moonlight. As the wagon clattered by, a face—peering from the single lit window—drew the cold stare of its occupants, but was quickly withdrawn. At this they all commented.

"Spyin' out, hey?" remarked the hired man.

"Then runs back to set on her money."

"Misers don't want no company."

They tittered; the sour and subservient laughter of the kitchen help being a very good imitation of her mistress's raucous amusement, until the wagon, rattling over the uneven cobbles of the Island streets, was silhouetted against the white and gray sides of the town houses.

The Band, grouped with the exactness of chessmen in its circular pavilion, shone brightly ready. Planted with brazen frankness under powerful electric lights in the center of the old cobbled square, this off-Island Band seemed to defy all austere traditions of Puritanism and estheticism. It was flatly, commercially, modernly, exactly what it represented itself to be—a brass-band come to the Island for certain solid financial considerations to discourse a purely *hors d'œuvre* programme of popular music. It was said of the Band that it had power to open reluctant purse strings; that, in short, it knew how to hypnotize the summer people into freer, less discriminating spending. Whether or not this was true, from the Band itself emanated like a great light such wondrous parti-colored vibrations of music that far back on the Island the beauty-starved and listless inhabitants of moor farms caught faint, luminous caderees and came grudgingly and furtively, like dull moths, to linger near its glowing heart.

Notwithstanding a promptness, a somewhat deadly willingness and efficiency, the stiff, hot uniforms, the black mustaches—waxed on red, impassive faces—this Band was a band of intuitions and innovations. Among the bands of the earth with pedigree and tradition it took its place firmly in the sun.

At night, through the half-dark, cobbled streets under the hoary old elms screening the stars, this Band had its say; it drew its listeners with a keen,

crude magnetism of a practised stump-speaker; it voiced both the frank, glowing dreams of a brisk, modern world and the soft, lace-like memories of a world gone by. The Band played not only to the amiably indulgent "summer" persons whose money had paid for it, but to their hired men and maids; to their restless, fantastic young people; to the few old captains left nodding in the sailors' club; and to that new Island generation—keen, sensitive, tentative of enterprise, which, though tracing its blood back to those who dared the sea, yet looks wistfully and without initiative upon the blue water hemming it in.

Into the kaleidoscopic color and hum of the town drove the high wagon. Its quartette with sunburned faces sat stolidly and distrustfully, looking coldly upon the movement of the streets, the frivolous signs and displays of the little town shops. No flicker of eyelash betrayed interest or curiosity over the groups of young girls in soft, bright jerseys or delicate-hued capes; or over the athletic youths, each with his little peg of a cigarette adding inconsequence to an indeterminate mouth.

From the four, sitting stolid as Indians in this spontaneous display of all the summer's legitimatized absurdities, there was but one thing that drew impulsive comment; this was a superb young person riding home late from a gallop on the moor, followed by her groom, and clad in the trousered and booted slimness of correct riding-apparel.

At sight of her spirited face and figure the hired man struck his knee with a force that again unsettled the large derby. "Well, I'll be horn-swoggled!" He turned his gaunt neck, staring after the indifferent young rider. "It's like the circus," the hired man ejaculated, "yet ain't it nat'ral? It's like the Bible, with the policeman riding round the walled city; it's like—" but the ultimate metaphor seemed to elude him.

With the Island instinct for shelter and inconspicuous posts of observation, the canvas-hatted farmer drove to a side-street and paused in front of a tobacco, newspaper, and peanut shop directly facing the band-stand. There, in the shadow of a mossy elm, with eyes roving glassily in the apathetic, sunburned faces, they waited. Then was the time for manifestation of dissatisfaction on the part of the rheumatic figure on the back seat, who, speaking with elegant indifference, volunteered, "Now I'm here, I dun'no' is the hoss equal to it, nose onto the band-stand so."

But the canvas-hatted driver had not traversed those miles of rut road for nothing. "So, ye want to git onrestless, do yer?" he observed, vindictively. "It's fer me ter say, ain't it, whether that hoss will stand or whether he won't stand; if yer ain't satisfied, ye can set, or ye can git out; I ain't stoppin' yer."

The rheumatic figure mumbled resignation; her gaze suddenly diverted to the band-master, who, ascending the platform, stood, seriously jaunty, a focus for the eyes of the crowd.

Now a band-master is necessarily a person of psychological methods; not only are his men invariably well-fed, but their very buttons look nourished; their fat, white fingers have the appearance of being, like fashionable women, carefully massaged and tonicked. Their instruments are so dazzling as to cause the unsophisticated—like Moses and Aaron in the presence of divine splendor—to veil the face.

Such innovations as playing the favorite airs of the nightly throngs this particular band-master had made his fetish, and it would be impossible to say how many sentimentalists of both sexes dropped into the glass salad-bowl placed conspicuously in the tobacco-store their anonymous, but fervent, appeals for "Alice, where art thou?" "Then you'll remember me," and "Killarney." These requests, nightly renewed, were always granted, so that through the gingery effervescence of one-step and tango walked the sweet, drooping ballad-maidens—the old, clean romanticism of another age, a simpler, less artificial humanity.

It was part of the band-master's instinct for effect that caused him to have his men assemble, just as the bell in the old clock-tower rang eight slow strokes. Then, baton connoting the seventh and eighth beat, the attack on some popular march was made. It was like drawing the cork from an effervescent bottle of

music—a bottle that poured joyously forth.

It was inevitable that, at the opening crash the bony farm-horse should start violently and, with dramatic clatterings of hoof, rear and back up on the sidewalk. With a sort of theatric agility quite foreign to his usual movements, the hired man sprang out of the wagon and ran to the horse's head, and under vigorous anathema from the canvas-hatted driver sought to sooth him. Because of this little flurry, several heads turned that way, and the moment was given a certain intoxication as of the lime-light, so that his blood, suddenly leaping, stirred by the bright energy of musical rhythm, fired the hired man. He looked with quick patronage at his rigid companions in the back seat, then to such mysterious, soft-faced damsels as stood by. With one gesture he assumed the instinctive masculine rôle, reassuring the entire feminine world.

"Nee'n' ter be afraid," quoth the hired man, loudly. His large black derby settled farther down upon his small, narrow head; his little eyes glittered excitedly upon this feathery, silken multitude. "Nee'n' ter be afraid!" he roared. Under the spell of the bright, cold music, he held on to the moment's vague unintelligible sweetness. As the march ceased and the rather perfunctory applause from the encircling seats concluded, so by some dubious racial strain did the hired man recognize a fleeting glory. In his unshaven face, devoid of everything but the marks of unconquerable imagination, came the light of one who had suddenly seen himself transfigured. With swashbuckling effect of gallantry, such as he himself could hardly understand, he undertook to reassure first his immediate female companions, then such of the unfathomably unmoved ladies as stood by.

"There," remarked the hired man, benevolently; "there! now he'll stand. He ain't used to *tunes*," he explained to the dazzling woman-world evidently hanging on his words, "but he'll stand now." He stroked the horse's head, not because he felt tender, but because that was what he had once seen a pink-and-white circus-rider do; then he laboriously climbed back into the high wagon. If he felt distinction, he successfully concealed it, except that his air was one of indifferent subordination to the canvas-hatted farmer.

"Take them reins," growled the latter, "and see to it that he don't shy ag'in; ef he won't stand, kick her in the stomach. I got ter git some terbacker."

This grim social factor being for the moment removed, the women, finding their tongues, gloried in reviewing the episode of the rearing horse.

"Did yer see me? After the first jump I was all like the horse, a-shiverin' and a-shakin'."

"Is that so? Fer me, I wouldn't have knowed if I had broke my neck; I never once set my eyes off that stick the gentleman was wavin'; looked like he was whippin' eggs, beatin' the music up like." Then, with that criticism which is the instant product of artistic experience, "Them chancy march pieces makes you feel good, but give me a *tune*."

This last suggestion was caught by the hired man, who, eyes fixed upon the swarms of people drifting by, appeared dazed. "A tune," he repeated, solemnly. He was trying to comprehend a young girl in a gauzy white gown, her sunburned neck and arms showing dark against a boa of white fur. The hired man aroused himself with difficulty to his rôle of man of the world. "A tune?" he remarked, with knowing conviction. "When you get through with this here band-playin' you'll be so full er tunes you won't know 'em apart! There ain't no tune they can't play; they own about every tune that's worth owning."

This was true. As the canvas-hatted farmer reappeared, bearing his can of tobacco in one hand and in the other—astounding proof of his condescension—a small bag of white peppermints for the ladies, the Band, by some change of mood common to its nature, began a delicate, maidenly soliloquy, a song so pensive and pure that one gazed with wonder upon the solid, beefy specimens and brass rotundities from which it proceeded. The thing was ended and begun in a complete hush. True, various small, gum-chewing urchins continued mastication and ice-cream-cone licking with the facial contortions peculiar to their kind. But the very shoeblack

came out of his saturnine pavilion, the fruit-man left his dubious arrangement of tubercular peaches; even the butcher, after a pensive sharpening of his cleaver, laid it down on the block with a sad air of finality.

The women on the back seat of the high wagon folded their arms on their flat bosoms; with heads dropped to one side, they gave themselves to luxury of dolor. The hired man, his derby now engulfing him, sat very still; his face, more wooden than ever, betrayed no feeling, but under a reddish stubble the adventurous upper lip of the half of his origin he would never know suddenly closed firmly down on that under lip bequeathed him by an ill-starred mother.

It was only the canvas-hatted farmer who preserved his aplomb. "So you call that a tune?" Without saying more, he filled his pipe, lit it, and plunged into contemptuous detachment.

The evening wore on in the tinkling, vacillating fashion of a summer resort; the music, a very fountain of melody, sprayed into the air, drops of it floating down into old Island gardens or to the light-stained harbor. At last the church-bell tolled curfew; the Band, with the *élan* of all brass-bands, splurged forth in final national airs, and the concert was over.

In the rickety farm-wagon they aroused themselves, sighing, from their trance. The hired man solemnly blew into the empty peppermint-bag; he popped it with his fist. "I done that when I was knee-high to a grasshopper," he explained to the ladies, whose faces, for the time softened into something like women's faces, smiled gap-toothed understanding. As they left the half-lit town behind them and the mist from the moor roads touched their foreheads, they fell into that contented reminiscence which is the most precious of human communions.

"That one tune, where the feller was workin' the brass rod up an' down—now a tune like *that* ain't music; it's too maugerlike," criticized the hired man. He paused, searching for some metaphor of exceeding sadness. "It's more like a dawg with a tin can tied on to his tail," he concluded.

The women were sympathetic; they said that particular tune was like paint with no drier into it—too sleazy, like faded cotton goods. They agreed that a tune, to be a real tune, must be something you could lay hold of—like steps on the stairs or knots on a rope.

The kitchen help said seriously, however, that there was more to it than that—more to it than she could see into—but she would, she averred, die happy if she could play any of them tunes with one finger. Only, with a little freedom quite unlike the kitchen help's usual self, "if any one was to ask her what she called a tune, why give her, she said, "The Last Rose of Summer."

"That's more of a ladies' tune than a free-for-all," commented the hired man; but the kitchen help, with remarkable spirit, challenged this statement. She sat on the back seat, nodding emphatically, explaining how, when they played that there tune, why, the hull Island was all roses for her, winter and summer, and then suddint-like she could see just that there rose, the last-like, hanging so in the cold!

"Get up!" snapped the canvas-hatted farmer. He, it seemed, had no particular sensations to record. His mind, colorlessly crowded with dry meannesses, with hopeless financial considerations, based upon the shifting uncertainties of crops, chickens, and pigs, felt no touch of romance; and though he allowed the conversation to run its course, he withdrew completely and finally from its revelations.

The others, for the moment spiritually released, had much to exchange; as the high wagon followed the rut road still faintly silvered with moonlight, and once more passed the lonely house, they noted that the single light was gone. Some vague new sense of its solitary inmate came to them. It was the rheumatic figure who tried to voice this new feeling. "Ain't it comical," she averred, eyes askance upon the lonely dwelling—"ain't it comical how it was her I was a-thinkin' of as I listened to them tunes. 'She's lonesome,' said I to myself—'she's lonesome; her money ain't nothin' to her. She lives all stark alone; she's *lonesome*. I'll-take-her-a-glass-of-beach-plum-jelly, I says, keepin' time to the

music—and blest if there wasn't tears rollin' down my face!"

"Gee-dap!" growled the farmer.

"Like me an' my blue necklace I lost once," said the kitchen help. "I hain't thought of it since, until to-night when the music was a-playin' I seen that necklace plain as—my! I *wanted* it like when you're dry and can't get no water."

The wagon turned into the farm-land hidden behind the bleak dunes, and the two men made unwonted and clumsy pretense at helping the women out. They all walked consciously, strangely ashamed of gentleness, until at the house door some domestic altercation restored them to their wonted antagonisms.

The hired man, however, did not go at once into the gray lean-to where his rickety bed waited. He was slow at his work of unharnessing the horse; when he finally went to the bars to put them up he was absorbed in thoughts that took no shape. He stood looking into the moor hollows, listening to the sea. Under that night dirge the hired man heard a voice strangely like the voice of the music. Baffled, shaking his head, he tried to comprehend it. At last he turned slowly away, and the only life he knew reclaimed him.

The Star Dreamer

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

HE always loved the stars—to him
The tiny spark, remote and dim,
Was filled with life and super-man—
So far his speculation ran.

Oh, more to him the night's array
Than all the pageantry of day!
The far-lit citadel of space
Than earth's supreme abiding-place!

What joy to build the viewless stair
That finds Arcturus or Altair—
To fling a far and filmy span
To Algol or Aldebaran!

What ecstasy of soul to him
To seek the last horizon's rim—
To find in some vast cave of space
The vagrant comet's hiding-place!

Where now is he? I think, maybe,
His shallop sails the ether sea,
In happy search of some bright star
Where ancient dreams as substance are.

I think, with soul a-drowse, by day
He anchors in some amber bay—
And on such radiant nights as these
He drifts among the Pleiades.

The Dream of Universal Peace

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

IN the revulsion of horror from this, the greatest and most terrible of all wars, men's minds turn toward the possibilities of a world-wide and enduring peace with redoubled eagerness. The dream that has tormented the hopes of mankind since the peace of the Antonines was irrevocably broken rises again with a more compelling urgency and seductiveness. This, say all the belligerents, must be the last war, the war that will make an end of all wars. They are fighting, they unanimously proclaim, that neither they nor their children nor their children's children may ever be called upon to fight again. Busy brains and ardent natures are everywhere concerning themselves with the ways and means of attaining this supreme end—with Leagues of Peace, the prohibition of private dealings in armaments, the redrawing of the map of Europe along the lines of racial sympathies, the abolition of secret diplomacy, and many other devices. But none of these expedients gets anywhere near the heart of the problem, which can, indeed, be brought within reach of solution only in two ways: either by the emergence of some great Power that will bestride the known world like an incredibly vaster Roman Empire, or by such a change in the dominant motives and emotions of mankind as will stamp upon armed conflict the moral obloquy that now attaches to slavery. Universal peace means either universal despotism or a transformed humanity.

It was one of the faults of the old Peace Movement that it never took the true measure of its undertaking. A year before the war broke out the Twentieth (and for many years to come the last) International Peace Congress assembled at The Hague to illustrate once more the stale truism that the advocates of a cause are often its worst enemies. The thousand or so delegates who met in the Dutch capital claimed to represent and to be working for a movement that, more perhaps than any other movement of the times, aimed at a complete readjustment of the moral values of mankind and a radical change in the political arrangements and instincts of nations and governments. It was a movement, therefore, that could only make any headway against the well-nigh immeasurable obstacles in its path by taking frankly into account the world as it is and human nature as we know it. But this is precisely what its supporters at The Hague in those August days of 1913 declined to do. Their method of overcoming difficulties was to ignore them, and their notion of recommending their propaganda to the judgment of the average man was to evolve from some inner consciousness a series of perfect schemes for regulating a world inhabited by perfect beings. The average man, I fear, remained profoundly unimpressed by all such futilities. It did not in the least interest him to hear that a German professor had elaborated a treaty of fifty-five articles for limiting naval and military expenditure. He could do as much himself, and do it more briefly, with half a sheet of note-paper and the necessary lack of any sense of humor. When he read that the Peace Congress was deep in the discussion of all the advantages that would flow from the creation of an international fleet under the command of "a permanent Council of Admirals," he turned not only in exasperation, but with a sort of relief from these beatific visions to the mad, jostling, uncomfortable but invigorating realities of the world around him. That, of course, is not the way to advance the cause of peace, and the delegates at The Hague had only themselves to thank if men of

common sense and with any eye for essentials passed by their deliberations with something like derision. Mankind must indeed be irreclaimable if it does not emerge from this war somewhat saner than it was before. But nowhere are balance and perspective more needed than among those deluded Pacifists who imagined they were doing anything to abolish war with their incredible Utopias, their annihilating solutions, and their imperviousness to the passions that move the common run of men.

There was another ceremony at The Hague which some Macaulay of the future will use to point the contrast between the swelling hopes of August, 1913, and their sequel less than a year later. I mean the dedication, in the presence of representatives of all nations, of the Palace of Peace. It was an occasion that would have delighted no one more than those generous and aspiring spirits who in the middle of the nineteenth century dreamed of "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." It was almost the fashion in the 'fifties and 'sixties for statesmen, in France particularly, to "proclaim" the United States of Europe. Victor Hugo embraced the ideal with an enthusiasm that had a ready response among the republicans of the Continent. Men spoke openly, joyously, of a time when the frontiers of Europe would be abolished and the peoples of all nations would fraternize and co-operate in unity. Nor had the vision wholly departed even up to the very outbreak of the war. Only a few years ago the Emperor William held up the "Yellow Peril" as a danger that would one day force the various nations of Europe to combine for self-protection. Count Goluchowski, in the opening year of the present century, pointed to the agricultural and industrial competition of the United States of America as a menace that could only be successfully resisted if the Powers of the Old World agreed upon a common fiscal policy; and, more recently still, M. Leroy Beaulieu insisted on the economic necessity of some such development. I am by no means persuaded that these eminent authorities were right in their diagnoses, or that the "Yellow Peril" was, or is, or ever will be, either as a military or an economic force, quite so formidable as the Emperor imagined, or that the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister did not exaggerate when he pictured Europe as "ruined" by the United States. But the point to note is that in each case the prescription was the same—some sort of union or federation or compact among the Powers of Europe in the presence of an emergency affecting them all alike. The idealists of the 'fifties, had they lived to take note of these and similar phenomena, and to assist at such a ceremony as beguiled The Hague in August, 1913, might easily have been misled into thinking that Europe was ripe for the fulfilment of their dream.

There would indeed have been abundant excuse for their miscalculation. The profound changes which, within the past half-century, have transformed society and our daily routine of life and our habits of mind have all tended to promote, if not international union, at any rate international uniformity. In all the principal nations of Europe the mass of the people receive to-day an almost identical education, have a similar faith or lack of it, enjoy more or less equal access to knowledge and political power, read the same kinds of papers, and think and feel practically alike. Before the war one might have said there was hardly such a thing as a foreigner nowadays. The citizens of one country visit the citizens of other countries, read about them, and come to know them far more intimately and intelligently than was possible even a generation ago. Daily, and without any sense of marvel, we eat in one hemisphere what has been grown in another, and watch laborers year after year crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic, earning by a few months' work in America or the Argentine enough to maintain them for the rest of the year in their Italian homes. Every writer or thinker of real note may be sure to-day, whatever his nationality, of an international audience. An impartial flood of publicity has swept over the world. The economists of Socialism address millions where formerly they could only reach hundreds. Labor every year becomes a little more organized, not only within the boun-

daries of each nation, but as between country and country. Science has always despised boundaries, but it is only now that the means exist of bringing its discoveries to the instant knowledge of mankind. There never was a time, again, when the leading peoples of the world so readily exchanged not only their arts and letters and inventions, but their social habits, their sports and amusements. The international flavor permeates pretty nearly everything we do and think and enjoy; we have come naturally to look for it, and we miss it when it is absent. International congresses of all kinds, the multiplication of clubs and societies in all lands for the study of foreign literatures and foreign conditions, and the ever-expanding machinery for making the researches and experience of each individual country universally available, all testify to interests and instincts that stretch far beyond frontiers.

And while the bonds that link nations and peoples have grown, and keep on growing, both in numbers and in strength, many of the influences that used to separate them have as steadily dwindled. The questions, in particular, of religious faith and observance that once divided men divide them no longer with the old sharpness. It is only in the southeast of Europe, where the Greek and the Roman churches still pursue their archaic feud, that the theologian is now able to sow strife between kingdom and kingdom. Even Islam has been touched by the *Zeitgeist;* and the Sultan's proclamation of a Holy War is seen by now to have raised barely a ripple in the once tumultuous waters of Mohammedan fanaticism. In nearly every capital, moreover, the Jew, a cosmopolitan by heredity, instinct, interest, rules in the stock-exchange, dominates the newspapers and the theaters, and is an increasing power in politics. That great resurrection of women as an economic and political force, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable movement of our age, has induced a sex consciousness which likewise overrides the limits of nationality. Democracy, too, is doing more than level classes; it is leveling boundaries. It has started a sympathetic current that penetrates everywhere. There is hardly a political problem in any country that is not reproduced in another; and there are a dozen problems—all those, for instance, that we compendiously group together under the name of "The Labor Question"—which, with whatever local differences, are equally insistent in all countries and betray a common restlessness and a common sympathy under the pressure of common burdens. Political ideas, nowadays, rush through the nations like measles through a school; and the bonds of commerce and especially of finance and credit have been so infinitely interwoven, and vibrate so speedily to the slightest disturbance, that nothing can now harm one country without injuring its neighbors. And so one might go on, showing by instance after instance how vastly more interdependent, physically, intellectually, politically, and economically is the world to-day than was the world of a few decades ago. Gazing on these portents, an enthusiast of the middle of the nineteenth century, could he but have seen them, might well have exclaimed, in the early months of 1914, that his work was accomplished, and that Europe stood on the verge of becoming a united commonwealth.

That he would have been wrong we are all now but too bitterly aware. But the question why he would have been wrong is at once more important and more difficult to answer. Where was the error in the calculation? With all these variegated and powerful influences pulling, as it seemed, in one direction toward one broad mark, what was the counter tendency, mightier than them all put together, that checked, defeated, dispersed them in blood and flame? What was it at bottom that, at a time of apparently unparalleled international communion, hurled the nations at one another's throats? Some will say it was Germany or Russia or Great Britain or some other government; that it was dynastic ambitions or armaments or bungling diplomacy. But I think for the root cause of this appalling convulsion we shall have to look deeper if we wish to find the comprehensive source which it must be the business of Pacifists in the future to dam. This root-cause, this comprehensive source, I take to be noth-

ing less than the fact and sentiment of nationality. It is one of the paradoxes of our times that as the world of science and literature, finance and philosophy, grows smaller and more uniform, each unit or group of nations seems to grow more self-conscious and more eager to maintain and assert its own individuality. Patriotism or nationality—it does not matter which you call it—was never a more stubborn or more jealous fact than it is to-day when all the old landmarks, thanks to the upthrust of the forces I have roughly enumerated, might seem on the very point of submergence. It rears itself like a rock above the flood of science, reason, invention, intercourse, and knowledge. All international politics reduce themselves to the proposition that I am a Frenchman or a German or an American, and that you are something else. That difference remains, unaltered and perhaps unalterable. It colors everything and diversifies everything; and it receives its political consummation in the principle of nationality. Whether it is in conformity with or in opposition to the spirit of the age and the ultimate trend of things, it endures. Men think and speak of themselves as the subjects or citizens of such and such a Power, and not at all as units in a great brotherhood. They are born and reared in a certain atmosphere, acquire a consciousness limited to their frontiers, accumulate various ideals, modes of life, customs and characteristics, distinctive ways of looking at things, and so on; and all these acquisitions become intensely dear to them, become, indeed, a part of themselves and intertwined with their highest emotions and their most sacred associations. They are ever ready to defend them and their unity, and the material interests which are the symbol and the product of that unity, against all assailants. It leaves the ordinary man quite unmoved to reflect that he is a member of the human race. It passionately stirs him to know that he is a fraction of some narrower and more tangible community to which whatever he has of pride and love and self-sacrifice irresistibly goes out. Thus far, but no further, have men in the bulk developed through the centuries that corporate sense which manifested itself in the now outworn loyalties of the group, the tribe, and the clan.

It is this arrangement of mankind in nations, this spirit of patriotism that no merely intellectual solvent seems able to disintegrate, which accounts for armaments. Men will always take the most effective means at their disposal to defend what they regard as their highest good; and to most of them the highest good they know is that restricted totality which they call their country, and the noblest aspiration that moves them is to serve its interests. That is why, although the peoples of Europe for the past four decades have been steadily declaiming against war and the accumulating expenditure needed both to wage and avert it, no nation has dreamed of disbanding its naval and military forces, no statesman has pointed to any real possibility of limiting them by agreement, no publicist who did not blind himself to the facts was ever able to hold a valid hope of escape from the vicious circle. By common consent the nations of Europe seemed resolved to bleed themselves white rather than back out of the game, believing, and no doubt rightly, that the first one to throw up the sponge would blot itself from the roll of the Great Powers and expose its territory and national life to the predatory ambitions of wealthier or less scrupulous or more steadfast neighbors. What nerved them to endure in time of peace an expenditure on naval and military preparations that for the six leading Powers of Europe amounted to $5,000,000 a day, and is now not far short of twenty times that sum, was simply their resolve to guard the treasure of their nationality. Everything at last comes back to that. Armaments were the life-insurance policies taken out by each nation for the protection of its highest possession. It was useless to point out that armaments merely bred armaments; that no Power really believed that other Powers were equipping themselves for defense alone; that each suspected itself to be particularly menaced; and that the spectacle of these gigantic preparations, while unquestionably it acted as a deterrent, did much also to foster apprehensions and ill-will and mutual recriminations until an atmos-

phere was propagated of such heated antagonisms and detonating fears that even war came to seem preferable as a relief to the excruciating tension. It was useless, too, to argue that by accumulating the means of strength in a world from which faith had vanished, the nations were accustoming themselves to worship strength and to use it with a more than medieval disregard for right or wrong; that the conscience of mankind was being rapidly blunted by the idolatry of force; that international politics had drifted from their moorings, such as they were, in law and morality, and resembled nothing so much as a series of floating mines. All this might be admitted and deplored, but still from country after country came the passionate, despairing response: "We must be ready to defend and preserve our national life. Nothing else matters so long as we do that."

To those, therefore, who believe in and dream of and work for a coming time of universal peace I would say, "Nationality, there is the enemy." From what I have seen of their labors I do not imagine that many of them have yet looked at it in that light. They seem to think that some purely mechanical device can insure peace without disturbance to the human background and motive of all wars. They have never realized the fundamental antinomy between peace and patriotism. They have never, in consequence, taken the true measure of their enterprise or mastered that first principle of strategy which counsels a concentration of forces at the decisive point. The essential problem before them is to supersede the appeal of nationality, which is by its very nature a partial and a bellicose appeal, by setting before the world and drilling into its consciousness some higher and more embracing ideal. There is, indeed, a conceivably shorter road to their goal, but it is one they are debarred from recommending. If, as I have said, some one Power were to dominate the modern world as Rome dominated the ancient, it might for perhaps a century or two impose by sheer force an absolute cessation of strife. But Pacifists in general, I apprehend, are not prepared to welcome or to further any such solution. There remains for them, then, the slow, endless, heart-breaking effort to substitute for this instinct or tradition of patriotism the bond of a wider union; to set up against the claim of nationality the superior claim of humanity; to enlarge and broaden the vision of men till they see in frontiers and boundaries nothing but hampering restrictions that obscure the view of the vaster brotherhood beyond. When men cease to think of themselves as belonging to this country or to that, but simply and naturally as citizens of the world, and when they rise into the clearer atmosphere that is unvitiated by prejudices of race or speech or national bias, then the impulse to wars will have spent itself. Some men, a great many men, in part at any rate, do this already. A British scientist learns of the achievement of a brother-scientist in Germany without in the least feeling that his own country has suffered an intolerable humiliation. He gladly and impersonally adds the new discovery or the new invention to his sum of knowledge and counts it as one more gain to be utilized for the service of mankind. Artists and authors and scholars never allow a frontier to come between them and their appreciation of good work wherever done. They partake of it, benefit by it, and enjoy it with a most unpatriotic frankness. It never occurs to them to take up a niggardly national attitude and clamor for a war on German metaphysics, Italian painting, Russian novels, and French philosophy. What, therefore, has to be done by the Pacifists is to make this large habit of mind universal, and to inoculate with it in particular those who concern themselves with political and governmental affairs. For these are the fields in which mankind so far has most hideously blundered. Politics and government remain to-day as they always have been, the most lagging and impervious of the "sciences," the most empirical and at the same time the most reactionary, the least illumined by the glow of big aims and comprehensive ideas. And it is in their political capacity, of course, that men find the sharpest expression of their sentiment of nationality, and the freest and most mischievous exercise of all those qualities and emotions, at once noble and debas-

ing, that the confused prepossessions, the baseless suspicions and the volcanic attachments and repulsions induced by the purely national conception of society, implant in them. To raise the statesman and the voter to the serene air of the chemist and the scholar, where boundaries are a meaningless irrelevance, is no small part of the task ahead of the Pacifists. Its magnitude may be judged from the fate that has overtaken the "Internationalism" of the Socialists. For half a century and more the "workers" of Europe have been adjured by their leaders, prompted thereto by a class spirit that nevertheless was conscious of wider obligations, to discard patriotism in their own interests and in those of mankind. What happened? At the first blast from the war trumpet the old Adam of nationality proved too strong and the "comrades" in all the belligerent nations set out with enthusiasm to prove on one another's bodies the perfection of their brotherhood.

This education of the generality of men in the precepts of a patriotism transcending seas and frontiers and embracing the whole universe impresses one as likely to prove a well-nigh interminable process. It is only, indeed, with the eye of optimism that one can detect the first faint beginnings of it in the rough understanding that Great Britain and the United States have arrived at that war between them is impossible and unthinkable. While nothing changes so rapidly as the face of international politics, one can say of this understanding that, such as it is and for what it is worth, it does seem to point to the dawn of an international consciousness. But to reproduce the essence of the very special relationship that exists between these two countries and to make it the common form of intercourse among all nations is an undertaking to be measured not by decades or centuries, but by millennials. Yet that alone, as I see it, is likely to herald an age of universal peace. But while nothing less than a complete transformation of man's outlook and ambitions will in the long run suffice, a Pacifist movement that really knew its business and never lost its sense of history and perspective might in the mean time work with some effect along humbler, but not contradictory, lines. It would start with the encouraging feeling that after this war, and for some time to come, the world will have had its fill of fighting and that a sober campaign against war may be assured of a cordial response. It would seek to undermine the old idea of nations as separate and isolated units. It would dwell upon and strive to reinforce all the factors that are tending toward a cosmopolitanism of mind and vision and interests. It would install in its proper place the tremendous importance, as a stepping-stone to the restoration of international confidence, of the scrupulous observance of treaties and their obligations. And, above all, it would address itself to the task of resolving the perplexities of the average man when he tries to evolve a philosophy of war, to determine what he really thinks of it, and to settle its place and functions and prerogatives as a force in human history.

Every one for years past has declared, and declared sincerely, and when the present convulsion has subsided will reiterate with a passionate conviction, that peace is "the greatest of blessings"; and every one has been, is, and will I suspect continue to be, ready to fight to prove it. Humanity is in a muddle on the subject. Its cultured sensibilities are at odds with its primal instincts. It proclaims war to be immoral, economically wasteful, and a crime against civilization, yet it has a more or less sneaking admiration for it as a healthy and purging exercise. In the abstract, war is always wrong; in every specific case it is always right. Appeals to his reason, and even the clearest demonstration that most of the supposed advantages to be gained by a victory over a modern Power of the front rank are illusory, do not affect the average man. Something that has nothing to do with reason or self-interest, and is more powerful than either, keeps him a militarist. He likes to indulge in visions of universal peace, and he likes to have his statesmen negotiate arbitration treaties; but the peace he declaims about must be a peace accompanied by justice to himself and his nation, and, if justice is not forthcoming, out whips his sword; and he never really intends to arbitrate any

absolutely vital question. Would a world without strife be a world not only without strength, but predestined to anemia and decay? Is war more costly in misery and degradation than modern industrialism? That war braces character, evokes fortifying qualities of the utmost utility, and bequeaths heroic memories is admitted, I should hope, by every Pacifist. Could anything else, could a diversion and concentration of men's thoughts and energies in some other direction, produce the same qualities? What, if war is to disappear, is to take its place as a moral equivalent? War is an evil, but is it the worst of evils? Peace is a blessing, but is it the greatest of blessings? Armaments are a burden, but are they the least tolerable and the most injurious of the many afflictions that beset all modern societies? How close is the sequence of cause and effect between armies and navies and social poverty and industrial unrest? The spokesmen of labor see these vast sums withdrawn year after year from the service of social reform, and squandered on guns and ships that are obsolete almost as soon as finished, and they raise a strident protest. But does that quite cover all the ground? "Enough of this folly," cry out the workers in every land. "If you have this money, which, after all, is largely money of our making, to spend, spend it on us. Make the lives of the nine hundred and ninety-nine a little more spacious and comfortable. Give us some of the leisure and the amenities that have hitherto been reserved only for an insignificant fraction of mankind." But is that demand quite conclusive? Does not the argument on which it rests omit as much as, if not more than, it contains? On these and a score of similar points the average man is in a quandary, and a peace movement which understood the nature of its mission would endeavor to examine and answer them for him.

By far the most interesting, and in some ways the most effective, attack that has been made on war during recent years is the attempt to show that its benefits are imaginary. Mr. Norman Angell has won a deservedly wide name for himself by the sincerity and the very great ability with which he has striven to drive this home. More than any other man he has succeeded in putting Pacificism on an economic and convincing basis. He demonstrates that the prosperity of nations does not depend upon their political power or upon their armaments; that most of our present vocabulary of international politics is a survival of an order of things that has long since passed away; that nations cannot now "own" countries in the old sense—the sense of extracting an exclusive profit from them; that it is an economic impossibility for one nation to seize or destroy the wealth of another, or for one nation to enrich itself by subjugating another; that an addition of territory is not an addition to the wealth of the nation owning it; that international finance and commerce form so complex a web of mutual interests that confiscations, indemnities, and the seizure of property are economically futile, being in reality as injurious to the conqueror as to the conquered, and of no benefit to either; and that a war undertaken with the idea of making it pay or of snatching from it some tangible advantage is simply an optical illusion. Moreover, he strongly insists that human nature does change, and that, just as mankind has got rid of cannibalism, slavery, religious persecution, and dueling, and has, indeed, ceased very largely to rely upon physical force in private life, so there is nothing to prevent such a modification of its old instincts and emotions as will make an end of war. By showing that aggression defeats itself in our modern world of credit and universal trading, and by elucidating the real principles of international relationship, he has undoubtedly done a great deal to set men's minds in a new and saner direction.

But I confess to a doubt as to how far a propaganda that plays so largely on the single string of self-interest will avail in abolishing a habit which rests on something far deeper and wider than the pursuit of material advantages. Slavery, as we can all see to-day, whatever it may have been for the slave, was disastrous for the slave-owner; but could it ever have been abolished by even the amplest proof that it did not pay, and

that every one who owned slaves was economically the poorer? It is the vulgarest of errors to suppose that self-interest is the decisive and determinant factor in human life, and that men will desist from a course of action merely because it is demonstrated to be unprofitable. War is the collapse not alone of the reason, but of the higher nature of humanity. It is sound work to show how completely it denies and departs from reason, but it would be infinitely sounder and more excellent to show, if that be possible, that it is a violation of what is best in mankind. When there is a great reform to be accomplished it is not the minds of men, but their hearts and consciences that will carry it through; and the Pacifists who rely mainly on the economic argument and the appeal to reason merely convict themselves of ignorance of the deeper sources of human action. To what he calls "this great modern gospel that war does not *pay*," Mr. H. G. Wells, carrying with him, I am convinced, the predominant sympathies of mankind, has aptly enough retorted that "that is indeed the only decent and attractive thing that can still be said for war." Nor do I believe that much ground is gained by dwelling on the brutalities and horribleness of war or by rousing the finer sensitiveness of the age to the more obvious forms of suffering. You might as well hold up a painter's palette to the unjudging public gaze and tell them "This is Art!" as attempt to pass off the bestialities of the battle-field as a true representation of war. There is an obstinate suspicion that there must be more in it than that; there is a not less obstinate conviction that, mean as the world may be, it would be meaner still if the notion once obtained that the flesh was not made for sacrifice. As for arbitration treaties and schemes for limiting armaments and those ingenious and ingenuous proposals for Leagues of Peace, with which so many American journals appear just now to be full—as though there were any device on which history had written a flatter condemnation of failure than this—all one can say of these untutored expedients is that they betray a grotesque misapprehension of the real problem to be faced. Universal peace may come as the result of a world-wide despotism, through the undermining and destruction of the sentiment of nationality and the substitution therefor of a patriotism co-extensive with humanity, or by means of a transformation in the moral values, judgments, and instincts of mankind; but in no other way.

When I Am Very Old

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHEN I am very old and none there is
To lift her lips to mine, a flower's cup,
When I have drunken all life's vintage up,
And none shall find me good to see or touch,
And only Death shall find me good to kiss;
I think I shall not sorrow overmuch,
So long as April bares her flowering breast
In secret woodlands, and, with eyes of dew,
Lies to the others as once to me and you!

The Mirror of Silence

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

NOW that the house was at last ready for them, Virginia sat quietly in the oval drawing-room which gave on the rose-garden. She was conscious of a depression that grew and grew until from a vague, uneasy pain it became heartsickness. At first she tried to deceive herself into believing that this was because she was tired, but the real truth came and stood before her, refusing to be ignored.

The reason she was heartsick was because in a moment Crystal Ballard, noisy and all-pervasive, would take Thorn House from her. Ever since the Ballards had bought it and she had overseen its repairing and putting in order, Virginia had had the phantasmal feeling that the house was hers. For the first time in her life she knew what home meant; and she had laughed at herself that she should have selected Thorn House with its mellow grandeur to call by the name of home.

At best the Vanes had never been more than comfortably off, and for the past years, after her father and mother died and it turned out there was no more money, she had earned her own living. She had done this by living with the Ballards and helping Crystal order her chaotic, swift-moving life. But though Crystal was Virginia's school friend, no place in which they had lived had seemed home to her—or to them. It was as though their houses, full of rare things chosen by other people, were a sort of department store in which one lived instead of bought. There was so much of everything—so many rooms, so many servants, so many motors. Even flowers became impersonal, they were so perfect and there were so many of them.

Since Crystal had with what to Virginia seemed indecorous offhandedness bought Thorn House, its park and box hedges, and then whisked off to Europe, leaving Virginia in charge, she had been perfectly happy. She felt as if she had been left on guard to watch a perfect and precious thing from being defaced. It seemed to her as though this house contained in itself some intangible treasure which could be taken from it, and which without her would inevitably have been removed by sacrilegious hands. She had seen to it that none of the golden mellowness of time which years had given it had been stolen from it by careless workmen. Now she walked from one room to another on the pretense of seeing once more that everything was in order. It was like a place enchanted—there was perfect quiet everywhere, and yet it seemed to Virginia that the place was peopled. Mrs. Pollock, the housekeeper, joined her, also bound on a tour of inspection.

"I think everything's in order, Miss Vane," she said. "Do you suppose they'll like it?"

She spoke wistfully, but of the source of her wistfulness Virginia was not sure—whether it was she was anxious to please her new employers or whether she regretted the past.

Virginia asked her, "How do you like it yourself, Mrs. Pollock?"

The old lady clasped her hands together. "It's beautiful, Miss Vane. The months I lived here alone, and the years that they were so feeble and, do the best I could, neglect gaining on the house all the time, it seemed to me as if the light had gone out of it, as much as it could out of a house like this—a house that has a heart of gold. Now it's all lit again. It's a very sad thing, Miss Vane, to watch the light of life burning dimmer and dimmer in those you love. And did you ever notice when people who've lived long in a home are dying, the house dies, too? When Miss Julia wasn't interested any more in the garden it was as if she herself had really died, although she continued to live for a while."

Impulsively Virginia said to her, "It sometimes seems to me that this house belongs to you so much more than to any one else."

"When I thought it was to be taken from me," she answered, "for a minute it seemed to me as if I couldn't live. Then I realized they couldn't quite take it from me, for I had my memories, and I could look at it and go and walk in the park. But when I knew I was to stay, Miss Vane, I knew I had been comforting myself but poorly. And then when I saw you I knew everything would be all right—with the house, I mean—and when I saw what an interest you yourself took in the Annals! Will they keep on with the Annals, do you think, Miss Vane?"

"I think the Annals of the Thorn House stopped with the Thorns," said Virginia.

"Why so?" the old lady asked. "It would be a nice idea, I think, if each house had its Annals as it passed from owner to owner—though, of course, there is more interest when the ladies of one family write it from generation to generation, as they have done for Thorn House."

Virginia smiled, and there was a little irony in her smile; Mrs. Pollock had so little knowledge of this swift-moving age, and of women like Crystal.

They looked out of the window where in its beauty lay the garden.

"It's Thorn House's high season," Mrs. Pollock said. "It looks as if it were ready for a wedding." Virginia shivered a little. She was thinking:

"Good-by, Thorn House! You don't know what's going to happen to you any more than Mrs. Pollock does."

Her ear caught the purr of a motor at high speed. In a second they were coming to take it away from her, and she realized what she had been realizing more definitely from day to day—that it was not only from herself that they were going to take it, but that they would take from it its own personality. They would spill into its restful and hospitable spaces all the extravagance and all the noisy and monotonous variety of their lives.

When the motor stopped at the carriage porch Virginia wondered again if the proud old place had ever gotten used to the purr of machinery and the indecent noise of automobile horns. Godfrey Ballard got out alone.

"I thought I'd be the advance-guard of the invasion," he told Virginia, and then he walked through the length of one of the rooms with her in silence and turned to her with: "What peace! I didn't know such peace existed in the world."

She looked at him curiously. Peace was not the thing she associated with Godfrey Ballard. "Don't you want to see it all before the others come?" she asked.

It was the last thing she had expected to find herself doing—showing Godfrey the house in this way. As they walked through quiet rooms, his enthusiasm grew until Virginia found herself telling him its legend and its history. She even showed him Thorn House Annals, which ended touchingly with Miss Emily Thorn's fine, trembling hand writing, "Sister was not able to see the white lilies in their glory."

At random Godfrey took up another volume and opened it at a handwriting all dashes and periods. There was humor in the phrases, characterization of guests, touching little entries of births and deaths. This one writing filled almost a whole book, and romance and tragedy and death were in its pages. It was the chronicle of a generation told by a witty, high-hearted, impatient woman.

Godfrey dipped into it here and there, and there came to him an emotion of the past that was like some sweet perfume. He turned a bright look on Virginia. "Is there a portrait of her?" he wanted to know, and, without waiting for an answer: "Do you know what I wish?" he went on. "I wish that Carrington and I had come on a week ahead."

It was a tacit acknowledgment that the house had put its spell on him, and also that he, too, realized that, once peopled as it would be, some essential virtue would be taken from it, and that of all his friends Carrington alone would have understood it.

"Is Carrington coming?" she asked.

"By train, later. A lot of people are coming by train," he supplemented,

idly. "Your lovely old house won't be peaceful long."

"*Your* house, you mean," she corrected him, "and you wouldn't like it to be peaceful."

He shot an odd little glance at her. "People are very glib in deciding what one would like and what one wouldn't. One gets to doing one thing after another so fast as a means of escape. It's like drunkenness. *You* ought to understand things like that."

Virginia felt oddly reproached.

They had been so engrossed that they hadn't heard the motors until they drove up.

"Good-by, peace!" said Godfrey, turning his ironic little smile on her. "I wish they hadn't come yet, don't you, Virginia? *You* wish they wouldn't come at all, don't you?" He smiled at her with mocking friendliness.

Crystal dashed in through the door. "Hello, Virginia, lamb!" Her voice had a high, piercing quality. "Hello, Godfrey! Oh, but we are smothered in dust. Lead me to the tub, Virginia! But for that providential road-house we would have been choked with thirst by now. Liquids—all kinds—within and without!"

After her streamed Mitzi Kreisler, whose lovely light soprano and engaging personality had made her the idol of New York, and Amy Nicholls and her husband. Mitzi had sat down at a piano and lifted her light, birdlike voice.

"Good heavens!" cried Crystal, "Mitzi can't enter a house without seeing what its acoustic properties are."

"I told you," Mitzi fluted back at her, her sleek, black head on one side, "that I must work here if I came—just a little."

Another motor-load streamed in.

"I'm not going to stay to say 'How do you do?' to every one. Why should I?" Crystal asked Godfrey. "You and Virginia do it. Poor Crystal's got to have a bath. There are queer people who'll want tea first."

Godfrey watched her go up the stairs with some vague dissatisfaction with her stirring in his soul. She had not given the house a passing glance. The nostalgia he had sometimes felt for another existence stirred within him. In the midst of life he had starved—something essential to happiness had forever escaped him.

It was with an ever-growing annoyance that he had welcomed his guests and later had tea with them upon the terrace. He wanted time to walk through the gardens with Virginia. He felt that he could not stand this sort of a house-party, with all its noise and all its undercurrents. Not one of his guests had looked at the Thorn House; they had entered it as a superior sort of hotel, each one intent upon his own personal intrigues.

Dinner that night was dull and noisy. The voices of the company rose louder and louder. Their laughter grew more and more shrill. Conversation with Crystal was an endless sequence of humorous anecdotes which always got an easy laugh.

Mitzi Kreisler had more wit and more malice; she was as noisy as Crystal. She wore her exquisite manners as any pretty peasant girl might wear a dainty borrowed coat. Among friends she became the peasant. Her easy familiarity was that of a waitress in a country inn. She was saved from vulgarity by the exquisite daintiness of her person and by the perfection of her gestures. Had she been a big woman there would have been a certain grossness about her.

A sense of unreality possessed Virginia. Suddenly all these people seemed to her as if they were people of two dimensions only—mere surfaces moving mysteriously and noisily through life. Through her months of solitude life had crowded in on her. Thorn House had witnessed the spectacle of life; the mysteries of birth and death, of the union of two people in marriage, had filled its days and had peopled it with living memories. In it life had had dignity and, above all things, reality. These people had nothing but an instinct for speed—speed and spending. They went so fast and they made such a noise as they went that they had no chance to meet life. Their lives were stale and flat, and they masked this staleness from themselves by their restlessness. The noise of their chatter increased to babel, as though they were trying to drown the quiet of the spacious room and



ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY AND DEATH WERE IN ITS PAGES

leave the echo of their voices forever resounding through it. Above them the clock struck solemnly and sedately. Its bell was not loud, but there was a perceptible pause after each stroke. It had a curious, warning sound. Then suddenly, like a lamp extinguished, conversation failed. There occurred one of those complete silences which made Crystal's high-pitched voice trail off in the midst of an anecdote. The silence lasted second after second. Mitzi giggled, and Amy Nicholls, seated at Godfrey's side, turned to him as though asking him to speak, as if she could not break through this quiet that had so suddenly encompassed them.

A little movement went around the table like that of cattle stirring uncomfortably in their stalls before a storm. Yet no one could break through it. They all seemed to be searching desperately in the depths of their consciousness for something that would loosen the tension, and yet no one seemed to be able to drag from those depths a single word. Servants stood quiet and attentive about the room, watching the company with fascinated eyes. Silence had come down on them suddenly like a storm. It had extinguished their gaiety as a snuffer extinguishes the light of a candle. It endured phantasmally. At last, after what seemed an eternity, Crystal spoke. All she said was:

"What a ghastly clock."

The sound of her voice in this strange quiet was like a sudden shot. Every one

jumped. Mitzi burst out laughing. Then they all laughed, and their laughter was worse than their silence, for it had neither gaiety nor relief, and it held the madness of hysteria. Each one began talking eagerly to his neighbor, and by common consent they ignored the uncomfortable enchantment that had held them.

After dinner Carrington, Godfrey, and Virginia sat together at one end of the music-room, away from the others. There were certain cross-currents and friendships in this company that were taken for granted. Now suddenly their understandings and their mutual forbearances seemed to have been taken away from them. They had always amused one another before; they had had a certain harmony and mutual forbearance. And now suddenly there was none of this. There was in the atmosphere something uncomfortable, as though there were depths within them which some unseen thing had disturbed.

At last Paul Geer burst out, "For Heaven's sake, Mitzi, sing!"

"I don't feel like it," said Mitzi, pertly. "Not millions could make me sing when I don't feel like it."

"Ah, do sing, Mitzi! I have nostalgia to-night," Amy Nicholls urged with gentleness. Mitzi shot a glance at her. There was between them the freemasonry of predatory women whose paths do not touch.

"For *you* I will," she acquiesced. She arose and included all the men in the room in her pert, defiant gaze. It was as though she said, "For a woman I will, but not to-night for my enemy, man!" She went to the piano.

Geer, who usually accompanied her, rose to his feet sullenly. He sat down at the piano with the air of one who says, "If you wouldn't sing for me, I don't wish you to sing for any one."

Mitzi shot a look that held both scorn and dislike. There was something shocking to all the rest about the nakedness of her emotion. The person least sensitive to the moods of others could see that in another second the peasant in her would have the upper hand and she would burst into a torrent of abuse.

She sang. Her voice soared up like the release of a gay, bright-colored bird from a cage. Then, on the high note she flatted lamentably. It was of a dissonance to make one clap one's hands over one's ears. It had the effect on her as on a skater who has fallen on the ice. She turned angrily to Geer.

"That was your fault," she said, sharply. "Begin again!"

He did not reply, but looked sullenly at the keys. This time her voice soared with its usual facility. Then suddenly one became aware that she was off the key—Mitzi, whose intonation was faultless! Geer turned his head from the music half questioningly, and yet she sang. It was intolerable. No one stirred. They listened as though frozen to this extraordinary thing that had happened.

One could not tell by her manner whether or not she was doing this deliberately, because she wished to affront the ears of those who listened to her. Then, incredibly, her voice broke. There was a second silence, and then Mitzi, her face white with anger, her small fist clenched, cried to Paul Geer:

"You—you!"

The social surface without which society cannot exist was rent. Paul, with the insolence of a certain type of man toward a woman whom he considers deeply his inferior, rose from the piano and lounged away.

Mitzi's anger dissolved into stormy tears. In a moment Crystal had her arm around Mitzi's neck, comforting her.

"Why, Mitzi! What brutes we were to ask you to sing when you were tired!" She was at her sweetest now. "And, besides, the acoustics of this house are perfectly dreadful—of this room, anyway!"

Mitzi, a sob of anger in her voice, declared stormily: "I'll never sing here again! Never—never!" And then, her anger again focusing itself on Paul, "And never, never with you for an accompanist," she cried, flinging out the back of her hand with the gesture of one insolently striking another in the face.

Amy Nicholls dropped down in a chair. Carrington, Virginia, and Godfrey walked forward and began to make conversation with the others. With their coming the tension lessened. Out-

wardly the situation grew more normal. Before the party broke up they managed to regain a precarious foothold on the surface of things.

Next morning Virginia rose early. As she went down the staircase it seemed to her that the house, glad with flowers and flooded with sunshine, welcomed her. She wondered how the nightmare of the evening before could have happened. The wide spaces of the rooms seemed so adapted for conversation, for the most harmonious sort of social life.

She sent for Mrs. Pollock to put in order some of the details of the house. She looked at Virginia with her old eyes full of intelligence, as though there were a thousand things she wished to say to her, but which her sense of decorum would not let her utter. Her face, yesterday so at peace, was drawn and pale.

She went, and presently Carrington lounged in through the rooms. His eyes lighted as they fell on Virginia.

"I didn't expect to find *you* up!" he cried in joyful surprise, and his greeting was as though he had met an old friend in an alien country. They had seen each other often before, but it had been as though there was some transparent but impenetrable wall between them, which Virginia had sometimes tried to penetrate, and again it had wounded her deeply that Carrington had been so stupid as not to remove this invisible barrier himself. Now, all of a sudden, they had become old friends.

He was an odd one for this galley, with nothing in common with them, for he was both a man of action and a student. It was his indestructible and inexplicable friendship with Godfrey that brought him. He smiled at Virginia.

"Can't we have coffee together," he asked, "and on the terrace?" He looked around him. "It makes it hard to believe in last night, doesn't it? You know I've the oddest feeling of there being only ourselves in all the house—as if others just *weren't!* I almost wish I weren't going."



"I'LL NEVER SING HERE AGAIN! NEVER—NEVER!"

"Going!" Virginia echoed, stupidly. "Oh, why are you going?" She hadn't meant to say it. Her impulsiveness was contrary to anything Carrington had ever seen in her.

"Well," he replied, with equal frankness, "it's not as restful as it might be—the atmosphere, I mean." She looked at him with a forlorn sort of helplessness. "And by myself I feel as if I were some poor little futile barricade which was to stave off Heaven knows what."

He walked to the end of the terrace

and back again. The white peacocks were silhouetting themselves against the dark green of the boxwood hedges. The air was sweet, with the garden in full bloom. It was peaceful and harmonious beyond everything he had dreamed.

He smiled at Virginia and held out his hand. "I'll see you through," he said.

There was a pause filled with an understanding there had never been between them. At last Carrington spoke:

"We've become friends overnight, and all the others have become enemies."

"What happened to us all last night?" Virginia asked him.

"I know what happened to me," he answered. "In that strange silence I *saw* you for the first time. Maybe that happened to them, too. Maybe *they* all saw one another, too, and couldn't bear what they saw."

During the day every one tried to atone for the night before. Toward sundown the terrace became animated; fast motors deposited guests from other great houses in the neighborhood. Outwardly everything there was full of color and animation, but in spite of the new elements, in spite of every one's effort, the discomfort of the night before, the unbelievable thing that had happened was there—it hung about them like some poisonous gas which permeated everything.

They all overdid their virtuous parts; they resembled little boys and girls, washed and starched to a point beyond all natural conduct. As they sat around in the big hall before dinner, they were as uncomfortable as though they had suddenly been transported into the society of those ladies and gentlemen of former generations whose portraits decorated the walls. It was as though they



"WE'VE BECOME FRIENDS OVERNIGHT, AND ALL THE OTHERS HAVE BECOME ENEMIES"

were in the company of people who, without judging them, forced them to measure themselves by some higher standard from which they fell short. Conversation became difficult, and as it died down the animosities that had been let loose the evening before came trooping back. One could almost see the ugly horde of them lying in wait, ready to destroy the hardly won but fragile compromise which they had effected. In spite of their efforts no breach had been healed, none of the old friendships had been re-established. Paul and Mitzi chaffed each other, but contempt and dislike peered out behind their gaiety. At last Crystal sprang to her feet.

"I can't sit in this hall with those tiresome people staring at me," she cried. "Have them carted away somewhere, Godfrey. They're not *my* ancestors! I want 'em taken away, and the clock in the dining-room—they spoil the talk!"

"Especially handsome Madame there," said Mitzi, pointing to a portrait over the mantel. "Handsome Madame, I shock you—yes? You laugh at me—yes?" She arose and made a courtesy. "Then why not withdraw where there will be no opera-singers—yes, and no *nouveau riche*—and no parvenues!" She looked mockingly from the company to the picture.

There was a breathless silence, so that Virginia's voice saying to Godfrey, "That's Diana Thorne, whose writing you liked," was audible throughout the room.

"So, Madame Diana Thorn," Mitzi went on, "*mes adieux* before you are retired from our contaminating presence!"

She might have been speaking to a real person. They all watched her silently. It was as though she taunted this other woman with her loss of power, as though she were saying to a real presence: "Yes, here I am, a common little comedian. I and my friends are here in your great house, and what are you going to do about it?"

Servants lighted lights, and suddenly the face of Diana Thorn leaped out of the dark as vivid as Mitzi, delicate, beautiful, humorous, and for a moment they faced each other, Diana Thorn's eyes searching Mitzi to the bottom of her gutter-snipe soul. Some one turned the light that fell on the portrait, and Mitzi sank down in her chair with a sigh. There had been an odd sense of strain in the absurd histrionic scene.

Under cover of the chatter Godfrey said to Crystal: "This is fantastic. There's got to be an end of this. Come into the library with me. I want to talk to you." He shut the library door and turned to her. "I say, Crystal, let's cut the whole thing."

"How do you mean, cut it?"

"Cut it out—let's give it up. You see for yourself that this party's gone badly from the start, and Mitzi won't give it a chance."

"I can't send them away, can I?" Crystal inquired.

"You could find some way out of it, if you felt like it. You always do," he insisted.

Crystal paused reflectively. "I don't want to find what you call a way out. I want to fight it out and make it end right," she finally pronounced.

He tried another tack. "I'd so like it here awhile just with you," he said, wistfully. "I'd like a chance to feel it was our own house and not a hotel. We haven't got a home to our name, Crystal; we don't live in homes, but in institutions."

"Oh, I wouldn't be here without people for anything!" Crystal exclaimed. "It gives me shivers to be here alone a moment. It's a queer house. It's been shut up so long it does queer things to us. It's been silent so long that silence is in its walls; it's as if it were there just around the corner ready to pounce on us—and I'm going to chase it away."

Godfrey stared at Crystal curiously. The beauty of Thorn House wasn't there for her. It had given him its message. From the fruitful past it spoke of the fruitful future. It spoke of love and life and accomplishment. It had been built and maintained by the faithful service of those who lived in it. Never before had it been in the hands of wasters. It had made Godfrey feel that he had been inclosed in a luxurious prison, and that until now he hadn't known the real world and its possibilities. But to his

wife Thorn House was a hostile and silent place which she wished to conquer.

She caught his look of amazement, and put her hand lightly on his arm. "Poor old boy!" she said. "They have gotten on your nerves, haven't they? But I'll fix 'em for you, as soon as I get those hateful portraits away. I'll go and do it now." She started for the door.

There came to Godfrey a clear vision of Crystal's invasion of the house—of her trail over it, until there remained only a shell of itself. He couldn't bear it. When he had spoken so wistfully of wanting to be alone there, he had wanted Thorn House to possess Crystal, and now she had told him that she intended to possess it. He wanted to cry out, "You're trying to kill Thorn House; you're trying to kill beauty and reality and dignity," but he only said, quietly: "I don't think I'll have those pictures moved."

Crystal stared at him in astonishment. She smiled at him, then pouted. "Poor Crystal hates them so!"

"I'm sorry," he said. He wasn't used to disputing her will, and it embarrassed him.

"But, Godfrey—" she began, mildly, as though reasoning with a child.

"I tell you, it would spoil the room," he repeated. "And I can't do that—you can't want me to." He spoke cheerfully and evenly.

Crystal stared at him; then, as she saw a complete gravity under his pleasant manner, her own face hardened. They stood opposite each other, hostile and alien. It was as if they had never looked at each other before, and now what each one saw was incredibly displeasing.

Then Crystal said, slowly: "This house has been silent and empty too long. We've been for two days like people living in a haunted place. It needs life and noise and gaiety and new things. It needs to be made hospitable once more. As it is, we can't talk here. Things are as dull as a cemetery. I'm going to have people and people. I'm going to begin with an impromptu flower fête to-morrow, and have people from everywhere—and then more parties and more and more, and end with a great masquerade. I shall have a Midsummer Fête like nothing that has ever been seen!"

She had talked herself into good humor again. She looked at him for approval, but Godfrey was standing staring at the floor.

"Why don't you answer, Godfrey?" she asked, sharply.

Again they measured each other with hostile scrutiny.

"I don't understand your attitude," Crystal continued. "You might say one pleasant word." Then, as he didn't answer, she shrugged impatiently. "The others 'll be sympathetic," she said, and with her departure there swept over Godfrey a feeling of desolation. It was as if she had linked herself definitely with the enemy of his peace.

The others took up Crystal's plan whirlwind wise. Ever since they came they had been waiting for something, it seemed, and this was it. They needed to forget that strange and disintegrating evening and the disquietingly dull and orderly day. Life and more life they wanted, things moving faster and even faster. It was as if they had tacitly agreed that there must be no empty moment in their lives and no instant of silence—especially no silence.

The next two weeks Virginia and Mrs. Pollock spent every morning in bringing the house back to its calm serenity, effacing the presence of these noisy aliens—a forlorn guard over an invisible treasure—and Godfrey and Carrington helped them. More and more Godfrey had taken refuge with them, for the misunderstanding between himself and Crystal became every day more irreconcilable.

Yet it was as though the company was fighting some unseen enemy rather than amusing themselves, as if they were fighting for their very existence, and as if this enemy lurked in the quiet of the house; and during this an ever-increasing madness grew in them, while underneath the tumult one could feel the animosities of the first evening were there, stifled but waiting their moment. There were not excitements enough in the world to blind them to it.

On the day of the great masquerade,

time dragged, time stood still, and perpetually silence lurked about them, ready at a moment's pause to come down upon them and extinguish them. They kept it at bay until the confusion of the guests' arrival helped them. As they descended the stairs it seemed as if every far corner had been ransacked for saffrons and greens, for deep orange and poignant blues. As every new group of people entered the house the uneasy madness of those who had been living within its walls seized them, and with the shifting of the noisy and brilliantly colored crowd the personality of the house seemed to recede, to become a lovely and dim background. Alone by itself it had always seemed full of color and to speak of life, but now of a sudden it had grown dim and gray and sad—an inconspicuous background for a riotous pageant. Yet all the various animosities and jealous rivalries were strangely on the surface, as though they might be tossed ruinously to the surface at any moment.

Crystal, absorbed in the details of the masque, Midsummer Madness, had left the guests to Virginia, and as the evening went on they gave her the effect as though they were all rushing on to some inevitable shipwreck. What it was she feared she could not tell. The sense of something fantastic and mysterious swept over her.

"Where's Godfrey?" Carrington asked at last. "He's got to come and help out with this. It's as if we were in a nightmare."

"I'll go and get him," Virginia said. She found him alone in the library. What she had to tell him was so vague that she found herself talking incoherently about her own sense of deep disquiet. He looked at her strangely.

"Don't you know what's happened?" he said. "This house is poison to us! It hates us! It's done a terrible thing to us. It's stripped us bare of our little agreeable fripperies of the spirit and has shown us to one another as we are. In the silence that comes over us we are mirrored partly to one another; we see ourselves, and so we hate ourselves and are one another's enemies. Without our little social make-up we're all of us one another's enemies."



"HANDSOME MADAME, I SHOCK YOU—YES?"

At Virginia's passionate gesture of dissent:

"All of us," he repeated, "Crystal and myself most of all. We haven't one



"THINGS ARE AS DULL AS A CEMETERY. I'M GOING TO HAVE PEOPLE AND PEOPLE."

common meeting-place with which to make a life together. I love *this*." He made a gesture toward the quiet walls of the library. He walked up and down and paused at the door. "You belong here," he cried. "This is your house! It loves you. When I come through these quiet rooms and see you sitting writing, it is as though you were inclosed in peace. The place is only empty and meaningless when they're all here. I tell you the house *hates* us, Virginia! Its silence has fought us since we came."

"Godfrey, you're mad."

"Of course I'm mad," he cried. "Why shouldn't I be? I can't have the thing I love, I can't have the life I want; money can't buy it any more than it could buy this house. I know you don't love me, Virginia; I know I shouldn't tell you I love you, but I can't keep myself from it. I can't have what I love and I hate what I have. It seems to me that this house hates me most of all."

It seemed to Virginia that all the things she had learned at Thorn House crowded around her.

"Poor Godfrey," she said, kindly.

"It's not me you love; it is this other thing that all of them won't let you have—the reality of life."

She was not thinking of herself at all, but all at once the realization of her position came over Godfrey. He buried his face in his hands. In his moment of madness he had made her position in his household an intolerable one; and Virginia, instead of blaming him, looked at him with complete and pitiful understanding.

Outside there was a pause before the masque. At either side of the staircase were groups of half-naked girls, bacchantes and dryads, awaiting their signal to begin. Suddenly the lights were turned low; Crystal, Mitzi, and Amy Nicholls stood before the audience dressed like three glittering birds—three white peacocks amid the color about them. A faun and two other nymphs stole forward and stood beneath the old portraits and talked to them in pantomime, and in pantomime they indicated that in this presence they could not dance. Then Crystal raised her hand, and footmen took down the portraits from the wall and moved up the stairs, two by two. They moved with exaggerated solemnity, as though walking to the strains of a funeral march. A little uneasy rustle went through the audience.

The last portrait was at the top of the stairs when a forlorn little black figure emerged from the brilliant crowd. It was Mrs. Pollock. She was oblivious of them and of the commotion she caused, sunk completely in her own grief. Like a stricken woman she followed the portrait up-stairs. She moved very slowly, as though between morning and afternoon very old age had overwhelmed her. She walked so slowly that it seemed an eternity before she reached the top of the stairs, and while she went up no one spoke. Age and dignity and grief were in her face, and there was the lassitude about her of some one whose heart had been broken and whose body has suffered with its heart. Breathlessly they watched her little, aged figure toil up the stairs in the wake of the pictures. Silence had gotten them. Silence that had stalked them since they came, that they had defied and beaten back, had gotten them at last. The empty, discolored spaces on the walls looked down on them like dreadful blank windows that looked out at nothingness, and still the little, prim figure toiled up the stairs, and still they sat as though frozen.

Mrs. Pollock disappeared, and still silence held them. They seemed as though turned to stone. Moment after moment passed and no one stirred. Finally in the midst of this silence the music began a macaber ragtime. In the face of the motionless audience it was grotesque, fantastic, and yet no one stirred; they sat as if awaiting some invisible summons. Then Mitzi's laughter crashed out above the music, loud, hysterical, and at her laughter the music stopped.

"I'm going!" she cried. "I won't stay here! Come, Nicholls, come!"

Jealousy—never far below the surface with Amy Nicholls—flamed out with cold intensity. Speechless, she confronted Mitzi. They faced each other in the magnificence of their white peacock plumes like actors in some hateful pageant, hate and cruelty in both their eyes.

Nicholls strode forward. "Come on, Mitzi," he said, roughly. He had the air of a man who will pay any price to end a scene.

At this Amy Nicholls screamed, and Crystal led her from the room.

Again the company sat quiet and waiting.

"What's happened? Where have they gone?" No one, except those nearest had heard anything except Mitzi's laughter and Amy's cry. It happened like something rehearsed. The musicians looked helplessly at one another, awaiting some one to give the signal for the music. The lovely, half-naked girls waited restlessly for the cue which would not come. A little sighing ripple ran around the room, not more than a sigh, but it brought fear with it. People in the back part of the room began ebbing from the room quietly, almost timidly, as though leaving the scene of some disaster. They ebbed out as quietly and inevitably as sand from an hour-glass. Each little sound that they made echoed menacingly in the unnatural quiet. In the silence one could hear the rain on

the terrace outside. The rush of people grew and grew. Then one of the dancers screamed.

"Come on, come on!" she cried. "They're going! They're going! Something's happened!" And at this, panic broke loose. They streamed out of the house; they swarmed out of the windows; and with incredible cries and confusion they crowded in waiting motors as though escaping from some horror, while high above the staircase Mrs. Pollock watched them in stupefied amazement, and Virginia, with Carrington's arm around her, crushed herself into a corner to escape the stampede.

Then Crystal, pale as her own white costume behind her make-up, ran in. "Virginia," she cried, "what can I do? What can I do? Godfrey's left! He's gone for good. And I—I accused him of caring more for Thorn House and you than for me. I don't know what I did—I went mad for a moment; we're all mad to-night. I told him I wanted you to go, and to send away that walking conscience, Mrs. Pollock. And he didn't answer a word, but looked at me as if he hated me; and he's gone—and I'm going! I won't stay here!" She swept on through the disordered room.

Still Carrington and Virginia stood together. Silence had fallen on Thorn House, and with silence instead of discomfort had come peace. Mrs. Pollock approached them, and, as though speaking to those whom she had served for years: "Unless you have orders I'll see to putting everything to rights. I'm sure you're tired." They looked at the nameless disarray left by the flying guests. Mrs. Pollock turned to Virginia; her voice rang out in a sort of stern triumph: "Thorn House has turned them out. It refused them from the night they came. You made it yours, and it wouldn't be taken from you. Thorn House hated them and turned them out! Thorn House, you wouldn't have them, and you drove them from you."

The Door-Harp

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

YOU went. There drifted back to me
The last breath of a melody,
Diffused Æolian loveliness
Too fugitive to calm or bless.
I wonder human ear could know
A wraith of music fading so;
It left no footprints on the wind,
Nor even memory behind.

Was it some solacing sweet air,
Or cadence of a soul's despair?
The small harp quivers on the door
That you have closed forevermore,
But will not breathe the lyric cry
I have forgotten; and its sigh
When others go, is only pain
Because you do not come again.

The Mysterious Stranger

A ROMANCE

BY MARK TWAIN

PART VII

IT was wonderful, the mastery Satan had over time and distance. For him they did not exist. He called them human inventions, and said they were artificialities. We often went to the most distant parts of the globe with him, and stayed weeks and months, and yet were gone only a fraction of a second, as a rule. You could prove it by the clock. One day when our people were in such awful distress because the witch commission were afraid to proceed against the astrologer and Father Peter's household, or against any, indeed, but the poor and the friendless, they lost patience and took to witch-hunting on their own score, and began to chase a born lady who was known to have the habit of curing people by devilish arts, such as bathing them, washing them, and nourishing them instead of bleeding them and purging them through the ministrations of a barber-surgeon in the proper way. She came flying down, with the mob after her howling and cursing, and tried to take refuge in houses, but the doors were shut in her face. They chased her more than half an hour, we following to see it, and at last she was exhausted and fell, and they caught her. They dragged her to a tree and threw a rope over a limb and began to make a noose in it, some holding her, meantime, and she crying and begging, and her young daughter looking on and weeping, but afraid to say or do anything.

They hanged the lady, and I threw a stone at her, although in my heart I was sorry for her; but all were throwing stones and each was watching his neighbor, and if I had not done as the others did it would have been noticed and spoken of. Satan burst out laughing.

All that were near by turned upon him astonished and not pleased. It was an ill time to laugh, for his free and scoffing ways and his supernatural music had brought him under suspicion all over the town and turned many privately against him. The big blacksmith called attention to him now, raising his voice so that all should hear, and said:

"What are you laughing at? Answer! Moreover, please explain to the company why you threw no stone."

"Are you sure I did not throw a stone?"

"Yes. You needn't try to get out of it; I had my eye on you."

"And I—I noticed you!" shouted two others.

"Three witnesses," said Satan: "Mueller, the blacksmith; Klein, the butcher's man; Pfeiffer, the weaver's journeyman. Three very ordinary liars. Are there any more?"

"Never mind whether there are others or not, and never mind about what you consider us—three's enough to settle your matter for you. You'll prove that you threw a stone, or it shall go hard with you."

"That's so!" shouted the crowd, and surged up as closely as they could to the center of interest.

"And first you will answer that other question," cried the blacksmith, pleased with himself for being mouthpiece to the public and hero of the occasion. "What are you laughing at?"

Satan smiled and answered pleasantly: "To see three cowards stoning a dying lady when they were so near death themselves."

You could see the superstitious crowd shrink and catch their breath under the

sudden shock. The blacksmith, with a show of bravado, said:

"Pooh! What do you know about it?"

"I? Everything. By profession I am a fortune-teller, and I read the hands of you three—and some others—when you lifted them to stone the woman. One of you will die to-morrow week; another of you will die to-night; the third has but five minutes to live—and yonder is the clock!"

It made a sensation. The faces of the crowd blanched, and turned mechanically toward the clock. The butcher and the weaver seemed smitten with an illness, but the blacksmith braced up and said, with spirit:

"It is not long to wait for one of your predictions. If it fails, young master, you will not live a whole minute after, I promise you that."

No one said anything; all watched the clock in a deep stillness which was impressive. When four and a half minutes were gone the blacksmith gave a sudden gasp and clapped his hand upon his heart, saying, "Give me breath! Give me room!" and began to sink down. The crowd surged back, no one offering to support him, and he fell lumbering to the ground and was dead. The people stared at him, then at Satan, then at one another; and their lips moved, but no words came. Then Satan said:

"Three saw that I threw no stone. Perhaps there are others; let them speak."

It struck a kind of panic into them, and, although no one answered him, many began to violently accuse one another, saying, "You said he didn't throw," and getting for reply, "It is a lie, and I will make you eat it!" And so in a moment they were in a raging and noisy turmoil, and beating and banging one another; and in the midst was the only indifferent one—the dead lady hanging from her rope, her troubles forgotten, her spirit at peace.

So we walked away, and I was not at ease, but was saying to myself, "He told them he was laughing at them, but it was a lie—he was laughing at me."

That made him laugh again, and he said, "Yes, I was laughing at you, because, in fear of what others might report about you, you stoned the woman when your heart revolted at the act—but I was laughing at the others, too."

"Why?"

"Because their case was yours?"

"How is that?"

"Well, there were sixty-eight people there, and sixty-two of them had no more desire to throw a stone than you had."

"Satan!"

"Oh, it's true. I know your race. It is made up of sheep. It is governed by minorities, seldom or never by majorities. It suppresses its feelings and its beliefs and follows the handful that makes the most noise. Sometimes the noisy handful is right, sometimes wrong; but no matter, the crowd follows it. The vast majority of the race, whether savage or civilized, are secretly kind-hearted and shrink from inflicting pain, but in the presence of the aggressive and pitiless minority they don't dare to assert themselves. Think of it! One kind-hearted creature spies upon another, and sees to it that he loyally helps in iniquities which revolt both of them. Speaking as an expert, I know that ninety-nine out of a hundred of your race were strongly against the killing of witches when that foolishness was first agitated by a handful of pious lunatics in the long ago. And I know that even to-day, after ages of transmitted prejudice and silly teaching, only one person in twenty puts any real heart into the harrying of a witch. And yet apparently everybody hates witches and wants them killed. Some day a handful will rise up on the other side and make the most noise—perhaps even a single daring man with a big voice and a determined front will do it—and in a week all the sheep will wheel and follow him, and witch-hunting will come to a sudden end.

"Monarchies, aristocracies, and religions are all based upon that large defect in your race—the individual's distrust of his neighbor, and his desire, for safety's or comfort's sake, to stand well in his neighbor's eye. These institutions will always remain, and always flourish, and always oppress you, affront you, and degrade you, because you will always be and remain slaves of minorities. There was never a country where the majority of the people were

in their secret hearts loyal to any of these institutions."

I did not like to hear our race called sheep, and said I did not think they were.

"Still, it is true, lamb," said Satan. "Look at you in war—what mutton you are, and how ridiculous!"

"In war? How?"

"There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it." Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next, the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

Days and days went by now, and no Satan. It was dull without him. But the astrologer, who had returned from his excursion to the moon, went about the village, braving public opinion, and getting a stone in the middle of his back now and then when some witch-hater got a safe chance to throw it and dodge out of sight. Meantime two influences had been working well for Marget. That Satan, who was quite indifferent to her, had stopped going to her house after a visit or two had hurt her pride, and she had set herself the task of banishing him from her heart. Reports of Wilhelm Meidling's dissipation brought to her from time to time by old Ursula had touched her with remorse, jealousy of Satan being the cause of it; and so now, these two matters working upon her together, she was getting a good profit out of the combination—her interest in Satan was steadily cooling, her interest in Wilhelm as steadily warming. All that was needed to complete her conversion was that Wilhelm should brace up and do something that should cause favorable talk and incline the public toward him again.

The opportunity came now. Marget sent and asked him to defend her uncle in the approaching trial, and he was greatly pleased, and stopped drinking and began his preparations with diligence. With more diligence than hope, in fact, for it was not a promising case. He had many interviews in his office with Seppi and me, and thrashed out our testimony pretty thoroughly, thinking to find some valuable grains among the chaff, but the harvest was poor.

If Satan would only come! That was my constant thought. He could invent some way to win the case; for he had said it would be soon, so he necessarily knew how it could be done. But the days dragged on, and still he did not come. Of course I did not doubt that it would win, and that Father Peter would be happy for the rest of his life, since Satan had said so; yet I knew I should be much more comfortable if he would come and tell us how to manage it. It was getting high time for Father Peter to have a saving change toward happiness, for by general report he was worn out with his imprisonment and the ignominy that was burdening him, and was like to die of his miseries unless he got relief soon.

At last the trial came on, and the people gathered from all around to witness it; among them many strangers from considerable distances. Yes, everybody was there except the accused. He was too feeble in body for the strain. But Marget was present, and keeping up her hope and her spirit the best she could. The money was present, too. It was emptied on the table, and was handled and caressed and examined by such as were privileged.

The astrologer was put in the witness-box. He had on his best hat and robe for the occasion.

Question. You claim that this money is yours?

Answer. I do.

Q. How did you come by it?

A. I found the bag in the road when I was returning from a journey.

Q. When?

A. More than two years ago.

Q. What did you do with it?

A. I brought it home and hid it in a secret place in my observatory, intending to find the owner if I could.

Q. You endeavored to find him?

A. I made diligent inquiry during several months, but nothing came of it.

Q. And then?

A. I thought it not worth while to look further, and was minded to use the money in finishing the wing of the foundling asylum connected with the priory and nunnery. So I took it out of its hiding-place and counted it to see if any of it was missing. And then—

Q. Why do you stop? Proceed.

A. I am sorry to have to say this, but just as I had finished and was restoring the bag to its place, I looked up and there stood Father Peter behind me.

Several murmured, "That looks bad," but others answered, "Ah, but he is such a liar!"

Q. That made you uneasy?

A. No; I thought nothing of it at the time, for Father Peter often came to me unannounced to ask for a little help in his need.

Marget blushed crimson at hearing her uncle falsely and impudently charged with begging, especially from one he had always denounced as a fraud, and was going to speak, but remembered herself in time and held her peace.

Q. Proceed.

A. In the end I was afraid to contribute the money to the foundling asylum, but elected to wait yet another year and continue my inquiries. When I heard of Father Peter's find I was glad, and no suspicions entered my mind; when I came home a day or two later and discovered that my own money was gone I still did not suspect until three circumstances connected with Father Peter's good fortune struck me as being singular coincidences.

Q. Pray name them.

A. Father Peter had found his money in a path—I had found mine in a road. Father Peter's find consisted exclusively of gold ducats—mine also. Father Peter found eleven hundred and seven ducats—I exactly the same.

This closed his evidence, and certainly it made a strong impression on the assembly; one could see that.

Wilhelm Meidling asked him some questions, then called us boys, and we told our tale. It made the people laugh, and we were ashamed. We were feeling pretty badly, anyhow, because Wilhelm was hopeless, and showed it. He was doing as well as he could, poor young fellow, but nothing was in his favor, and such sympathy as there might be was now plainly not with his client. It might be difficult for court and people to believe the astrologer's story, considering his character, but it was almost impossible to believe Father Peter's. We were already feeling badly enough, but when the astrologer's lawyer said he believed he would not ask us any questions—for our story was a little delicate and it would be cruel for him to put any strain upon it—everybody tittered, and it was almost more than we could bear. Then he made a sarcastic little speech, and got so much fun out of our tale, and it seemed so ridiculous and childish and every way impossible and foolish, that it made everybody laugh till the tears came; and at last Marget could not keep up her courage any longer, but broke down and cried, and I was so sorry for her.

Now I noticed something that braced me up. It was Satan standing alongside of Wilhelm! And there was such a contrast: Satan looked so confident, had

such a spirit in his eyes and face, and Wilhelm looked so depressed and despondent. We two were comfortable now, and judged that he would testify, and persuade the bench and the people that black was white and white black, or any other color he wanted it. We glanced around to see what the strangers in the place thought of him, for he was beautiful, you know—stunning, in fact—but no one was noticing him; so we knew by that that he was invisible.

The lawyer was saying his last words; and while he was saying them Satan began to melt into Wilhelm. He melted into him and disappeared; and then there was a change, when his spirit began to look out of Wilhelm's eyes.

The lawyer finished quite seriously, and with dignity. He pointed to the money and said:

"The love of it is the root of all evil. There it lies, the ancient tempter, newly red with the shame of its latest victory—the dishonor of a priest of God and his two poor juvenile helpers in crime. If it could but speak, let us hope that it would be constrained to confess that of all its conquests this was the basest and the most pathetic."

He sat down. Wilhelm rose and said:

"From the testimony of the accuser I gather that he found this money in a road more than two years ago. Correct me, sir, if I misunderstood you."

The astrologer said his understanding of it was correct.

"And the money so found was never out of his hands thenceforth up to a certain definite date—the last day of last year. Correct me, sir, if I am wrong."

The astrologer nodded his head. Wilhelm turned to the bench and said:

"If I prove that this money here was not that money, then it is not his?"

"Certainly not; but this is irregular. If you had such a witness it was your duty to give proper notice of it and have him here to—" He broke off and began to consult with the other judges. Meantime the other lawyer got up excited and began to protest against allowing new witnesses to be brought into the case at this late stage.

The judges decided that his contention was just and must be allowed.

"But this is not a new witness," said Wilhelm. "It has already been partly examined. I speak of the coin."

"The coin? What can the coin say?"

"It can say it is not the coin that the astrologer once possessed. It can say it was not in existence last December. By its date it can say this."

And it was so! There was the greatest excitement in the court while the prosecutor and the judges were reaching for coins and examining them and exclaiming. And everybody was full of admiration of Wilhelm's brightness in happening to think of that neat idea. At last order was called and the court said:

"All of the coins but four are of the date of the present year. The court tenders its sincere sympathy to the accused, and its deep regret that he, an innocent man, through an unfortunate mistake, has suffered the undeserved humiliation of imprisonment and trial. The case is dismissed."

So the money could speak, after all, though one lawyer thought it couldn't. The court rose, and almost everybody came forward to shake hands with Marget and congratulate her, and then to shake with Wilhelm and praise him; and Satan had stepped out of Wilhelm and was standing around looking on full of interest, and people walking through him every which way, not knowing he was there. And Wilhelm could not explain why he only thought of the date on the coins at the last moment, instead of earlier; he said it just occurred to him all of a sudden, like an inspiration, and he brought it right out without any hesitation, for, although he didn't examine the coins, he seemed somehow to know it was true. That was honest of him, and like him; another would have pretended he had thought of it earlier, and was keeping it back for a surprise.

He had dulled down a little now; not much, but still you could notice that he hadn't that luminous look in his eyes that he had while Satan was in him. He nearly got it back, though, for a moment when Marget came and praised him and thanked him and couldn't keep him from seeing how proud she was of him. The astrologer went off dissatisfied and cursing, and Solomon Isaacs gathered up the money and carried it away.

It was Father Peter's for good and all, now.

Satan was gone. I judged that he had spirited himself to the jail to tell the prisoner the news; and in this I was right. Marget and the rest of us hurried thither at our best speed, in a great state of rejoicing.

Well, what Satan had done was this. He had appeared before that poor prisoner, exclaiming, "The trial is over, and you stand forever disgraced as a thief—by verdict of the court!"

The shock unseated the old man's reason. When we arrived, ten minutes later, he was parading pompously up and down and delivering commands to this and that and the other constable or jailer, and calling them Grand Chamberlain, and Prince This and Prince That, and Admiral of the Fleet, Field Marshal in Command, and all such fustian, and was as happy as a bird. He thought he was Emperor!

Marget flung herself on his breast and cried, and indeed everybody was moved almost 'to heartbreak. He recognized Marget, but could not understand why she should cry. He patted her on the shoulder and said:

"Don't do it, dear; remember, there are witnesses, and it is not becoming in the Crown Princess. Tell me your trouble—it shall be mended; there is nothing the Emperor cannot do." Then he looked around and saw old Ursula with her apron to her eyes. He was puzzled at that, and said, "And what is the matter with you?"

Through her sobs she got out words explaining that she was distressed to see him—"so." He reflected over that a moment, then muttered, as if to himself: "A singular old thing, the Dowager Duchess—means well, but is always snuffling and never able to tell what it is about. It is because she doesn't know." His eye fell on Wilhelm. "Prince of India," he said. "I divine that it is you that the Crown Princess is concerned about. Her tears shall be dried; I will no longer stand between you; she shall share your throne; and between you you shall inherit mine. There, little lady, have I done well? You can smile, now—isn't it so?"

He petted Marget and kissed her, and was so contented with himself and with everybody that he could not do enough for us all, but began to give away kingdoms and such things right and left, and the least that any of us got was a principality. And so at last, being persuaded to go home, he marched in imposing state; and when the crowds along the way saw how it gratified him to be hurrahed at, they humored him to the top of his desire, and he responded with condescending bows and gracious smiles, and often stretched out a hand and said, "Bless you, my people!"

As pitiful a sight as ever I saw. And Marget and old Ursula crying all the way.

On my road home I came upon Satan, and reproached him with deceiving me with that lie. He was not embarrassed, but said, quite simply and composedly:

"Ah, you mistake; it was the truth. I said he would be happy the rest of his days, and he will, for he will always think he is the Emperor, and his pride in it and his joy in it will endure to the end. He is now, and will remain, the one utterly happy person in this empire."

"But the method of it, Satan, the method! Couldn't you have done it without depriving him of his reason?"

It was difficult to irritate Satan, but that accomplished it.

"What an ass you are!" he said. "Are you so unobservant as not to have found out that sanity and happiness are an impossible combination? No sane man can be happy, for to him life is real, and he sees what a fearful thing it is. Only the mad can be happy, and not many of those. The few that imagine themselves kings or gods are happy, the rest are no happier than the sane. Of course, no man is entirely in his right mind at any time, but I have been referring to the extreme cases. I have taken from this man that trumpery thing which the race regards as a Mind; I have replaced his tin life with a silver-gilt fiction; you see the result—and you criticize! I said I would make him permanently happy, and I have done it. I have made him happy by the only means possible to his race—and you are not satisfied!" He heaved a discouraged sigh, and said, "It seems to me that this race is hard to please."

There it was, you see. He didn't seem to know any way to do a person a favor except by killing him or making a lunatic out of him. I apologized, as well as I could; but privately I did not think much of his processes—at that time.

Satan was accustomed to say that our race lived a life of continuous and uninterrupted self-deception. It duped itself from cradle to grave with shams and delusions which it mistook for realities, and this made its entire life a sham. Of the score of fine qualities which it imagined it had and was vain of, it really possessed hardly one. It regarded itself as gold, and was only brass. One day when he was in this vein he mentioned a detail—the sense of humor. I cheered up then and took issue. I said we possessed it.

"There spoke the race!" he said; "always ready to claim what it hasn't got, and mistake its ounce of brass filings for a ton of gold-dust. You have a mongrel perception of humor, nothing more; a multitude of you possess that. This multitude see the comic side of a thousand low-grade and trivial things—broad incongruities, mainly; grotesqueries, absurdities, evokers of the horse-laugh. The ten thousand high-grade comicalities which exist in the world are sealed from their dull vision. Will a day come when the race will detect the funniness of these juvenilities and laugh at them—and, by laughing at them, destroy them? For your race, in its poverty, has unquestionably one really effective weapon—laughter. Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution — these can lift at a colossal humbug—push it a little—weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand. You are always fussing and fighting with your other weapons. Do you ever use that one? No; you leave it lying rusting. As a race, do you ever use it at all? No; you lack sense and the courage.

We were traveling at the time and stopped at a little city in India and looked on while a juggler did his tricks before a group of natives. They were wonderful, but I knew Satan could beat that game, and I begged him to show off a little, and he said he would. He changed himself into a native, in turban and breech-cloth, and very considerately conferred on me a temporary knowledge of the language.

The juggler exhibited a seed, covered it with earth in a small flower-pot, then put a rag over the pot; after a minute the rag began to rise; in ten minutes it had risen a foot; then the rag was removed and a little tree was exposed, with leaves upon it and ripe fruit. We ate the fruit, and it was good. But Satan said:

"Why do you cover the pot? Can't you grow the tree in the sunlight?"

"No," said the juggler; "no one can do that."

"You are only an apprentice; you don't know your trade. Give me the seed—I will show you." He took the seed and said, "What shall I raise from it?"

"It is a cherry seed; of course you will raise a cherry."

"Oh no; that is a trifle; any novice can do that. Shall I raise an orange-tree from it?"

"Oh yes!" and the juggler laughed.

"And shall I make it bear other fruits as well as oranges?"

"If God wills!" and they all laughed.

Satan put the seed on the ground, put a handful of dust on it, and said, "Rise!"

A tiny stem shot up and began to grow, and grew so fast that in five minutes it was a great tree and we were sitting in the shade of it. There was a murmur of wonder, then all looked up and saw a strange and pretty sight, for the branches were heavy with fruits of many kinds and colors—oranges, grapes, bananas, peaches, cherries, apricots, and so on. Baskets were brought, and the unlading of the tree began; and the people crowded around Satan and kissed his hand, and praised him, calling him the prince of jugglers. The news went about the town, and everybody came running to see the wonder—and they remembered to bring baskets, too. But the tree was equal to the occasion; it put out new fruits as fast as any were removed; baskets were filled by the score and by the hundred, but always the supply remained undiminished. At

Last a foreigner in white linen and sun-helmet arrived, and exclaimed angrily:

"Away from here! Clear out, you dogs; the tree is on my land and is my property."

The natives put down their baskets and made humble obeisance. Satan made humble obeisance, too, with his fingers to his forehead, in the native way, and said:

"Please let them have their pleasure for an hour, sir—only that, and no longer. Afterward you may forbid them; and you will still have more fruit than you and the state together can consume in a year."

This made the foreigner very angry, and he cried out, "Who are you, you vagabond, to tell your betters what they may do and what they mayn't!" and he struck Satan with his cane and followed this error with a kick.

The fruits rotted on the branches, and the leaves withered and fell. The foreigner gazed at the bare limbs with the look of one who is surprised, and not gratified. Satan said:

"Take good care of the tree, for its health and yours are bound together. It will never bear again, but if you tend it well it will live long. Water its roots once in each hour every night—and do it yourself; it must not be done by proxy, and to do it in daylight will not answer. If you fail only once in any night, the tree will die, and you likewise. Do not go home to your own country any more—you would not reach there; make no business or pleasure engagements which require you to go outside your gate at night—you cannot afford the risk; do not rent or sell this place—it would be injudicious."

The foreigner was proud and wouldn't beg, but I thought he looked as if he would like to. While he stood gazing at Satan we vanished away and landed in Ceylon.

I was sorry for that man; sorry Satan hadn't been his customary self and killed him or made him a lunatic. It would have been a mercy. Satan overheard the thought, and said:

"I would have done it but for his wife, who has not offended me. She is coming to him presently from their native land, Portugal. She is well, but has not long to live, and has been yearning to see him and persuade him to go back with her next year. She will die without knowing he can't leave that place."

"He won't tell her?"

"He? He will not trust that secret with any one; he will reflect that it could be revealed in sleep, in the hearing of some Portuguese guest's servant some time or other."

"Did none of those natives understand what you said to him?"

"None of them understood, but he will always be afraid that some of them did. That fear will be torture to him, for he has been a harsh master to them. In his dreams he will imagine them chopping his tree down. That will make his days uncomfortable—I have already arranged for his nights."

It grieved me, though not sharply, to see him take such a malicious satisfaction in his plans for this foreigner.

"Does he believe what you told him, Satan?"

"He thought he didn't, but our vanishing helped. The tree, where there had been no tree before—that helped. The insane and uncanny variety of fruits—the sudden withering—all these things are helps. Let him think as he may, reason as he may, one thing is certain, he will water the tree. But between this and night he will begin his changed career with a very natural precaution—for him."

"What is that?"

"He will fetch a priest to cast out the tree's devil. You are such a humorous race—and don't suspect it."

"Will he tell the priest?"

"No. He will say a juggler from Bombay created it, and that he wants the juggler's devil driven out of it, so that it will thrive and be fruitful again. The priest's incantations will fail; then the Portuguese will give up that scheme and get his watering-pot ready."

"But the priest will burn the tree. I know it; he will not allow it to remain."

"Yes, and anywhere in Europe he would burn the man, too. But in India the people are civilized, and these things will not happen. The man will drive the priest away and take care of the tree."

I reflected a little, then said, "Satan, you have given him a hard life, I think."

"Comparatively. It must not be mistaken for a holiday."

We flitted from place to place around the world as we had done before, Satan showing me a hundred wonders, most of them reflecting in some way the weakness and triviality of our race. He did this now every few days—not out of malice—I am sure of that—it only seemed to amuse and interest him, just as a naturalist might be amused and interested by a collection of ants.

For as much as a year Satan continued these visits, but at last he came less often, and then for a long time he did not come at all. This always made me lonely and melancholy. I felt that he was losing interest in our tiny world and might at any time abandon his visits entirely. When one day he finally came to me I was overjoyed, but only for a little while. He had come to say good-by he told me, and for the last time. He had investigations and undertakings in other corners of the universe he said that would keep him busy for a longer period than I could wait for his return.

"And you are going away, and will not come back any more."

"Yes," he said. "We have comraded long together, and it has been pleasant—pleasant for both; but I must go now, and we shall not see each other any more."

"In this life, Satan, but in another? We shall meet in another, surely?"

Then, all tranquilly and soberly, he made the strange answer, "*There is no other.*"

A subtle influence blew upon my spirit from his, bringing with it a vague, dim, but blessed and hopeful feeling that the incredible words might be true—even *must* be true.

"Have you never suspected this, Theodor?"

"No. How could I? But if it can only be true—"

"It is true."

A gust of thankfulness rose in my breast, but a doubt checked it before it could issue in words, and I said, "But—but—we have seen that future life—seen it in its actuality, and so—"

"It was a vision—it had no existence."

I could hardly breathe for the great hope that was struggling in me. "A vision?—a vi—"

"*Life itself is only a vision, a dream.*"

It was electrical. By God! I had had that very thought a thousand times in my musings!

"*Nothing* exists; all is a dream. God—man—the world—the sun, the moon, the wilderness of stars—a dream, all a dream; they have no existence. *Nothing exists save empty space—and you!*"

"I!"

"And you are not you—you have no body, no blood, no bones, you are but a *thought.* I myself have no existence; I am but a dream—your dream, creature of your imagination. In a moment you will have realized this, then you will banish me from your visions and I shall dissolve into the nothingness out of which you made me. . . .

"I am perishing already—I am failing—I am passing away. In a little while you will be alone in shoreless space, to wander its limitless solitudes without friend or comrade forever—for you will remain a *thought,* the only existent thought, and by your nature inextinguishable, indestructible. But I, your poor servant, have revealed you to yourself and set you free. Dream other dreams, and better!

"Strange! that you should not have suspected years ago—centuries, ages, eons ago!—for you have existed, companionless, through all the eternities. Strange, indeed, that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fiction! Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane—like all dreams: a God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave His angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required His other children to earn it; who gave His angels painless lives, yet cursed His other children with biting miseries and maladies of mind and body; who mouths justice and invented hell—mouths mercy and invented hell—mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell;

who mouths morals to other people and has none Himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon Himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship Him! . . .

"You perceive, *now*, that these things are all impossible except in a dream. You perceive that they are pure and puerile insanities, the silly creations of an imagination that is not conscious of its freaks—in a word, that they are a dream, and you the maker of it. The dream-marks are all present; you should have recognized them earlier.

"It is true, that which I have revealed to you: there is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you.

"And you are but a *thought*, a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities!"

He vanished, and left me appalled; for I knew, and realized, that all he had said was true.

[THE END.]

His Temples

BY BURGES JOHNSON

LAST night, somewhere from out the dark, I heard a whippoorwill
Cry thrice his sharp muezzin's call, then leave the night more still.
My camp-fire was an altar flame, its lowly priest was I—
The pine-tree fingers overhead made markings on the sky.

To-night I rode in a Broadway car amid the cries and clang;
My deafened ears could not descry what call to prayer they sang.
The temple walls seemed grim and cold; the vault that yesterday
Hung close, with all its friendly stars, seemed dim and far away.

'Twas God who made the country; but God He made the town.
The guard who growled, "Step lively, there" masked smiles behind a frown,
And had a ready wink and jest for me, his fellow-man;
I saw the traffic stay its tides to save a child who ran.

Last night His temple was so still; yet whispers stirred at whiles
To hint that other worshipers were crowding those dim aisles.
To-night so loud a symphony of harsh and strange design!
Yet who am I to say which note is less in tune than mine?

I heard a heavy-burdened lad shrill forth a gay refrain—
A frail old man sought helping hands and never groped in vain.
Yes, God He made the country and God He made the town;
I found Him there by gazing up, and here by looking down.

We Discover the Old Dominion

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

PART IV

THE luggage was put on immediately after the noon meal at Williamsburg, with the idea of running over to Jamestown—which has ceased to be a town—retracing our steps, and going on to Richmond—a simpler process for reaching the settlement than was employed in 1607.

The run of seven miles has a sort of end-of-the-road air which suggests the discontinuance of life, but Jamestown is a very good place to go if you care to feel young by contrast. That is, if you do not count the chapel which has been joined recently to the old church tower.

The A.P.V.A. put it up, which would sound like a Fenian society if the V. were out, but transpired to be mostly ladies who had formed themselves into an Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

There are two fine monuments in Jamestown. One is a statue of John Smith. It may not resemble him, but it is looking as he ought to have looked, anyway. It is a glowing thought that this sturdy captain of the plain people forged ahead of his aristocratic mates by sheer merit. He is our most consistent American as we measure a man in this day. Across the field rises the obelisk the United States has erected in commemoration of this settlement. With the exception of the Washington monument, and that of Bennington, Vermont, it is more satisfactory—to me, at least—than any in this country. The shield of the United States is the only form of decoration. We are spared allegorical sculpturing around the base; wounded soldiers, loyal Indians, weeping mothers, and comforting babies are withheld.

After a half-hour of the deserted village, one cannot countenance the thought of a present existence in any other form. A moving-picture house opposite John Smith's statue would have been too dreadful to entertain. This abandoned fragment of land on the edge of the wide river served its time and its purpose. The settlement dug its toes into the soil of America and held on. The tide of the James rolled in with more and more boats as the century grew, and the first Virginians, having secured foothold, found the land to be firm beneath them, and marched onward and inward.

"Skoal! to the Northland, skoal!" Yet the Southern sands on the way to Richmond paid us the graceful compliment of attempting to retard our departure. We were slowing around in the midst of it when we met another car which we were passing without any great exchange of confidence until each party discovered simultaneously the other's New York number. Then we burst into speech as though we had never seen a New York number before, telling things that I am sure we would never have given away had we not been reduced to complete friendliness by the Southern examples all about us. Little tingles of longing for I knew not what were engendered by that cream background and blue lettering. Yet it saddened me to realize that we were seeing the last of the ox-teams, the last of the postilions—of the mule strings. The smoke-houses for the pigs had disappeared. There were no more sheets tacked down over what I learned at Williamsburg had been little private stocks of tobacco-plants. The dogwood was still blooming among the old pine-trees like children at a grown-up party. Blue forget-me-nots — a very pretty *pour prendre congé*—made their appeal unnecessarily, and young holly with its prickles all soft green reminded us that the South would again be with us at the snowy holiday time.

The entrance to the city of Richmond is like the *entrée* to its fashionable life—heights to climb, then a wide, extending welcome. Unfortunately the Jefferson Hotel remains conservative, no matter what letters of introduction you may carry. You may have a crest on every piece of silver, and a First Family on your right and on your left, but if you have a dog on a leash you will have to move on. The Illustrator advised my trying to "breeze through," but I could breeze no further than our names on the register. It was uncomfortable, as his shirts had been sent there. Even as they were vigorously erasing our infamous appellations, I was asking timidly for a parcel.

It was handed to me! The box, owing to the brutality of the parcel post, had almost entirely disappeared. Sleeves and shirt-tails floated in the wind that my rapid exit created.

"Here is your laundry," I said to W——, throwing it at him. "If these shirts had come by the express company in which I have stock I wouldn't have been so humiliated."

The Illustrator was perfectly undisturbed, as he found all the shirts there, liking their designs, and asked where were the letters. I had forgotten to ask for the letters. I was inclined to reply that there weren't any, but bethought me to advise him to "breeze through" himself and see how he liked it. He did this, the lofty air with which he must have approached the desk still sticking to him upon his reappearance like a coat of shellac. He said they were very courteous to *him*, and at this I roared back if they were so courteous he could return to the desk once more to ask for the slippers which I had wired to have forwarded from Petersburg. Then all the courage went out of his eyes. He said it was an imposition on the hotel. He said he never liked the slippers, anyway. I had given them to him for Christmas.

The chauffeur finally went after them. I haven't said very much about the chauffeur of late, as he was a young man and I have been dealing chiefly with antiquities. But we had found, as time went on, that there was an advantage in possessing a driver who was more emotional than mechanical. If he had not recognized the wild flowers, the birds, the people, and the weather signs, he would have been unconscious of the emotional storm which threatened to dampen the spirits of his employers. With maddening sweetness he went for the slippers, remaining away so long that we both had time to regret our bad manners. As often before, I deplored the free airing we give our grievances in the presence of those who are serving us, while they keep their affairs from us like a sealed book.

We were to put Richmond to a new test. We were to see it this time without a circle of soft-voiced friends surrounding us. With a control that was mighty the Illustrator kept away from a certain famous club in a wide Colonial mansion; and it was very comfortable for me to know when he went out that he would undoubtedly return. I limited myself to walking past a fine old house where my friends were sitting on the front steps after the manner of the South and the West. A mellow voice reached me, the owner of it talking away airily as I had first heard him from a steamer-chair next to mine a long time ago. I remember he was telling some one of his mother taking the entire family of children to London, and of the attention they commanded in Hyde Park as they walked with their old colored mammy. He was a big enough boy to recall, but not to understand, the severe expression of the Londoners when the old black nurse, upon interrogation as to her charges, would admit, proudly, "Dey am Miss Ellen's chil'ren."

When we were in the car the next day, we drove first to St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry asked to be given liberty or death. It should have been a serious mission, but it was not. It was very relieving to run up and down the wrong hills without fear of "sagging." It was very jolly to stop bystanders—granted that you can stop anything that is standing—to ask of the church, for the bystanders themselves were in a holiday mood. We arrived at the old, white, frame church and passed through the graveyard to hunt up the custodian.

He had just eaten his dinner. This was unfortunate. It seems when you

just eat your dinner it is very hard to go into the church and deliver Patrick Henry's speech. He said he always prepared for the speech when he orated before conventions—he had an egg in the morning. He said the speech was four feet long, ten inches wide—in pencil, but small writing. We asked him if he had committed it, and he withered us. It seems an oration, necessitating both hands free for gestures (he was of Italian extraction), was always learned by heart. I said I learned all my speeches, too—but he did not pay any attention to me. The Illustrator, wishing to get into it also, now said something about the lecture he gave at Huntington, Long Island, last winter on France in war-time. He was trying to urge the guide to recite, not through the employment of my sympathetic tactics, but by opposition. He said he had been obliged on that rare occasion in Huntington to eat a large dinner beforehand or offend the hostess. They all ate so much in fact that they were very late for the lecture, yet he got through all right—not to say, *very well indeed.*

His entering the arena drew the custodian's attention. At least he looked at him and then remarked to me that it was too long a recitation, dinner or no dinner, to be expended on just one person. I have never referred to this before, and I presume the Illustrator still thinks he was the one. Indissolubly, however, we went into the church, the endinnered one going with us, telling of the men who had shed tears over his speech—and women, too, when they were allowed to come.

"I shed tears when I hear good speeches," I hurried in, conscious of our opportunity. W—— admitted that he cried like a baby. It was too much for the dear old orator. "Get into Patrick Henry's pew," he said, briefly. We got. "Sit down." We sat. "I'll give you a little of it."

After a great peroration of elocutionary art, he licked into the end:

"'I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.' I shouldn't 'a' et my dinner."

The three of us went out to sit upon the steps of the church, all a little exhausted, and after he got his breath he told us of some incidents of the battle of Seven Pines, which we had passed the day before. The soldiers were piled up thick, he said, but he was a little boy and didn't appreciate they were dead—just sleeping, and in no need of the buttons which he cut from off the uniforms. Wounded men were everywhere, too, and there didn't seem to be any Red Cross—everything was a mix-up. They were leaning against trees, crying, "Water! water!" for a wounded man gets mighty thirsty. Only nobody gave them any water. Sometimes they would fall down "kerplunk" and not get up again. Union soldiers were raiding around for food, and the women in the houses outside the Confederate lines would throw them out the keys from the upper windows, too scared to go down. And then the Yanks would get their fill.

"Did the men of the North or South ever hurt women?" I asked.

"Never," said the old custodian. "That ain't war. That ain't real war. They don't need to do that to fight."

He ran across some Rebs finally who told him to "git," and he ran away, but he never saw his two older companions again. "Nabbed 'em, I guess," said our old friend. "In those days, if they caught a fellow, it was 'Hold up this gun,' and if the boy's arm didn't waver holding out the heavy musket, he went into the army. He was old enough to fight."

There stands on a boulevard in Richmond a great, gray building of stone, known by the people as Battle Abbey, which is to serve as a museum and a memorial to the Confederacy. It has been nobly conceived and ably executed. It rises among cultivated gardens inviting to the public. It is finished. Yet the great bronze doors are closed, and an old Confederate soldier bars the entrance with more of dignity than of strength.

We told our story and made our plea for entrance. We said that we knew the young French painter, Charles Hoffbauer, who was working upon the mural decorations when the war broke out. I had been one of the guests at his dinner the night before he sailed on the *Sant' Anna*—almost two years ago. He was very jubilant then. He had dropped

his work in Richmond at the first call, "but he would soon return." By a strange chance W—— met him at the front a year after that—one year ago. He no longer said that he would soon return. "If I live to return," was then his preface to all his future plans.

The old, gray-coated soldier swung open the door that we might pass through. The rooms stand as on the day Hoffbauer left them. Daubs of color-schemes, rough drafts held by thumb-tacks to the wall, and a huge military decoration almost completed, which ought to have satisfied the multitude that the soldier—now reserved by his government as an official war painter—knew his job, whether fighting battles or recording them. When the veteran learned that we hoped to see him over there this year, and that we would tell him of our pilgrimage, he took fumblingly from the wall a piece of cardboard to carry to him. It is large and unwieldy, but it is going to France just the same. The emotions of a Southern state go with it, for on the cardboard is this legend:

The interior of this building will be completed when the French Artist, who was called to his colors, returns from Europe to finish his work of painting the military panels.

We drove from Richmond to Fredericksburg in the late afternoon over a road so perfect that I can remember nothing about it. That is the penalty of unflawed going—the mind gets smoothed out like the way and as blank as a piece of paper. Toby leaned out on his elbow as does an engineer from his cab. The wind blew through his young white hairs. "This is the life," he said.

By continuing straight on to Fredericksburg we were missing Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Bull Run, and many of the great battle-fields of the Civil War. And I was glad to do this. I was feeling the weight of the dead. We are all conscious of this burden to-day, but I was losing my balance over these chronicled losses in our books of reference.

When we arrived at Spottsylvania it was suggested by the old inn-keeper that he accompany us to the "Bloody Angle," to tell us of the dreadful slaughter, but I was so distressed that the Illustrator rescued me. We had come upon the old gentleman very agreeably. I was going around to the side-door of his beautiful old hotel, for I knew it had a history, and there is more history at the side-door than the front—like the inside of people's lives. The old gentleman was inviting a solitary chick into the summer kitchen for its evening meal. Now I come to think of it, he was the third or fourth nice person I met who was looking after poultry—if poultry can be a single chick.

He admitted that it had been "headquarters, "his" headquarters while he had planned the battles of this vicinity; he had slept in one of the great rooms above. I knew that he meant Lee, of course. The old gentleman wasn't running the hotel then. He was only sixteen, and he was carrying a musket at the Bloody Angle. He had stayed with his mother for a while, but he couldn't endure it. They lived in the country that Sheridan raided, and after he swept past them the boy went into the army.

"We heard the Yanks were across country," he told me, as he gently mixed meal for the little chick.

"I'd had a feeling the night before that we were in for it, so I had taken the bacon and the ham and the flour up-stairs to the garret. There was a big space between the floor and the ceiling of the room below, so I got every mite of it hid away. The Yanks walked all over that food and never smelled it. My mother said if she hadn't been so upset over her broken dishes she'd 'a' laughed right out."

I felt it was time to say something, and I muttered feebly about the demands of war. We had passed through the wide hall to sit on the old front porch with the bullet-holes in the brick all around us. The old man let himself down heavily on a bench, and shook his head. "That ain't war, breakin' a woman's crockery. They caught the butter-dish on the end of a bayonet and sent it crashing. They swept off the pair of vases on the chimbley-piece. Grant fought our men hard—fought 'em night and day. At Cold Harbor the wounded lay between the lines four days and nights, Yanks and Rebs, and he

wouldn't stop long enough to get 'em a canteen of water. But he fought. Lincoln knew. 'I can't spare this man—he fights,' he said. Grant didn't go round breakin' a woman's china."

He paused. I was silent. Some negroes laughed in the little "calaboose" opposite. An order was painted over the jail door: "No talking with prisoners allowed under penalty of law." Children passed in a farm-wagon with jingling bells at the mules' heads. "He's gassing about the war," one of the girls said. They knew his weakness—or mine.

"No, when a man died in battle the enemy who killed him took an equal chance," the old man rambled on. "There wasn't no bitterness afterward. But when your mother's house is sacked or your wife's little keepsakes pitched out as though they was dirt, a fire burns in you that is along time dying down. . . . Grant was the South's best friend—him and Lincoln."

A half-hour later we descended Marye's Heights into Fredericksburg, the Princess Anne's Inn offering us comfortable rooms with as lovely a view of roof-trees as one can ask for. When the dinner proved excellent I suggested that we remain over Sunday. But W——, although liking the hotel pickles to the verge of tears (pickles which were made by a "private colored man," so the waiter told us), wanted to get it over with. By "it" I knew he meant the strip of bog through which we must toil to reach the ambition of every American —Washington, D. C. It loomed ahead of him like Christian's Slough of Despond; yet, like Christian, he knew that he must go through it. As a pilgrim of meaner metal, I should have remained in Fredericksburg, hoping that fair weather would dry up the slough—a cheery theory which never occurred to Christian.

During the evening a voice came through the fourth-story window, as close to me as though Peter Pan were in the branches of the great tree outside.



BRUTON CHURCH—DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET, WILLIAMSBURG

It was so near that I thought I must be under observance as well, and regretted the loosening of my hair. The voice bade me "Hurry! hurry! hurry! The second act will soon begin. Pretty girls, latest songs, high kicking, and funny comedians."

The possibility of a comedian who was funny carried me to the window. Over the tree-tops, beyond the respectable church towers, I could see the old theater on Main Street, with the little balcony on which the manager was haranguing through a megaphone. "Hurry! hurry!

hurry!" went on the mandate—"pretty girls, lots of pretty girls." No one seemed to be heeding him, and I wondered if the girls were looking through the curtain to see if enough money was coming into the house to pay their board that week.

"Don't miss it, gentlemen. Pretty girls, high kicking," the man babbled on. How the auctioneer would have enjoyed a megaphone while a black woman stood on the slave-block! How easily he could have dwelt upon her points. Was it very different, after all, this man on the theater balcony and the auctioneer who stood beside the slave-block calling his wares?

I heard the next morning that the rumps had so successfully managed to "Hurry, hurry, hurry," that they got off without paying their board, and I couldn't help being relieved. It speaks well for the citizens of Fredericksburg who were not lured by the megaphone recital. All this I gleaned from the colored bell-boy who clung to our running-board while he showed us Fredericksburg.



THE RUINED TOWER AT JAMESTOWN

The town shows no shadow of its old tragedies. Modestly appreciative of the fame which circumstances have bestowed, it keeps itself neat for the visitor. Privet hedges divide the lawns, many of the houses are painted pale yellow with roofs and shutters of a lovely green, and, lacking a boy upon the running-board, the citizens gladly point out the way. The house where Washington's mother died was achieved. Our colored guide felt our ignorance and enjoyed it—which was a great relief. He brought us to the shaft of stone erected in her honor.

"Mary's," he said, respectfully, "the mother of George." He told us that this monument may not be the oldest one put up for a lady, but it am the highest, and that it was placed fairly remotely from the town because she often visited this spot. "She did not meditate on this byah spot becase it am call Meditation Rock, but it am call Meditation Rock becase she done meditate byar." We were all quite confused after this, but I carried away a clear regret that we do not have a rock in every New York apartment where we can go to think.

It was the consensus of opinion at the hotel that we pass over the strip of bad road ahead without an attempt at the detour, as the detour was now worse than the road for which the detour is made.

We listened to the autoists rather indulgently as they told us of farm-houses where we would find chains if we lacked the essentials for pulling ourselves out of the clay. We had seen some bad roads before, and had managed them very

nicely. I did not recall until later that it was Sunday, and that such mishaps as have befallen us have generally occurred on the Sabbath day. I believe now that motor-cars are deeply religious. One may observe in the Monday morning papers the harvest of accidents of the day before. It must be very painful to a highly moral motor-car to carry around a lot of joy-riders who ought to be in church growing better. I suppose when the occupants become too joyful for the day, the car bucks and throws them out. "Steering-gear goes wrong," read the newspapers—but the other motors know!

We brought up at a farm called Pleasant View. It was a very pleasant view, indeed, the gentleman farmer pointing out to us a nice but distant prospect of the fine highway from which we had strayed. He said it was no trouble to get back to it—just take a tiny (almost unborn) road back to his barn. We thanked him, not having seen the selected itinerary until we got behind the barn. We did not meet with his household again, and I suppose they thought we were skimming along on the highway while we were still two hundred feet away from them behind the large house for their kine, shoveling the mud off the running-board. It never entered the head of the cordial proprietor of Pleasant View that this road was bad enough for even a mild cautioning, and as we made our way out W—— delivered what I suppose is a problem: "If a Virginian does not consider this cowpath something awful, how awful will be the way ahead of us which all Virginians admit is well-nigh impassable?"

I like to think that the bog, which presently confronted us, stands for the despair through which we must all struggle before we reach the winning post of our high desires. Socially, politically, man takes to the road. He finds it easy, he finds it rough. He finds it rough where he would have thought it easy; he strikes good going when he was preparing to be ditched. Although railing against figures of speech in a preceding chapter, I find myself now deep in them again. It seems impossible to avoid them. And perhaps that is another thing we discovered: all progress in life—mental, spiritual, or just going along a road—is analogous each to the other.

Certainly I was a poor pilgrim when we reached the swamp. The way suddenly revealed itself to us. It was not a way, it was not a swamp; it was like the extinct crater of a volcano or a



IN THE CAPITOL GROUNDS—RICHMOND

deserted trench after the curtain of fire. Broad, solitary, it seemingly stretched illimitably ahead of us, although there is but six miles of it. The ruts were axle-deep, and the mud-holes bottomless. W—— got out to walk ahead and direct the chauffeur, keeping him out of the wheeltracks and as much as possible on the ridges between the gullies. I got out to walk ahead, too cowardly to look back upon the tugging engine, but straining with my spine as meager assistance. There may have been wild flowers to b ighten our path, but I didn't notice them, and I think if the chauffeur had cried out "Briar-rose" or "Hummingbird," W—— would have buried him deep in a mud hole. The murdered man would not have been without articles as foreign to the bog as himself. Tin gasolene-cans were in these holes, rocks dragged from a distance, madly uprooted pine-trees, and bits of chain which had undoubtedly groaned, then, snapping, unfulfilled their mission. Frayed ropes were tied to the trees which told of the resorting to "Dutch windmills," and an empty flask now and then spoke eloquently of the last resort of the distracted motorist. Thanks to the carefully picked route of the Illustrator's, and to a light car with a good engine, we did not sink so deep but that our own power carried us out; and just as I felt that there was no end at all, we saw the end ahead.



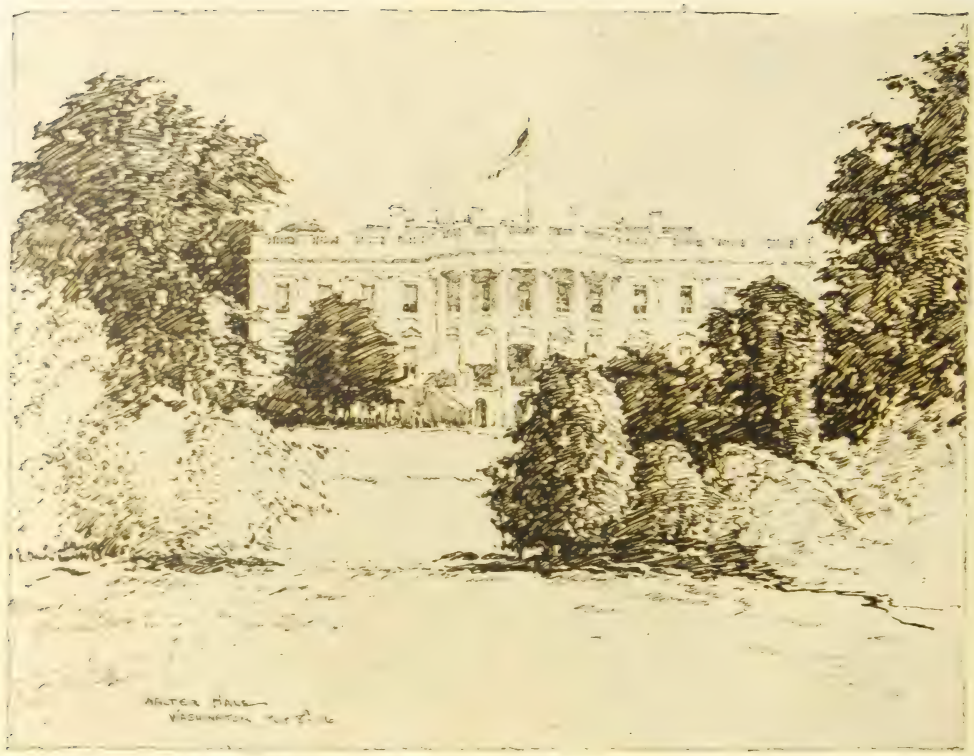
LEE'S HEADQUARTERS—POTTAWATAMIE



A DESERTED MILL AT OCCOQUAN

The greatest trial was yet to come, for another strip of ground, admitted by the Virginians as quite impassable, was before us, and we had been told that this time a detour was necessary. We must not miss this deviation — the whole Princess Anne Hotel had been very certain about that. But the Princess Anne went further; she said we couldn't miss it. I don't know why she said that; it aroused all that was antagonistic both in motor and man. We could miss anything — especially a good turn on a Sunday.

This new perambulation held only the gloomiest prospects. After twenty yards it grew worse than our first boggy wading. It grew unbelievably worse. It was so wide and yawning. A fallen wire nearly cut off our heads. I marveled that a white man could ever have been in that locality to string it up in the first place. Yet we saw the beautiful faces of two white men before we had quite gone around the globe — time and space were immeasurable, you understand. And yet, again, I would rather not have seen those faces. They were not murderous or sodden with vice. They were ordinary faces with mustaches; their eyes sticking out rather queerly from the gloom of a canopied automobile,



THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN

looking, no doubt, as ours did. My distaste for their countenances was their familiarity. I had seen them somewhere before. I had seen them—the two cars continued rocking, plunging, skidding toward each other, but ere we were abreast I asked them from whence they came.

And they were coming from Fredericksburg! I had seen them in the hotel. They had chosen the detour which we had avoided. We were going back over the greater of two evils to the place from which we had started. They told us we had almost covered the detour. At this point one can employ all the similes at one's command. To find ourselves in life going backward after we have struggled so bravely to go forward! To have to turn about, be it ever so difficult to turn, and do it over again.

In this fashion — unlamenting — we lurched again toward Washington. The second detour was so amiable in its construction—by comparison—that we found a disguised blessing in earlier trials. And that, too, can be twisted into metaphorical fancyings. For the last time we ate our luncheon under the shade of trees, with a brook to cool the motor's wheels, frightening the trout from out their rocky castles, and leaving them apologetic bread-crumbs for their return.

At Occoquan we were politely received by a road so excellent that we felt our troubles to be over, and with something of the assurance of the man who has made his fortune we took time for the enjoyment of the town. The mill along the water's edge had gone to ruin picturesquely. What is in the Illustrator's sketch as attractive desolation from the water-side was, at the top of the high bank along which ran the main street, a neat little garage for small cars. The town was very busy, as time, tide, and fish wait for no man. A great school of godless herring had gone with the tide on a Sunday excursion up Occoquan Creek, and with doubtful hospitality the citizens had prevented their departure with alluring nets. They were now employed sitting along the stream skinning

the visitors. On the whole, our punishment had been less severe, and I am certain ancient Occoquan would "skin" no journeying motorist.

Since Virginia had not seen fit in two centuries of travel over the main road to adopt some measure of filling up that swamp, we should not have expected a more impressive path leading to the house of the Father of our Country. Yet we found ourselves surprised when, after leaving the pike, we sank into a mud-hole just before reaching Mount Vernon, and for the first time on our trip could not muster the power to get out of it.

But neither of us took the situation with any degree of tortured anxiety for the inexplicable reason that we were enjoying it!

I was certainly amused when I reached the near-by farmer's. He saw me from a distance swinging my motor-hat and goggles at him, for there was a surrey in front of the house, and I was afraid he might go off in it before my arrival. He did go off upon discovering my advent, disappearing behind the house to return before I had explained my mission to his wife. He was dragging several feet of chain. "Which one?" was all he asked as we climbed into the surrey. It proved to be the second one.

We have since learned that these bottomless pits are on a part of the estate once comprising Mount Vernon, and very aptly designated on Washington's own map as "Muddy Hole Farm." Possibly the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has kept the land as it was, preventing any restoration, so that the holes may remain in their quaint old colonial form.

We were very friendly by the time we had "surreyed" to the second mud-hole, and I was feeling sorry for the Illustrator, who was not enjoying the drive with Mr. Campbell and his nice family as was I. Yet we found him agreeably engaged with Mr. Mann and family, who had also ventured "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders," and were halting their huge car until we could get out of the Virginia antiquity so that they could get into it. Small cars had also joined the fray, companions in distress, for we stood between them and Mount Vernon like dogs in the manger. It was Mr. Campbell who dealt us our last blow for Sabbath-breaking. Mount Vernon, he told us, was never opened on the Lord's day. So it was all for nothing save the making of new friends.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE

Mr. Campbell furnished the chains, and Mr. Mann's big car pulled us out backward, pulled us away from Mount Vernon and its quagmires for the unregenerate. We all shook hands. The surrey departed in the direction of the highway, the big motor backed up the road also, the little cars flopped in and out of the mud and went home. With care we retraced our steps as well, and in two minutes we came upon the big car again (surrounded by the little cars, attended by the surrey), itself deep in the mire! Again the chains, again the fluttering of the little cars, again the applause as our car pulled Mr. Mann's car from out mud-hole number one.



PRINCETON'S GRAY TOWERS COMMANDING GREEN TREE-TOPS

On the highway once more, city influences were felt. Even before we reached the bridge across the Potomac the Washington Monument beckoned us on. We steered by it and found its permanence satisfying to the mariner. We bumped upon the bridge which took us out of the Old Dominion with the same vigor that we bumped into the state.

"Good-by, Virginia," sang W——; "with all thy ruts I love thee still!"

We approached the hotel through Elysian fields pierced by the high walls of America's real bulwarks—the sky-scraping business blocks. For the second time Toby and I, clay-incrusted, approached the desk of a great hotel as members in good standing of "Sons and Daughters of the Soil."

We scrubbed Toby; we dressed; we dined. A little table had been reserved for us in the midst of the gay company. Great names were paged. Plain women, badly gowned, sipped water nervously. A Congressman demanded a high-chair for his baby. From all the roads that lead to Washington they had come. This was the pot-pourri of the country. Field flowers were blended with gardenias. Put me down as one of the wall-flowers in the jar.

The three of us went for a walk with the aimless strolling of those whose tasks are done. The Illustrator was more than satisfied, but I was still uneasy, for I had not found my heart's quest. I had found no mansion as satisfactory as Elsie Dinsmore's. And yet I had not lost my faith that somewhere was a great house gleaming white, with gardens and an avenue, and darkies singing happily, which would fill the vision of my youth. "You will find it," said W——, placidly, "if I have to draw it for you on white cardboard." He halted as he spoke, pricking up the ear that the chills-and-fever warning had left in working order. "Listen," he consoled; "it's the darkies singing happily."

It was not the magic of moonlight which lent enchantment to the little circle standing under an electric light to sing because they could walk no farther without singing. They wore high collars and pointed shoes, "nobby" checked suits, and carried canes. Their hats

were on the back of their heads—Panamas, not the brown derbies of their Southern kin. They sang "Good-by, Girls, Good-by," but their voices were of the plantation.

We lined up at the curb, for they were opposite, and as I placed myself in a position to see them plainly I saw past them. Behind them was a great house in a great park, with an avenue, and gardens profusely distributed about. The house was of the desired Colonial architecture. The roof was flat, and there were pillars, and it was big enough. Under the brilliant lights carriages were drawing up before the wide door. Servitors assisted the visitors to descend. They mounted the steps of the porte-cochère—the enormous porte-cochère—and passed within the mansion. It was better than Elsie's, more purely Greek than Elsie's, more richly encircled than Elsie's. I had found it at last. I had found it at the end of the road. The end of all material desires, visions of the soul, ambitions of the mind. Yet in the confusion of new buildings since my last visit to Washington the mansion was strange to me. It was humiliating, but I turned to W—— to learn whose house this was.

"It's just the house it should be," said W——; "it's the White House."

One could travel very well over the road to Baltimore dressed in tulle, for there was no dust, and the smoothness of the way invited us to a forbidden speed. We were to have this sort of a dancing-floor from Washington on. Many will enjoy just such motoring, asking for no other thrilling dénouement than that of reaching a given point with as much ease as possible. I like it myself. But you will notice that things do not "happen" when the road is very good, and in the peopled, well-paved country you will be something of a cipher, no matter how luxurious your car. You will no longer be an event. You will not add to your experiences or to those of others—but you will be comfortable.

That is, you will be comfortable until you strike the cobble-stones of Baltimore. They appear to rise up and hit you with the same violence exercised when they were thrown by the Baltimore mob at the Federal troops. If Maryland was on the side of the North, its greatest city was largely Southern in its sympathies, and it has remained so even to the paving. We saw its towers from a distance in a late sun, and, as always before when approaching the city, I thought of Rome. There is no reason for this, and the association of the two must be an intangible religious influence, for Rome is to Europe what Baltimore is to our States.

There are no benches placed along the strip of green which divides Monument Street. The fountains play, and one must stand to enjoy them. The flowers bloom, but you must not kneel upon the grass to sniff their fragrance. "Dogs are not allowed except in leash." Charles Street, however, which intersects Monument, the two becoming Mount Vernon Place for a square either way, is more generous to that portion of the public who would most appreciate the beauty of a green open space. The splendid shaft to Washington is surmounted by his graven image. I don't remember which way he is looking, but I hope that it is not up snobby Monument Street, but down bonnie Charles, where the people sit under the shade of the trees, and with lovers always going up and down the stone steps which break the slope. And the fountain is so inviting that straightway one thinks of soda-water and pleasant modern things.

There was some difficulty in finding the ice-cream soda, although the more we heard the chalice-like fountain splash the more frantic we became for the desired chocolate flavor. The search grew so vital to us that we felt suddenly as young as when an ice-cream soda meant a good deal in one's life. The most remarkable part of this hunt for nectar of the gods was its taste when we at last traced it to its fizzly source. It was as good as we had expected, and this had nothing to do with the flavor; rather could it be traced to the chief reason for including Baltimore as part of our itinerary.

Some years ago we had gone to Baltimore on our wedding-journey, and stopped at the hotel where we were staying now. We had walked in Mount Vernon Place, just as we were doing in

this year of our Lord, and we had found the ice-cream soda second to no other. Think of all that distinguishes Baltimore: the streets, the monuments, the beauties, and the clubs, and yet I remember it most affectionately for the softest of drinks. I asked an old porter who had been at the hotel forever if he remembered a large envelope arriving at this caravansary covered with red hearts, and addressed to me, and of its being pushed under the door by sniggering bell-boys. Of course he didn't remember it. I knew he wouldn't, but I thought then that all the city must know of the missive from over-humorous cousins. It surprised me on this previous visit to see the modest length of the hotel lobby. After the red hearts arrived I found the front doors evilly withdrawing from me as I walked and walked and walked to reach them. All eyes were upon me, I was sure. They were smiling behind their hands, I feared. And now the portet has forgotten the cataclysm, and I—I am boasting of it!

But hats off to Maryland. It bowed us in and bowed us out without a jar.

We sat up so happily on this brilliant May morning that Toby found me dull by contrast, and insinuated himself by every wile known to dog into the front seat. Then the two, with the chauffeur, beamed over the wind-shield, dismissing questions which confused them like three simple children—or three wise men. It was the driver who found German lettering on the surface of the houses as we left Baltimore. Men of Teutonic features were coming in from the country byways, and I would very much have enjoyed a run off the highway to call upon our janitor's father. He is one of a body of Bohemian farmers who were invited over to reclaim a tract of worn-out land which they have made to blossom like the rose, or at least like the tobacco-plant. A living derived from this leaf is as precarious as gambling at Monte Carlo, but as profitable to the farmer when the yield is good as the long-sought system for breaking the bank.

I showed the janitor some photographs when we got back, and he was so good as to recognize gratefully every hill-top and every cow grazing on it. Considering the languid interest which the average friend shows for any snapshot not taken by himself, or without himself in it, I recommend travelers to confine their photographic display to those "below stairs." Unless you have a picture of yourself covered with mud while your car lies in the ditch, they would rather not know anything about your trip.

Before the janitor had finished putting up the awnings (I am getting you as far as preparations for the summer now, so that you will soon be accustomed to the prospects of the same bed every night) I asked him why his people came over here, since they are so able. He was about to hang out perilously again as he manipulated the summer shelter, and I thought I had better get what I could from him before it was too late. "Why does anybody go anywhere?" he returned, leaning out over the window-sill so that I couldn't talk back.

But why do we go anywhere? What peculiar quality is it that sends gallants and beaus far from court life to discover strange and hostile and unhealthy lands? Why did more go after them when the toll of death was so great among the first adventurers? Since the north and south poles have been discovered with such a tragic penalty, what is the incentive that sends other men to freeze their fingers and their toes and sit upon ice-floes until rescued? And why do I put the question-marks into this paragraph when they might as well be periods? For I know that the very same driving qualities which send you and me out upon our little motoring expeditions actuated those greater explorations. Vastly different, one would say—the early Puritans with their English spinning-wheels, the modern emigrant with his pack upon his back, the motorist with his bristling maps, and the housewife moving from one flat to another. Yet the spirit is identical.

With no obligation to "hunt up," we hunted vigorously for the birthplace of Edwin Booth, taking photographs of Bel Air only to find that he had lived some distance on at Fountain Green. The proprietor of the Kenmore Inn assured us that the school-children along the way would know, and as it had more

to do with tradition than education, they did even stop their ball-game by the roadside to swing wide a farm-gate. We drove in and out with no one to molest us save several conventional calves who bawled to their mothers that some one had come to take a picture of them—such is the vanity of the very young. The birthplace is very good, and the estate most impressive, for the average actor boasts no such pretentious beginning. But this makes little difference. It is fitting that Fountain Green is the name of the locality which sheltered the youth who gave to our country an ever-verdant art.

We rushed on through a country wisely marked at the dangerous turns by a skull and cross-bones painted on high, white fences, and our speed, controlled at times by these visions of a future state, brought us to Havre de Grace for early luncheon. We stopped there, for we were loathe to quit Maryland, and the inn on the river was so soothing to the exterior man that we thought the interior individual might take a chance at a bad meal. But our dinner was both decorative to the eye and satisfying to that side of us which, having a restricted view of life, takes small interest in the beauties of nature unless they are well cooked.

There were fresh green peas and asparagus, and each expression of gratification from us was repeated in a loud voice by the handmaiden as soon as she got beyond the swinging door into the kitchen. "They like the sparrowgrass," she announced, "but he don't eat no veal." The other guests grew very quiet in the dining-room as the report of our doings continued. "They keep askin' about their dog," she shouted. "Take him round to the back door, Katie, and feed him till he busts." And at the end of the meal: "He 'ain't got enough money, an 's asked her for some. They come in a machine, too."

One could tell Delaware by the abrupt leaving of the perfect road, yet it was a good "home" road. I mean by that as "home cooking" is good, which is never quite what we pretend it to be. The buzzards left us as promptly as they had begun way over at the western end of Maryland, but Colonial beauties in architecture were still ours.

It was a pleasant sign that on the last run of both our trips in America we have come across particularly interesting taverns. They are like little tendrils which hold you to your love of the road, promising comfort with charm if you will come back and not forget what the broad highway has to offer.

Upon the outskirts of Philadelphia we plunged into domesticity so heavily that it looked as though no one on the globe was living in hotels or flats or boarding-houses. Thousands of neat little homes attended us on either side the streets; millions of front steps led to rocking-chairs on porches equally numerous. I immediately became a housekeeper, and hinted to the Illustrator of a long night run to New York. But this was not encouraged, and the best that I could do was to arrange mentally the furniture in these little houses:

"The couch must be there, the lamp by the window—two bookcases on either side the chimney, and—"

W—— turned to look at me quizzically. "You've stopped looking about," he said.

It was true. I had stopped regarding the road in the arrangement of furniture. I was nearly "home."

We did none of the things in Philadelphia that I hope you will accomplish. In preference to a lecture on foreign travel, we went to the theater to see an indifferently acted play. At supper afterward one of the actresses stopped at the table which we were sharing with friends. She admitted that they were tired of the "road." I listened to this complacently, for I knew that they would rest for a while, then a longing to get back again would come twitching at their hearts. They, too, are of that band of explorers who know the wanderlust.

What haste W—— felt about reaching New York the next day he did not crystallize into speech, but he was fairly acrid for an amiable man when I was very late ordering down the bags. I had been running up and down the most delightful feature of Philadelphia—its little back streets, chasing Mr. Toby. He had given up all thought of ever stay-

ing more than a night in one place, and had accommodated himself to it, but an extra morning's scrub was a little hifalutin', and for the first time in his life he ran away, lured on by a few dogs urging him to join the union against baths. I would have pursued him to the world's end, and may the Creator of all animals soften the heart of the passer-by who meets the lost dog wearing a muzzle. Catch him, if only to send for the wagon which carries his kind to a more peaceful finish than will be our fortune. But don't let him starve behind that mouse-trap.

The parkway which Philadelphi has given the traveler of the New York road is the most majestic of my experience. It is quite symbolic, however, that we should have passed upon entering the city the little houses whose prosperity made possible these boulevards.

We turned off the road through the wilfulness of the motor before we reached Princeton, which was done, I hope, to atone for other less welcome misleadings. It took us along an old canal with the drawbridge open while a long string of animals pulled so heavy a cargo that I could not believe it was only chalk. I was occupied until we discovered the far towers of Princeton figuring what they could do with all that chalk. The public need it—as far as I know—only for school-children, unbecoming face-powder, and grease-spots. The picturesque reward was worth the wrong turn, and the unusual approach to Princeton was as English as a landscape could be and remain New Jersey. A line of gray towers commanded green tree-tops, and Mr. Carnegie's lake was as good as the Thames any day.

We lunched at Princeton Inn, a far cry from the noon meal of the day before, or of our outdoor spread in the swamps, or the farm-house in the Virginia mountains, or Friddle's restaurant in the valley of the Shenandoah. Yet this dignified eating-place was no mark of progression beyond the further enriching of our experiences. Let it be a healing thought to such of us as find the creature comforts of life decreasing with the advance of years that, in the steady march of time, never for one instant is our horizon narrowing.

We crossed to Staten Island from Perth Amboy, and from there on the metropolitan aura made itself felt by a sort of nimbus of New York trucks and town cars all around us. But the wrappings of the country did not leave my spirit, as they have often done before. I wondered if I had been inoculated with the brown earth, or had my sympathies made me one with it—we were near to the ground in the Old Dominion. And then in the haziest fashion, even as we were making for the ferry amid the great drays, there came to me the memory of the Greek story of the Deluge. Faintly I remembered Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha (who were the Mr. and Mrs. Noah of mythology) praying before the altar for a way of quickly renewing the race. The oracle spoke, and bade them cast behind them the bones of their mother. This was sacrilege to a Greek, but Deucalion found an interpretation for the command. It was not the human mother—this would be desecration—but the earth which, as Deucalion said, "is the great parent of all. The stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us." So they picked up the rocks along the way, and as they walked they cast them over their shoulders. "The stones began to grow soft and assume shape. By degrees they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture that was about them became flesh; the stony part bone; the veins remained veins, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women."

So you see it would be very stupid in us not to love the road, for if you are a good Greek you will believe that you are not only on it, but of it. And that is the last of the metaphor, for this is the end of the journey.

When we reached our apartment Toby was amazed over our complete dismounting of the baggage. "Is this our home?" he asked.

"Until the road calls again," we answered.

[THE END.]

Barbara Buys a Bonnet

BY ELOISE ROBINSON

EARLY in the season I told mother what kind of a spring hat I wanted. The idea came to me one day when I was looking at the funny page of the paper, and after that I planned about it until I knew exactly what I wanted. I even drew a picture of it so there would be no mistake. It was a military model, which is very stylish now on account of the war. The brim curled up in a darling little edge, like a man's hat, and the crown was to be *at least* fifteen inches high. It was to be made of straw, with little picot ribbons running around it—cerise and peacock blue and mustard, and there was a wide black velvet to go over the chin. But the stroke of genius was three shaded ostrich plumes to match the ribbons—a cerise, a peacock-blue, and a mustard-colored one—that nodded in a bunch from the very top edge of the crown. The reason I liked the hat was because it was so simple and plain, with no fussy flowers and fruits and things. Yet no one could ever say it was ordinary-looking. Probably a hat like it had never been made before. And stylish! It fairly sizzled with style.

I told mother if I could have only one spring garment I wanted it to be that bonnet. I could do without anything else, but I felt that my esthetic ego demanded that hat.

Maybe the reader does not know what the esthetic ego is. I did not know, either, until Fidenia Jacocks came to our school. Fidenia is the motherless child of a doting father. Every one knows how men are. Your father will let you have anything you want—well, nearly anything—if you manage him right. It's your mother who makes things hard. Well, Fidenia had an esthetic ego. That is something that you either have or you haven't, a kind of conscience that makes it right for you to want wonderful clothes and jewelry and things like that. When Fidenia wanted anything real expensive she just said her esthetic ego demanded it, and it was her duty to get it, and then, of course, she had to have it. As soon as Fidenia told me about it I decided that I was one of those who have an esthetic ego. I could feel it working inside of me just as plain! It demanded like everything that I have that hat.

And you know, according to Fidenia, it is really wrong to deny your ego. But there was mother. It is very hard to have an ego when you also have a mother. From the very first I could see she had a prejudice against the bonnet. I thought the wisest way was to act as if the matter was all settled, and I kept talking about "when I get my hat" every chance I had. After all that, what did mother do but buy me the measliest little thing—a kind of blue bowl with bunches of apples around it, just the sort all the children are wearing this year. I can never describe how I felt. Unless a person has an esthetic ego of her own she would not understand. It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life—and I have had many.

The first day I had to wear the hat mother bought me to school, I talked the whole thing over with Fidenia.

"Just look!" I said, holding the horrid thing as far away from me as I could. "What ever was more dowdy?"

"It isn't what you might call overpowering, exactly," Fidenia admitted.

"And yet that is what I have to wear! I feel that my esthetic ego is utterly *crushed*."

"Never!" Fidenia contradicted, in determined tones. "Never, Barbara! Your esthetic ego must rise above petty annoyances. It must flourish in spite of such things."

I bitterly replied, "I'd be willing to wager that your esthetic ego wouldn't flourish on a hat like that."

"I didn't say it would," Fidenia answered, calmly. "No one's could. But"—here her voice sank to a thrilling whisper—"there is a way."

"What?"

"Buy another hat. Keep this one to satisfy your mother, and buy the other to nourish your esthetic ego."

Wasn't that a wonderful way of putting it? I would never have thought of anything so poetic as nourishing my esthetic ego on a hat. Still, I didn't see that it helped me any. I didn't have any money to speak of, and I thought I'd better not charge anything. I'd done that once before, and—well, I thought I'd better not. Then there seemed to be things in the way of my wearing it if I bought it—my family, for one, who had been prejudiced against that hat from the start.

But Fidenia went on to explain, and after a while I began to think the thing could be done. Fidenia had a milliner who was awfully nice. Fidenia said she would be glad to make the hat for me and wait for the money till I could scrape it together. She would consider it a debt of honor. Fidenia knew, because there were times when her father got cranky and decided Fidenia had spent too much money, and wouldn't let her have any more till next allowance time, and then Fidenia had to make a debt of honor. Madame Louise was always perfectly lovely about it.

I finally decided that was what I would do. I telephoned and asked mother if I might go over to Fidenia's house after school, and then we went down-town in Fidenia's roadster. It wasn't a story, though, because we did go to Fidenia's first after the car.

I don't see why I can't have a machine of my own. Sixteen isn't a bit too young to drive. Fidenia has a darling—gray, with red-leather seats, and her own initials on the door. It's one of those big, chunky ones that make you look humpbacked if you slide down in the seat a little. Only your hat shows above the edge. Of course I didn't get much pleasure out of it, because my hat was only a mean little blue thing with apples on it. I suppose people thought Fidenia was taking her little sister for a ride.

I felt better, though, after we had each had two angel's delights—a perfectly thrilling kind of sundae they have at Melaine's—and had seen Madame Louise. She was sweet about the hat after Fidenia had explained the circumstances to her and she knew who I was, and she seemed to understand perfectly what I meant when I described to her what it was I wanted. She said it was a perfectly marvelous design, and she didn't see how I'd ever thought of it. When I asked her how much it would be, Madame Louise was too dear for anything. She told me not to worry about *that;* she would make it just as cheaply as she possibly could. She couldn't tell exactly, because of the war. You could see that she was trying to make it easy for me because of my financial position. I certainly did appreciate her delicacy.

I could hardly live until the bonnet was finished. Finally Madame Louise sent it to Fidenia's. I can't describe it better than to say that it was all I had expected it to be. When I put it on Fidenia was simply speechless. She said she had never, never seen anything so absolutely stunning. And, honestly, when I looked at myself in the mirror with that hat low on my forehead, the velvet band covering my chin, and those three shaded plumes waving proudly in the air, I was almost frightened. I looked positively majestic.

Most of the afternoon was spent trying the hat on. We both said it was worth the price. In fact, we didn't see how Madame Louise had made it so cheaply, with the war and all, and then those three shaded plumes. The bill had come with the hat and it was only $27.50. Just think, a paltry $27.50 to make my esthetic ego blissfully, ravingly happy. Besides, I had already saved up fifty cents, so that made only $27.

Well, of course, knowing my family, I felt that I could never take that hat home and put it in my closet. Delphine —that's mother's maid—would be sure to come snooping around, pretending she was tidying things up; or Kit or Elizabeth, my two sisters who aren't married, would happen in at the wrong time; or maybe mother would take it

into her head to look through my clothes. I can never have a bit of privacy. Besides, how could I get in and out with it? No, I had a much better scheme than that.

We have three cars. One is a runabout, and Dad uses that to go to business in every morning. Then there are mother's electric and the big car. It's the big car that takes me to school every morning and any place else I am ever allowed to go, which isn't much of anywhere. It just happened that once when I was poking about I discovered that the panel under the seat of the big car came out and made a little closet. I had never mentioned it to any one. Not that I was keeping it secret for any special reason; I'd just happened not to. Now I saw that it was the hand of Providence guiding me, for that cubby was the very place to keep my hat. You see, I could start off in the morning in that miserable blue thing, but as soon as the car turned the corner I could change to my beauty, and put the blue one under the seat till I was nearly home in the afternoon. I had to take Conrad — he's the chauffeur — into my confidence, but he's really quite a superior man, and he promised on his word of honor not to give me away. It was all quite safe and happy.

No one can possibly imagine, unless, as I have said, she has an esthetic ego of her own, what a satisfaction that hat was to me. I could start off in the morning and feel that I had one really thrilling thing on, anyway. The first time I wore it to school I made a sensation, I can tell you! The girls were simply wild about it, and even the teachers stared. I acted as if I had been used to that sort of thing all my life. But later I took a few of my best friends into my confidence, especially Sarah Delle Sherwin, who lives next door to me. We often go to school together, so I had to tell her. In the afternoons, as often as mother would let me, Fidenia Jacocks and I went out in her car. Then I felt simply grand. None of me showed but my hat, and I imagine every one thought I was at least twenty and a débutante.

I hadn't had my bonnet so very long before I met Al Wiggers. He was a friend of Fidenia's, and she introduced him to me once when I was staying all night with her. He was really a grand fellow, captain of the freshman football team at the university, and wonderful-looking. I was crazy over him, and I was crazier still when Fidenia told me what he said about me. He told her that I was terribly attractive; he just loved girls that were daring. He said he'd bet I was awfully independent and a "handful to manage," and he wanted to know if she thought I'd let him take me to a ball game some Saturday. Fidenia told him sure thing I would, but that my parents were terribly queer about letting me do things, and she didn't know whether I'd be allowed to go or not. Al said he would try, anyway.

It's a wonder to me now how mother ever said I could go. Al got his aunt, whom mother always speaks of as "Miss Field of Grandin Road, you know," to introduce him to mother, and then he came to call on us both, and asked mother instead of me, and finally he really got her to say I could go if Conrad would take us in the car and call for us when the game was over.

You must know I was just thrilled over going. I had never been to a ball game before; to be going with a wonderful man like Al was simply blissful.

No need to say I planned to wear my new bonnet. My spring suit wasn't much—of course it wouldn't be—but I thought I could quietly borrow one of Kit's waists, and with my beautiful hat I'd not be so bad. I wouldn't have been so happy if I had known all that was going to happen.

I always sleep late on Saturday morning. I feel that I need the rest. That morning, though, it would have saved me a great deal of trouble if I had risen earlier. When I came down a little after eleven, mother told me that Kit and Elizabeth had gone out for luncheon, and somewhere afterward, she didn't know where. This shows how unjustly I am treated. I am never allowed to go anywhere unless mother knows all about it. I have to account for myself every minute. The awful part was that they had taken the big car—and my hat with the shaded plumes under the seat!

It made me fairly sick. "Gone with

the car! Well, if that isn't the limit!" I almost screamed.

"Barbara," said mother, in a despairing voice, "I have so often told you to be careful of your English!"

"But, mother!" I cried, "you said I could have the car to go to the ball game in! What will I *do?* My plans are just ruined!"

"My child," mother said, calmly, "how often must I remind you not to excite yourself before you know whether there is cause for it? Conrad will take you and Albert in the electric."

"But I don't want to go in the electric!" I wailed. "It's so little and stuffy!"

"It is a very beautiful car," said mother, "and many girls would be only too happy to have anything as nice to go in."

"And it's so slow!" I went on, in despair. "We won't be there in time. Al isn't coming until two, and we can never make it in half an hour in the electric."

"Barbara, you are absolutely unreasonable," said mother, impatiently.

I don't see why people always end every argument by telling me that I am unreasonable. How do they know but that I have some perfectly good plan that they don't know anything about? Just as I had this time—only I couldn't tell mother about the hat, now, could I?

"If you don't want to go in the electric," mother went on, "you and Al may just stay here. I'm not very particular about your going, anyway."

When she said that I saw I would have to be careful. But I simply *had* to have my hat.

"Mayn't I telephone and ask Kit if she wants the car this afternoon?" I coaxed.

"No, you may not. I know the girls do want it. They are to take a party somewhere. Now, Barbara, not another word. As I said, if you can't content yourself with the electric you may just stay at home."

I was broken-hearted. I would almost as soon stay home as go in that nasty little blue hat. What would Al think of me? A grown man doesn't want to go out with a baby. He thought I was eighteen, because he told Fidenia so, but if he saw me in that hat nothing could persuade him that I was over ten. It simply ruined my whole afternoon. I was so mad I went up-stairs and beat my pillows till Delphine came in to see what on earth was the matter. I told her I was airing my bed, and she went away quite pleased to think I was getting to be so thoughtful. Whenever I'm good and mad at anybody I just go and beat the pillows and pretend they're the person I'm mad at and that I'm hitting the soft, squashy part of them. It makes me feel a lot better.

Then I sat down on the floor to think. I remembered Fidenia's words, that you must never let your esthetic ego be crushed; it must rise and conquer all petty annoyances. But I didn't see how it was going to rise, until I thought maybe I could go and get my hat out of the car if I could find out where the girls were. I didn't dare ask mother, after the scene which had just taken place, so I inquired casually of Delphine if she knew, but she didn't. I was perfectly in despair until I thought of the telephone-pad.

Whenever Elizabeth goes out now, she has taken to writing on the telephone-pad, "If any one calls me, I can be reached at _____. E. V." Elizabeth never used to be so particular. I have discovered that a man named Mr. Paul Melish Vising frequently calls Elizabeth during these times. From this and from other things I have noticed I have decided that Elizabeth and Mr. Paul Melish Vising are engaged, though when I mentioned it one day Elizabeth said why on earth did I have such silly notions, and mother told me I must under no circumstances say such a thing to any one. I noticed neither one of them said straight out it wasn't so; still, it may be that she's only nearly got him and doesn't want to lose him. Anyway, this habit of Elizabeth's helped me out, because, sure enough, there was a note, "If I am wanted, call Avon 4342.—E. V."

So I called Avon 4342. I said, "Is this Mr. Smith's on Baker Street?"

The maid answered, just as I knew she would, "No, ma'am; this is Mr. Martyn Thompson's on Clifton Avenue."

"Oh, beg pardon, they've given me the wrong number," I said, and hung up.

I'd never been to the Martyn-Thompsons', but I knew where Clifton Avenue was. If I hurried I'd have time to go over before lunch. I told mother my head ached a little and I thought I'd go out for a walk in the fresh air. Mother said that was sensible, after warning me not to go on any of the business streets.

I am not allowed to ride on the street-car by myself, but this time I had to. I took ten cents out of my drawer for car fare, which I hated to do, because I needed every bit I could scrape together to pay for my hat with shaded plumes. I had had two notes from Madame Louise asking when I could pay. It seemed to me that the last one wasn't very cordial. I had only $4.90, and for perfect ages I had gone without lunch at school, and I hadn't had a single sundae except when some one treated me. Still, this was a case of necessity.

That trip just proves that mother sometimes misrepresents things, though of course she may not mean to. It was as easy as rolling off a log to find the place, and no one was "familiar" with me, and I didn't meet any "objectionable characters," but only some poor people; and I think we all ought to associate with the poor and not be snobbish, or how can we elevate them?

Our car was parked in front of the Martyn-Thompsons' house. No one saw me when I walked up to the side next the street, climbed in and got my hat. I took it home, going in the back way, through the garage, so I could leave it in the electric. I went in to lunch with a comfortable, virtuous feeling, thinking how I had saved myself.

Luncheon was nearly half over when mother said, casually: "Oh, by the way, Barbie, I'll take you and Al down to the ball-park myself. Mrs. Wade Jenkins has just telephoned that the Milk Commission is to inspect the new building this afternoon, so I'll have to have the car, but I can take you to the game first."

That was a terrible moment for me. I could see my whole afternoon again falling into little pieces.

"Can't—can't we go on the street-car?" I stammered at last.

"Go on the street-car!" said mother. "A young girl like you with a young boy—unchaperoned! Why, child, what are you thinking of?"

"Al isn't a young boy; he's nineteen," I reminded her.

Mother didn't seem much impressed. She looked at me suspiciously for fully half a minute. "Just what is the matter with you, Barbara?" she asked. "You are acting very queerly. What objection can you have to going with your mother? You're not ashamed of her, are you?"

This last remark was sarcasm, because I have never known mother to forget that she is a Kittredge married to a Vane, and considered "one of our handsomest and most charming women." I saw I had gone too far and would have to retrieve myself. So I opened my eyes very wide and innocent and said, in a kind of baby way I can put on when I want to:

"I was just thinking that it would make you late, mother, and that would delay the meeting. You know they're never able to begin without you."

Mother tried not to look pleased. "It will make me late, that's true," she said, wrinkling up her brows. "Still, I promised you you might go to the ball game, and you shall go. The Commission can wait." She smiled at me—what was meant to be a dear-little-daughter smile, but with all I had on my mind it reminded me of a fox.

"Well," I said, weakly, because there wasn't anything else to say, "if you don't mind—" All the time I was thinking, "What *shall* I do?"

It was a horrible meal, during which I had to appear happy and gay when all the time I was being eaten by secret anxiety.

But afterward I thought of a way out—such an easy way that I don't see why it hadn't occurred to me before. I just called up Mrs. Sherwin and told her both of our cars were busy, and mother wanted to know would Mrs. Sherwin mind taking her down to the Milk Commission. Mrs. Sherwin said she would love to; besides, there were several things she wanted to talk over with

mother before the meeting. This message I sent to mother by Delphine, so that I would not be connected with it. I did not mention that I had suggested the idea to Mrs. Sherwin, naturally.

My mind easy once more, I went up to look through the girls' blouses, to see which I'd wear. I finally chose a blue-and-white crêpe of Kit's, with a stunning lemon-colored collar and fluffy frills down the front. It looked better on me than it did on Kit, anyway. I also borrowed some long white gloves and some flesh face-powder. If mother would only let me have these things myself I should not be forced to borrow.

I was quite surprised to hear that mother was going to the Milk Commission with Mrs. Sherwin, but I bore up bravely under the disappointment, and told her not to worry, Conrad would take care of me. Mother warned me not to be late, and I told her I was all ready but my blouse, which I thought better not to put on until after mother had gone.

Thus the reader may see that by determination I had twice saved myself from the disgrace of having to go to the ball game in a shameful hat. When Al came I was feeling pretty good.

The lemon-colored collar and frills sort of hid the plainness of my coat, and when I put on my hat with the shaded plumes Al gazed at me in astonishment and admiration. I could see that he didn't know what to say. I knew how he felt; I felt the same way the first time I saw it myself.

Did you ever notice what an effect environment has upon a person? I have, and so have many eminent psychologists. One of them lectured at our school once. I didn't see much point to what he said about heredity, except that it's your parents' fault if you're not made right. That seemed reasonable. I wish mother and dad had heard it. The environment part I have felt many times in my own experience. Now if I had gone anywhere with mother I would have crept out of the electric with that blue hat squatting miserably on the very top of my head like a half-grown chicken, and followed her about, smiling a milk-and-water smile and being a little lady. As it was, I leaped lightly down with the aid of a manly hand—not Conrad's, either—and walked along by Al, making my skirts flip, and looking up archly from under my eyelashes while the three shaded plumes nodded gaily above our heads. Several persons turned to look after us. Probably they thought I was a débutante.

Just then we reached the gate and I had the shock of a lifetime. Right ahead of us, just going in, were Kit and Elizabeth. The Martyn-Thompsons were there, too, and Paul Melish Vising and some other men. Talk about being scared. My knees shook so I could feel the three shaded plumes waving as if there were a storm coming. I knew if Kit turned around she would recognize her blouse immediately; then she would see me, and the hat and all would be lost. Fortunately I thought to tell Al, "Let's walk around to the other gate," and pulled him back quick. He didn't see why on earth I wanted to go 'way around there—our seats were on this side. But I told him I had never been there before, remember, and I wanted to see everything, so we went round and I was saved for the time being.

When we were inside I felt quite safe. There were so many seats and such crowds of people I thought the girls could never spot me. We walked along the promenade at the top of the benches, and I kept a sharp lookout, but Kit and Elizabeth weren't to be seen. They weren't sitting near us, that was one thing sure—probably they were on the other side, and they couldn't recognize me from there. I threw all care from my mind and prepared to enjoy myself. The third time my esthetic ego was preserved from ruin.

The game was simply wonderful. I never knew how thrilling ball games are. There was one player, Griffin, I was simply wild about. No matter what awful balls the pitcher would throw, he would always hit them. He made a home run—the only man who did. He was dandy-looking, and Al said he was an awfully nice fellow, too, which showed he must have had a strong character amidst all the temptations of that kind of life. Our home team won, and every one stamped and yelled and whistled, and I did, too. I had a grand time.

When I come out and am allowed to do what I want—if I ever am—I am going to every ball game there is.

After it was all over there was a terrible crowd, but that made it more exciting as we went down to the gate. And then, all at once, there were the girls coming down to the central aisle from the other side. I couldn't get out or turn back for the crowd, and I knew in just about half a minute one of them would be sure to see me. Quickly I pulled my hat off and hid it behind me. I wasn't a minute too soon, either, because just then Kit looked up. She smiled and waved to me; then she caught sight of the collar and frills of her blouse, and a cold, stony look came into her eye. She raised her brows in a very disagreeable way. However, I kept smiling and nodding to her and to Elizabeth just as innocently as if nothing were the matter. All the time, though, I kept hanging back and letting myself be caught by the crowd so that the girls would be out of the way by the time we reached the gate. This necessitated keeping Al's mind occupied, too, so he wouldn't notice how we were being pushed back. A man just hates to have any one get ahead of him in a crowd. Have you ever noticed? I thought we had lost them until I saw that they were waiting for us at the gate. Nearly all the people were out, now, and there was no escape. So I bent a little and gave my beautiful hat with the shaded plumes a gentle kick under the nearest seat.

"Hurry up, Barbie," Kit called, sweetly—too sweetly to be natural. "We'll take you home with us."

"Oh, thanks," I said, jauntily, coming down the steps, "but Conrad is waiting for us."

Before Kit could answer, Elizabeth broke in, "Where's your hat, Barbie?"

"My—my hat?" I asked in surprise, and felt my head as if I were amazed not to find it there. "Why—why—I must have lost it in the crowd."

"Well if you aren't the most careless child!" said Kit.

"I'll go back," said Al. "It's probably where we were sitting."

"Oh, never mind," I said, weakly.

"Why, of course, let him get it," said Elizabeth.

"Well, don't wait," I answered. "We'll be right along in the electric."

"Oh," said Kit, "we just saw Conrad and told him to go along. We said we would bring you."

Now wasn't that the lowest, most miserable thing you ever heard of? I can just imagine the scene there would be if I played Kit a trick like that when *she* had a suitor. Of course I saw why she had done it; it was to get even with me for wearing her old waist. I had now only one hope left — that Al wouldn't find the hat. But he did. He came down with it just then.

"That isn't Barbie's hat!" Elizabeth gasped.

"I should say not!" Kit chimed in. "My goodness! where did you ever find such a thing?"

"Barbie's was a little blue straw with apples on it."

"Oh—I am sure—" stammered poor Al.

"I—I can wear this one home, anyway," I thought to say.

"Wear it home?" Kit cried. "What ever are you thinking of, child? You don't know *whom* it belonged to! You might catch some terrible disease."

"But—but this *is* Barbie's hat. Isn't it, Barbie?" said Al, turning to me. "It's the one she wore down, I know it is."

Kit gave a little gasp as if she were going down for the third time, and every one looked at me. I could not deny my esthetic ego.

"It is my hat," I said, with great dignity, taking it from Al and putting it on. "I am sorry you took such an unwarranted liberty as to send the electric home, Katherine. It has seriously interfered with my plans. However, since you have been so officious, there is nothing for us to do but go home in the car with you."

I walked majestically away, Al following. As I went I saw Elizabeth give one look at me and turn away to hide her face in her handkerchief.

That was anything but a pleasant ride. Kit looked as if she had been eating nails as a steady diet for some time, and Elizabeth kept crowding her handkerchief over her mouth and looking away from me. She would control herself and turn around and at-

tempt to say something, but the instant she looked at me she would be off again. I'm sure I don't see what was so funny. Poor Al didn't know what to make of it all, naturally. I was the only composed one. I kept right on talking in my best society manners to Al. I took no notice of the girls at all.

We have a rule at our house that no unpleasant topic of conversation shall be mentioned at the table, so I felt safe, though doubtful of the future, until after dinner. When we were through I started up-stairs at once.

"Oh, Barbie—come into the library!" said Kit.

"You must excuse me, really," I said. "I am very tired, and I am going right to bed."

"Just a minute," mother told me. "Do come into the library. I have something to ask you."

"Yes," said father, "I have something to say to Barbara also."

So I had to go.

Usually people think our library is a pleasant place, especially when there is a fire in the big fireplace, as there was to-night, but it looked barren to me.

"Why don't you get some new hangings," I said. "These are perfectly dismal."

"We will discuss that at another time," answered mother, stiffly. "Barbara, did you ask Mrs. Sherwin to take me to the Milk Commission in her electric?"

"Yes'm," I answered.

"I think I know why," Kit said, dryly. "Barbara, suppose you show mother your new hat."

"Hat!" said mother, all alert in a minute. "What hat?"

"A hat she has acquired somewhere," Kit replied. Elizabeth was choking again.

"What does Katherine mean?" mother asked me.

"Tell her to show it to you," Kit insisted until mother made me get it.

I laid my beautiful bonnet with the shaded plumes on the table. Mother gasped and opened wide her eyes. Elizabeth buried her face in the pillows and shook all over. Sometimes I think that girl isn't quite right. Father took out his glasses and looked at the bonnet carefully, walking around on every side, but not touching it.

"At least you got your money's worth, didn't you?" he said to me. I thought there was a faint gleam of admiration in his eye.

"Do you mean to tell me," mother managed to bring out at last, "that you wore that—that—atrocity—to the ball game?"

"Yes'm."

"Where did you get it?"

"I think I can answer that," put in father. "I have here a communication from ah—" consulting a letter which he took from his pocket—"ah—Madame Louise."

I saw that all was lost.

It is needless to harrow the feelings of the reader by recounting the painful scene that followed, but the end of it was so terrible a tragedy that I must reveal it. The reader will then understand better what I have to endure.

"We will decide later," said mother, "what your punishment is to be. Now you may take the hat and put it on the fire."

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "My beautiful, beautiful bonnet!"

"Yes," said mother.

"Oh, I'll do anything, but not that! Please!" I don't see how a heart of brass could resist my agonized tones.

"I am waiting!"

There was nothing else to do. The powers of darkness were too strong for the Christian martyrs of old, and now they utterly crushed my esthetic ego.

Tenderly I carried the bonnet and put it on the fire. I watched it while the flames curled up around the darling little brim and crept over the crown along the cerise and peacock-blue and mustard-colored ribbons. But when they mounted to the crown and shriveled and blighted the three fluffy, nodding, shaded plumes, I could endure no more, and with a sob of anguish I fled from the room.

As Donna says in the *Confessions of a Wife*, "the future is all dark to me and the hope of my youth lies in ruins." I may live to be an old, old woman, but never, never again shall I behold my beautiful bonnet with the shaded plumes.

They Also Serve

BY THOMAS EDGELOW

IT has been set down by the philosophic but pessimistic Mr. Schopenhauer that the world contains more suffering than joy, in proof of which he invites contemplation of the feelings of two animals —one of which is engaged in eating the other.

Although no pessimist—and it is even to be doubted whether Peter Cunninghame had ever opened one of the late philosopher's books — Peter at times wondered whether his love for June brought him greater joy than sorrow, for he loved June, his wife, with a love surpassing the ordinary affection of husbands. Even after six years Peter loved —loved with all the tenderness and passion of the first year of married life— only, perhaps, the tenderness was the controlling emotion of his idle life.

For Peter was idle, and the long hours lay heavily on his hands. Two years after his marriage and four years before these happenings became of much interest from your point of view, Peter sat in his office in Wall Street, going through his morning mail. Even then, when the joy of partnership had lost some of its novelty after a half-dozen years, Peter rejoiced in his work. Now to rejoice in anything is good, but, always excepting the beauty of the one woman, to rejoice in one's life-work is the best of all— and so Peter rejoiced.

The firm of Kitson & Cunninghame, Promoting Electrical Engineers, owed much to Peter. True, the capital had been Kitson's, but Cunninghame truthfully, if a little boastfully, told himself that the firm owed its present prosperity to him and to him alone.

Peter paused before finishing his mail to take up a photograph of June which stood upon his desk, frankly to worship. How miserably inadequate was the camera to reflect June's charm! It ignored, for example, the wealth of golden-brown that was her hair, the deep blue of those tender eyes that looked at Peter with such a trusting love and with such an unqualified admiration.

That was the keynote of the whole situation—June Cunninghame admired her husband even as much as she loved him. Not only, mark you, did June admire the physical Peter, though that was natural enough, for Peter was tall and lithe, and gave the impression of muscular strength, while his gray eyes held for the most part a kindly twinkle for the world at large which changed automatically at sight of June into something that lies deep in the eyes of men only for the one woman. Yes, the physical attraction was natural enough on June's part. But it went deeper. June intensely respected her husband. She reveled in his business success, in his power of taking from the world by the brains in his well-formed head and by the strength of his two brown hands that which the world, by the poverty of earlier circumstances, had fought so hard to withhold from him. She admired his pulsing activity and his soaring ambition.

"See," she would croon to her then six-months'-old baby, "what a daddy! Oh, what a daddy for a little son! And little Peter must grow up into a 'normous man and do great things like the big Peter!"

Only that morning some such scene had occurred, and June's very admiration acted on Peter as a spur as he put down her photograph and turned to his letters with renewed activity. He must do even better in the future, he decided. As yet no provision had been made for June and little Peter. Still, time enough for that. With health and strength he should amass a comfortable fortune during the next ten years. Altogether, things looked rosy in his affairs. Only one cloud lay on Cunninghame's busi-

ness horizon—his relations with Kitson had been none too cordial of late.

June, of course, was the primary cause of this, for the two partners had met her while on a business trip to the West, and —well, June had chosen Peter, not, however, without some heartburning on the part of the older and more prosperous Kitson. A fat, pursy little man was Kitson, and he had not lightly taken his defeat at the hands of Cunninghame. Indeed, secretly he regretted the third share of his business to which Peter's partnership entitled him, though not forgetting that it was Peter's brain that had caused the business to take so upward a curve. In fact, it was the overwhelming truth that Peter's power and efficiency had so benefited the firm that had added so much to Kitson's resentment.

And Cunninghame noticed it, although the older man did his best outwardly to cloak his jealousy. Vague plans began to form in Peter's mind of how he could raise the capital with which to buy out the senior partner, although, if it came to that, Kitson had hinted sufficiently forcibly of late that he would be glad himself to repurchase Peter's share in the business.

But this is not a business story—for Peter's career as a business man was near its termination. That very morning in April, some two years after Peter's marriage, a life-insurance agent —in some manner known only to gentlemen of his trade—gained audience with Peter, who listened patiently enough. Graphically the agent—whose name was Owens—dwelt on the obligations of a husband.

"Supposing"—Mr. Owens was always supposing—"that I went out with a rope and roped off the street until I had corralled a thousand men. Supposing the mayor came along and ordered seven men out of that thousand to be shot immediately, and for lots to be drawn as to who should go. And supposing I offered to insure all those men before they drew lots, and you were one of them. Would you not take out a policy at once? Mr. Cunninghame"—and here Mr. Owens's voice became very grave indeed—"you *know* you would, and yet that absurd case just about illustrates the chance you have of eating another Christmas dinner. Mr. Cunningham, you owe it to your wife!"

Peter was thinking, and hardly heard the rest of Mr. Owens's impassioned appeal.

"What *right* have you, Mr. Cunninghame, to make no provision—as you admit that you carry no life insurance worth talking about? If you had a machine that would break down eventually and could not be replaced, as a business man, you . . ."

So he talked on. The fellow was correct, Peter admitted inwardly. What would happen to June?

"Would you take a long trip to Europe, Mr. Cunninghame, and leave those dependent on you without funds? And yet"—here Mr. Owens's voice was almost suffocated with emotion—"for all you know, you may be called on to start on a far longer journey to-morrow—to-day—at this very hour!"

But Peter's hand had already reached out for his fountain-pen.

So it befell that on the afternoon on which Peter visited the insurance company's doctor his whole life was changed, for there was no policy to be had for Peter. It appeared that there was no immediate danger to Peter's life —none whatever as long as Peter at once stopped all work and retired from business to laze gently and placidly through the years that might lie before him. Peter must be careful not to lift any heavy weights, not to excite himself over anything, and in future he must smoke but one cigar a day. His heart, it seemed, was as uncertain as a faulty engine in that it might stop at any moment; on the other hand, it might not.

Coolly Peter faced the situation. By selling out his share to Kitson, and by investing the money so gained together with his own small savings, he would be possessed of an income amounting to, roughly, six thousand dollars a year. Little enough—only about one-fourth of the income he had been making—but at least it would continue on for June's benefit after his heart had fulfilled the doctor's prophecy. Bitterly Peter realized that there was no alternative.

Of course, he was not content with one

opinion, but after the greatest heart specialists in New York had confirmed his fears—and for once the doctors agreed—Peter acted on this, his own problem, as energetically as before he had handled the affairs of his firm.

Within a month Peter had severed his connection with Kitson, and the capital so raised had been judiciously invested so that coupon-cutting would prove a regular, if rather inadequate, form of livelihood.

There remained the chief problem of Cunninghame's existence. Should he tell June? How complete would be her sympathy, how all-embracing the tenderness with which she would cover him! But—and for Peter who loved this was the most important point—what of June's happiness?

There was, for instance, the case of his friend Carr, for, curiously enough, Carr, like Peter, had discovered suddenly that at any moment a failing heart might fail altogether. Bitterly had Carr reproached himself when talking over his affairs with his friend Cunninghame. Deeply did he regret that he had confided in his wife, for she had never known another moment free from anxiety. If Carr were ten minutes late in returning home, Mrs. Carr pictured the worst. Did he but exert himself to open a door or to move a chair, his wife was consumed by fear. Lately Carr had gone, suddenly and painlessly as he had expected, and the tragedy lay in the fact that a great and peaceful calm had descended upon his widow. The strain of waiting—the dread of what might befall at any moment—was removed by Carr's death, and Gladys Carr was a different woman.

With all his strength Peter Cunninghame decided that June should be spared all this—that he would bear his burden alone. It should not be for June to wait, to watch, to fear. At least his love for her was unselfish enough to carry this thing alone and to keep from her all hint of what was impending.

It followed, therefore, that shortly after Peter had wound up his business affairs and had definitely retired at the age of thirty-six from all form of activity, June and he settled themselves in a bungalow that lay in the shadow of those hills that rise above the Hudson in Westchester County. To state baldly that June was astounded at her husband's retirement is hardly emphatic enough, but her love found innumerable excuses for his inexplicable action. Peter could not be himself, she argued. He had been working too hard, and was suffering from some kind of breakdown. Also, had he not spoken to her of his strained relations with Kitson? Of course, Kitson was in the wrong, for was not Peter always in the right? Equally, of course, as June was nothing if not wholly feminine, she could not find it in her heart to be altogether unsympathetic to the erring Kitson, for had it not been her unwilling fault that Kitson's life had been so embittered for him? Still, as regards Peter, he had earned a holiday, and doubtless after a year's rest his ambitions would reawaken.

Somewhat strenuously June at first objected to Peter's buying the property to which they had retired, but on realizing that he really wanted it, and just as a mother will at times give way to some childish and unexplained whim, so June withdrew her opposition from the scheme. They could always sell the place when Peter returned to his life-work, or they could keep it as a week-end cottage.

On Peter's explaining that business had been so uncertain of late that he had thought it safer to sell out, and that in future their mode of life must be of a far more economical nature—that his income amounted only to about a quarter of what he had beforetime earned—June had agreed with outward composure to her altered circumstances. Enough for her that Peter wished it, and really it would be quite amusing to economize for a year. Later, when Peter was back on some new scheme, she would appreciate her former luxuries all the more for a little abstinence, and June was not the wife to allow her extravagances to become a burden to her husband.

But as year followed year, when a baby daughter had added to Peter's responsibilities and he still seemed content to potter in his rose-garden, June's heart began to wonder. Was it possible that Peter, her wonderful, world-conquering lord, was content much longer to laze

away the precious years of his life? Already most of their old set had dropped them, and it was only from the newspapers that June learned of the brilliant success of this or that one who had before been one of her husband's competitors. Somewhat ostentatiously June would call Peter's attention to some such paragraph.

"Peter, dear, I see Jim Ferguson's firm has secured that contract for those public utilities in Florida," June would remark as she sat beside Peter on the porch after the little Peter and Babs had been put to bed. "It's extraordinary how that man has got on, and he's not half as brilliant as you are, dear."

A little silence, and then Peter, with pain in his eyes which the kindly dusk would hide, would begin to speak of his roses, or of how the creeper on the south wall needed new trellis-work on which to climb.

"But, Peter," June would sometimes persist, "are you content, dear, to let the world go by?"

"With you," Peter would answer, "I am content to let everything go," and the lover in his voice at first would soothe her aching ambitions for him.

It was not for herself, June would at times tell herself passionately, but only for Peter. Already the calm and peace of the countryside had laid its grasp on her, so that she vowed that the city should see her no more even after Peter had tired of inactivity, as tire of it she still tried to believe that he would. Her discontent was all for Peter; for herself, she was content to dream in the sunshine of the hills.

So passed the years, now purling smoothly by, now dragging on leaden heels; still they passed, and Peter continued in his incomprehensible state of inactivity. And, as he so droned away his life, June's attitude changed toward him. Gone at least was her admiration for Peter, and a half-pitying but not altogether motherly love took the place of her former blind worship, for what mother ever felt a touch of contempt in her devotion? Yet so June felt. How could she help it, she would ask herself, when Peter had fallen so lamentably short of that ideal Peter who had so mysteriously slipped away with the things of the past?

One incident after another, trivial enough in itself, forced this later attitude upon June's mind, unconsciously perhaps at first, but afterward with more or less full recognition. Little scenes, tiny squabbles, began to mar the beautiful serenity of their married life. True, it takes two to make a quarrel, and Peter's part on such occasions would generally consist of a moody silence, so nearly approaching a school-boy sulkiness when he pondered on the unconscious injustice of June's attitude that the very youthfulness of such an attitude would almost always win for him a smiling and yet pitying forgiveness.

Sometimes, however, there would be an open breach between the two. Take, for instance, the case of the new lawn-mower. It had arrived one hot July afternoon from New York, fresh in its spick-and-span green and red paint—a shining toy that glittered in the sun. Now it so happened that George—the Cunninghames' gardener, chauffeur, and general-utility man—had driven the car down to the local garage for some minor repairs that were beyond his power to undertake. It must also be admitted that June was unreasonable, but is it not given to woman to revel in the lack of reason? Peter, who was acutely aware of his heart that afternoon, was sitting on the shady porch that overlooked the lawn on which June entered triumphantly with her new toy.

"I am going to cut the grass," she called gaily to Peter as she stood there in the sun.

Peter, loving her, reflected that she did not look a day over twenty-five, and that it was impossible to realize that she was really six years older, the mother of the seven-year-old Peter, the five-year-old Babs! How the gold in her brown hair glinted in the sun! How graceful the lines of her tall figure!

"Why not wait until the evening, when it will be cooler?" Peter called back. "Better still, let George do it!"

Leaving the machine, June strolled up to the porch and leaned her sun-browned arms on the rail outside the mosquito-netting. "How much do you think would get done if I followed your advice and let George do everything?



Drawn by Edward L. Chase

"YOU USED TO BE SO DIFFERENT SO UTTERLY DIFFERENT!"

That misguided but painstaking youth has about all he can handle as it is."

"Anyway, wait till it's cooler," begged Peter, but June was already away, and a moment later the buzz of the machine filled the drowsy summer air.

Gaily enough did June start in on her self-appointed task, for really the grass was far too long, and June had only been waiting for the new machine. And the satisfaction of a *new* lawn-mower! How cunningly the sharp blades flung the cropped grass into the white canvas bag! Really it was a pleasure—the machine went so easily. Down one side and up the other went June, making lines of two shades of green which, when she looked back on her handiwork, suggested strips of velvety green carpet. And yet, it *was* rather hot! Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on June's forehead. She stopped under the maple-tree on a return journey to dab daintily at her hot self with a ridiculous wisp of a handkerchief. She could see Peter in the cool depths of the porch—just a bit of him—half lying, half sitting in his comfortable wicker chair. Well, some people took life easily; others had to work. It was impossible to leave the lawn with only a tiny bit of it cut. And there was such a lot left! Perhaps she had been a silly not to wait until the evening, or—to "let George do it." June toiled on.

Meanwhile Peter had dozed off to the pleasant humming sound of the mower. Suddenly he awakened. June had flung herself panting on a *chaise-longue* beside him.

"What! Finished already?" Peter asked on the very moment of his awakening. One's tact is not always awake at the precise moment of one's body.

"Finished? No, of course I haven't finished," replied June, almost hysterical from fatigue. She mopped herself vigorously with her silly little handkerchief.

"My darling, you look so hot!" blundered Peter.

Now a self-respecting woman can stand many things: she can bear with equanimity the information that her hair is coming down, provided that the tone conveys the idea that such a condition is wholly becoming; she delights in being told how cool she looks, but let some thoughtful person experiment and remark that his beloved looks hot, and then let him note the result.

"Hot! I should think I would look hot! Boiling, scalding, infernally hot, pushing that horrid old lawn-mower about in this sun! So would *you* look hot, and feel it, too, if you had been doing it instead of sleeping on a nice, cool porch in the shade!"

"But I begged you to wait—or to leave it to George," Peter persisted.

"Yes," stormed June, viciously, "'let George do it'! That's your whole attitude in life—'let George do it'—let June do it—let anybody do it but Peter Cunninghame! Oh, I'm sick of it—tired of the whole thing! I'm sick of this place, and you know quite well that George is not enough to run it properly. We ought to have another man. You know we ought. No, don't interrupt me and tell me we can't afford it. Of course we can't afford it—on about five hundred miserable dollars a month. I'm sick of it, I tell you—utterly tired of the whole thing—tired of the country, tired of this perpetual poverty, disgusted with life as you compel me to live it! And you used to be so different—so utterly different! And yet in these few short years you've changed into a completely different man. You are not the Peter I married—the strong, active, ambitious Peter; but a poor, weak, lazy thing that lies and sleeps in the shade. Any other man would be ashamed to let his wife mow the lawn. He would go and do it himself, but you— Oh, oh!" . . . She broke into a torrent of weeping.

Peter, stunned at her outburst, put out protesting hands. June, brushing them aside, sprang up and fled into the house.

There came to Peter the added agony of doubt. After all, *had* he been wise in hiding his physical condition from his wife? Would it not be better, after all, to tell her—to explain away that which to her seemed so unexplainable? But how impossibly June had behaved! How utterly unjust were the gibes that she had flung at him on the score of his inactivity! And yet was she really unjust? Surely, from the false viewpoint which his very silence had given her, his mode of life must seem altogether contemptible.

An hour later, June, fresh from her shower, and in a cool, white dress, was back again on the porch, and so pathetic was the distress she read in Peter's eyes that her heart melted within her at sight of him.

"Was I a nasty, cross, hateful wife, then?" she whispered from the back of his chair, and so the incident ended in mutual love and forgiveness, to be followed by a riotous tea with the children in the orchard.

And so passed many such scenes until, as is the immemorial custom of scenes, they became more frequent and yet more frequent. To Peter it seemed that every day widened the breach between him and June.

At regular intervals Peter would go up to New York—ostensibly to look after his investments, but really to see his doctor—and on each occasion he would return home with the injunction to continue his placid mode of existence. If anything, his heart had improved by the quiet of his country life, but the doctor could hold out no hope that Peter might ever return to an active business career.

Sometimes Peter would be torn by a great desire to thaw the increasing coldness of June's demeanor by a full confession, and as invariably he would be held back by a species of pride. His health had denied him the battle of life, the joys of conquest and even of defeat in the outside world of affairs. His fight must be fought in the silence of his porch, in the perfumed loveliness of his rose-garden, before the glowing logs of his winter fire. Well, he had undertaken to see this thing through, and somewhat grimly he would push aside all thought of explanation with June to pick up his burden of silence again. After all, sometimes it is so much harder to live for the beloved's sake than to die in the same cause, and Peter realized this with all the intensity of a man who has time on his hands in which to think.

Suddenly the little Peter was nine—nearly ten—and June, who was inclined to be English in her ideas of education, wished him to go to a boarding-school. There arose the question of money, and Peter found that he could barely afford the ultra-expensive academy which June had chosen for her son. Indeed, the voicing of that opinion led to yet another scene. With more than usual bitterness June dwelt on the inadequacy of their income. She herself was more than ready to make the indispensable personal sacrifices which Peter's early retirement necessitated. But—and this was a particularly large and strenuous but—when it came to the sacrifice of her children, that was an entirely different affair!

It was about this time that the little Peter thrust his first dart into his father's sensitiveness.

"Daddy," he said suddenly, with his frank young eyes raised expectantly to Peter's, "shall I work—be something, I mean, when I am grown up?"

"Why, of course you will have to work, old man," Peter began, and then stopped. Too well he guessed what lay in the boy's mind.

"Because," the little Peter continued, gravely, "I think I wouldn't like to be nothing. And you used to be a 'normous success—weren't you, daddy? And I want to be what you were."

The bitterness of the past tense which the boy had employed seared Peter as with a branding-iron. So even his boy was beginning to pity him!

From the porch he caught a glimpse of June at the far end of the lawn. The little Peter saw her, too, and ran off to join her. An infinite tenderness arose again within Peter, and all thought of telling June left him for the time. His sense of protection was too great. Why should she be worried — perhaps remorseful—just for his peace of mind and so that he could re-establish a right to her respect? No, now it was too late. He would carry his burden on to the end.

The little Peter's schooling proved more expensive than Cunninghame had expected, and the failure of one of his securities added financial worry to his other troubles, chief among which was June's attitude toward himself. Of late she had barely consulted him on anything, while before she had run for his counsel on the most trivial decisions—the shade of the new curtains, the exact quantity of wheat for her chickens.

It was during that fall, after the little Peter had made the small house silent



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"PETER, TELL ME QUICKLY—IS THERE ANY DANGER?"

by his going, that June went up to New York twice in one week. Quite casually she informed Peter that she had encountered Kitson in a Fifth Avenue store, and he had insisted that she should lunch with him. Peter, who had seen nothing of his former partner during the years of his idleness, asked if he had changed much, and the mystery of June's smile as she replied that he was just as he had always been awoke the fires of jealousy within Cunninghame.

The following Sunday, just before lunch, Kitson motored down. He seemed to the jealous Peter to exude prosperity and worldly success from every pore. The smartly liveried chauffeur in the big touring-car looked disdainfully at the tweed-capped and overalled George.

June was right. The passing years had hardly changed Kitson at all. A trifle stouter, a little more pompous, but the same old Kitson, with the same expression in his eyes when he looked on June. Peter saw it all—every minute detail. To be sure, what had Peter left to him but to observe? He noted, for example, the prosperous appearance of Kitson's clothes, that certain pinky-red complexion that seems to be the monopoly of the rich and care-free.

Of course, Kitson was asked to lunch. Indeed, he stated frankly that he had motored down on the chance that they would be in.

Peter wondered what solution Kitson gave to his retirement, as he had not confided to him his reason for selling out. Of course, Kitson put him down as a man devoid of ambition. He— But Kitson was talking.

"Yes, I met Mrs. Cunninghame the other day. So reminded of old times that I thought I must just run down and look you up. Charming little place you have down here . . . Lucky dog! You did well to clear out and leave us poor devils to go on slaving."

Perhaps Peter imagined it, but there seemed to be a trace—only the merest suspicion—of a patronizing pity lurking in Kitson's tones. June laughed, and again Peter thought he caught a hint of something hard and metallic in her laughter. But *June* hard? Impossible! And yet had she no reason?"

For the rest of Kitson's visit June chattered almost feverishly. Only once did Peter have definite cause to wince. After lunch they were speaking of the boy's school, and the conversation turned naturally on Babs.

Kitson, with the little girl on his knee, said: "You won't send this little lump of trouble away, I suppose? If I had a daughter I would never let her go to school. I'd have her brought up in the atmosphere of home. I should get her a really good French governess. If a girl can speak two or three languages, that's all she really needs."

"We have already been thinking of one," June responded.

"That reminds me," interrupted Kitson. "You remember the Griddletons, Mrs. Cunninghame? Of course you do. Well, I was dining there last week when Mabel Griddleton happened to mention that her French governess is leaving them. Their little girl is going to Europe. They've had this governess for years, and swear by her."

"Is she an expensive luxury?" asked June.

"Expensive? I'm sure I don't know. I suppose she is, as Griddleton is a pretty generous employer. Not that he can't afford to be. Wait a moment, though. I believe Mabel did mention that she was paying her seventy-five a month. Now you wouldn't call that dear, would you? The funny thing is that people pay their chauffeurs far more to look after their cars than they do the people who educate their children."

"But we couldn't *possibly* pay anything like seventy-five a month!" exclaimed June. "It's all we can do to afford Peter's school."

"Really? Oh, well, you know, children are expensive luxuries—aren't they, young lady?" He pulled at Babs's curls.

Then, with a too-obvious tact, Kitson began to speak of the condition of the roads, but not before he had glanced half pityingly at June.

Instantly the thought forced itself on Peter's consciousness: Was it possible that June regretted her choice? Had she taken Kitson there would have been no question of ways and means.

Later Kitson emphasized that point by referring casually to his possessions.

Not only was the firm doing well with the new partner, but Kitson had pulled off one or two lucky deals on the stock-exchange. Quite recently he had set up a small steam-yacht. Would it be possible to persuade the Cunninghames to run down to Palm Beach on it about Christmas time? Or they might go over to Jamaica—wherever Mrs. Cunninghame wished.

June seemed charmed with the idea. Really there was nothing to stop them.

Then they must come up to New York for a theater, Kitson insisted. Adopting a jovial tone, he maintained that Peter was growing into a regular old hayseed. He must come up and bring Mrs. Cunninghame and let them see if New York possessed anything fortunate enough to amuse her.

Peter responded courteously but indefinitely. Perhaps later on. Very kind of Kitson to suggest it, but both he and June were regular country cousins by now.

So the long afternoon wore away, and Kitson, refusing supper, motored off importantly in time to keep a dinner engagement at the house of a famous financier.

The moment the big car had purred softly out of sight June went up-stairs, ostensibly to read to Babs before her bedtime. Peter was left alone. He longed to call June back, to pull her down on his knees and to press her head against his shoulder while he told her the whole thing, but as usual he decided finally against it. Cunninghame expected that June would refer to Kitson's evident prosperity, that she would point out all that Peter had missed in life, that she would dwell on the might-have-beens. Instead, Peter suffered the bitterness of her silence. It was as though June accepted his failure in life as readily as she accepted the rain or the telephone.

It was June who decided that they should go and live in Italy, where with their remaining four-thousand-odd a year they could be more than comfortable. Peter welcomed the idea of a change. Perhaps in Italy, in totally different surroundings, he might bridge the gulf that yawned between him and June.

The first thing to be done was to sell their place, and the property was listed with the local real-estate agents. Early in April, June decided that it would be as well to let a New York firm try what they could do, and it was arranged for some one to run down and inspect the property.

It was June who happened to open the door to his ring. The man entered and handed her a card. Peter came out into the hall from his den, and June, glancing at the card which she held in her hand, introduced its owner. Peter, who had failed to catch the name, was trying to place the face. Where had he seen it before?

"Why, Mr. Cunninghame, you're looking fine," the man began quickly. "Now you just prove what I have always said. Many a man has been given up by the doctors for heart trouble, but if he will only quit work and lead the simple life—why, he may live to any age. And here you are, looking great! How's the heart? You remember me, don't you? Yes, Owens—Philip Owens. I got out of the insurance business and took up real estate."

Peter, shaking hands with him, was looking beyond into June's face. Remorse was there and amazement.

As one who has been blind and now sees, June groped her way to him with outstretched hands.

"Peter," she managed, hoarsely, "tell me quickly—is there any danger?"

"None," he soothed her; "none whatever, as long as I keep quiet."

"And that was the reason?"

"Hush," he said, and June, turning, realized that a stranger was present. Peter, looking at her, felt as one exalted, for again shining in June's eyes was the old look of admiration.

When Owens, lunched, fêted, and made much of by June, had driven contentedly away, she came to Peter in his den and knelt by the side of his chair.

"Oh, Peter," she crooned, "why did you? Oh, why did you?"

"You remember Carr?" he explained. "I thought I should be a coward to tell you. I could not bear you to suffer, but perhaps it would have been better to tell."

June got up and sat on the arm of Peter's chair. Resting her cheek against his, she whispered: "You a coward, Peter mine? My hero coward!"

Industrial Efficiency and Political Waste

BY CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company

OUR nation has been fairly prosperous and successful heretofore, in spite of our previous and present method of dealing with social, industrial, and political problems, which is no method at all, but mere muddling. However, we have had no serious foreign competition to meet; we have had at our disposal the vast and untouched resources of a virgin continent, the intellectual equipment of the Old World, and a continuous supply of skilled and unskilled labor in the despised immigrant who, after all, has made America what it is to-day. The most desirable immigration from England, Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, practically ended years ago, and now, as the result of the war, all immigration threatens to cease, except, perhaps, that from the least desirable nationalities. Intellectually, our nation has now advanced so far and on a path so divergent from that of Europe that we cannot expect much further help. The natural resources of our continent, which appeared inexhaustible to the early settlers, are practically exhausted, and the time is nearly here when we shall have to stop living as a parasitic nation, consuming what we have not produced, and we shall have to live on our income—putting into the soil as fertilizer what we take out as crops, planting and raising the trees which we cut down for lumber, raising the food which we feed to our sheep and cattle, and this with a reorganized and highly efficient Europe in competition.

In our industrial age the essential requirements of an efficient national organization comprise: Continuity, competency, and responsibility of the administrative organization.

In our complex civilization it usually takes years before any work undertaken by an administrator is completed, many more years before its results are seen. Thus where the administration changes frequently, as in our political offices, constructive work is done blindly, started by men who can never follow the work to completion, behold the results as they appear, and direct or modify the plans to secure the desired results most effectively; or men are called upon to continue and complete work which they have not started, which they possibly only incompletely understand, or with which they are out of sympathy. It is only in those side lines of our political government, where the office is held more continuously, under civil-service rules or because the office is not sufficiently important to warrant its inclusion in the "distribution of spoils," that constructive work is accomplished, as in the building of the Panama Canal, the reclamation work by the federal government, some of the supervisory work by state commission, etc., and even in these there is the continuous danger of political interference, of the work of many years being undone or perverted to vicious purposes by some temporary political influence. It is so much easier to destroy than to construct; it takes so long a time to accomplish constructive work and so short a time to destroy the labor of many years. Thus there can be no efficiency without continuity of administration.

That competency of the director of the work is necessary for the success of any work is so obvious that nobody would think this even a subject of discussion, but as a matter of course in legal matters everybody employs a competent lawyer; in matters of health, a competent physician; in matters of administration, an administrator. But, strange to say, as soon as we come to the consideration of political offices, we disregard all these obvious and self-

evident truisms, and have no hesitation in placing in charge of the business management of the municipality a man who has failed in every business he undertook, or a man who cannot run his own household, in administrative charge of the community.

If, then, continuity of office in the hands of competent men is necessary for the efficiency which is the fundamental requirement of successful co-operation, there must be an effective responsibility, at least until the time when all men are angels, or at least sufficiently many that all offices can be filled with men who are and remain unselfish, industrious, progressive, and beyond the possibility of being perverted by the power of office.

What, then, are the structural elements in our American nation from which a continuous, competent, and responsible government could develop by evolution—a government such as is required for the efficient industrial co-operation of all citizens in the interest of all under democratic principles?

In such organization there can be no industrial competition; but by the co-operation of all producers duplication of work and all waste effort are eliminated. The production is controlled to correspond with the legitimate demands for the product, and all production for mere profit, without regard to the demand for the product, ceases, and with it all organization for the purpose of creating a demand where it does not exist. As a matter of course, this eliminates the periodic fluctuations of production, which give rise to the successive periods of business depression and business prosperity, and which are the bane of our present chaotic industrial system. In engineering, architecture, design, etc., instead of a number of men doing the same work independently, and necessarily in an inferior manner because of the limitation of each individual, and then having some one select one of the propositions—often one who himself has not the professional qualifications to judge which is the best—one proposition would be made up by the co-operative effort of all the men competent professionally, and so embodying the collective experience and knowledge of all. Instead of having a number of separate and competitive sales organizations, each describing and representing—or misrepresenting — their product, with the result that the prospective user gets little reliable information, one organization will supply complete and correct information, as there is no further reason to misrepresent, no reason to dwell extensively on the favorable features and omit altogether, or skip lightly over, the unfavorable features, but every interest is toward correct representation of all features.

Competition between industries would cease. Thus, in transportation, the country's waterways would be used to the fullest extent in combination with the railroads, and no interest would tend to deflect to the railroads what could more economically be carried by water, or *vice versa*, and both forms of transportation would become much more economical by co-operation.

There would be no desire to graze cattle on lands adapted for wheat-raising, nor attempts to raise wheat on farms unsuited thereto; nor would forest growth be destroyed by sheep-raising, nor the value of the river valleys, of the country's water-powers, be destroyed by reckless deforestation of the headwaters. With the same interests controlling all these activities, it is obvious that no activity would be permitted which does more harm in one respect than it profits in another, and no interference would be allowed between the different industrial activities beyond that incident to human imperfection and thus unavoidable.

All this is not a mere impracticable dream, but it has long been an established fact. It has been the operating principle within all the more progressive large industrial corporations. All that is necessary is to extend methods of economic efficiency from the individual industrial corporation to the national organism as a whole.

Thus there will be competition between water transportation and railway transportation, to decide which in each individual instance is more economical considering quality of the transported material, distance, time, etc.—while now the waterways may stand idle for lack of a railway connecting with them, or for lack of transfer facilities, or hundreds of

millions are wasted in the construction of waterways which can never economically pay for their cost, but the only legitimate purpose of which is to keep the railroad freight-rates down by their competition.

There will be competition whether gas-engine or electric motor is to be used, whether a local steam-turbine plant is to be installed or power bought from a long-distance transmission system. But the decision will be made on the basis of the relative economy of the various propositions uninfluenced by commercial or financial considerations alien to economy.

Financial manipulation for the mere acquisition of more money, without regard to constructive economical organization, necessarily must be impossible. There must be an active co-operation between all producers, from the unskilled laborer to the master mind which directs a huge industrial organization. Such active co-operation presupposes that everybody feels personally interested in the industrial economy. This presupposes that the fear of unemployment, of sickness and old age, has been relegated to the relics of barbarism, and everybody is assured an appropriate living, is assured employment when able to work, and protected against want, maintained in his or her standard of living when not able to work—not as a matter of charity, but as an obvious and self-evident duty of society toward the individual.

This can be done, as it has been done in other countries, by effective social legislation. It has been discussed and is being actively considered within our industrial corporations as well as by the public at large. Some work in this direction has been done by legislation, more still within many industrial corporations, and the development of this social activity would probably have progressed still further in our corporations if the disorganization by legislative interference had not hindered here, as in most other directions, the progress of industrial organization.

It is obvious that "industry" here means not merely the manufacturing industries, but equally includes transportation and communication, agriculture, the animal industries, dairying, etc.—in short, all the human activities which deal directly or indirectly with the necessities of life.

The economic development of the world, accelerated by the world's war, has made such a co-operative industrial organization of our nation a necessity for self-preservation.

As a structural foundation, on which to build such structure by evolution in correspondence with our democratic national temperament, we have our political governments — federal, state, and municipal—our large national societies, and our industrial corporations. Of these, the political government is the only one which is all-embracing, is controlled by and responsible to all citizens, at least nominally. Therefore, while its constructive power may be practically *nil*, due to its form of organization, it has a vast inhibitory power far greater than any other power in our country. We have seen this, and continuously see it in the action toward corporations in the national conservation movement, even in the power exerted by subordinate governmental bureaus.

Thus no organization which does not include the political government as an essential part of the structure can hope to succeed. The natural suggestion, then, would be to have the federal government, with its subordinate state and municipal governments, organize, control, and administrate the country's economic-industrial system.

Thus the political government would acquire and operate all means of transportation and communication — railroads, canals, pipe-lines, mail and express, telegraph and telephone. It would supervise and control all corporations and their relations with one another and toward the public. It would control the relation of employees within the corporations by mandatory arbitration, by unemployment, sickness and old-age insurance; it would control the hours of work and working conditions, etc.

There is a considerable sentiment in favor of this organization, and this sentiment is growing in strength. It can be done because it has been successfully accomplished abroad in Germany, where

it has united all classes of people and given the economic efficiency expected from it.

However, in our nation it would require not merely that the political government should take over the industrial control, as was the case in Germany, but that a government should first be created capable of doing this, a problem which is far more difficult than that which Germany solved, and which appears impossible with the democratic temperament of our nation. It presupposes a powerful centralized government of competent men remaining continuously in office, and no political government of this kind can exist in the America of to-day — nor in the America of to-morrow.

It is true that our various political governments — federal, state, and municipal — are steadily becoming stronger, undertaking more activities and successfully accomplishing what they could never have undertaken twenty years ago; that a higher class of men are entering governmental service than formerly; that the quality of governmental work is improving; graft, corruption, and mismanagement for selfish purposes steadily decreasing. On the surface the latter may not appear to be so, and we hear as much to-day of political mismanagement and graft as we did twenty years ago. But if we look deeper into the matter, we cannot fail to see that the reason of this is that many things are now resented by the voters as improper, and lead to political death of the office holder, which twenty years ago were not noticed at all, but passed as natural and general characteristics of political office. Thus our political governments are becoming better, stronger, and more capable of constructive work, and apparently are gradually progressing from the type of weak and inefficient government of the democratic nation toward the strong and efficient government of the monarchical nations.

But is this really so, and are we really changing from the democratic concentral attitude toward the monarchical decentral attitude of governmental activity? Looking deeper into it, there appears nothing to warrant such assumption, but the increasing strength and efficiency of our political government is shown almost exclusively in a concentral direction. That is, with the continuing development and progress of our nation, more and more problems, starting from individual effort and passing through group, municipal, state action, finally reach the federal government and require codification on true democratic or concentral principles, and therefore of necessity is created the more efficient governmental machinery required to deal with them. But where our government has attempted to deal decentrally with problems, whether national, state, or municipal — that is, has attempted to solve problems which have not been solved and completely worked out before on smaller scale by smaller organizations — it has failed and is failing to-day. Such, for instance, is the case in dealing with corporations, with the national conservation movement, etc.

Thus our national character and our government have remained the same, and a solution of the industrial problem by the initiative of the political government remains as improbable as ever.

Our national societies have done much successful industrial organizing work — as, for example, engineering standardization, which was undertaken and accomplished by American national engineering societies, and from here has spread to other countries, and is now concentrally beginning to reach our government. The movement for industrial safety originated and developed in this manner. In the field of morality and temperance national societies have been active also, though perhaps not always wisely.

However, the organization of even the largest national societies necessarily is so limited that, with the exceptions of certain definite fields of activity, they cannot be counted upon for more than assistance and co-operation in the industrial reorganization of the nation.

Day of Wrath

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE reign of the dog-star was heavy upon the dusty town, and the barefoot citizens who were mistreating Mr. Webber's outer lawn were racked with discord. It was too hot to fare forth out of the maple-tree oasis, and all sedentary occupations had been used up. Mumblepeg had collapsed under quarrels, the mild pleasure of whistling upon grass-blades held between the thumbs had lost its flavor, and blowing dandelion seeds to see whether your mother wanted you was abandoned because the thing kept coming out wrong. "Fatty" Hartman, without lifting his head, spoke vaguely of finding some sour-grass to eat. Tom Rucker wished that the street were the lake, but he was sharply informed that if you went swimming in dog-days you would get sick and die.

"You would *not*."

"You would, too. I betcha a million dollars," said Bud Hicks.

"Yeah, you 'ain't got a million dollars."

And so the talk went sliding down the intellectual plane until all hands were feebly discussing what they would do if they had a million dollars.

"I'd put it in the haymow," said Bud, "an' ever' time I needed some candy—"

"You couldn't *get* a million dollars in a haymow." This ill-natured objection was made by Ted Blake.

"You could, too!"

"Could not!"

If Ted Blake and Bud Hicks had stood upon their heads then and there, the value of the assets falling from their pockets would not have exceeded three cents yet so irritating was the weather and so frazzled the state of the public nerves that they fell to fighting over the possibility of getting a million dollars into a haymow. The dog-star must have snickered upon his throne. In the discussion Bud fell underneath, and Ted's economic theories were marching on to victory when he felt the sharp point as of a parasol sticking into his ribs. He looked up into the strong and intelligent face of Mrs. Thompson.

"What's all this fighting about?"

Mrs. Thompson was built upon a rather generous plan, and her question had an official sound as something coming from the court-house. The belligerents only glared at each other, so the labor of explanation fell upon that innocent bystander and knee-scratcher, Randolph Harrington Dukes.

"We're all the time fighting," said Ranny, gloomily. "Whenever we try to have a little fun, we get into fights."

If Mrs. Thompson had not herself piloted two youths through potential homicide to law-abiding manhood, she might have said that it was wicked to fight, and that little children should love one another—and gone her righteous way, leaving Ted and Bud to resume their cat-and-dog life at leisure. But Mrs. Thompson was a practical idealist as well as a lover of peace, so she addressed Ranny, choosing her words carefully as one opening a new chapter of history.

"I know a good plan. All you boys club together and agree to this: whenever two of you have any trouble, wait a certain length of time. Then, if you still feel that you have to, fight."

"You mean get up a kind of a club?" asked Ranny, who had lately acquired a taste for holding office.

Mrs. Thompson belonged to that class of people who conceive of conversation as an intermittent monologue. She answered questions, if at all, only when time hung heavy upon her hands.

"I think ten days would be about right," she said.

Ted Blake was the first to catch her meaning. "Too long," he muttered, with a covert glance at his half-licked enemy.

"We will call it the Friends of Peace," continued Mrs. Thompson. "I can get the badges."

"What would we have to do?" asked "Fatty" Hartman, the prominent recliner.

"Well, good-by, boys. I'll let you know when the buttons come."

"I don't know if we—"

"I think blue and white would be nice." Mrs. Thompson's farewell address not only cut Ranny down in the midst of an important remark, but also left the whole group more or less wabbly with astonishment.

Bud Hicks, who had passed away at the first appearance of the lady, now came to life and said: "That wouldn't be any good. Le's don't do—"

His sentence found itself without visible means of support, for Ted Blake was making demonstrations.

"You couldn't belong if you wanted to," said Ted.

"What 've *you* got to say to it?"

"What 've I got to say to it? Listen to that. I'm goin' to be pres'dent. That's all I got to say to it."

"First I heard of it," replied Bud, weakly.

Ted indulged in his favorite practice of bunching up his muscle. The sleeve of his shirt had been torn in the late unpleasantness, and through this informal show-window one could see his biceps enjoying an attack of cramps. Ted was elected president without a dissenting—or assenting—voice.

"I'll be secatary!" cried Ranny.

All present now seized jobs by the vocal or round-ball method, with the result that several ladies of the neighborhood came out upon their front porches and looked distressed. They would have been surprised to hear the name of the society that was being organized so loudly.

When everybody, including Vice-President Hicks, had an office, it seemed fairly certain that there would be a club. Ranny meditated upon his new position, his eyes searching the landscape for inspiration. They found it in the sulphur-colored house of Mr. Webber, the reliable druggist.

"Wait here," he cried. "I gotta get somepin. Don't nobody go away."

He hurried off to his own home near by and returned with a memorandum-book and a sad-looking lead-pencil. The book had been lavished upon him by Mr. Webber—hence the inspiration. It contained a number of ruled pages, a calendar, a list of the nicknames of all the states, and reading-matter indorsing an all-healing medicine, the whole handsomely illustrated with pictures of ladies and gentlemen in pain.

"This here is the secatary's book." To prove his statement, Ranny printed upon its outside cover, "Freinds of Peace."

"What 're you goin' to write in it?" asked "Fatty," who had secured the easy office of assistant treasurer.

"'S all right," said Ranny. "I know, all right."

While he was floundering around in a mental vacuum, trying to think up something to put in his book, the patched-up peace between the president and vice-president broke down. Ted maintained that the vice-president had no rights, duties, or reason for existence.

"I'll lick the stuffin' outa you," he shouted, with appropriate gestures.

"You can't do that," said Ranny, earnestly. "It's against the rules of the club. You gotta wait ten days." He did mental arithmetic over the calendar in his book. "That 'll be the twenty-first of August."

"Aw, what's the matter with ya?" Ted looked around for moral support, but did not find any. "Well," he conceded, "I'll lick the stuffin' outa ya on the twenty-first of August."

"All right. You can do that." Ranny was generous with other people's contents.

"Yeah, I'd like to see you try," said Bud.

Here "Fatty" became the victim of internal amusement.

"S'posin' they'd forgit they was mad at each other," he chuckled, "an' go aroun' bein' good friends."

It was in this lowly quarter that Ranny found the elusive idea. "I'll write it down in the book," he cried. "What you s'pose the secatary's for? I got to put down all the fights."

The idea met with instant approval, and Ranny, though not excessively mus-



"WHAT'S ALL THIS FIGHTING ABOUT?"

cular, became the central figure of the Friends of Peace. In fact, it soon looked as if he were the only friend that peace had in the world, for the club members, anxious to make use of the new machinery of violence, promptly picked quarrels with one another and had Ranny record them in his book. As time went on, Ranny got into little disputes in connection with his bookkeeping duties, and was able to set down a few undying hatreds of his own. Mrs. Thompson might have chosen as the society's motto some such sentiment as, "Stop! look! listen!" but the unofficial slogan of the Friends of Peace was, "I'll lick the stuffin' out of you on the twenty-first of August."

A delightful feature of the organization meeting was the advent of Clarence Raleigh, arrayed in green linen, and walking sedately in shady places.

"Hey, Clarence!" shouted Ted Blake. "Want to join the peace club?"

Clarence must have thought that the dove of peace had fallen into strange company, for he backed up against the fence and asked, "What is it for?"

"You look like a bush," said "Fatty," who was punched to silence in the interest of the higher ridicule.

"The objeck of the club," announced Ranny, striving to be official, "is, if you get mad at somebody, an' he says—now—you know—s'posin'—"

"Ya gotta wait ten days," said Tom Rucker, leaping over Ranny's prostrate sentence.

"An' nobody must have fights," said Ted, shrewdly.

This, at least, seemed to convey some idea to Clarence. "Why, yes," said he, "I'll belong if my mother will let me."

Before the poor neophyte could collect his puzzled wits he had contracted five engagements to have his "stuffin'" removed on the 21st of August. His hurried departure left the pacifists almost helpless with mirth.

"Le's go 'round and git new members," said Ted. "C'm'on ever'body."

"Frogtown first," Ranny yelled. "They's loads of fighters there."

So the mystified mothers of the neighborhood were treated to the spectacle of a group of boys, a short time ago pros-

trated by the climate, running at full speed in the blazing sunshine of mid-afternoon.

This league to enforce peace swept through Lakeville like a tropical plague —down narrow alleys bordered with dusty ragweed, upon foot-blistering board sidewalks, over railroad-ties broiled in oil, and along the marsh road (with fine powder shooting from beneath the feet), to where "Frogtown" lay gasping in an atmosphere of wilted sedges and half-baked mud. "Frogtown" paid its toll of human life. Even "Sausage" Buckly, once convinced of the club's real nature, became a Friend of Peace, and signed articles of enmity all around. Back of the pickle-works a group of theoretical ball-players, lying in the shade of the cucumber-shed, surrendered in a body. Out on Berry Street, a boy who was sprinkling the road with a garden-hose joined the society—but not until he had drenched its officers in his ignorance of the rules. The propaganda spread eastward as far as the home of "Tug" Wiltshire, who, desperate for reading-matter, was studying a harness-maker's catalogue. "Tug" stopped improving his mind long enough to join the association and make a limited number of appointments for the day of wrath. His quarrel with Ranny was over the alleged misspelling of the word "Freinds."



"I'LL BELONG IF MY MOTHER WILL LET ME"

The proceedings had become crystallized into a formula; life was one long succession of crises and resolutions. Ted Blake, accompanied by his secretary, approached the prospective member, insulted him, and was counter-insulted. If it were not for his membership in this club, Ted then pointed out, he would punish the person then and there for his obnoxious traits. Ranny now explained the object of the organization, and the new member's name, together with any atrocities he cared to have committed upon him, were duly set down. The minor officers acted as spectators, guards, and boasters, but it was always Ted who breathed violence. He was a pacifist with the accent on the last syllable.

But rumors of the new movement went even further than its founders, and in a different direction. They followed the sun into the fastnesses of the West Ward, a region of gruff, two-fisted people who had never heard the word peace. Inevitably the news reached the ears of "Butch" Willet, a boy of local importance who was spending the day in the lake. Hastening into his simple, two-piece costume, "Butch" jumped upon his bicycle, and before his hair was dry encountered the officers of the Friends of Peace returning from the day's work.

"Hey, Blake!" cried this muscular barbarian, "I heard you got up a fight club. I'll belong."

The president had not thought of "Butch" in this connection. In his relations with the West-Warder Ted had been more bullied against than bullying.

"I don't know if you'd like it," said Ted.

"The objeck of the club—" It was no time for Ranny's set speech, for "Butch" was singing the hymn of hate and demanding membership. Slowly, almost drop by drop, the idea was inserted into the simple western mind that the Friends of Peace pledged themselves to weak arbitration for ten days and that free white-and-blue buttons depended upon this provision. All made damaging remarks about their club. A person of a more sensitive nature would have seen that he was not wanted.

"These here fights can't be till the twenty-first of August," said Ranny, displaying the archives. He only wanted to show the part he played in the club's affairs, but putting the thing into "Butch's" hands was a mistake. In a moment it was clear that this was "Butch's" favorite book. His relish of the thing seemed almost morbid.

"Put me down for fights with all you fellas"—his eye swept around the circle, compelling silence—"I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"They ain't room for any more names," said Ranny. His generous, uphill hand and the day's brisk trading had used up all of the writing-space. But "Butch" swept away technicalities, and compelled the secretary to set down his fights on margins and among calendars and testimonials.

"You see that fella," said he, pointing out an unhappy person labeled, "Before Taking." "That's how Ted Blake will look when I git through with him."

"You think you're awful smart," Ted replied. He actually said this aloud, but it is a significant fact that he did not say it until "Butch" had mounted his wheel and was half a block away. "What 'd ya have to go to work an' show 'im the book for?"

"We don't hafta tell 'im when we have our fights, do we?" Ranny replied.



HE DRENCHED THE OFFICERS OF THE PEACE SOCIETY IN HIS IGNORANCE OF THE RULES

"We could go off somewheres, if it's a nice day an' ever'thing," suggested Bud Hicks.

"Boggs's woods," said Tom.

"Le's take our dinner," said "Fatty."

Before they parted for the night it was agreed that, weather and parents permitting, an important portion of the human race would abolish itself in Boggs's woods by the lake, with incidental swimming and feasting, on the 21st of August, and that only the pleasanter and less muscular people would be invited. They would tell their parents about Mrs. Thompson, but they would not tell Mrs. Thompson about the picnic.

Through the intervening days the pride of authorship marched with Randolph Harrington Dukes. The book attended his gettings-up and his lyings-down; it went with him about his dusty August duties, a hip-pocket library of ready reference. By the second day it had lost its pristine beauty, and by the fifth its cover. When the fatal day approached, it was a stained and ragged bundle. There had been no attempt to start a new volume of mutual dislikes. If half of the promises for the 21st were to be kept, history would have nothing to do for the rest of time.

The parents of the Friends of Peace fell easy victims. Ranny's father chuckled a little, for no good reason, but any doubts mother may have had were removed by a telephone talk with Mrs. Thompson. This society was not the first to discover the value of a respectable figurehead.

The weather also permitted—for the 21st dawned fine and clear, a beautiful day for destruction and desolation—but to the supersensitive it might have appeared that L. J. Boggs did not. At least a sign in his name at the entrance to his lakeside grove halted the dozen or more exclusive characters, laden with paper parcels and shoe-boxes, with a cordial invitation not to enter under the penalty of the law.

"Aw, who's afraid of ol' Boggsy?" said Ted Blake. "C'm'on, le's go in."

Bud Hicks showed how little he trembled by hurling a stone at the sign and almost hitting it. So with co-operative bravery the society moved on toward the pebbly shore of the lake. Clarence Raleigh, though he had been invited with suppressed snickers, had not turned up at the meeting-place.

Ranny, impressed by the large amount of work the society had before it, pulled out the book of ancient grudges and proposed that the exercises begin at once. "I'll read off the names," he said. "One fight at a time."

"No; le's have our dinner first," said "Fatty." It was already ten o'clock, and "Fatty" had taken no nourishment since breakfast except three apples.

The Friends of Peace debated the question of fighting *vs.* eating, and compromised by going swimming just east of the no-bathing sign. This was done in spite of Tom Rucker's statement that all would get sick and die. Tom could argue brilliantly on either side of this question.

"The first thing we know," said Ranny, "it 'll be night an' we won't have no time for them fights."

Nevertheless, after a pleasant session in the deadly waters, every one was too hungry for hostilities. After dinner there was an era of good feeling that Ranny found distressing.

"I work hard an' write down all them names," said Ranny, "an' now nobody fights. What kind of a club is this, anyhow?"

"It's a peace club," said "Fatty." His remark was greeted with the disdain which it deserved.

Presently there was a game of catch with a yarn ball, and three members fell into the lake—Tom Rucker purposely, because of his desire to entertain his fellow-boy. But finally all excuses were exhausted, and Ted Blake and Bud Hicks were advised to get into a hostile frame of mind toward each other. There were to be no rules to interfere with the free play of brutality, though up to the last the president insisted that the vice-president was not allowed to bite his ear. At this crucial point history, after its eccentric fashion, repeated itself.

The phenomenon appeared as the sound of wheels and Mrs. Thompson driving her reliable family horse. Beside her, sitting in polite elegance, was

discovered Clarence Raleigh, who had obviously adopted Mrs. Thompson as a shield against violence. One of the chickens of the Friends of Peace had come home to roost.

"Why, boys! you're not having a fight, I hope. My goodness!" Mrs. Thompson added, taking a closer look at the belligerents, "are you at it yet?"

"We're—we're havin' a meeting," said Ranny, helpfully.

"Well, let's come to order." Mrs. Thompson seated herself upon a stump. "Who is the president?"

Ted Blake dropped his fists and took up the duties of his office. But here another of the peace club's chickens came home to roost — L. J. Boggs, making demonstrations.

"You kids get out of this woods," he cried, flourishing a stick. "Every last one of—of—Oh, how do, Mrs. Thompson. I didn't know you was here with the boys."

"We're having a little meeting of our club," said the patroness. "I'll see that the boys do no harm."

L. J. Boggs's collapse was almost pathetic—quite as if Mrs. Thompson's husband's bank held a mortgage upon that very woods.

Ranny now took the center of the stage. "We haven't been fightin'," he said, "an' whenever we had any trouble we put it down in this here"—business of digging in pockets—"in this here fight-book. An' now it's ten days an' you said we gotta fight in ten days. An' so now—it's ten days."

Mrs. Thompson did not take the official records in her hands, but she poked them as one inspecting garbage.

"But we don't *have* to fight just because the ten days are up. We could burn the book and declare peace."

"We—we couldn't burn up our secatary's book," Ranny protested.

"We'll make a kind of ceremony of it—like a little play."



"PUT ME DOWN FOR FIGHTS WITH ALL YOU FELLAS"

"No, ma'am." Ranny was fighting for the work of his hand and brain. "I don't think—"

What Ranny did not think was not immediately forthcoming, for he beheld Ted Blake trying to convey an idea by the sign language. He was to turn around and look at the lake. Still another peace-club chicken had come home to roost. This one might more properly be called a duck, for it came by water.

Only a face was visible—a scowling face registering baffled rage. "Butch" was evidently dressed more for pugilism than for the society of ladies.

"Well, all right," said Ranny. "I gotta be the burner."

It took all of the officers to accomplish the ceremony, Assistant Treasurer Hartman's part being purely advisory. Mrs. Thompson made well-chosen remarks predicting the end of all war, and closed by pinning upon every chest present the white-and-blue button of the cherished order.

"I must be going now," she said. "Coming, Clarence?"

Ted took another look at the lake. "Butch" was standing neck-deep, waiting for a chance to come ashore and make people look like chronic sufferers.

"Le's go with Mis' Thompson to the gate," he said. "Fall in, ever'body. Forward, march!"



"YOU KIDS GET OUT OF THIS WOODS!"

"Butch" must have decided to follow at a discreet distance, for when Ranny looked back he beheld one of the most charming sights of a life that had fallen in pleasant places—a boy dressed in bathing-trunks hastening toward the water, pursued by that enraged landowner, L. J. Boggs.

At the highway the society parted from Mrs. Thompson with a salvo of cheers. After this sweet sorrow the Friends of Peace gave themselves up to anarchy and pleasure. There were four fights—not official, but plain fights, quick to come and go like summer showers. There was a green-apple battle with certain East-Warders, during which Ted transformed himself from president to general, and gave stern orders which nobody obeyed. There was informal stone-throwing; one game of round-ball, flourishing in a side-street, was broken up. It was late afternoon when the five original members and officers reached their own neighboroood. Tom Rucker looked like a Friend of Peace who had been left out in the rain overnight; there was an assortment of sunburns and mosquito bites and a stone-bruise or two; and upon the person of "Fatty" Hartman what promised to be an amusing case of poison-ivy. As they limped down the home-stretch they gently tripped and poked one another, and rubbed one another's heads with knuckles, and felt a kingship over all created things—full of dust and joy and oxygen. Pacifists returning from the chase.

"Le's have another one nex' week. They won't know the difference."

By "they" Ranny was understood to mean the gullible adults who took the Friends of Peace at face value.

At dusk, Ranny was not so sure. Father had been giggling over an item in the evening *Bulletin*. "Isn't it fine to have him home safe and sound?" he asked mother. As was so often the case, there was no point to father's joke, for all the paper had to say was this:

"A boys' organization, the Friends of Peace, held a picnic meeting in L. J. Boggs's grove to-day. All will recover."

The Children's Isle

BY FRANCIS MEDHURST

THERE is an isle, so legends say,
Set far and far from any land,
Where roses bud and bloom for aye,
Upon whose blossom-haunted strand
The dear, dead babies run and play
Or wander idly hand in hand.

Remote across the seas it lies,
This little isle so fair and far,
Wherein the souls of butterflies
The playmates of the children are,
While sweetest songs imparadise
Its waving woods from bar to bar.

The strains of long dead nightingales
Whose music here on earth is dumb
Make magical the hills and vales,
As over deeps no man may plumb,
Borne softly on the sable sails
Of ships of stars, the babies come.

Across those still and haunted seas
No mortal keel may hope to steer,
For none but ghostly argosies
To that enchanted isle draw near.
In dreams alone its mysteries
To longing mothers' eyes are clear.

The limpid laughter time has stilled,
The tiny hands that clutch and cling—
None but the heart that these have thrilled
Can guess the healing balm they bring.
Thrice blessèd she whom God hath willed
To glimpse the babies pleasuring.

What beacons flare to guide the bark
To that far isle, no man may say.
No pilot's chart, no leadsman's mark
Has mapped those lonely leagues of spray.
Alone of all that thread the dark
The souls of children know the way.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

ONE of those nondescript presences which haunt about the Easy Chair, and which we have somewhat vainly before now attempted to difference one from another as sages, cynics, philosophers, poets, and psychologists, came in with the Last Number in his hand, and said, "I have been a good deal amused by your praise of republics in this month's Chair."

"Amused?" We arched a conditional eyebrow.

"Yes, you've managed very skilfully to keep your real feeling back."

"*What* is our real feeling?" we demanded.

"Why, so many cultured people doubt republics, now, except as a provisional state sure to end sooner or later in some form of monarchy."

"Yes? Where do these doubters live?"

"Well, some of them live here, in the United States. Very nice people, who've read and traveled. You understand."

"Yes. We have heard of them. They think republics are short-lived, eh? Which of the actual monarchies of the world is as old as the Republic of Venice, which lasted twelve or fifteen hundred years before it passed away? Or Genoa, which lasted nearly as long or longer, and into the first decade of the nineteenth century? Or the Dutch Republic? Or the Swiss? Or even the Roman?" We artfully kept back the ages of the three last, respectable as they were, for we did not choose to be less than overwhelming with our instances. "The Byzantine Empire was only fourteen or fifteen hundred years old when it fell, and what other empire has lasted as long?"

"China."

"Yes, and China has merged in a republic at last." At this thought we became almost violent. "Just as the French monarchy has finally merged into a democratic commonwealth! Why does anybody believe it is the destiny of republics to end in some sort of monarchy? We should like to see some of these refined doubters of yours. We should like to make them observe *per contra* that half of the British Empire culminated a hundred and thirty odd years ago in a republic which shows no signs of reverting to monarchy yet. And the great Spanish Empire exploded thirty or forty years later into about twenty republican fragments which are smoking yet."

"Then you were really in earnest?" Our visitor sank uninvited upon the window-sill.

"What do you take us for?" we retorted. "Do we look like a person who wants a prince of any sort to stand for patriotism with him, or a club-government or general staff-government to substitute the rule of the masses as we have it? One can hope to be one of the masses one's self, but not easily of the club classes or the general staff classes."

"But isn't that rather a personal view?" our visitor asked, trying so hard to be a character that he almost succeeded.

"Nothing," we returned, axiomatically, "is vital that is not personal. It is a pity that any Americans have ceased to have a personal preference for the existence of the republic. The bounce of our younger days was ridiculous, but it was not contemptible like the languid non-assertion of these later times. Didn't you yourself feel rather ashamed of our waiting for Great Britain to recognize the Portuguese Republic before we owned her our sister?"

"I don't know," the nondescript said, "that I'm here in a representative capacity. I merely wished to express my

pleasure in what I supposed the delicate irony of what you said about republics. But if you really meant it—"

"Really meant it!" we cried, with a violent agitation of all our substance.

"Why, you know that your attitude is so often ironical."

"Is it? Well, if you like irony, suppose we try a little of it on the monarchies. Who is it has started the present little 'game of kings,' as Emerson calls war? Don't say royalty of any sort, when there are so many democracies to blame for it! Don't you know that San Marino and Andorra, and Switzerland and Portugal combined with France in her attempts to save herself from the benevolent assimilation of the cultured despotism which proposed, at the instance of the Deity, to spread civilization through her territories?"

"Oh, you've got it all wrong!" the nondescript crowed. "It was England and Russia that formed the *entente* with France."

"What? The same powers that joined with her in forbidding Greece the republic which the Greeks wanted when those allies tardily helped them free themselves from the Turks in 1828? France was then one of those provisional monarchies which are an example to all short-lived republics, and the three decided that a king would be much better for the Greeks. But why mourn for spilt milk, or at least for milk spilt so long ago? It is notorious that Norway desired to be a republic when she broke with Sweden four or five years since; but the united sentiment of monarchical Europe willed her a throne, though there is no Norwegian nobility to rest the throne upon, and her whole constitutional frame is as democratic as ours, or more so. Why were the republics which witnessed this forcing of the popular desire so shamelessly diffident? We might have excused ourselves on the ground that we were not a European power; but where were France, or Switzerland, or San Marino, or Andorra? If virtue, as Montesquieu holds, is the distinguishing quality of republics, modesty certainly seems the defect of that quality—"

"But, hold on! Wasn't the Norwegian king chosen by a popular vote?"

"Apparently. But do you suppose it was from a popular initiative? The choice was well enough, since it fell upon a prince of that amiable royal family of Denmark which has supplied kings-consort and queens-consort to half Europe; but what the democracy of Norway really wanted was a republic. When the day of reckoning comes, as all men of good-will hope it may, in the event of peace on earth, not only the thwarted republics will be established, but the subverted republics will be restored. It is scarcely a hundred years since the Dutch Republic was turned into a monarchy to supply the long-felt want of a crown for one of Napoleon's reluctant brothers. It is only a little longer since the republic of Genoa ceased to be. Within a generation the free cities of Germany, some of them, still preserved a shadowy republican autonomy. What may have become of them in the actual condition of things one cannot say, but ten or fifteen years ago Hamburg was jealous of the presence of imperial troops, and had her own senate. Frankfort was an independent commonwealth till 1866, when she was formally joined to Prussia for the crime of having taken part with Austria; and then, there are the three Hanseatic towns, besides Hamburg, of Bremen, Lübeck, and Luneburg, not to mention others."

Here we fell into a reverie which lasted so long that the nondescript was moved to ask, very politely, very deferentially, "Would you mind saying just what you are driving at?"

"Not the least," we replied, with a genial laugh. "We were just indulging one of those little dreams common to many other political topographers who are now more or less rearranging the map of Europe, in view of that eventual peace. We were thinking how many republics could be constructed out of the German Empire and incorporated in the Federation of the World. But our fancy did not stop at the demand upon the Prussian monarchy and its affiliated monarchies. We were thinking how handsome it would be for Great Britain to restore the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic to the independence she so lately robbed them of. She might even concede the indepen-

dence of an Irish republic, or two Irish republics, granting Ulster a separate autonomy. At the same time we ourselves could, with apologies and the promise of a powerful protectorate, recognize the Philippine Republic which we encouraged the Filipinos to hope for before we drove the Spaniards out."

"It is a bright dream," the nondescript remarked with a satirical inflection.

"You haven't known its full effulgence yet," we replied. "Of course we couldn't expect a restoration of the Cromwellian Commonwealth in Great Britain; that is a little too long ago; and it would be too much to expect of a people who were willing, after getting rid of Charles the First, to lapse in obedience to Charles the Second and sink back from citizens to subjects. We must not expect the rehabilitation of the Venetian and Genoese republics from Italy; they also are too long past, and the medieval Italian commonwealths are quite out of the question, though it isn't impossible that all Italy may join the Federation of the World in republican form."

"And Russia?"

"Well, Russia has historically nothing to render to the republican ideal. She is governmentally Asiatic; but we mustn't forget that Christianity is Asiatic, and that the Commune after Christ was imagined by Asiatics. The Russian *Mir*, the basis of that vast peasant empire, may be the survival of the early communistic ideal. But we won't count Russia yet among the more zealous promoters of the republican rehabilitation. We have yet to see what she will wish to do after having ingulfed Austria, Germany, and the Balkan States. It will be wiser not to hurry her digestion with too hopeful conjecture."

"And Turkey?" our visitor pursued.

"Perhaps there won't be any Turkey. But if there is, an Armenian republic is the least we can demand of her. From Austria we shall want back the Hungarian republic of 1848; and from France, the Roman republic of the same period."

"Wouldn't that be inconvenient for Italy—supposing the Italian monarchy persisted?"

"Yes, it would," we magnanimously owned, "and we must not push the case of any of the republics of '48 too far. We can do very well without them."

"Then just what is your idea?"

"What is our idea?" we asked, and we were aware of glowing with the vision through all our fibers as with some divine phosphorescence. "Well, first of all, when the Federation of the World has been established on a republican basis, which shall include the vastly greater number of the civilized states, we would have this commonwealth of ours, as the chief and prime exemplar, purge and live cleanly—put away graft and lust of the pork-barrel in every form, and try to be worthy of her primacy. It will be hard, but not impossible; and think what a great chance it will be for the Chinese, with such an example, to be as collectively as they are individually honest!"

"Now," the nondescript said, "you are giving way to your mocking propensity. Will you never be in earnest?"

"We are quite in earnest now; but when we think of the world fellow-citizenship which will prelude the human brotherhood, we experience a gaiety of heart which would smile away all of the difficulties in the way of the ultimate communes. Yet, if you prefer, we will join you in rejoicing over some advantages of the actual monarchical systems."

"Ah, I am glad you are fair enough to recognize them," the nondescript exclaimed, and now we began to believe that we had before us one of those quaint Americans who think it would be well for us to have our chief magistrates born to rule over us. "You can't deny that the royal intermarriages have tended to cement the friendship of the peoples and preserve peace between the nations."

"Do you mean the present situation, with the appearance of hostility, but real amity? Oh yes, the German Kaiser is first cousin of the English King, and as a small boy he was present with his mother at the wedding of King George's father. Russia and Germany have long been united by the ties of matrimony between their princely and imperial families. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy are cousins of we forget

just what degree. The King and Queen of Belgium are bound by close ties of blood and affection to the Prussian and Bavarian royalties. The Queen of Greece is sister of the Kaiser, and the King derives from the prolific royal family of Denmark. That remarkable product of the Orleans family, the Czar of Bulgaria, is a Bourbon, and he is related to nearly all the legitimist families of Europe. It is said that the Hapsburgs rather looked down upon him before he avenged Austria on Servia for the murder of the imperial crown-prince. But what is this feeling as compared with the love which otherwise binds all the 'thrones, principalities, and powers' together? If it were not for their kinship we might now see Europe a scene of havoc unparalleled in history. But these fathers and mothers in law, these brothers and half-brothers, with their 'sisters and their cousins and their aunts,' have held that continent in peace by the sheer force of family affection. Is that what you mean?"

"Something like that," the nondescript faltered.

"You mean if Europe were mainly republican as it is mainly monarchical, we might have seen France plunging in a ruthless drive at Berlin and devastating Belgium for offering to stand in her way, and spreading murder over every land and sea? Well, everything is possible, and it is to be said on your side that a republican Europe has not been tried yet. We are rather curious to see how it would work, and we are willing to chance it."

The nondescript was silent, as characters are in novels when the authors are trying to think of something for them to say. Then he asked, "But all those presidential elections taking place at once, that way—"

"It wouldn't be so very ludicrous, or not more ludicrous than the settlement of the royal successions, if the war had got them twisted up. Besides, the elections needn't all take place at once; or they might be solemnized by being held in the churches as they are now in Switzerland. Or, if it would give them dignity, they could all be held on leap year, as they are with us. That would be a universal tribute to enfranchised womanhood."

The nondescript attempted a final sarcasm. "The politicians would have a great time."

"Well, we should not grudge it to them. The politicians may not be as bad as we like to think them. We are all politicians on election day. The monarchies have them, and in England where the king can do no wrong, he makes them his means of doing right. Only, he does not call such instruments politicians; he calls them statesmen."

The nondescript was silent a moment before he asked, "Then, why is it that the subjects of kings are so proud of being subjects?"

"Well, we will tell you. But it is a secret; let it go no further. It is one of the strongest principles in human nature. You know how in the hideous old slavery times a negro was proud of being owned by one of the quality? It made him feel that he was of consequence himself. So it is with the subject of a king. If he has a divinely appointed fellow-creature to rule over him, with a lot of lords between them to make him feel the weight more sensibly and bow him lower, he feels sure of being somebody. Now in a republic, with nobody but fellow-citizens around, as common as himself— Well, you see?"

"Yes, I see," the nondescript said, but we doubted him.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

HUMANITY is realized in its integration, but a human communality is something we can conceive of as possible only under primitive conditions of absolute provincialism. It is broken up in the first stage of any social order not entirely dependent for its coherence upon the close natural bond of kinship, and is broken up more and more in the increasing complexity of the social system.

Progressive civilization brings mankind nearer together into visible unity, and promotes apparent uniformity. But this coercive system, mechanical as it seems, is an indispensable condition of humanism—of the culture that cannot be imparted, but must grow from its own living root and have the quality of life. Civilization aggregates humanity into a confluent stream which forever seeks its level; humanism gives it an invisible integrity, through expansion in which the attraction is the reflex of repellences, and in which the accordant harmony is the resolution of discords without confusion of distinct strains. Not equality, but selective distinction is characteristic of all creative specialization.

Freedom is therefore the very atmosphere of humanism. The modern tendency toward the development of nationalities on racial lines has promoted the free play of the human spirit in Christendom. The expansion of sympathy as a dynamic principle, a motive power in society, art, and faith, has given flexibility to collectivity, preventing its crystallization into the hard shell of conformity, inspiring tolerance of spontaneous variation and divergence—a habit peculiarly distinctive of modernism.

Therefore we need feel no apprehension as to the future of art and literature, as likely to suffer dissolution or diminution from the advance of civilization in any direction, even in that of the mechanical progress which has brought mankind into neighborhood. Mr. George Moore, the novelist, has asserted that the dissolution is already an accomplished fact—that somewhere about 1880 all art was killed by the locomotive and that we are now living in an age which he picturesquely characterizes as "The Dusk of the Gods."

An announcement so startling as to seem sensational and, at least to some of us, quite fallacious would merely arrest our attention, escaping serious consideration, if there were not so many critics constantly beating their tom-toms in consternation because of the eclipse of art, either as an approaching or already completed catastrophe. Usually these critics are of that academic order which with inflexible conservatism resists all innovations, and, therefore, in the constant renewals of our modern life finds on every side abundant occasion for dismay and deprecation. Mr. Moore has shown himself too modern, both as novelist and essayist, to willingly ally himself with that order. He does not complain of modern tendencies—toward democracy, free-thought, social justice, or any other form of emancipation—but of a condition, brought about by mechanical progress, an amalgamation of mankind which, on philosophical grounds, he regards as destructive to art and literature.

The premise of this philosophy is that segregation is a condition not merely favorable, but essential, to the genesis and development of art—a premise that cannot be intelligently tolerated unless we define segregation paradoxically—that is, as implying some sort of social community. Society, in the distinctively human sense, is not merely an aggregation of units. It is a living organism which from the first, in some

form of rhythmic exaltation, manifests psychical transcendence of its physical environment and physiological functioning. Religion and art are inevitable in every stage of social development.

Community in a progressive civilization is, as we have seen, a departure from primitive communality, to which it can never return—that is, as to the same state. The old communality was not exactly provincial, as we use that term; it had, rather, an insulation like that of an instinct, being inclosed within the close sheath of natural kinship. Being human, it had within itself the seeds of expansion beyond that insulation and, hence, a premonition of religion and art in the overtone of its rhythmic manifestations. Else there could have been no departure, any more than there ever is from the absolute conformity of an animal herd. Once the departure, there is no return to the original starting-point.

Even history, as a record of human experience, does not repeat itself. Experience is in good part spiritual, especially in what escapes record, and is ever becoming more spiritual. The mechanical term "cycle" fails to express its course, which is not roundabout but expansive, with ever new and widening horizons. We say we learn by experience, but that is past lore, which of itself alone too readily foreshortens into conclusions. Experience guides and illumines only as it moves on into new and incalculable prospects and has thus a prophetic side. This teaching is knowledge in the making, the light of an unfolding life, never closing in—open, free, creative.

This expansion, while it is inseparable from social community, invisibly makes for a dynamic separateness, for large individualism, for a kingdom within man that embraces seclusions and positive solitudes impossible to merely local segregation—a kingdom of the soul, with powers and capacities open to, and deepened and reinforced from the source of all life. When we say that the law of this kingdom is the law of sympathy, we do not mean the extinction of inequalities, antagonisms, and revolts. Every new expansion shows new repellences whose reflexes are new affinities.

It is because of the advanced growth of this invisible kingdom that its fruits are more manifest in modern than in ancient and medieval society. The spiritual power and sensibility developed sustain and give buoyancy to the immensely complex visible fabric built up by modern progress, so vitalizing it that even in its vast array of mechanics it seems less statically mechanical than the ruder fabric of old civilizations. Complexity perfects simplicity in all the economies of living, harmonizing their varied interests, thus lifting them into the region of a humanism whose transcendency has become an immanence.

That progress which is the condition, though not the ground, of this evolutionary integration of humanity, cannot be inimical to art or literature any more than to faith, save as it becomes unvital, reducing humanity to a formal and static communalization.

Modern science, which has given us our mechanism, from the locomotive to the wireless, has assumed offices proper to creative imagination, seizing upon the hidden mysteries of Nature—her subtlest forces and rhythms—so that the human community has a kind of outward communication corresponding to that of its transformed art and literature, which, while it mainly concerns the contemporary scene, yet—and especially in literature—operates at a distance, as from deep to deep, dispensing with that actual contact which was of old necessary to all communication. Dynamic segregation is more potent than visible congregation.

It is always "The Dusk of the Gods." But new gods arrive when old gods go; and with every emergence of new gods that spark of divinity which is in man is caught into a more luminous flame. No outward fabric man has built has changed as this theophany within him has. In that region which we know as his psychical kingdom, the transformations of art have been as surprising as those of faith. Those which are to come we cannot precalculate as to form or character.

The plastic arts, objectively impressive and never immediately a reflection of life, have suffered recession, while music and literature have advanced, because in modern psychical evolution the

scope of their possibilities is unlimited. The general diffusion of education among the people has vastly enlarged the province of literature not merely for popular entertainment, but in the interests of a deeper humanism. It is not all creative literature, but while writers of pre-eminent genius are comparatively few, the number of those showing a high order of selective taste, good feeling, charm, and humor—in a word, the sympathetic quality of genius—is greater in each new generation of them.

Home and the relations based on natural kinship have been exalted by the larger interest we feel in all that lies beyond these; their own boundaries, once so narrow, have been enlarged until within them is room for the living world. Literature has been the chief vehicle for bringing home treasuries of spiritual wealth, of beauty, of knowledge, and of entertainment that in former ages the people went forth to find—to the temple, the cathedral, and the theater. We go forth still, especially for the sake of sociableness in our enjoyment of these riches; but not, as the illiterate peoples of old did, from sheer exigence, having no alternative afforded through an infinitely hospitable individualism entertaining guests of an ample, though invisible, fellowship.

We see, then, why fiction to such an extent has usurped the place formerly given to the older forms of art which, with the exception of music and painting, attained perfection in ages and among peoples to which they were indispensable. We collect the relics of these into museums and cherish them, because we are sensible to their beauty or because they appeal to our historic sense, which is and ever must be inseparable from our humanism. In whatever degree any generation may have, within the scope of its own immediate activities and interests, such abundant and varied resources that it seems self-sufficing, its deeper culture will in the same degree reach back to include the human past within the range of its speculative interpretation.

Thus there will always be a distinct order of fiction—like that so well represented in our day by Anatole France—which, transcending present conditions, will have something of the detachment of ancient art, without loss of modernity. Indeed, the masters in this kind of fiction, in the treatment of modern themes, may—as in the case of a Hardy or a Conrad—show this speculative detachment; and, while they may not have so wide an appeal to the contemporary audience, may outrank and outlast most of the masters of modern realism.

The masters of either of these orders of modern fiction do not owe their distinction to any objective grandeur or impressiveness, or to imitation of older masters. To those who will recognize greatness only by its outward earmarks, the beauty and glory of art seem to have departed. But those to whom the untruth of art to living reality seems its only possible *défaillance* cherish an assured optimism.

General literacy did not create the modern literary art, but only gave it opportunity, diversified appeal, and an enlarged prospect. The art had existed in spite of general illiteracy—in stage representations before there could be printed fiction. The first poetry was created when poets could not write nor their auditors read. On the other hand, ignorance was never the mother of art, which from the beginning was the offspring of humanism—of some real culture.

As early English drama, before Peele, Greene, and Marlowe led the way for Shakespeare, was mainly an industry for the entertainment of the illiterate, besides being the means of religious and moral instruction, so, for a literate community, modern fiction, besides serving many useful social ends, has been largely and increasingly a profitable amusement industry rather than a creative art. In their competition for popularity and as a relief to their mediocrity, when their resources for sensational effect have been exhausted, writers in this industrial and commercial literary province resort to eccentricities and to innovations merely for the sake of novelty—a tendency as reactionary to genuine art as the opposite one toward cherishing an old fashion simply because it is old. True art, as creative and evolutional, suffers no such reactions, and its larger future is secure.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Quarrelsome Club

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"AND instead of each applicant for membership being proposed by a proposer," said Scott, "he will have to be opposed by an opposer—by some one who really objects to having him in the club, and can give a good reason for it."

We were on the eight-fifteen, going to town, and Scott had dropped into my seat just as the train pulled out of the Westcote station. I can honestly say that of all the men in Westcote, Scott is the one I most thoroughly detest. He irritates me beyond measure; he is a self-centered, egotistical donkey, with a head like an empty peanut—but there! I can't talk about him. I always lose my temper when I do. Not another word about him!

I always read the morning paper on the way to town. I consider the opportunity to read the paper on my way to town the one redeeming feature of suburban life. I have told every one so and, thank goodness! every one understands how I feel. Scott knows this as well as any one. I have told him a hundred times, but he is such a consummate jackass, and so full of his own conceit. You know what I mean—he's *forever* thinking that what he has to say is more important than *anything* in the world. He *comes* with his idiotic ideas and sits beside a man and talks and talks and talks! But—there! It's no matter. Forget him.

This morning I had just opened my paper and begun to read when Scott entered the car and, seeing only forty or so empty seats, made a bee-line for the vacant one at my side, as the infernal nuisance *always* does. I can't understand the man. I've shown him in every way possible that I don't like him and that I don't want his company and that he is a nuisance, but he is always bothering me. I think he is thick-headed or something. He seems bright enough, too, to know better. But I won't talk about him. It drives me mad!

I snubbed him, of course. He came up with that cheerful business of: "Well, old man! and how is the boy this morning?" and I said, "Um!" and went on reading. He offered me a cigar, and I said: "No! smoke it yourself. I smoked one of those once!" You can't be too plain with a man like Scott. He has no tact, or whatever you call it. Brazen-faced, insistent, annoying—No matter. Least said soonest mended.

"Well, we've got the grand idea at last," Scott said. "Some of us talking about it last night. A new kind of club. It's to be the Quarrelsome Club. Rogers—"

I put down my paper for one moment. "Now, listen to me!" I said. "I don't want



HE CAME UP WITH THAT CHEERFUL BUSINESS OF: "WELL, OLD MAN! AND HOW IS THE BOY THIS MORNING?"



THE BOARD RECEIVES THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

to hear anything about Rogers. I don't want to hear his name, even. Understand that! After what that man said to me about my dog in his garden, I'm through with him. I know when a man is a gentleman, and I know when he is not. That's all!"

"And Grieg," said Scott.

"Scott," I said, "what are you trying to do, annoy me? If you don't know it, I'll tell you now that I think that man Grieg ought to be run out of Westcote. I think he's a German spy; that's what I think of him. I don't want to hear anything about him, or talk to him, or be where he is. He's no gentleman, and I told him so to his face. I tried, in the plainest manner possible, to explain to him why Germany is wrong and why she is bound to be licked and— But no matter! The man is impossible!"

"And some others of us," Scott went on. "Our old bridge-club crowd, you know."

"Stop it!" I said. "You needn't say another word. If that's the crowd, excuse me! Of all the bunches of cheap, quarrelsome, provincial, petty-minded, ill-tempered—"

"I hoped you'd feel like that," said Scott, ghoulically. "So we got to talking about Westcots, and the lack of social organizations, and we felt—all of us—there ought to be a club."

"Well, there is one, isn't there?" I said. "You've got the Teconic Club, or whatever that bunch of swelled-headed, would-be aristocrats call themselves, haven't you?"

"Yes, but this club of ours," said Scott, rapidly, "is to have nobody in it but the unclubable—the fellows nobody wants in a club. That's why we are going to call it the Quarrelsome Club. It is going to be just the opposite of any other club. Nobody can get into it that ought to be in a club. We'll have a room and meet there to quarrel and be nasty to one another. And instead of each applicant for membership being proposed by a proposer, he will have to be opposed by an opposer—by some one who really objects to having him in the club and can give a good reason for it."

"Well, I know one man I'd be mighty glad to oppose," I said. "Harkins! I told that man just last night what I thought of him and the infernal racket he makes in his garage, right under my window. Why doesn't he get a decent car he doesn't have to be banging with a sledge-hammer all night? I tell you, there's a law against nuisances, and—"

"It will work like this," Scott went on: "somebody will mention a man's name, but unless he is so disliked that some member gets purple in the face just to hear his name, nothing more will be done about it. If some member does go purple in the face, he has the right to oppose the man mentioned. He opposes him and gets some one to second the opposition. Then he has to write a letter to the membership committee telling all the reasons why the opposed candidate should not be admitted—why he is not a fit companion for the members, what a vile temper he has, and so on. If he can convince the membership committee, that committee reports to the board that it will resign if the opposed candidate is admitted to the club. The board then posts the opposed candidate's name and recommends that he be not admitted. Then the club members



THEY ANNOUNCE THAT THEY WILL RESIGN IF THE OPPOSED CANDIDATE IS ADMITTED

vote on the candidate. If enough think he is not fit to associate with gentlemen—think he is ugly of disposition and quarrelsome, and sure to make trouble in the club—he is blackballed."

"Of all the nonsense—" I began, but Scott wouldn't stop.

"It's going to be an interesting club," he said. "I expect the steward will resign every day. We can't hope that the quarrelsomeness will amount to fist-fights every night, but we can count on that frequently. The house committee will have a delightfully frightful lot of trouble. We got it going last night—drew up the constitution and by-laws, and started with a dozen charter members."

"Umh!" I said, and picked up my paper again.

"Your name came up almost immediately," Scott said.

"Umh!" I said again.

"Quite a number of us opposed it quite violently," said Scott in that irritating, cheerful way of his.

"I don't care what or who—" I began, with some spirit.

"You were unanimously blackballed," said Scott, with what I felt was a coo of triumph. I turned and looked him full in the face.

"Scott," I said, "you needn't think you are angering me by coming to tell me this. I'm a good-natured, peaceable man, and you needn't think you can anger me by telling me you and your gang of cheap suburbanites don't want me to associate with you. I don't want to associate with you, if you care to know it. You can blackball me and be hanged! If you think I care that you have kept me out of your club—"

"But we haven't," said Scott. "The rules provide that no one is admitted to membership unless he is unanimously blackballed."

"Oh!" I said.

I think— I don't know what to think. I've been thinking all day. Scott is clever in some ways. He has some unusual ideas that are pretty good. It would be just like Scott to get together a lot of good fellows and organize them in some way that would be unusual and what you might call *chic*. Of course they would want me with them, I am so good-natured and easy-going and all that. They'd all want me in their club, of course. But some men have such mean dispositions—some men like Scott are such sore-heads and so vindictive—there are some men in Westcote so stubborn and quarrelsome—fellows like Rogers and Grieg and Harkins.

"Unanimously blackballed."

Huh!



LADY PHILANTHROPIST: "*Why don't you make companions of your children?*"

A Compliment

A LARGE manufacturing concern sent frequent and urgent demands to a certain delinquent dealer, and, being unable to get so much as a response, sent a representative to personally wait upon him.

"Why haven't you paid your account, or at least written us concerning the matter?" the representative asked.

"My dear sir," responded the delinquent, smilingly, "those collection letters from your firm are the best I have ever seen. I have had copies made and am sending them out to the trade, and it's wonderful the number of old accounts I have been able to collect. I haven't paid my bill, as I felt sure there was another letter in the series. I have some hard customers to deal with and I need that last letter."

Poor Patrick!

AN old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"*Allez*—you sons of guns—*allez!*" Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the day I iver learned their language."

No Names!

LITTLE Bessie was sent to school for the first time, and the teacher asked her the name of her father. The little girl sat very thoughtful, but seemed unable to think what it was. Finally, teacher decided to help her out, if possible, and asked:

"What do you call him, dear?"

"Why," replied the child, promptly, "I call him father."

"Yes," smiled teacher, "of course you do. But what does your mother call him?"

For a moment the child was silent, and then she answered:

"Why, she doesn't call him anything—she likes him."

A Bad Job

A MIDDLE-AGED Englishwoman, who came from Canada a few years ago to New Haven, Connecticut, is now running a boarding-house for Yale students in that city, and was recently remarking upon the fact that the birthdays of two distinguished Americans come pretty near together in the month of February.

"I can understand," she declared, earnestly, "why they celebrate George Washington's birthday, but I never could see why they make such a fuss over Abraham Lincoln. He never did anything but free the coons, and they are absolutely the worst help I ever tried to employ!"

The Age of Chivalry

BY A. DONALD DOUGLAS

HOW pleasant are the knightly years described by Mr. Malory,
When you might ride about in tin upon a fiery horse,
And when you saw a lady screened behind a latticed gallery,
You vowed that you must own her if it had to be by force.

It didn't matter if you were repulsive *vans* comparison,
The lady must adore you, or you'd know the reason why!
And so you broke into her house, and slaughtered all the garrison,
Including father, mother, nurse, and even baby-by.

You sprang with your appointed bride upon your equine bicycle,
And told her that you loved her as the flower loves the sun;
And though the lady first appeared obdurate as an icicle,
She melted into rapture soon: you knew that she was won.

How pleasant are the knightly years described by Mr. Malory!
You took your wife to your demesne, and started keeping house:
You didn't have to toil and sweat to earn a scanty salary,—
You simply stole your ducats, and you spent 'em in carouse.

That every man's your brother was a kind of poppycockery
Which gentlemen like you were not too eager to accept:
You greeted all such silly thoughts with disconcerting mockery,
You were not your brother's keeper: all *your* views were quite correct!

Your wife must stay at home and spin, while you and your atrocity
Made red the fields with slaughter of the heathen and the poor;
And if she begged for love: that was only her verbosity—
No gentleman would spend his evenings kissing like a boor.

How pleasant are the knightly years described by Mr. Malory,
When you might be a knight-at-arms and ride about in tin,
Indulging in your drinking and your blood-infested valory.
The devil take the hindmost in your holocaust of sin!



MR. ELEPHANT: "*Come, my dear, I've wanted an hour; what have you been doing?*"
MRS. ELEPHANT: "*Do be patient, John, I've only been powdering my nose.*"



Alone in the Desert

Coals to Newcastle

THE woman of the house answered the knock at the door of the tumble-down home.

"How do you do?" said the visitor. "I am Miss Smith, the school nurse, and I have come to give you a few suggestions on child welfare."

"Aw, gwan," answered the mother, cheerfully. "Wot d'ye know about kids? Haven't I had ten, and ain't four o' them livin'?"

Unfair

A LITTLE boy of six was much interested in a conversation between his mother and the older children of the family about a wonderful circus which they had attended some years before.

After a time the little fellow inquired of his mother: "Why wasn't I there? Where was I?"

His mother replied, "Oh, you were not here."

"Where was I?" again the child asked.

His mother looked at him, hesitated a moment, then said, "Oh, you were in heaven with God and the angels."

"Gee! mother," exclaimed the indignant youngster, "do you mean to say you left me in heaven all day with God and the angels while you and the rest of the family went to the circus?"

She Couldn't See How

"MAGGIE, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few moments and then answered, "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."

An Unhappy Inference

A STUDENT assistant, engaged in reading the shelves at the public library, was accosted by a primly dressed, middle-aged woman who said that she had finished reading the last of Laura Jean Libby's writings, and that she should like something just as good.

The young assistant, unable for the moment to think of Laura Jean Libby's equal, hastily scanned the shelf on which she was working and, choosing a book, offered it to the applicant, saying, "Perhaps you would like this, *A Kentucky Cardinal*."

"No," was the reply, "I don't care for theological works."

"But," explained the kindly assistant, with needless enthusiasm, "*this* cardinal was a *bird!*"

"That would not recommend him to me," said the woman, as she moved away in search of a librarian who should be a better judge of character as well as of Laura Jean Libby's peers.

A Hard World

"MAMMA," asked seven-year-old Maude, "if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like Daddy?"

"Why, yes, dear," smiled mother, looking down into the earnest eyes of the child, "if you marry you will have a husband like Daddy."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Sallie?" pursued the child.

"Yes, dear," laughed mother, "you will be an old maid if you don't marry; but what ever put such thoughts into your head?"

But little Maude didn't laugh; she only looked very grave and finally said, in a most dejected tone:

"Well, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it, mamma?"

Ballad of the Wandering Umberell

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ALONG the park the lights are blurred and dim;
The winter clouds are sodden, low, and gray:
Here in a lonely nook, sad-eyed and grim,
I watch the rain that curtains round the day.
But, lo! my vagrant fancy will not stay—
It hastens here and yon in futile flight—
My home is in the suburbs, far away—
Where is my wandering umberell to-night?

Ah, well and sadly, now, do I recall
The dollar twenty-three that I did pay
To own that umberell—the price seemed small
When weeping heavens drenched the fields of May:
'Tis not the price I'm thinking of, oh nay!
'Tis not the price—that part of it's all right!
The thing itself is what I want: then, say,
Where *is* my wandering umberell to-night?

Perhaps in some abandoned ash-heap laid
By ruthless hand of that benighted jay
Who reft me of mine own (to be repaid,
When comes at last the final fire-display)
Perhaps in some smug holder, brass or clay,
Unused it stands, my chattel and my right:
Ah me! why thus conjecture and inveigh?
Where is my wandering umberell to-night?

L'Envoi

Prince, take this lay—bring back my umberell!
Leave me no longer in this sorry plight!
Relent, repent, in pity prithee tell
Where *is* my wandering umberell to-night?



THE OPTIMIST: "*Thanks, awfully. I never would have caught my train if you hadn't chased me.*"



WIFE OF EARLY SETTLER (aboard *Mayflower*) "*Now, William, don't forget to put on record in our family history, that I sat at the captain's table this trip over!*"

Flyin' Away

IN dis lonesomest place I's slow-walkin';
Hyar de wood—dar a field—dis de road;
Dey be jes' a hid-bird da's low-talkin',
An' hit speak lak hit sorry hit growed.
Li'l' bird, li'l' bird, why yo' hidin' away?
An' wha' fo' yo' tellin' o' sorrer to-day?

Is yo' missin' de rose f'om de gyarden?
Does yo' feel de cold winter-time come?
Is yo' skeered dat yo' soon mus' be flyin'
Away—fur away f'om dis home?
Is yo' tellin' 'bout lovin' an' wantin' ter stay,
Now yo's seein' yo' happy home flyin' away?

Does yo' feel de chill push thoo de sunshine?
See dahk night creep up inter de day?
An' dem leaves turnin' yaller an' fallin'
What was green an' breeze-dancin' las' May?
Li'l' bird, I is old. All you says I done sayed.
Now I waits a sweet journey—mah home's flied ahaid.

SARA LYNCH.

Looking Into the Future

LITTLE Dorothy adored her older brother John; in fact, was his abject slave. But one day John was guilty of some misdemeanor for which his father thought a spanking was the only adequate punishment, and proceeded to administer it.

Dorothy witnessed it with little hands tightly clenched; then she turned to her mother, and between sobs exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry that cross man is going to be the grandfather of my children."

Surprised

A PLEASURE-LOVING young mother who had, for the first five years of his life, turned over to trained nurses and a governess the care of her only child, was frightened by her physician into giving him some personal attention.

"Dearie," she cried, clasping the child to her breast, "mother is going down South for her darling baby boy's health."

Baby boy gazed at her with big, serious eyes. "Mudder," he asked, "are you going to take me wif you?"

Reductions

HER husband came home a few weeks after the honeymoon, and in distressed accents told his wife:

"I am terribly discouraged. My salary has been cut down fifteen per cent."

"Never mind, dearie," said the bride, cheerfully. "All the shops are advertising perfectly lovely things cut down twenty-five per cent."

Well Posted

LITTLE Jack's mother took him to Sunday-school for the first time, and, thinking he would be shy and nervous, stayed through the lesson with him, but, having been taught some Bible stories, and happening to be familiar with the morning's lesson, Jack promptly and with assurance answered all the questions. When the lesson was over and they had started home, Jack looked up at his mother and said:

"Ha, ha! they couldn't tell *me* anything about the Lord, could they?"

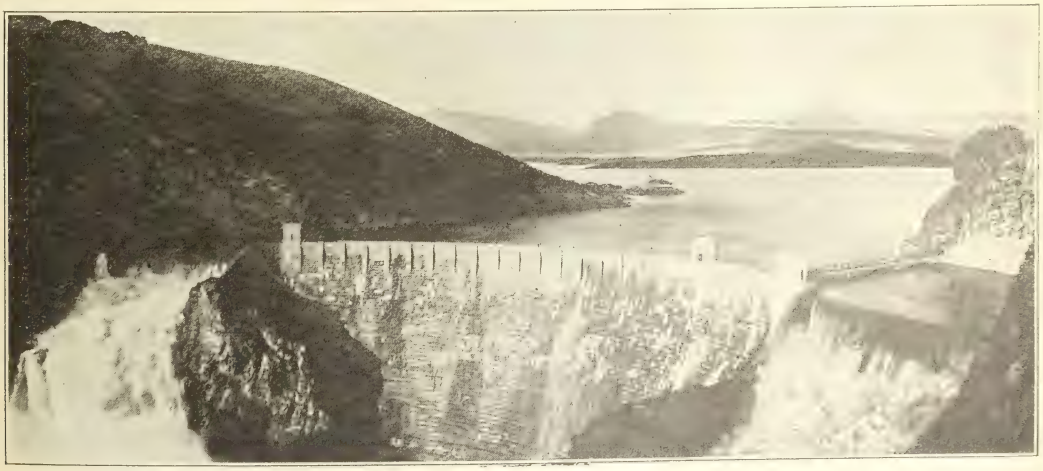


Motoring Along the Apache Trail

By WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

THEY were mighty warriors who fought in the old days along the lofty Arizona trail between Globe and Phœnix. The thousands of modern travelers to or from California who enjoy the smooth motor trip of 120 miles through what were once impenetrable rocky fastnesses have the history of oldest and newest America spread before them in vivid contrast. The thrilling pageant is staged in a setting of mountains and buttes and chasms all ablaze with glowing red and gold and purple, the distant, cloudless horizon now steely blue, and again melting in the tender violet mists that only this magic country can create. For a whole day the voyager is lifted out of himself, carried as on a magic carpet across the dark backward and abysm of time and through the glories of the primeval world.

Through the ancient red medicine-men the myth of the creation of this weird country has been handed down from generation to generation. In the beginning the land was fertile and well watered. Rain and Wind offended Chief



FOR COUNTLESS AGES APACHE LAND HAD BEEN CRYING TO THE GREAT SPIRIT FOR WATER. ROOSEVELT DAM, WHICH WILL IRRIGATE 236,000 ACRES, IS ANSWERING THE CRY



TOURING THE APACHE TRAIL

Morning Green (the Creator), and he drove them out of this paradise. Their friend Thunder heaved up the mountains, whose perpendicular walls still stand. Also he hurled fire at Morning Green, who overwhelmed him and all the rest of the world in a flood. This passed, after stripping the world of living things, though the fire still remains in the rocks, the sand, the cactus. It is reflected in the golden vegetation of the land.

Morning Green took mud and made new men. Some stayed in the plains, and they were good men, but those who took to the mountains were the Apaches, cruel, treacherous, always seeking blood and loot. If any one doubts the legend, let him look at Mountain of Foam: its peak is still white with the froth of the flood. Scattered near by are the tribesmen of the rebels, blasted by lightning into pillars of stone. And whether among the cold hearths of the Little People or the grim reminders of the relentless red men, one rolls placidly along a smooth highway that able engineers have threaded over seemingly impassable mountains or slashed through the jutting sides of canyon walls. It is the most wondrous highway in America.

From a modern Pullman car, perfect in all its appointments for safety and luxury, the traveler steps into an automobile at Globe, Arizona, and sets forth upon the Apache Trail. There is a swift flight past smoky copper smelters and the scrambling houses in the outskirts of the town; then the road sweeps back into the mountains, and the car swings upward past surging slopes of sapphire rock blent with crimson and gold in extravagant, riotous color. It seems a magic land made of precious stones. If all these colors are true—and there they are to drive away doubt—why may not one believe the myth of the region? The throbbing motor climbs steadily through an enchanted land of astounding contrasts, now plunging into the black shadows of a narrow canyon, again wheeling into golden sunlight on the edge of a cliff.

The crest of the divide rolls back beneath the flying car, and far below lies Apache Land, bathed in exquisite tints



ROOSEVELT LAKE, SCOOPED OUT OF THE FROWNING PEAKS OF ROCK

under the magic Arizona sky. There are the buttes and mesas, domes and pinnacles, melting in a languorous tableau such as no painter would dare to put on canvas, for it seems too beautiful to be true. A few minutes the picture lingers unchanged, then is broken and rearranged in new combinations of form and color as the motor begins the descent into the valley called Tonto Basin, where we dive through the shadows of lofty peaks and of the tall saguaros, the giant cacti of the desert.

To the westward lies Roosevelt Lake, a vast inland sea of fresh water gathered by the hand of man. Six miles from its shore the Trail begins a rapid descent, more than 300 feet in each mile. Suddenly our gaze is directed to the face of the cliff far above the Trail. We look up, and our sight travels back across a hundred centuries; we behold the crannied homes of the Little People high on the cliff over us. Enter. The ceilings are only four feet above the floor; the doors but two feet high and eighteen inches wide. The tiny windows still bear their flat, stone lintels, and the walls are built of flat slabs of stone, laid in mud and plastered within and without. There is no ghost of a sound in the place. The very air smells ages old. One feels the spirits of the vanished race hovering near, trying to tell of their last days, of their stealthy night journeys down the long ladders to fetch jars of water from the river, of their flight upward, pursued by the terrible men of the valleys, of the stones they pushed over the brink of the cliff that battered the evil ones off into space!

There are seven of these colonies in the Four Peak Range. Those who do not care to leave the motor-car can still see much of the cliff-dwellings from the Trail.

The car again in flight soon brings us to the edge of Roosevelt Lake: we have swung back from the primeval to the most modern. The ancient manikins gathered water in little jars. In this artificial sea United States engineers have gathered water in a mass of twenty-five square miles, 280 feet deep at the lip of the Roosevelt Dam, which is thrown boldly across the steepest pass in a wall of masonry 1,125 feet long.



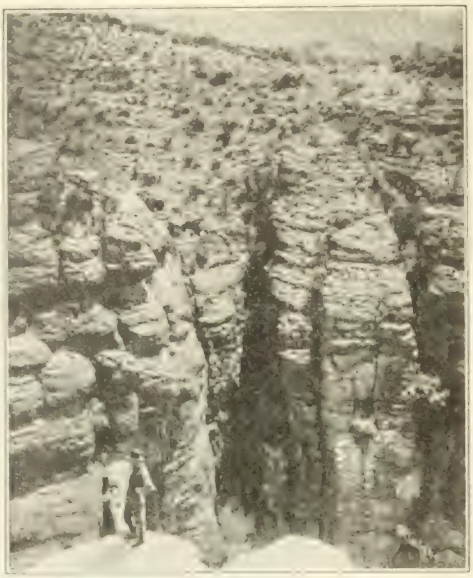
ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS SEEN ALONG THE APACHE TRAIL

The business of this inland sea is to make the desert blossom like the rose. Its waters are distributed among 360 square miles of land that used to grow nothing but mesquite and cactus, but now is rich with fruits and flowers. Incidentally, the lake is the haunt of gamy black bass.

After luncheon in the Lodge the traveler resumes the flight to Phœnix, now 80 miles away, down through many a gulch and canyon. As the car takes the turn in the road there is time for a glance back at the gigantic dam, nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and with the white waters boiling through the great spillways at either end like twin Niagaras into the chasm below. Presently the route crawls upward among the dazzling lights and gloomy shades of Fish Creek Canyon, the road draped, ribbon-like, along the cliff, yet buttressed solid as Gibraltar.

From the top we look down upon a

scene of ineffable grandeur. Here is the workshop in which Morning Green made great domes and turrets of gaudy rock, then cast them aside and built the mighty mountain ranges far beyond. Nearer at hand stands "Arrowhead," hammered out of solid rock by Chief One Eye, so Apaches say. Soon we discern his misshapen form, turned for all time into solid rock, glowering at us from the heights. Soon we come to Hell's Canyon, which seems a bottomless pit; then the dizzy Whirlpool Rock, whose whirling strata confuse the eye, and so across Black Canyon toward Superstition Mountain, still bearing the foamy record of the deluge on its white top. All too soon the miles fly by, and we roll past the purple hills against their violet sky and presently into the tree-lined streets of Phœnix. Here the waiting Pullman is boarded for the overland ride into California.



THE FROWNING SIDES OF DEVIL'S CANYON

The Southern Pacific Lines offer the only convenient means of reaching the "Trail," and through tickets over these lines in either direction will be honored for the trip upon payment of $15 additional. This expense includes all railroad transportation and the auto trip between Globe and Phœnix. An extension of ten days will be allowed on tickets held by passengers making the side trip.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars in connection with the "Sunset Limited" are operated from El Paso, Texas, and Globe, Arizona, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday. Globe is the Eastern terminus of the "Trail." This new service adds greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the trip. The westbound tourist may now arrive in Globe in a through Pullman Sleeping Car in time for breakfast, and immediately thereafter step into the waiting automobile for the "Apache Trail" trip to Phœnix. The eastbound traveler arriving from Phœnix may enter the Pullman Sleeper at Globe in the evening. At Phœnix, through Pullman service is maintained to and from Los Angeles.



HOLDING UNTOLD WEALTH FOR LANDS BELOW



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN AGLOW IN AN ARIZONA SUNSET